The Presbyterian Hymnal

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THE PRESBYTERIAN HYMNAL.

Presbyterian church in the U.S.A. General assembly

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THE HYMNAL.

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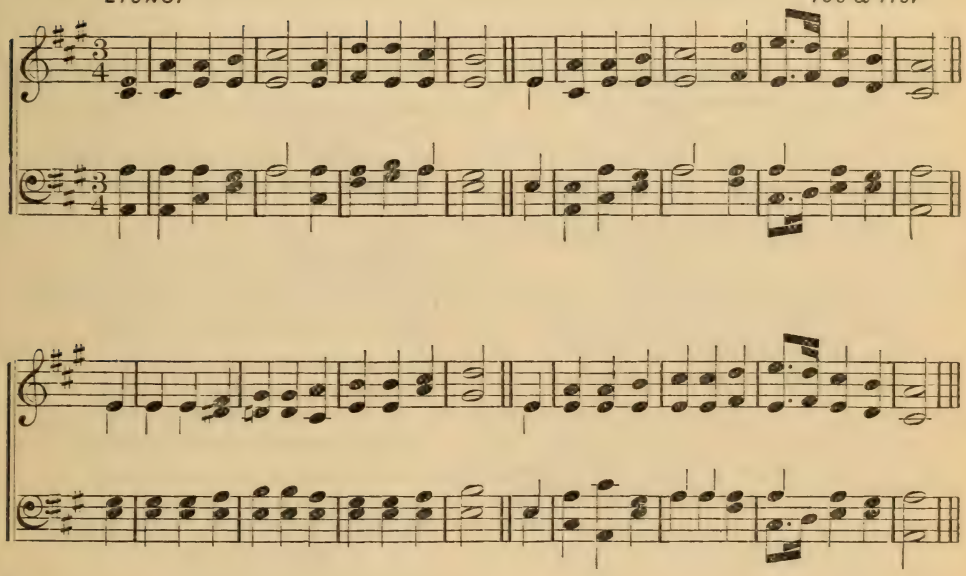


1

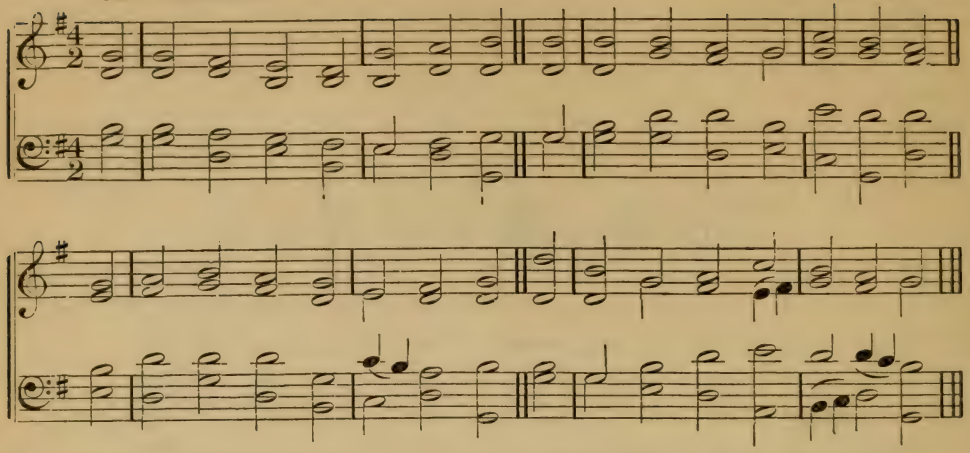
1 YE servants of God! your Master proclaim,
And publish abroad his wonderful name;
The name, all-victorious, of Jesus extol;
His kingdom is glorious and rules over all.

2 God ruleth on high, almighty to save;
And still he is nigh—his presence we have:
The great congregation his triumph shall sing,
Ascribing salvation to Jesus, our King.

3 Salvation to God, who sits on the throne!
Let all cry aloud, and honor the Son:
The praises of Jesus the angels proclaim,
Fall down on their faces and worship the Lamb.

4 Then let us adore, and give him his right,
All glory and power, and wisdom and might,
All honor and blessing, with angels above,
And thanks never ceasing, and infinite love.

OLD HUNDRED. L. M.



2

1 Before Jehovah's awful throne,
Ye nations, bow with sacred joy:
Know that the Lord is God alone;
He can create, and he destroy.

His sovereign power, without our aid,
Made us of clay, and formed us men:
And when, like wandering sheep, we strayed,
He brought us to his fold again.

3 We are his people, we his care,
Our souls, and all our mortal frame:
What lasting honors shall we rear,
Almighty Maker! to thy name?

4 We'll crowd thy gates with thankful songs:
High as the heavens our voices raise;
And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,
Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise.

5 Wide as the world is thy command,
Vast as eternity, thy love;
Firm as a rock thy truth must stand,
When rolling years shall cease to move.

3

1 Ye nations round the earth, rejoice
Before the Lord, your sovereign King;
Serve him with cheerful heart and voice;
With all your tongues his glory sing.

2 The Lord is God: 'tis he alone
Doth life and breath and being give;
We are his work, and not our own;
The sheep that on his pastures live.

3 Enter his gates with songs of joy;
With praises to his courts repair:
And make it your divine employ
To pay your thanks and honors there

4 The Lord is good, the Lord is kind:
Great is his grace, his mercy sure;
And the whole race of man shall find
His truth from age to age endure.

4

1 All people that on earth do dwell,
Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice:
Him serve with mirth, his praise forth tell
Come ye before him and rejoice.

2 Know that the Lord is God indeed;
Without our aid he did us make;
We are his flock, he doth us feed,
And for his sheep he doth us take.

3 Oh, enter then his gates with praise,
Approach with joy his courts unto
Praise, laud and bless his name always,
For it is seemly so to do

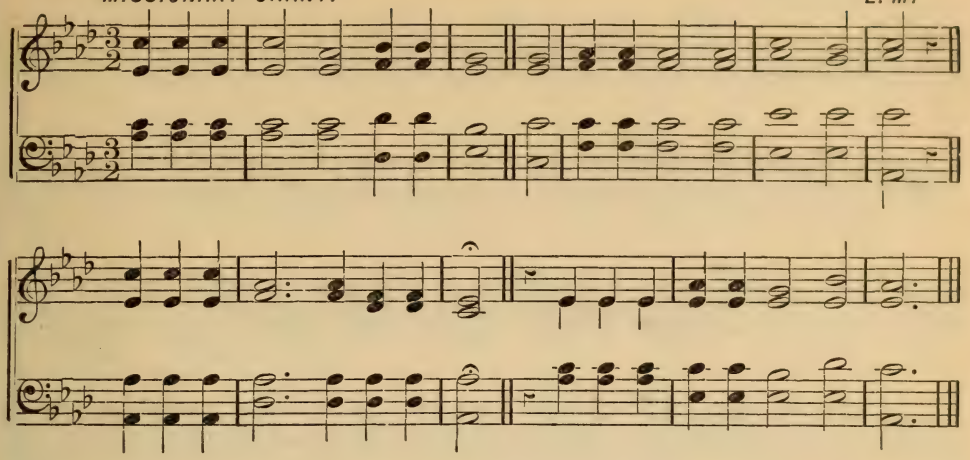
4 Because the Lord our God is good,
His mercy is for ever sure:
His truth at all times firmly stood,
And shall from age to age endure.

5

1 From all that dwell below the skies,
Let the Creator's praise arise:
Let the Redeemer's name be sung
Through every land, by every tongue.

2 Eternal are thy mercies, Lord;
Eternal truth attends thy word;
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
Till suns shall set and rise no more.

MISSIONARY CHANT. L. M.



6

1 To God, the great, the ever-blessed,
Let songs of honor be addressed;
His mercy firm for ever stands;
Give him the thanks his love demands.

2 Who knows the wonders of thy ways?
Who shall fulfill thy boundless praise?
Blessed are the souls that fear thee still,
And pay their duty to thy will.

3 Remember what thy mercy did
For Jacob's race, thy chosen seed:
And, with the same salvation, bless
The meanest suppliant of thy grace.

4 Oh! may I see thy tribes rejoice,
And aid their triumphs with my voice:
This is my glory, Lord, to be
Joined to thy saints, and near to thee.

7

1 Praise ye the Lord, exalt his name,
While in his earthly courts ye wait,
Ye saints that to his house belong,
Or stand attending at his gate.

2 Praise ye the Lord, the Lord is good;
To praise his name is sweet employ;
Israel he chose of old, and still
His church is his peculiar joy.

3 The Lord himself will judge his saints;
He treats his servants as his friends;
And when he hears their sore complaints,
Repents the sorrows that he sends.

4 Through every age the Lord declares
His name, and breaks th' oppressor's rod;
He gives his suffering servants rest,
And will be known th' Almighty God.

5 Bless ye the Lord who taste his love;
People and priests, exalt his name;
Among his saints he ever dwells;
His church is his Jerusalem.

8

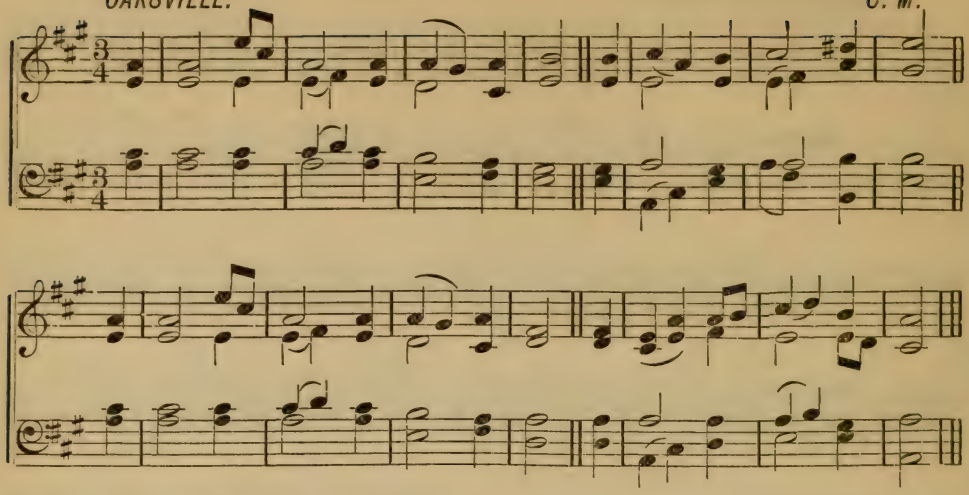
1 Around the Saviour's lofty throne,
Ten thousand times ten thousand sing,
They worship him as God alone,
And crown him—everlasting King.

2 Approach, ye saints! this God is yours;
'Tis Jesus fills the throne above:
Ye cannot want while God endures;
Ye cannot fail while God is love.

3 Jesus, thou everlasting King!
To thee the praise of heaven belongs;
Yet, smile on us who fain would bring
The tribute of our humble songs.

4 Though sin defile our worship here,
We hope ere long thy face to view;
And when our souls in heaven appear,
We'll praise thy name as angels do.

OAKSVILLE. C. M.



9

1 Come, ye that love the Saviour's name,
And joy to make it known!
The sovereign of your hearts proclaim,
And bow before his throne.

2 Behold your King, your Saviour, crowned,
With glories all-divine!
And tell the wondering nations round,
How bright these glories shine.

3 Infinite power, and boundless grace,
In him unite their rays;
You, that have e'er beheld his face!
Can you forbear his praise?

4 When, in his earthly courts, we view
The glories of our King,
We long to love as angels do,
And wish like them to sing.

5 And shall we long and wish in vain?
Lord! teach our songs to rise;
Thy love can animate the strain,
And bid it reach the skies.

10

1 Sing to the Lord, ye distant lands!
Ye tribes of every tongue!
His new-discovered grace demands
A new and nobler song.

2 Say to the nations,—"Jesus reigns,
God's own Almighty Son;
His power the sinking world sustains,
And grace surrounds his throne."

3 Let heaven proclaim the joyful day;
Joy through the earth be seen;
Let cities shine in bright array,
And fields in cheerful green.

4 Let an unusual joy surprise
The islands of the sea;
Ye mountains! sink; ye valleys! rise;
Prepare the Lord his way.

5 Behold, he comes,—he comes to bless
The nations, as their God;
To show the world his righteousness,
And send his truth abroad.

11

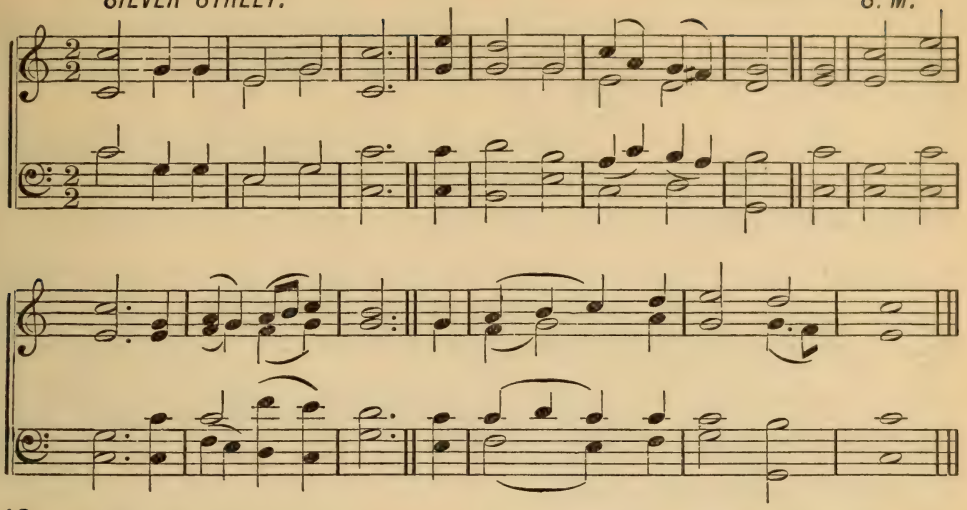
1 Come, shout aloud the Father's grace,
And sing the Saviour's love;
Soon shall you join the glorious theme,
In loftier strains above.

2 God, the eternal, mighty God,
To dearer names descends;
Calls you his treasure, and his joy,
His children and his friends.

3 My Father, God! and may these lips
Pronounce a name so dear?
Not thus could heaven's sweet harmony
Delight my listening ear.

4 Thanks to my God for every gift
His bounteous hands bestow;
And thanks eternal for that love
Whence all those comforts flow.

SILVER STREET. S. M.



12

1 Come, sound his praise abroad,
And hymns of glory sing;
Jehovah is the sovereign God,
The universal King.

2 He formed the deeps unknown;
He gave the seas their bound;
The watery worlds are all his own,
And all the solid ground.

3 Come, worship at his throne;
Come, bow before the Lord:
We are his works, and not our own;
He formed us by his word.

4 To-day attend his voice,
Nor dare provoke his rod:
Come, like the people of his choice,
And own your gracious God.

13

1 Now let our songs arise,
In new exalted strains:
Let earth repeat it to the skies;—
The Lord, the Saviour reigns!

2 Sing to the Lord, our God,
And bless his sacred name;
His great salvation, all abroad,
From day to day proclaim.

3 Mid heathen nations place
The glories of his throne;
And let the wonders of his grace
Through all the earth be known.

4 Great is th' eternal Lord,
And great must be his praise:
O'er all the gods, on high adored,
His mightier arm he 'll raise.

5 Through earth, let every tribe,
Let every nation, sing:
Glory, and grace, and might ascribe
To our eternal King.

14

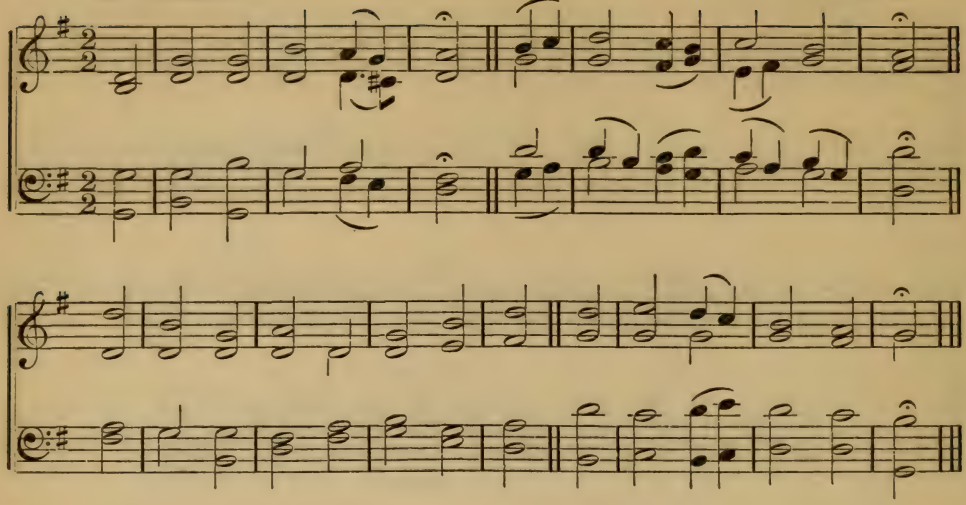
1 Awake, and sing the song
Of Moses and the Lamb;
Wake, every heart, and every tongue!
To praise the Saviour's name.

2 Sing of his dying love;
Sing of his rising power:
Sing—how he intercedes above
For those whose sins he bore.

3 Sing on your heavenly way,
Ye ransomed sinners! sing;
Sing on, rejoicing, every day,
In Christ, th' eternal King.

4 Soon shall ye hear him say,
"Ye blessed children! come;"
Soon will he call you hence away,
And take his wanderers home.

ST. THOMAS. S. M.



15

1 Come, we that love the Lord!
And let our joys be known:
Join in a song with sweet accord,
And thus surround the throne.

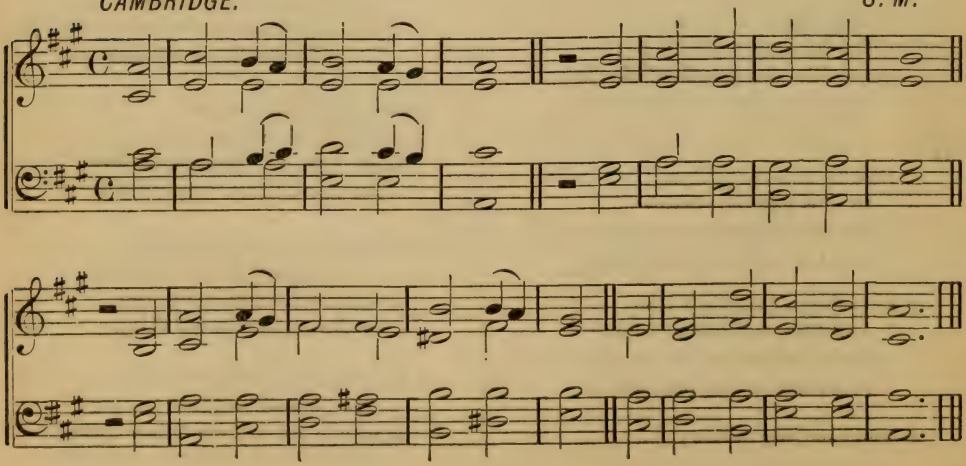
2 Let those refuse to sing,
That never knew our God;
But children of the heavenly King
May speak their joys abroad.

3 The men of grace have found
Glory begun below;
Celestial fruits on earthly ground
From faith and hope may grow.

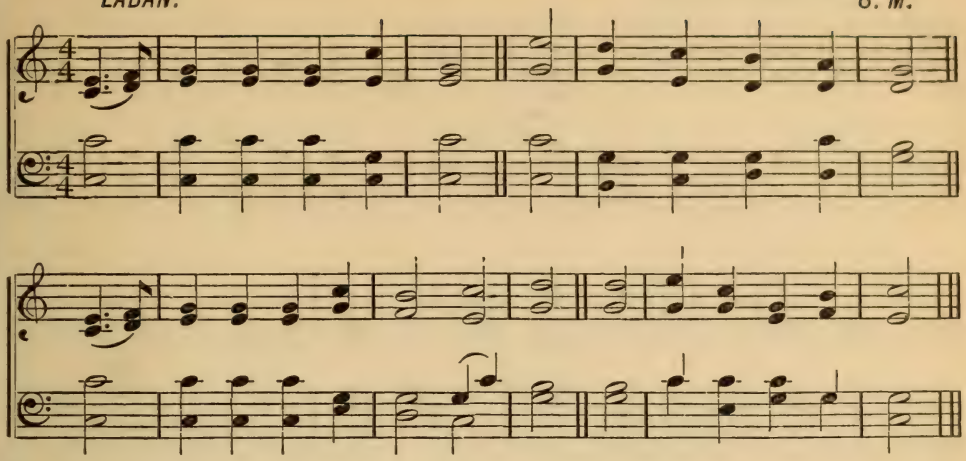
4 The hill of Zion yields
A thousand sacred sweets,
Before we reach the heavenly fields,
Or walk the golden streets.

5 Then let our songs abound,
And every tear be dry;
We're marching through Immanuel's ground
To fairer worlds on high.

CAMBRIDGE. S. M.



LABAN. S. M.



16

1 STAND up, and bless the Lord,
Ye people of his choice;
Stand up, and bless the Lord your God
With heart, and soul, and voice.

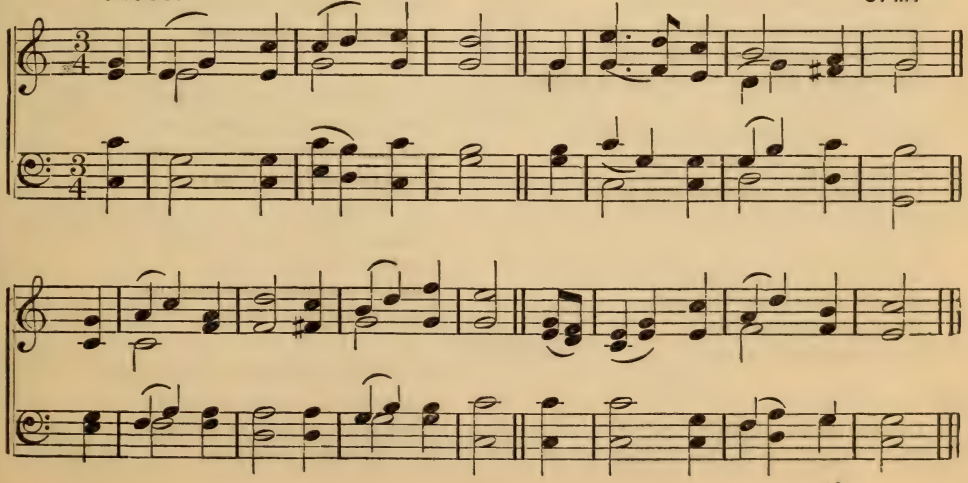
2 Though high above all praise,
Above all blessing high,
Who would not fear his holy name,
And laud, and magnify?

3 Oh, for the living flame
From his own altar brought,
To touch our lips, our souls inspire,
And wing to heaven our thought!

4 God is our strength and song,
And his salvation ours;
Then be his love in Christ proclaimed
With all our ransomed powers.

5 Stand up, and bless the Lord;
The Lord your God adore;
Stand up, and bless his glorious name,
Henceforth, forevermore!

CROSS. S. M.



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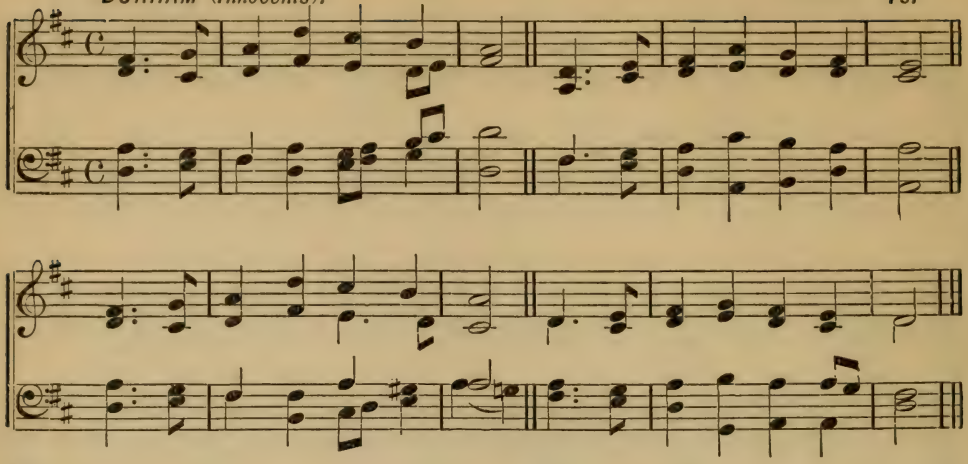


17

1 Songs of praise the angels sang;
Heav'n with hallelujahs rang,
When Jehovah's work begun,
When he spake and it was done.

2 Songs of praise awoke the morn
When the Prince of Peace was born;
Songs of praise arose when he
Captive led captivity.

3 Heaven and earth must pass away,
Songs of praise shall crown that day;
God will make new heavens and earth,
Songs of praise shall hail their birth.

4 And can man alone be dumb,
Till that glorious kingdom come?
No, the Church delights to raise
Psalms and hymns and songs of praise.

5 Saints below, with heart and voice,
Still in songs of praise rejoice:
Learning here, by faith and love,
Songs of praise to sing above.

6 Hymns of glory, songs of praise,
Father, unto thee we raise;
Jesus, glory unto thee,
With the Spirit, ever be.

18

1 Let us, with a gladsome mind,
Praise the Lord, for he is kind:
For his mercies shall endure
Ever faithful, ever sure.

2 Let us sound his name abroad,
For of gods he is the God:
For his mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

3 He, with all-commanding might,
Filled the new-made world with light:
For his mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

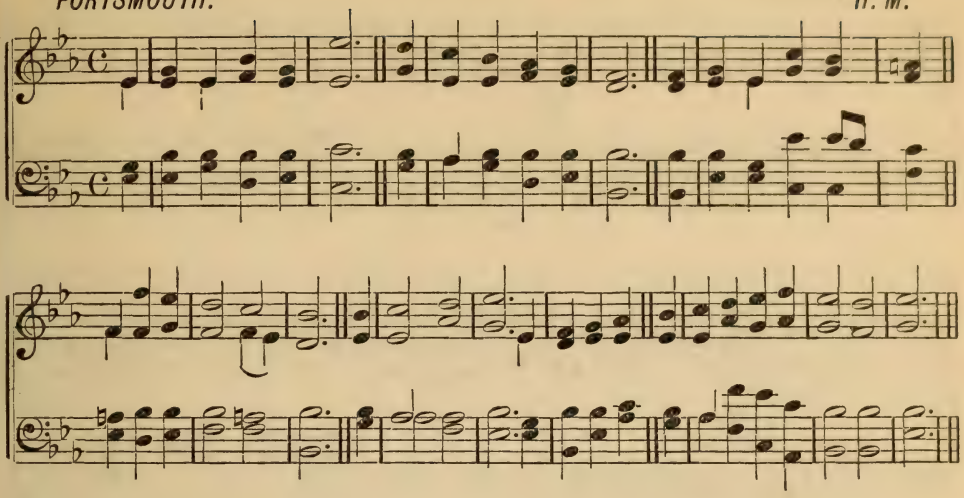
4 All things living he doth feed;
His full hand supplies their need:
For his mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

5 He his chosen race did bless
In the wasteful wilderness:
For his mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

6 He hath, with a piteous eye,
Looked upon our misery:
For his mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

7 Let us then with gladsome mind,
Praise the Lord, for he is kind:
For his mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

PORTSMOUTH. H. M.



19

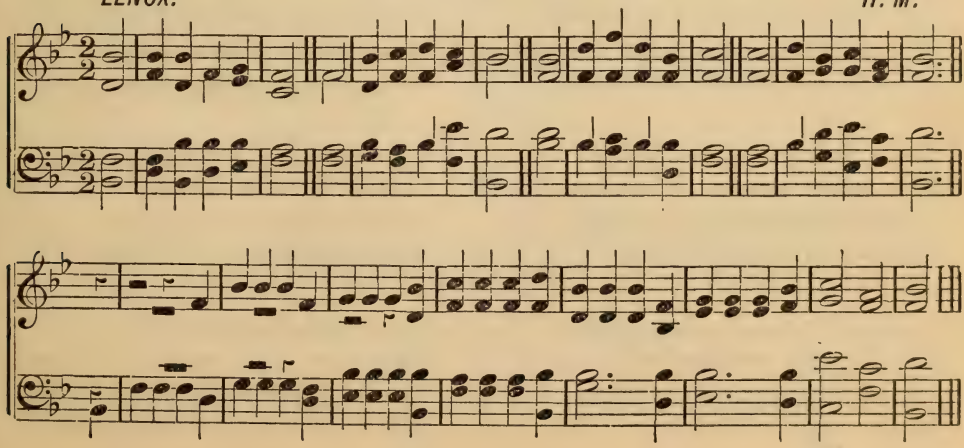
1 O Zion, tune thy voice,
And raise thy hands on high;
Tell all the earth thy joys,
And boast salvation nigh;
Cheerful in God, While rays divine
Arise and shine, Stream all abroad.

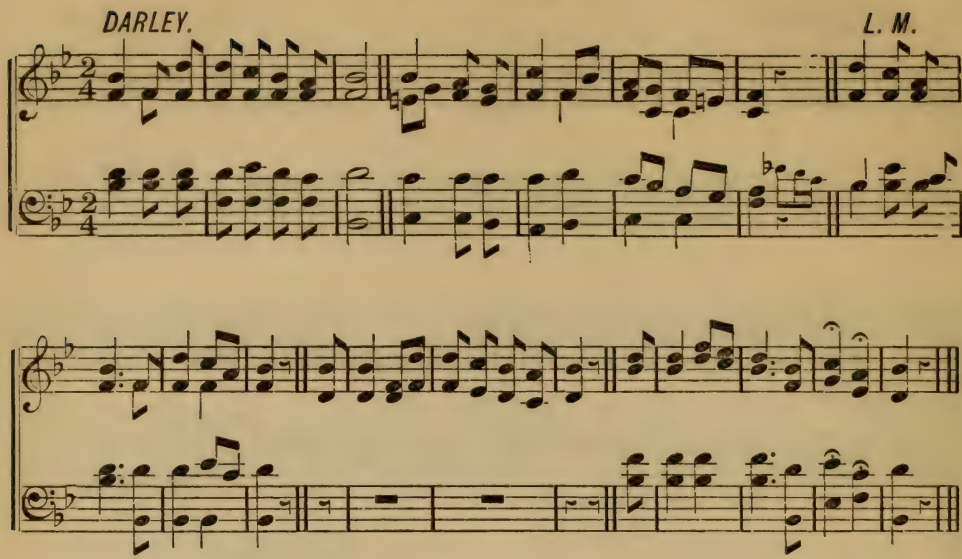
2 He gilds thy mourning face
With beams that cannot fade;
His all-resplendent grace
He pours around thy head;
The nations round With lustre new
Thy form shall view, Divinely crowned.

3 In honor to his name
Reflect that sacred light;
And loud that grace proclaim,
Which makes thy darkness bright;
Pursue his praise In worlds above
Till sovereign love, The glory raise

4 There on his holy hill
A brighter Sun shall rise,
And with his radiance fill
Those fairer, purer skies;
While round his In nobler spheres,
throne His influence own.
Ten thousand stars,

LENOX. H. M.





20

1 Sweet is the work, my God, my King,
To praise thy name, give thanks and sing,
To show thy love by morning light,
And talk of all thy truth at night.

2 Sweet is the day of sacred rest;
No mortal cares shall seize my breast;
Oh, may my heart in tune be found,
Like David's harp of solemn sound!

3 My heart shall triumph in my Lord,
And bless his works and bless his word;
Thy works of grace how bright they shine!
How deep thy counsels! how divine!

4 Lord, I shall share a glorious part,
When grace hath well refined my heart,
And fresh supplies of joy are shed,
Like holy oil to cheer my head.

5 Then shall I see, and hear, and know
All I desired or wished below;
And every power find sweet employ
In that eternal world of joy.

21

1 Hosanna to the living Lord!
Hosanna to th' incarnate Word!
To Christ, Creator, Saviour, King,
Let earth, let heaven, Hosanna sing;—

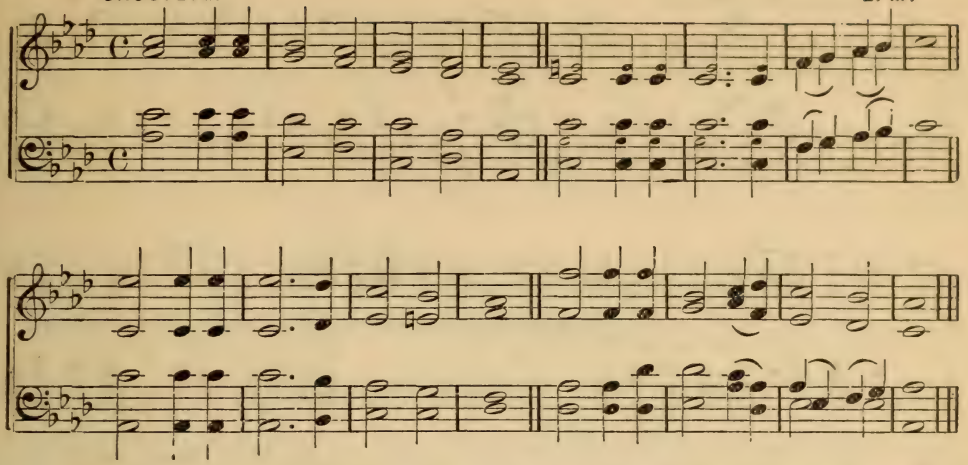
2 "Hosanna! Lord!" thine angels cry,
"Hosanna! Lord!" thy saints reply;
Above, beneath us, and around,
The dead and living swell the sound.

3 O Saviour! with protecting care,
Return to this thy house of prayer,
Assembled in thy sacred name,
Where we thy parting promise claim.

4 But, chiefest, in our cleansèd breast,
Eternal! bid thy Spirit rest,
And make our secret soul to be
A temple pure, and worthy thee.

5 So, in the last and dreadful day,
When earth and heaven shall melt away,
Thy flock, redeemed from sinful stain,
Shall swell the sound of praise again.

GROSTETE. L. M.



22

1 God of my life! through all my days,
My grateful powers shall sound thy praise;
The song shall wake with opening light,
And warble to the silent night.

2 When anxious cares would break my rest,
And griefs would tear my throbbing breast,
Thy tuneful praises, raised on high,
Shall check the murmur and the sigh.

3 When death o'er nature shall prevail,
And all its powers of language fail;
Joy thro' my swimming eyes shall break,
And mean the thanks I cannot speak.

4 But, oh! when that last conflict's o'er,
And I am chained to flesh no more,
With what glad accents shall I rise
To join the music of the skies.

5 Soon shall I learn th' exalted strains,
Which echo o'er the heavenly plains,
And emulate, with joy unknown,
The glowing seraphs round thy throne.

23

1 Bless, O my soul, the living God,
Call home thy thoughts that rove abroad;
Let all the powers within me join
In work and worship so divine.

2 Bless, O my soul, the God of grace;
His favors claim thy highest praise;
Why should the wonders he hath wrought
Be lost in silence, and forgot?

3 'Tis he, my soul, that sent his Son
To die for crimes which thou hast done;
He owns the ransom, and forgives
The hourly follies of our lives.

4 Let the whole earth his power confess,
Let the whole earth adore his grace;
The Gentile with the Jew shall join
In work and worship so divine.

24

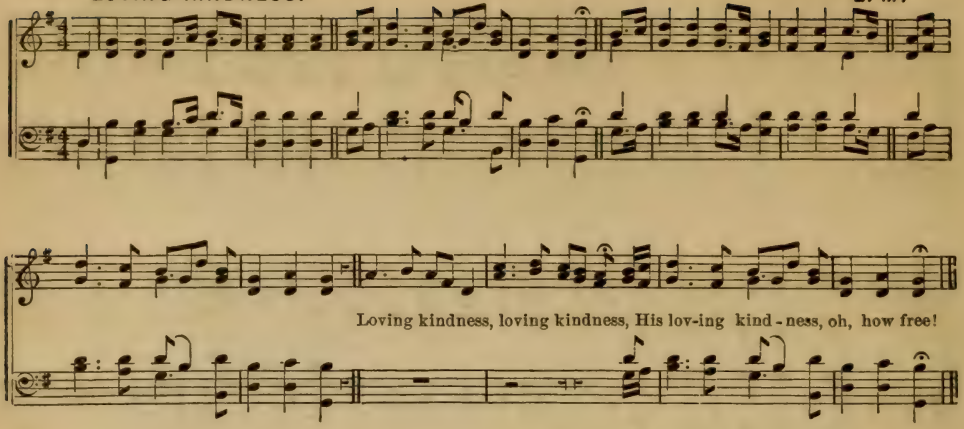
1 My God! accept my early vows,
Like morning incense in thy house;
And let my nightly worship rise,
Sweet as the evening sacrifice.

2 Watch o'er my lips, and guard them, Lord,
From every rash and heedless word;
Nor let my feet incline to tread
The guilty path where sinners lead.

3 Oh! may the righteous, when I stray,
Smite, and reprove my wandering way;
Their gentle words, like ointment shed,
Shall never bruise, but cheer my head.

4 When I behold them pressed with grief
I'll cry to heaven for their relief;
And, by my warm petitions, prove
How much I prize their faithful love.

LOVING-KINDNESS. L. M.



25

1 AWAKE, my soul, in joyful lays,
And sing thy great Redeemer's praise;
He justly claims a song from thee,
His loving-kindness, oh, how free!

2 He saw me ruined in the fall,
Yet loved me notwithstanding all;
He saved me from my lost estate,
His loving-kindness, oh, how great!

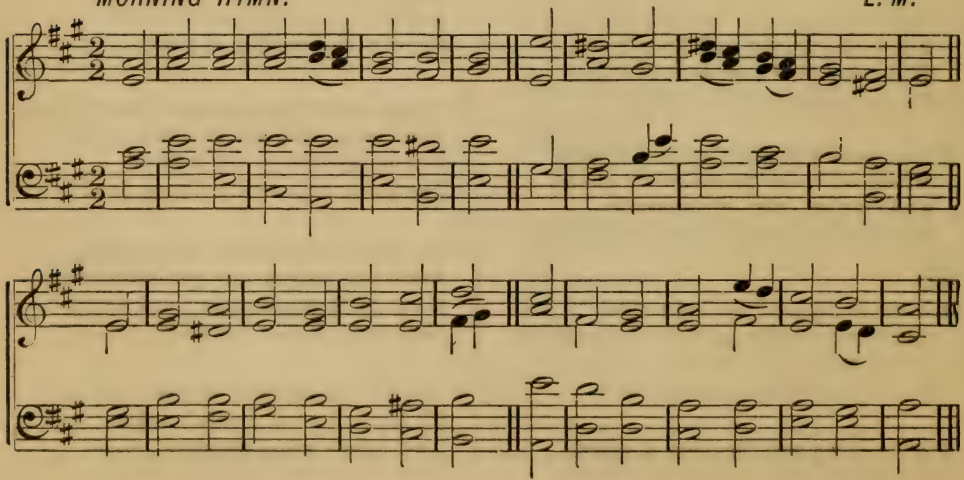
3 Though num'rous hosts of mighty foes,
Though earth and hell my way oppose,
He safely leads my soul along,
His loving-kindness, oh, how strong!

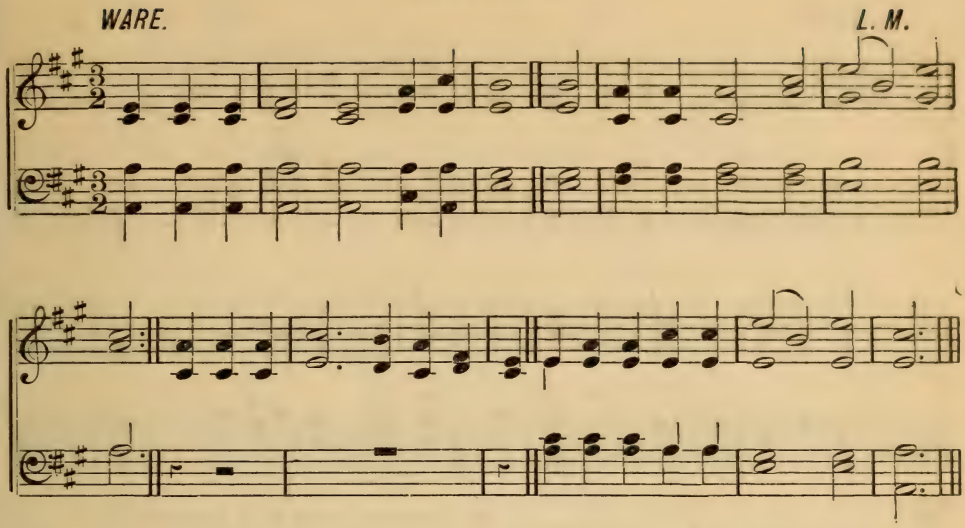
4 When trouble, like a gloomy cloud,
Has gathered thick, and thundered loud,
He near my soul has always stood,
His loving-kindness, oh, how good!

5 Often I feel my sinful heart
Prone from my Saviour to depart;
But, though I oft have him forgot,
His loving-kindness changes not.

6 Soon shall I pass the gloomy vale,
Soon all my mortal powers must fail;
Oh, may my last expiring breath
His loving-kindness sing in death.

MORNING HYMN. L. M.





26

1 What equal honors shall we bring
To thee, O Lord, our God, the Lamb!
When all the notes, that angels sing,
Are far inferior to thy name?

2 Worthy is he who once was slain,—
The Prince of peace, who groaned and [died—
Worthy to rise, and live, and reign,
At his almighty Father's side.

3 Blessings for ever on the Lamb,
Who bore the curse for wretched men:
Let angels sound his sacred name,
And every creature say,—Amen.

27

1 Now be my heart inspired, to sing
The glories of my Saviour King;
Jesus, the Lord,—how heavenly fair
His form! how bright his beauties are!

2 O'er all the sons of human race,
He shines with a superior grace;
Love from his lips divinely flows,
And blessings all his state compose.

3 Thy throne, O God! for ever stands;
Grace is the sceptre in thy hands;
Thy laws and works are just and right!
Justice and grace are thy delight.

4 God, thine own God, has richly shed
His oil of gladness on thy head;
And, with his sacred Spirit, blest
His first-born Son above the rest.

28

1 Now to the Lord a noble song:
Awake, my soul, awake, my tongue;
Hosanna to the eternal name,
And all his boundless love proclaim.

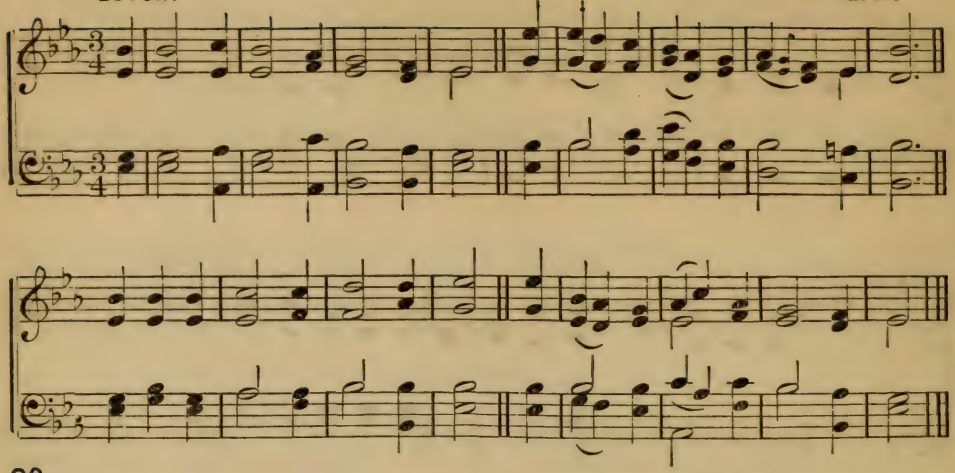
2 See where it shines in Jesus' face,
The brightest image of his grace;
God, in the person of his Son,
Has all his mightiest works outdone.

3 The spacious earth and spreading flood
Proclaim the wise and powerful God:
And thy rich glories from afar
Sparkle in every rolling star.

4 Grace! 'tis a sweet, a charming theme,
My thoughts rejoice in Jesus' name;
Ye angels, dwell upon the sound,
Ye heavens, reflect it to the ground.

5 Oh! may I reach that happy place,
Where he unveils his lovely face,
Where all his beauties you behold,
And sing his name to harps of gold.

LUTON. L. M.



29

1 Praise ye the Lord!—my heart shall join
In work so pleasant, so divine:
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life, and thought, and being last.

2 Happy the man, whose hopes rely
On Israel's God; he made the sky,
And earth, and seas, with all their train,
And none shall find his promise vain.

3 His truth for ever stands secure;
He saves th' oppressed, he feeds the poor;
He helps the stranger in distress,
The widow and the fatherless.

4 He loves his saints,—he knows them well,
But turns the wicked down to hell:
Thy God, O Zion! ever reigns;
Praise him in everlasting strains.

30

1 My God! my king! thy various praise
Shall fill the remnant of my days;
Thy grace employ my humble tongue,
Till death and glory raise the song.

2 The wings of every hour shall bear
Some thankful tribute to thine ear;
And every setting sun shall see
New works of duty, done for thee.

3 Thy works with sovereign glory shine
And speak thy majesty divine;
Let every realm with joy proclaim
The sound and honor of thy name.

4 Let distant times and nations raise
The long succession of thy praise;
And unborn ages make my song
The joy and labor of their tongue.

5 But who can speak thy wondrous deeds?
Thy greatness all our thoughts exceeds;
Vast and unsearchable thy ways,—
Vast and immortal be thy praise.

31

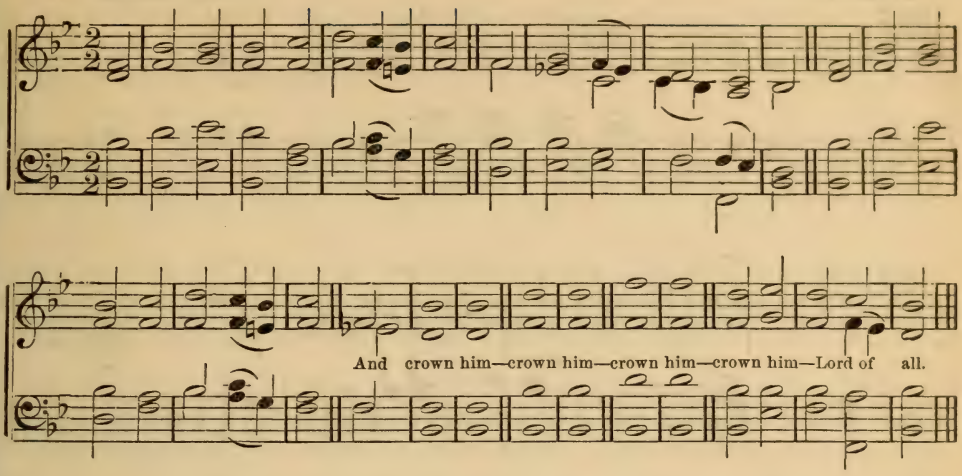
1 Come, O my soul, in sacred lays,
Attempt thy great Creator's praise;
But oh! what tongue can speak his fame?
What mortal verse can reach the theme?

2 Enthroned amidst the radiant spheres,
He glory, like a garment, wears;
To form a robe of light divine,
Ten thousand suns around him shine.

3 In all our Maker's grand designs,
Omnipotence with wisdom shines;
His works, through all this wondrous frame
Bear the great impress of his name.

4 Raised on devotion's lofty wing,
Do thou, my soul! his glories sing;
And let his praise employ thy tongue,
Til' listening worlds repeat the song.

MILES' LANE. C. M. P.



32

1 All hail the power of Jesus' name!
Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown him—Lord of all.

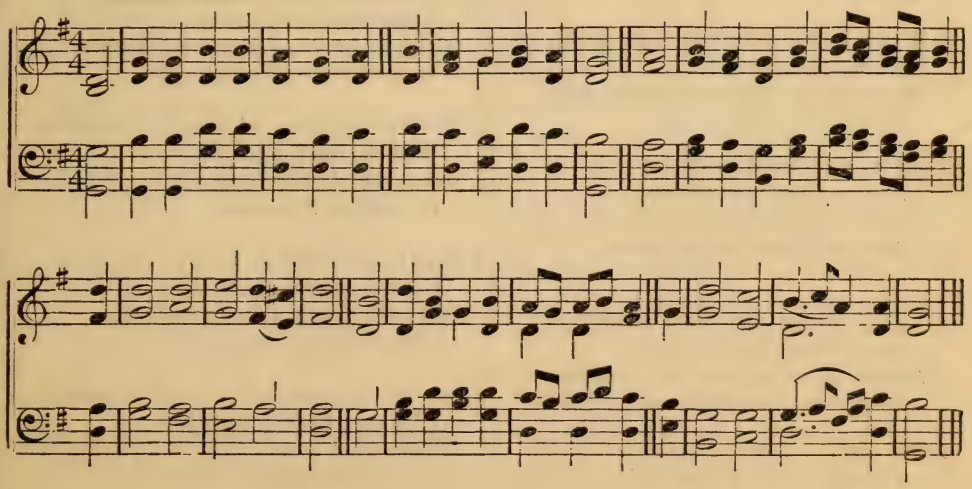
2 Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,
Ye ransomed from the fall!
Hail him, who saves you by his grace,
And crown him—Lord of all.

3 Sinners! whose love can ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall,
Go, spread your trophies at his feet,
And crown him—Lord of all.

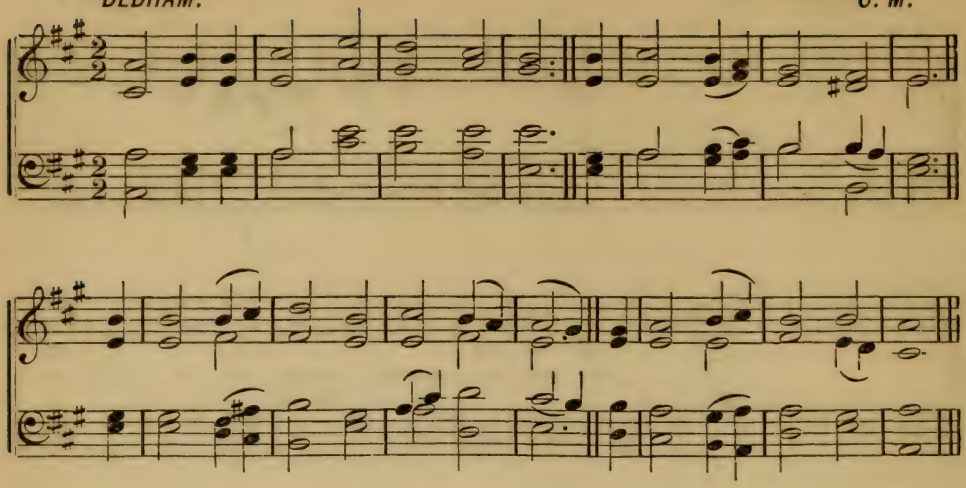
4 Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To him all majesty ascribe,
And crown him—Lord of all.

5 Oh, that with yonder sacred throng,
We at his feet may fall;
We'll join the everlasting song,
And crown him—Lord of all.

CORONATION. C. M.



DEDHAM. C. M.



33

1 Oh! for a thousand tongues to sing
My dear Redeemer's praise!
The glories of my God and King,
The triumphs of his grace!

2 My gracious Master and my God!
Assist me to proclaim,
To spread, through all the earth abroad,
The honors of thy name.

3 Jesus—the name that calms my fears,
That bids my sorrows cease;
'T is music to my ravished ears;
'T is life, and health, and peace.

4 He breaks the power of reigning sin,
He sets the pris'ner free;
His blood can make the foulest clean;
His blood availed for me.

5 Let us obey, we then shall know,
Shall feel our sins forgiven;
Anticipate our heaven below,
And own, that love is heaven.

34

1 Arise, my soul, my joyful powers,
And triumph in thy God;
Awake, my voice, and loud proclaim
His glorious grace abroad.

2 The arms of everlasting love
Beneath my soul he placed,
And on the Rock of ages set
My slippery footsteps fast.

3 The city of my blest abode
Is walled around with grace;
Salvation for a bulwark stands,
To shield the sacred place.

4 Arise, my soul, awake, my voice,
And tunes of pleasure sing;
Loud hallelujahs shall address
My Saviour and my King.

35

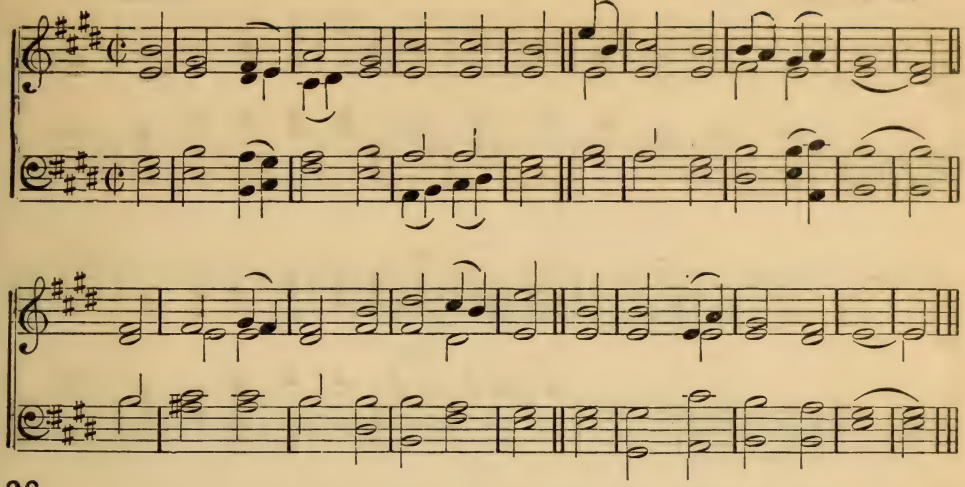
1 To our Redeemer's glorious name,
Awake the sacred song!
Oh! may his love—immortal flame—
Tune every heart and tongue!

2 His love, what mortal thought can reach?
What mortal tongue display?
Imagination's utmost stretch,
In wonder, dies away.

3 Dear Lord! while we adoring pay
Our humble thanks to thee,
May every heart with rapture say,
"The Saviour died for me!"

4 Oh! may the sweet, the blissful theme,
Fill every heart and tongue,
Till strangers love thy charming name,
And join the sacred song.

MURRAY. C. M.



36

1 Come, let us join our cheerful songs,
With angels round the throne;
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,
But all their joys are one.

2 "Worthy the Lamb that died," they cry,
"To be exalted thus!"
"Worthy the Lamb," our lips reply,
"For he was slain for us!"

3 Jesus is worthy to receive
Honor and power divine;
And blessings, more than we can give,
Be, Lord! for ever thine.

4 Let all who dwell above the sky,
And air, and earth, and seas,
Conspire to lift thy glories high,
And speak thine endless praise.

5 The whole creation join in one,
To bless the sacred name
Of him who sits upon the throne,
And to adore the Lamb.

37

1 Come, happy souls! approach your God,
With new melodious songs;
Come render to Almighty grace
The tribute of your tongues.

2 So strange, so boundless was the love,
That pitied dying men,
The Father sent his equal Son,
To give them life again.

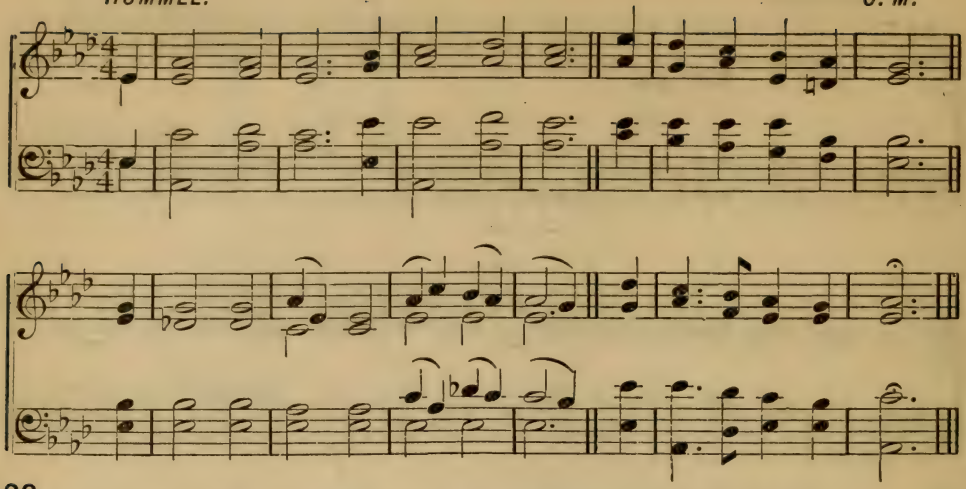
3 Thy hands, dear Jesus! were not armed
With a revenging rod;
No hard commission to perform
The vengeance of a God.

4 But all was mercy, all was mild,
And wrath forsook the throne,
When Christ, on the kind errand, came,
And brought salvation down.

5 Here, sinners! you may heal your wounds,
And wipe your sorrows dry;
Trust in the mighty Saviour's name,
And you shall never die.

6 See, dearest Lord! our willing souls
Accept thine offered grace;
We bless the great Redeemer's love,
And give the Father praise.

HUMMEL. C. M.



38

1 Yes, I will bless thee, O my God,
Through all my mortal days;
And to eternity prolong
Thy vast, thy boundless praise.

2 Nor shall my tongue alone proclaim
The honors of my God;
My life, with all its active powers,
Shall spread thy praise abroad.

3 Not death itself shall stop my song,
Though death will close my eyes:
My thoughts shall then to nobler heights,
And sweeter raptures rise.

4 There shall my lips in endless praise,
Their grateful tribute pay;
The theme demands an angel's tongue,
And an eternal day.

39

1 With my whole heart I'll raise my song,
Thy wonders I'll proclaim;
Thou, sovereign Judge of right and wrong,
Wilt put thy foes to shame.

2 I'll sing thy majesty and grace;
My God prepares his throne
To judge the world in righteousness,
And make his justice known.

3 Then shall the Lord a refuge prove
For all the poor oppressed,
To save the people of his love,
And give the weary rest.

4 The men that know thy name, will trust
In thy abundant grace;
For thou wilt ne'er forsake the just,
Who humbly seek thy face.

5 Sing praises to the righteous Lord,
Who dwells on Sion's hill,
Who executes his threatening word,
And doth his grace fulfill.

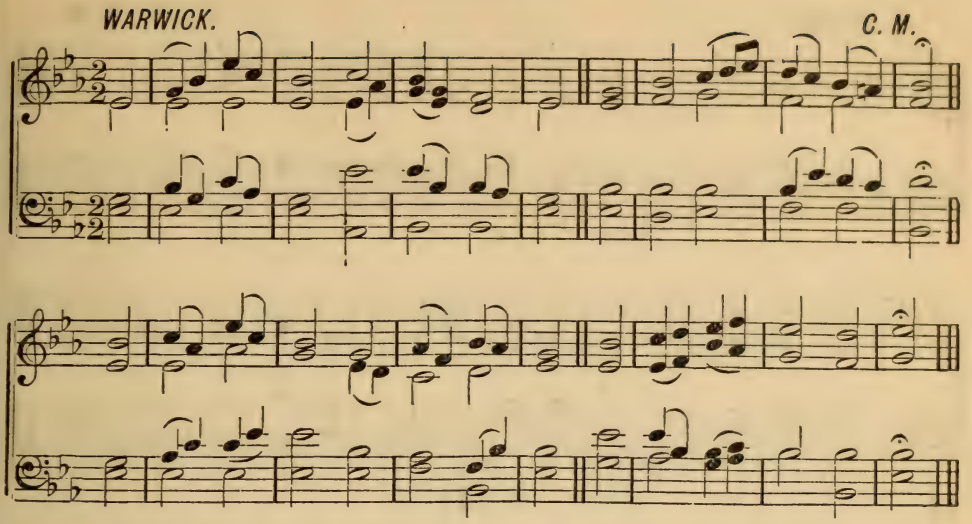
40

1 Begin, my tongue, some heavenly theme,
And speak some boundless thing,
The mighty works, or mightier name,
Of our eternal King.

2 Tell of his wondrous faithfulness,
And sound his power abroad;
Sing the sweet promise of his grace,
And the performing God.

3 His very word of grace is strong,
As that which built the skies;
The voice that rolls the stars along,
Speaks all the promises.

4 Oh, might I hear thy heavenly tongue
But whisper, "Thou art mine!"
Those gentle words should raise my song
To notes almost divine.



41

1 Lord, in the morning thou shalt hear
My voice ascending high;
To thee will I direct my prayer,
To thee lift up mine eye:

2 Up to the hills where Christ is gone
To plead for all his saints,
Presenting at his Father's throne
Our songs and our complaints.

3 Thou art a God before whose sight
The wicked shall not stand:
Sinners shall ne'er be thy delight,
Nor dwell at thy right hand.

4 But to thy house will I resort,
To taste thy mercies there;
I will frequent thy holy court,
And worship in thy fear.

5 Oh, may thy Spirit guide my feet
In ways of righteousness!
Make every path of duty straight
And plain before my face.

42

1 Thee will I bless, my God and King,
Thy endless praise proclaim;
This tribute daily I will bring,
And ever bless thy Name.

2 Thou, Lord, beyond compare art great,
And highly to be praised:
Thy majesty with boundless height,
Above our knowledge raised.

3 Renown'd for mighty acts, thy fame
To future time extends;
From age to age thy glorious Name
Successively descends.

4 Whilst I thy glory and renown,
And wondrous works express,
The world with me thy might shall own
And thy great power confess.

43

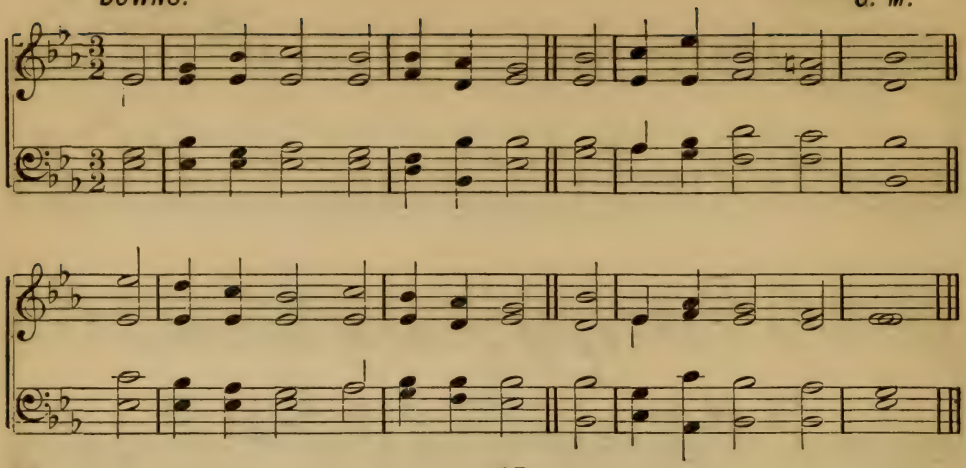
1 Let them neglect thy glory, Lord,
Who never knew thy grace;
But our loud songs shall still record
The wonders of thy praise.

2 We raise our shouts, O God, to thee,
And send them to thy throne:
All glory to the United Three,
The undivided One.

3 'Twas he, and we'll adore his name,
That formed us by a word;
'Tis he restores our ruined frame:
Salvation to the Lord!

4 Hosanna! let the earth and skies
Repeat the joyful sound;
Rocks, hills and vales, reflect the voice
In one eternal round.

DOWNS. C. M.



44

1 What shall I render to my God
For all his kindness shown?
My feet shall visit thine abode,
My songs address thy throne.

2 Among the saints that fill thy house,
My offerings shall be paid;
There shall my zeal perform the vows
My soul in anguish made.

3 How much is mercy thy delight,
Thou ever-blessed God!
How dear thy servants in thy sight—
How precious is their blood!

4 How happy all thy servants are!
How great thy grace to me!
My life, which thou hast made thy care,
Lord! I devote to thee.

5 Now I am thine—for ever thine;
Nor shall my purpose move;
Thy hand hath loosed my bonds of pain,
And bound me with thy love.

6 Here, in thy courts, I leave my vow,
And thy rich grace record;
Witness, ye saints! who hear me now,
If I forsake the Lord.

45

1 Through all the changing scenes of life,
In trouble, and in joy,
The praises of my God shall still
My heart and tongue employ.

2 Of his deliverance I will boast,
Till all who are distressed,
From my example comfort take,
And charm their griefs to rest.

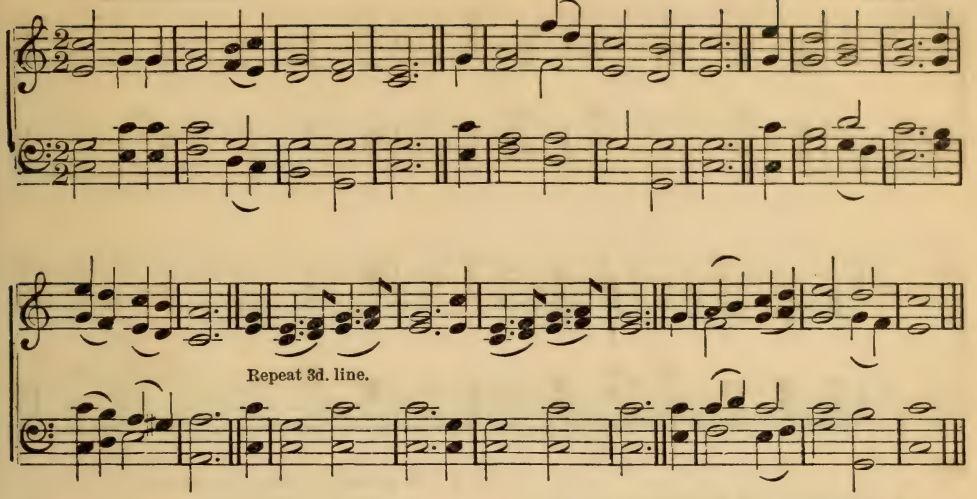
3 Oh! magnify the Lord with me,
With me exalt his name;
When in distress to him I called,
He to my rescue came.

4 The hosts of God encamp around
The dwellings of the just;
Deliverance he affords to all,
Who on his succor trust.

5 Oh! make but trial of his love;
Experience will decide,
How blest are they, and only they,
Who in his truth confide.

6 Fear him, ye saints! and you will then
Have nothing else to fear;
Make you his service your delight,—
Your wants shall be his care.

LANESBORO'. C. M.



46

1 Early, my God, without delay,
I haste to seek thy face;
My thirsty spirit faints away,
Without thy cheering grace.

2 I've seen thy glory and thy power
Through all thy temple shine;
My God, repeat that heavenly hour,
That vision so divine.

3 Not all the blessings of a feast
Can please my soul so well,
As when thy richer grace I taste,
And in thy presence dwell.

4 Not life itself, with all its joys,
Can my best passions move,
Or raise so high my cheerful voice,
As thy forgiving love.

5 Thus till my last expiring day,
I'll bless my God and King;
Thus will I lift my hands to pray,
And tune my lips to sing.

47

1 My Saviour! my almighty Friend;
When I begin thy praise,
Where will the growing numbers end,
The numbers of thy grace?

2 Thou art my everlasting trust;
Thy goodness I adore;
And, since I knew thy graces first,
I speak thy glories more.

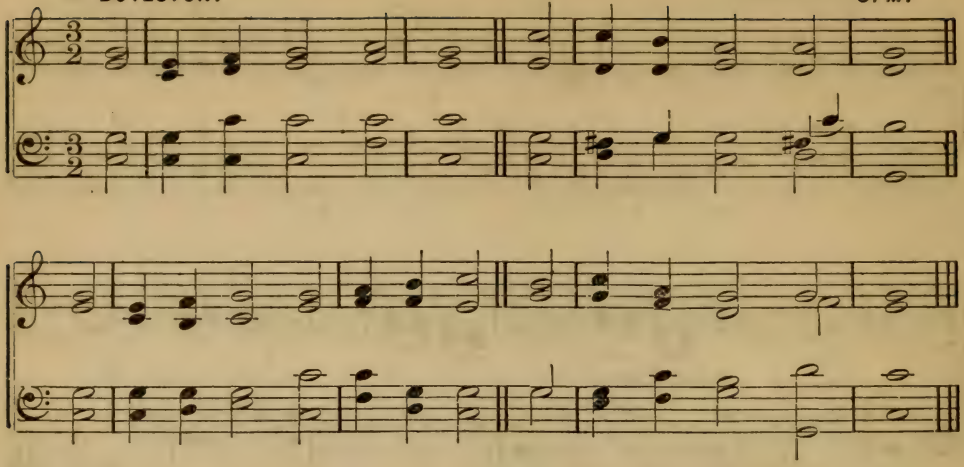
3 My feet shall travel all the length
Of the celestial road;
And march, with courage in thy strength,
To see my father God.

4 When I am filled with sore distress
For some surprising sin,
I'll plead thy perfect righteousness,
And mention none but thine.

5 How will my lips rejoice to tell
The victories of my King!
My soul, redeemed from sin and hell,
Shall thy salvation sing.

6 Awake, awake, my tuneful powers!
With this delightful song,
I'll entertain the darkest hours,
Nor think the season long.

BOYLSTON. **S. M.**



48

1 To God the only wise,
Our Saviour and our King,
Let all the saints, below the skies,
Their humble praises bring.

2 'Tis his almighty love,
His counsel and his care,
Preserve us safe from sin and death,
And every hurtful snare.

3 He will present our souls,
Unblemished and complete,
Before the glory of his face,
With joys divinely great.

4 Then all the chosen seed
Shall meet around the throne;
Shall bless the conduct of his grace,
And make his wonders known.

5 To our Redeemer God,
Wisdom and power belong,
Immortal crowns of majesty,
And everlasting song.

49

1 My soul! repeat his praise,
Whose mercies are so great;
Whose anger is so slow to rise,
So ready to abate.

2 High as the heavens are raised
Above the ground we tread,
So far the riches of his grace
Our highest thoughts exceed.

3 His power subdues our sins,
And his forgiving love,
Far as the east is from the west,
Doth all our guilt remove.

50

1 The pity of the Lord,
To those who fear his name,
Is such as tender parents feel;
He knows our feeble frame.

2 Our days are as the grass,
Or like the morning flower;
If one sharp blast sweep o'er the field,
It withers in an hour.

3 But thy compassions, Lord!
To endless years endure;
And children's children ever find
Thy words of promise sure.

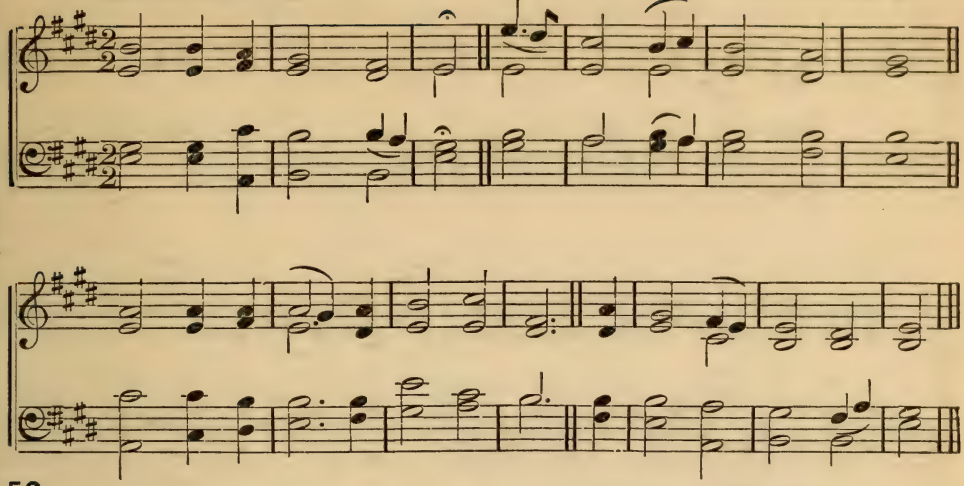
51

1 To bless thy chosen race,
In mercy, Lord! incline;
And cause the brightness of thy face
On all thy saints to shine;

2 That so thy wondrous way
May through the world be known;
While distant lands their tribute pay,
And thy salvation own.

3 Oh! let them shout and sing,
With joy and pious mirth;
For thou, the righteous judge and king,
Shalt govern all the earth.

MORNINGTON. S. M.



52

1 Oh, bless the Lord, my soul,
Let all within me join,
And aid my tongue to bless his name,
Whose favors are divine.

2 Oh, bless the Lord, my soul,
Nor let his mercies lie
Forgotten in unthankfulness,
And without praises die.

3 'Tis he forgives thy sins,
'Tis he relieves thy pain,
'Tis he that heals thy sicknesses,
And makes thee young again.

4 He crowns thy life with love,
When ransomed from the grave;
He that redeemed my soul from hell
Hath sovereign power to save.

53

1 See what a living stone
The builders did refuse;
Yet God hath built his church thereon,
In spite of envious Jews.

2 The work, O Lord! is thine,
And wondrous in our eyes;
This day declares it all divine,
This day did Jesus rise.

3 This is the glorious day
That our Redeemer made;
Let us rejoice, and sing, and pray,
Let all the church be glad.

4 Hosanna to the King
Of David's royal blood:
Bless him, ye saints! he comes, to bring
Salvation from your God.

5 We bless thy holy word,
Which all this grace displays;
And offer on thine altar, Lord!
Our sacrifice of praise.

54

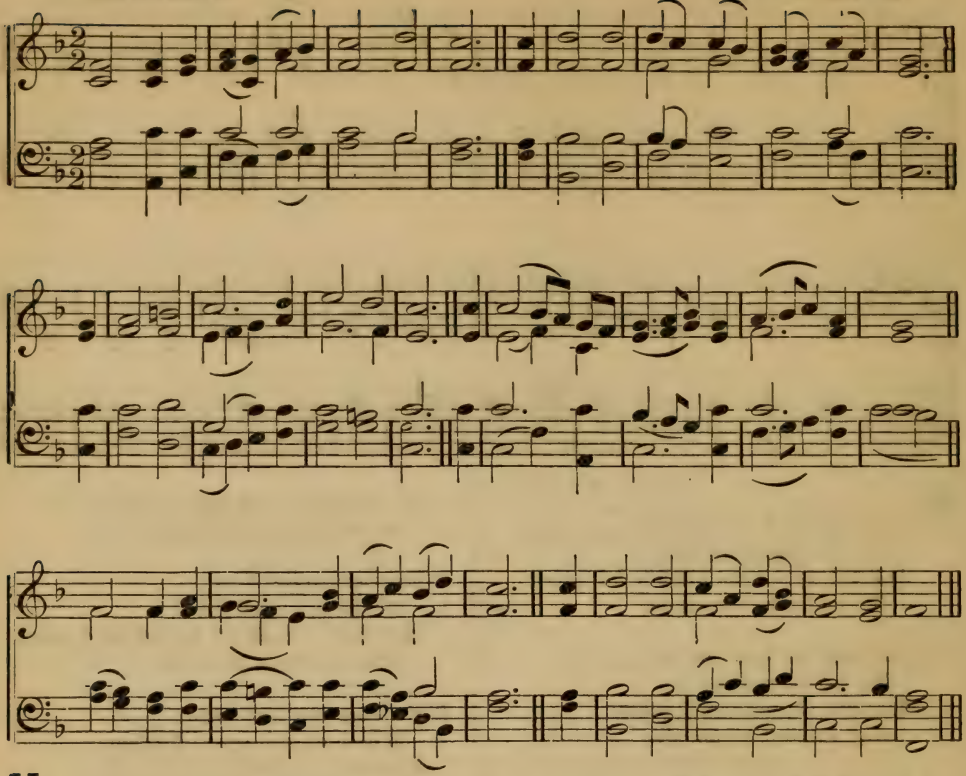
1 Sweet is the work, O Lord!
Thy glorious name to sing,
To praise, and pray, to hear thy word,
And grateful offerings bring.

2 Sweet—at the dawning light,
Thy boundless love to tell,
And when approach the shades of night,
Still on the theme to dwell.

3 Sweet—on this day of rest,
To join, in heart and voice,
With those who love and serve thee best,
And in thy name rejoice.

4 To songs of praise and joy
Be every Sabbath given,
That such may be our blest employ
Eternally in heaven.

NEWCOURT. L. P. M.



55

1 I'LL praise my Maker with my breath;
And when my voice is lost in death,
Praise shall employ my nobler powers:
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life, and thought, and being last,
Or immortality endures.

2 Happy the man, whose hopes rely
On Israel's God: he made the sky,
And earth, and seas, with all their train;
His truth for ever stands secure;
He saves the oppressed, he feeds the poor;
And none shall find his promise vain.

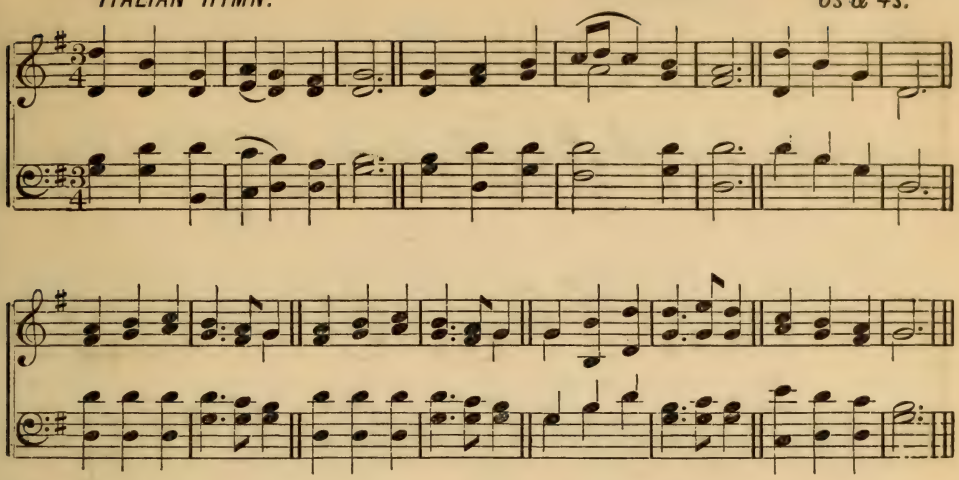
3 The Lord hath eyes to give the blind;
The Lord supports the sinking mind;
He sends the laboring conscience peace;
He helps the stranger in distress,
The widow and the fatherless,
And grants the prisoner sweet release.

4 I'll praise him while he lends me breath;
And when my voice is lost in death,
Praise shall employ my nobler powers:
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life, and thought, and being last,
Or immortality endures.

DOXOLOGY.

Now to the great and sacred Three,
The Father, Son, and Spirit, be
Eternal praise and glory given,
Through all the worlds where God is known
By all the angels near the throne,
And all the saints in earth and heaven.

ITALIAN HYMN. 6s & 4s.



56

1 Come, all ye saints of God!
Wide through the earth abroad
Spread Jesus' name:
Tell what his love has done,
Trust in his grace alone;
Shout to his lofty throne,
"Worthy the Lamb!"

2 Hence, gloomy doubts and fears!
Dry up your mournful tears;
Swell the glad theme;
Praise ye our gracious King,
Strike each melodious string,
Join heart and voice to sing,
"Worthy the Lamb!"

3 Hark! how the choirs above,
Filled with the Saviour's love,
Dwell on his name!
There, too, may we be found,
With light and glory crowned,
While all the heavens resound,
"Worthy the Lamb!"

57

1 Glory to God on high!
Let praises fill the sky;
Praise ye his name;
Angels! his name adore,
Who all our sorrows bore;
And, saints! cry evermore,
"Worthy the Lamb!"

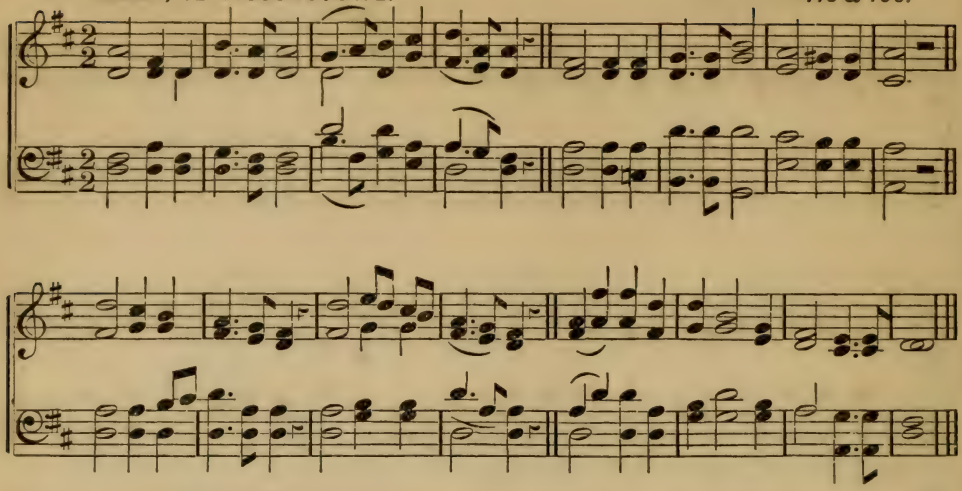
2 All they around the throne
Cheerfully join in one,
Praising his name;
We who have felt his blood
Sealing our peace with God,
Spread his dear fame abroad,
"Worthy the Lamb!"

3 To him our hearts we raise;
None else shall have our praise;
Praise ye his name;
Him, our exalted Lord,
By us below adored,
We praise with one accord,
"Worthy the Lamb!"

4 Join, all the human race!
Our Lord and God to bless;
Praise ye his name;
In him we will rejoice,
Making a cheerful noise,
And say, with heart and voice,
"Worthy the Lamb!"

5 Though we must change our place,
Our souls shall never cease
Praising his name;
To him we'll tribute bring,
Laud him our gracious King,
And through all ages sing,
"Worthy the Lamb!"

COME, YE DISCONSOLATE. 11s & 10s.



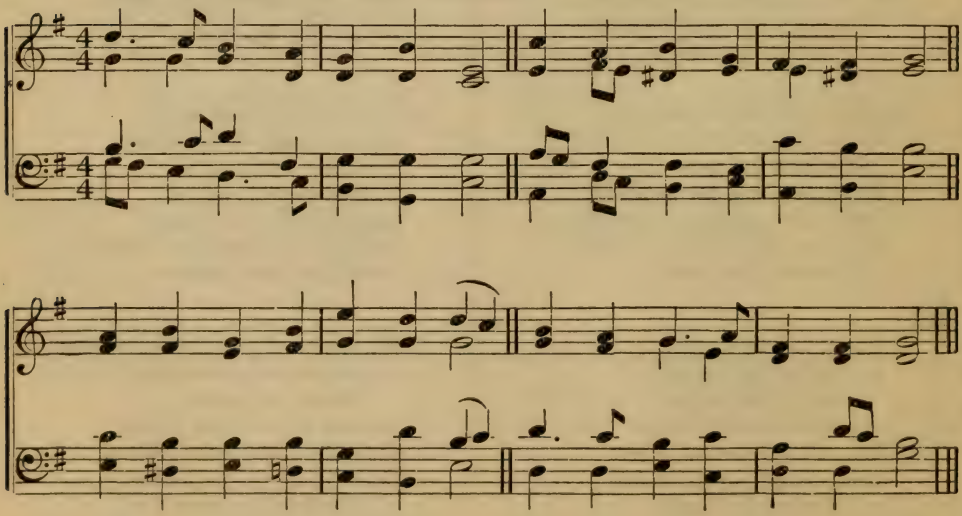
58

1 Come, ye disconsolate! where'er ye languish,
Come to the mercy-seat, fervently kneel:
Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell your anguish;
Earth has no sorrow that heaven cannot heal.

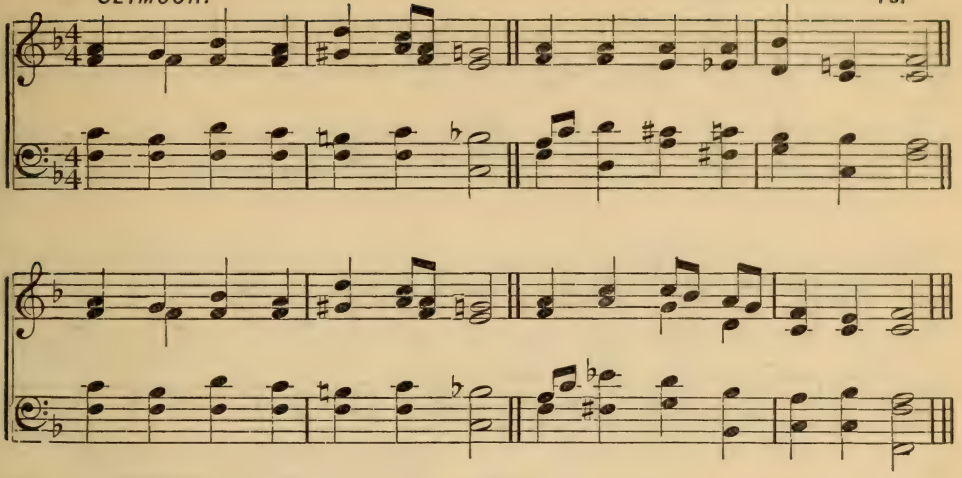
2 Joy of the desolate, light of the straying,
Hope of the penitent, fadeless and pure!
Here speaks the Comforter, in God's name, saying,
Earth has no sorrows that heaven cannot cure.

3 Here see the bread of life: see waters flowing,
Forth from the throne of God, boundless in love:
Come to the feast prepared; come, ever knowing,
Earth has no sorrows, but heaven can remove.

COME, MY SOUL, THY SUIT PREPARE. 7s.



SEYMOUR. 7s.



59

1 Lord! we come before thee now,
At thy feet we humbly bow;
Oh! do not our suit disdain!
Shall we seek thee, Lord! in vain?

2 Lord, on thee our souls depend,
In compassion, now descend;
Fill our hearts with thy rich grace,
Tune our lips to sing thy praise.

3 In thine own appointed way,
Now we seek thee, here we stay;
Lord! we know not how to go,
Till a blessing thou bestow.

4 Send some message from thy word,
That may joy and peace afford;
Let thy Spirit now impart
Full salvation to each heart.

5 Comfort those who weep and mourn,
Let the time of joy return;
Those, who are cast down, lift up,
Strong in faith, in love and hope.

6 Grant, that those who seek may find
Thee, a God supremely kind:
Heal the sick, the captive free,
Let us all rejoice in thee.

60

1 Come, my soul, thy suit prepare,
Jesus loves to answer prayer;
He himself has bid thee pray,
Therefore will not say thee nay.

2 Thou art coming to a King,
Large petitions with thee bring;
For his grace and power are such,
None can ever ask too much.

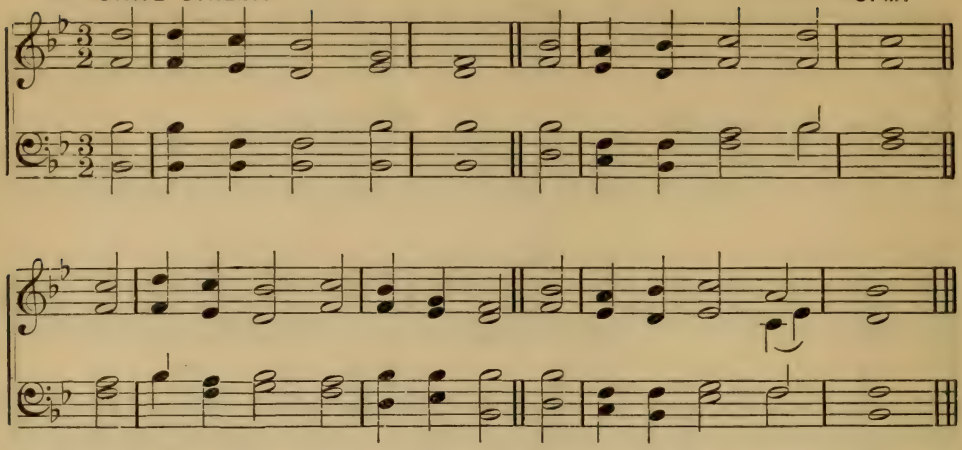
3 With my burden I begin,
Lord, remove this load of sin;
Let thy blood, for sinners spilt,
Set my conscience free from guilt.

4 Lord, I come to thee for rest,
Take possession of my breast;
There thy blood-bought right maintain,
And without a rival reign.

5 While I am a pilgrim here,
Let thy love my spirit cheer;
As my Guide, my Guard, my Friend,
Lead me to my journey's end.

6 Show me what I have to do,
Every hour my strength renew:
Let me live a life of faith,
Let me die thy people's death.

STATE STREET. S. M.



61

1 Behold the throne of grace!
The promise calls me near:
There Jesus shows a smiling face,
And waits to answer prayer.

2 That rich atoning blood,
Which sprinkled round I see,
Provides, for those who come to God,
An all-prevailing plea.

3 My soul! ask what thou wilt;
Thou canst not be too bold;
Since his own blood for thee he spilt,
What else can he withhold?

4 Thine image, Lord! bestow
Thy presence and thy love;
I ask to serve thee here below,
And reign with thee above.

5 Teach me to live by faith;
Conform my will to thine;
Let me victorious be in death,
And then in glory shine.

62

1 Jesus, who knows full well
The heart of every saint,
Invites us, all our grief to tell,
To pray and never faint.

2 He bows his gracious ear,—
We never plead in vain;
Then let us wait till he appear,
And pray, and pray again.

3 Jesus, the Lord, will hear
His chosen when they cry;
Yes, though he may a while forbear,
He'll help them from on high.

4 Then let us earnest cry,
And never faint in prayer;
He sees, he hears, and from on high,
Will make our cause his care.

63

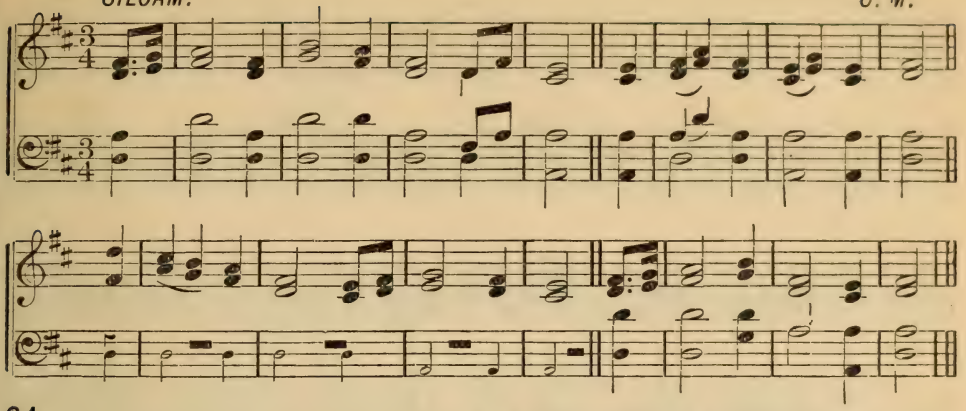
1 Oh, blessed souls are they,
Whose sins are covered o'er;
Divinely blest, to whom the Lord
Imputes their guilt no more.

2 They mourn their follies past,
And keep their hearts with care,
Their lips and lives, without deceit,
Shall prove their faith sincere.

3 While I concealed my guilt,
I felt the festering wound;
Till I confessed my sins to thee,
And ready pardon found.

4 Let sinners learn to pray;
Let saints keep near thy throne:
Our help in times of deep distress,
Is found in God alone.

SILOAM. C. M.



64

1 Approach, my soul, the mercy-seat,
Where Jesus answers prayer;
There humbly fall before his feet,
For none can perish there.

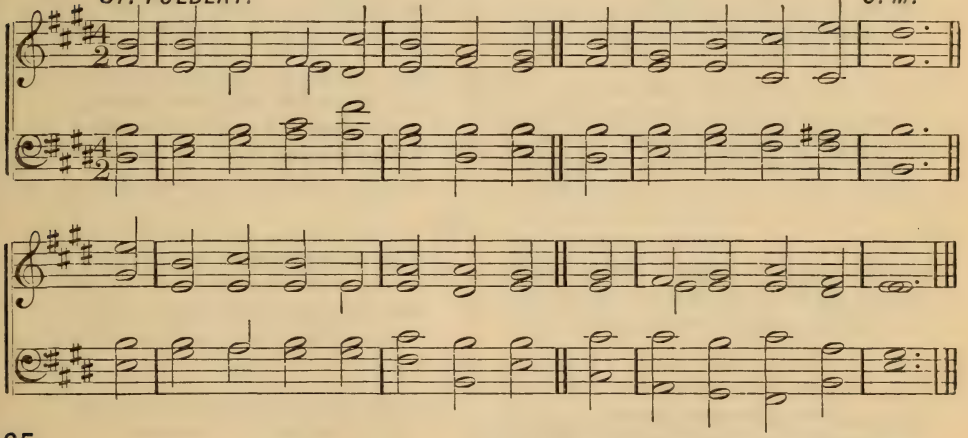
2 Thy promise is my only plea,
With this I venture nigh;
Thou callest burden'd souls to thee,
And such, O Lord, am I.

3 Bow'd down beneath a load of sin,
By Satan sorely press'd,
By war without, and fears within,
I come to thee for rest.

4 Be thou my Shield and Hiding-place;
That, shelter'd near thy side,
I may my fierce accuser face,
And tell him, thou hast died.

5 Oh, wondrous love, to bleed and die,
To bear the Cross and shame,
That guilty sinners such as I
Might plead thy gracious Name.

ST. FULBERT. C. M.



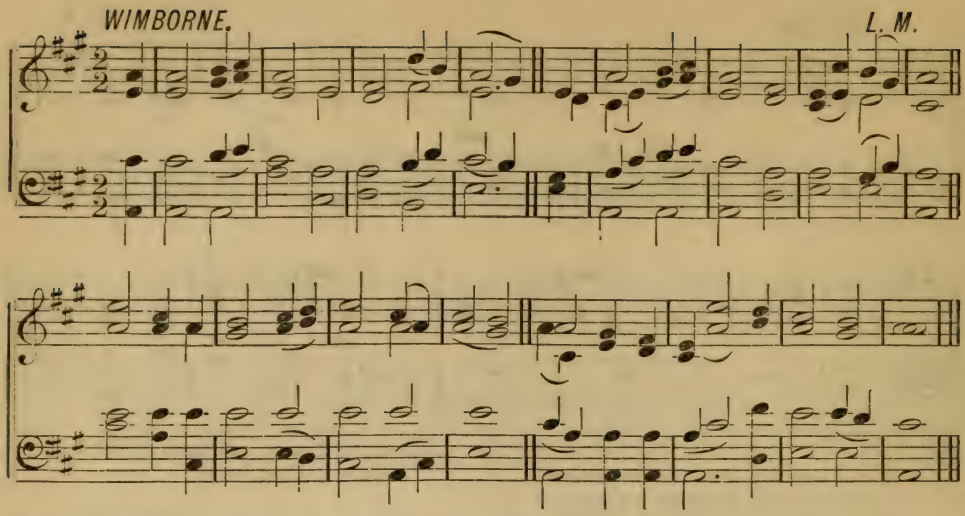
65

1 Lord, teach us how to pray aright
With reverence and with fear:
Though dust and ashes in thy sight,
We may, we must draw near.

2 Give deep humility; the sense
Of godly sorrow give;
A strong desiring confidence
To hear thy voice and live.

3 Patience, to watch, and wait, and weep,
Though mercy long delay;
Courage, our fainting souls to keep,
And trust thee, though thou slay.

4 Give these, and then thy will be done
Thus, strengthen'd with all might,
We, by thy Spirit and thy Son,
Shall pray, and pray aright.



66

1 Now may the God of power and grace,
Attend his people's humble cry!
Jehovah hears when Israel prays,
And brings deliverance from on high.

2 Well he remembers all our sighs,
His love exceeds our best deserts;
His love accepts the sacrifice
Of humble groans, and broken hearts.

3 Now save us, Lord! from slavish fear,
Now let our hopes be firm and strong,
Till thy salvation shall appear,
And joy and triumph raise the song.

67

1 Come, dearest Lord, descend and dwell,
By faith and love in every breast;
Then shall we know, and taste, and feel
The joys that cannot be expressed.

2 Come, fill our hearts with inward strength,
Make our enlarged souls possess,
And learn the height, and breadth, and length,
Of thine immeasurable grace.

3 Now to the God whose power can do
More than our thoughts or wishes know,
Be everlasting honors done,
By all the church, through Christ his Son.

68

1 Come, Holy Spirit, calm my mind,
And fit me to approach my God;
Remove each vain, each worldly thought,
And lead me to thy blest abode.

2 Hast thou imparted to my soul
A living spark of holy fire?
Oh, kindle now the sacred flame,
Make me to burn with pure desire.

3 A brighter faith and hope impart,
And let me now my Saviour see:
Oh, soothe and cheer my burdened heart,
And bid my spirit rest in thee.

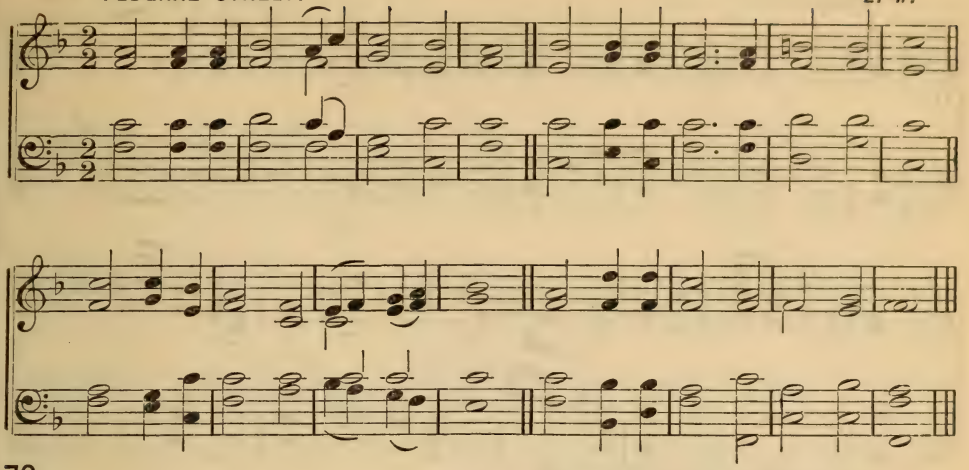
69

1 How sweet to leave the world a while,
And seek the presence of our Lord!
Dear Saviour, on thy people smile,
And come, according to thy word.

2 From busy scenes we now retreat,
That we may here converse with thee:
Ah! Lord! behold us at thy feet;—
Let this the gate of heaven be.

3 "Chief of ten thousand!" now appear,
That we by faith may see thy face:
Oh! speak, that we thy voice may hear,
And let thy presence fill this place.

FEDERAL STREET. L. M.



70

1 Come, O Creator Spirit blest!
And in our souls take up thy rest!
Come, with thy grace and heavenly aid,
To fill the hearts which thou hast made.

2 Great Comforter! to thee we cry;
O highest Gift of God most high!
O fount of life! O fire of love!
Send sweet anointing from above!

3 Kindle our senses from above,
And make our hearts o'erflow with love;
With patience firm, and virtue high,
The weakness of our flesh supply.

4 Far from us drive the foe we dread,
And grant us thy true peace instead;
So shall we not, with thee for guide,
Turn from the path of life aside.

5 Oh, may thy grace on us bestow
The Father and the Son to know,
And thee through endless times confess'd
Of both th' eternal Spirit blest.

71

1 Father of heaven! whose love profound
A ransom for our souls hath found,
Before thy throne we sinners bend;
To us thy pard'ning love extend.

2 Almighty Son—incarnate Word—
Our Prophet, Priest, Redeemer, Lord!
Before thy throne we sinners bend;
To us thy saving grace extend.

3 Eternal Spirit! by whose breath
The soul is raised from sin and death,
Before thy throne we sinners bend;
To us thy quickening power extend.

4 Jehovah!—Father, Spirit, Son!—
Mysterious Godhead—Three in One!
Before thy throne we sinners bend;
Grace, pardon, life to us extend.

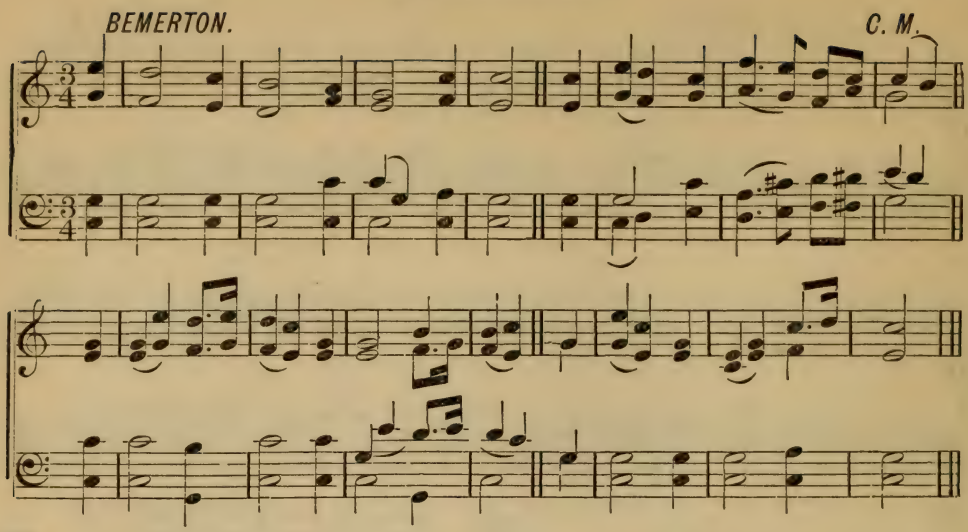
72

1 Come, gracious Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With light and comfort from above;
Be thou our guardian, thou our guide,
O'er every thought and step preside.

2 The light of truth to us display,
And make us know and choose thy way·
Plant holy fear in every heart,
That we from God may ne'er depart.

3 Lead us to holiness, the road
That we must take to dwell with God;
Lead us to Christ, the living way,
Nor let us from his precepts stray.

4 Lead us to God, our final rest,
In his enjoyment to be bless'd;
Lead us to heaven, the seat of bliss,
Where pleasure in perfection is.



73

1 Great Father of each perfect gift!
Behold thy servants wait;
With longing eyes, and lifted hands,
We flock around thy gate.

2 Oh! shed abroad that choicest gift,—
Thy Spirit from above,
To cheer our eyes with sacred light,
And fire our hearts with love.

3 Blest Earnest of eternal joy!
Declare our sins forgiven:
And bear with energy divine,
Our raptured thoughts to heaven.

4 Diffuse, O God! thy copious showers,
That earth its fruits may yield,
And change the barren wilderness,
To Carmel's flowery field.

74

1 Come, thou desire of all thy saints!
Our humble strains attend,
While, with our praises and complaints,
Low at thy feet we bend.

2 How should our songs, like those above,
With warm devotion rise!
How should our souls, on wings of love,
Mount upward to the skies!

3 Come, Lord! thy love alone can raise
In us the heavenly flame;
Then shall our lips resound thy praise,
Our hearts adore thy name.

4 Dear Saviour! let thy glory shine,
And fill thy dwellings here,
Till life, and love, and joy divine
A heaven on earth appear.

5 Then shall our hearts enraptured say,—
Come, great Redeemer! come,
And bring the bright, the glorious day,
That calls thy children home.

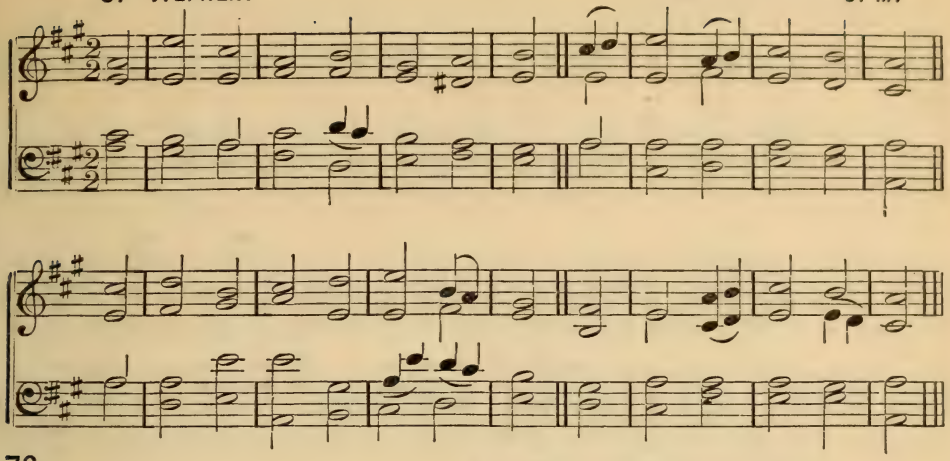
75

1 O thou, who hast thy servants taught
That not by words alone,
But by the fruits of holiness,
The life of God is shown!

2 While in thy house of prayer we meet,
And call thee God and Lord,
Give us a heart to follow thee,
Obedient to thy word.

3 Through all the dangerous paths of life,
Uphold us as we go,
That with our lips, and in our lives,
Thy glory we may show

ST STEPHEN. C. M.



76

1 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all thy quickening powers,
Kindle a flame of sacred love,
In these cold hearts of ours.

2 Look—how we grovel here below,
Fond of these trifling toys!
Our souls can neither fly nor go,
To reach eternal joys.

3 In vain we tune our formal songs,
In vain we strive to rise;
Hosannas languish on our tongues,
And our devotion dies.

4 Dear Lord! and shall we ever live,
At this poor dying rate,
Our love so faint, so cold to thee,
And thine to us so great?

5 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove!
With all thy quickening powers;
Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,
And that shall kindle ours.

77

1 Come, Holy Ghost, Creator! come,
Inspire these souls of thine;
Till every heart, which thou hast made,
Is filled with grace divine.

2 Thou art the Comforter, the gift
Of God, and fire of love;
The everlasting spring of joy,
And unction from above.

3 Enlighten our dark souls till they
Thy sacred love embrace;
Assist our minds, by nature frail,
With thy celestial grace.

4 Teach us the Father to confess,
And Son, from death revived,
And with them both, Thee, Holy Ghost
Who art from both derived.

78

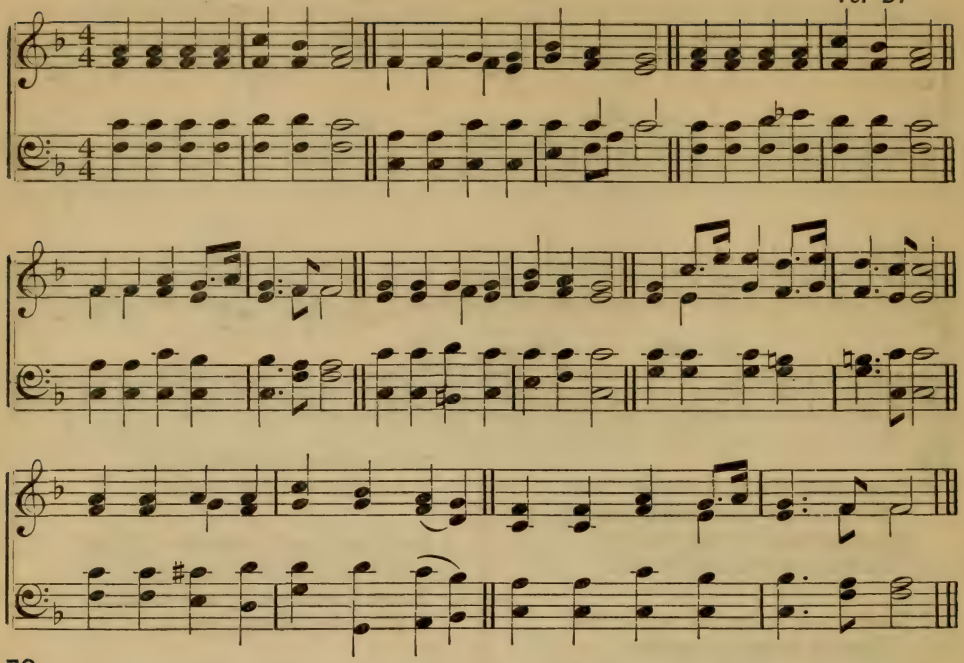
1 Lord, when we bend before thy throne
And our confessions pour,
Teach us to feel the sins we own,
And hate what we deplore.

2 Our broken spirit pitying see;
True penitence impart;
Then let a kindling glance from thee
Beam hope on every heart.

3 When we disclose our wants in prayer,
May we our wills resign;
And not a thought our bosom share,
Which is not wholly thine.

4 Let faith each meek petition fill,
And waft it to the skies;
And teach our hearts—'t is goodness still
That grants it, or denies.

REFUGE (Blumenthal). 7s. D.



79

1 Saviour, when in dust to thee
Low we bend the adoring knee;
When repentant to the skies
Scarce we lift our weeping eyes;
Oh, by all the pains and woe
Suffered once for man below,
Bending from thy throne on high,
Hear our solemn Litany!

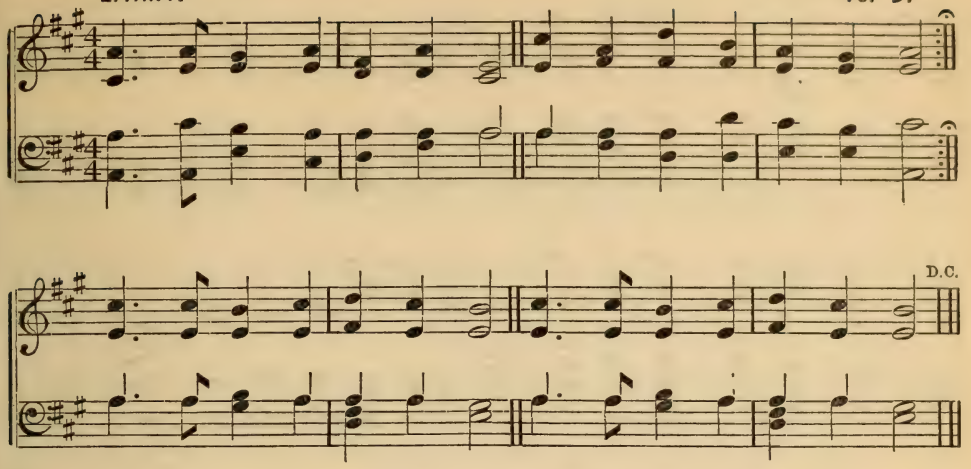
2 By thy helpless infant years;
By thy life of want and tears;
By thy days of sore distress
In the lonely wilderness;
By the dread mysterious hour
Of the insulting tempter's power;
Turn, oh turn a favoring eye;
Hear our solemn Litany!

3 By the sacred griefs that wept
O'er the grave where Lazarus slept;
By the boding tears that flowed
Over Salem's loved abode;
By the anguished sigh that told
Treachery lurked within thy fold;
From thy seat above the sky,
Hear our solemn Litany!

4 By thine hour of dire despair;
By thine agony of prayer;
By the cross, the nail, the thorn,
Piercing spear and torturing scorn;
By the gloom that veiled the skies
O'er the dreadful sacrifice;
Listen to our humble cry,
Hear our solemn Litany!

5 By thy deep expiring groan;
By the sad sepulchral stone;
By the vault, whose dark abode
Held in vain the rising God;
Oh, from earth to heaven restored,
Mighty reascended Lord,
Listen, listen to the cry
Of our solemn Litany!

LITANY. 7s. D.



80

1 LIGHT of life!—seraphic Fire!
Love divine!—thyself impart;
Every fainting soul inspire;
Shine in every drooping heart.
Every mournful sinner cheer;
Scatter all our guilty gloom:
Saviour—Son of God! appear;
To thy human temples come.

2 Come, in this accepted hour,
Bring thy heavenly kingdom in;
Fill us with thy glorious power—
Rooting out the love of sin.
Nothing more can we require,
We will covet nothing less;
Be thou all our heart's desire,
All our joy and all our peace.

81

1 LORD of hosts, how lovely fair,
E'en on earth, thy temples are;
Here thy waiting people see
Much of heaven, and much of thee.
From thy gracious presence flows
Bliss that softens all our woes;
While thy Spirit's holy fire
Warms our hearts with pure desire.

2 Here we supplicate thy throne,
Here thou makest thy glories known;
Here we learn thy righteous ways,
Taste thy love and sing thy praise.
Thus with sacred songs of joy,
We our happy lives employ;
Love, and long to love thee more,
Till from earth to heaven we soar.

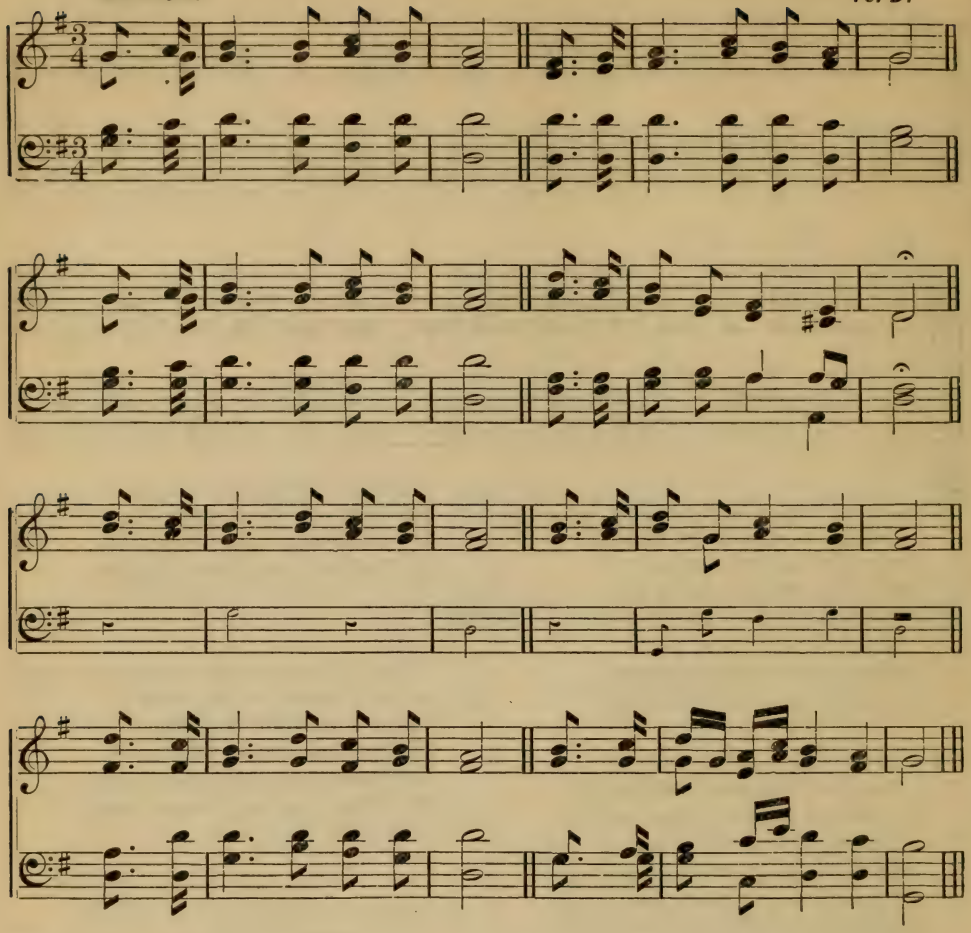
82

1 HOLY, holy, holy Lord
God of Hosts! when heaven and earth
Out of darkness, at thy word
Issued into glorious birth,
All thy works before thee stood,
And thine eye beheld them good,
While they sung with sweet accord,
Holy, holy, holy Lord!

2 Holy, holy, holy! thee,
One Jehovah evermore,
Father, Son, and Spirit! we,
Dust and ashes, would adore;
Lightly by the world esteemed,
From that world by thee redeemed,
Sing we here with glad accord,
Holy, holy, holy Lord!

3 Holy, holy, holy! all
Heaven's triumphant choir shall sing,
While the ransomed nations fall
At the footstool of their King:
Then shall saints and seraphim,
Harps and voices, swell one hymn,
Blending in sublime accord,
Holy, holy, holy Lord!

NEWTON. 7s. D.



83

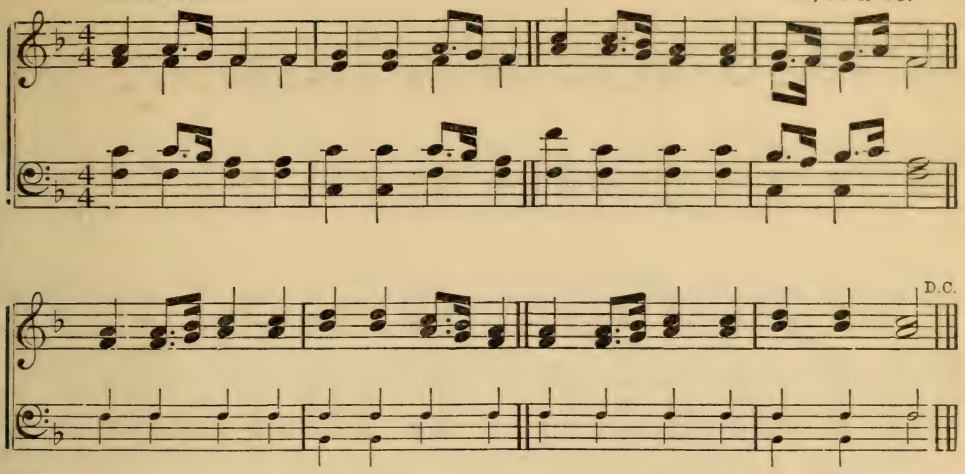
1 Safely through another week
God has brought us on our way;
Let us now a blessing seek,
Waiting in his courts to-day;
Day of all the week the best:
Emblem of eternal rest.

2 While we pray for pardoning grace
Through the dear Redeemer's name,
Show thy reconciled face;
Take away our sin and shame:
From our worldly cares set free,
May we rest this day in thee.

3 Here we come thy name to praise;
Let us feel thy presence near:
May thy glory meet our eyes,
While we in thy house appear;
Here afford us, Lord, a taste
Of our everlasting feast.

4 May thy gospel's joyful sound
Conquer sinners, comfort saints,
Make the fruits of grace abound,
Bring relief from all complaints:
Thus may all our Sabbaths prove,
Till we join the church above.

GREENVILLE. 8s, 7s & 4s.



84

1 In thy name, O Lord! assembling,
We, thy people, now draw near;
Teach us to rejoice with trembling;
Speak, and let thy servants hear,
Hear with meekness,
Hear thy word with godly fear.

2 While our days on earth are lengthened,
May we give them, Lord! to thee;
Cheered by hope and daily strengthened,
May we run, nor weary be,
Till thy glory
Without clouds in heaven we see.

3 There, in worship purer, sweeter,
Thee thy people shall adore;
Tasting of enjoyment greater
Far than thought conceived before;
Full enjoyment,
Full, unmixed, and evermore.

85

1 Come, thou soul-transforming Spirit!
Bless the sower and the seed;
Let each heart thy grace inherit;
Raise the weak, the hungry feed;
From the gospel,
Now supply thy people's need.

2 Oh! may all enjoy the blessing
Which thy word's designed to give;
Let us all, thy love possessing,
Joyfully the truth receive;
And for ever
To thy praise and glory live.

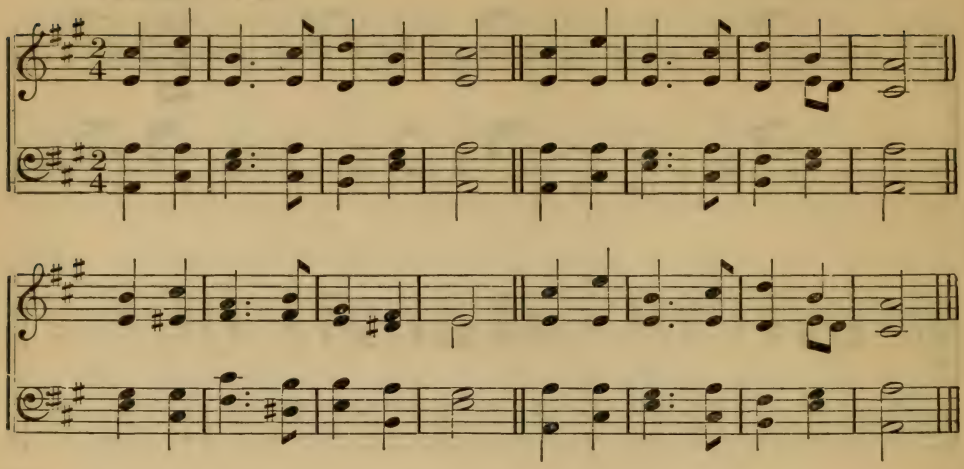
86

1 Lord! dismiss us with thy blessing,
Fill our hearts with joy and peace;
Let us each, thy love possessing,
Triumph in redeeming grace;
Oh! refresh us,
Traveling through this wilderness.

2 Thanks we give and adoration,
For thy gospel's joyful sound;
May the fruits of thy salvation
In our hearts and lives abound;
May thy presence
With us, evermore, be found.

3 So, whene'er the signal's given,
Us from earth to call away,
Borne on angels' wings to heaven,
Glad the summons to obey,
We shall surely
Reign with Christ in endless day.

PLEYEL'S HYMN. 7s.



87

1 CHILDREN of the heavenly King!
As ye journey sweetly sing;
Sing your Saviour's worthy praise,
Glorious in his works and ways.

2 We are traveling home to God,
In the way the fathers trod;
They are happy now, and we
Soon their happiness shall see.

3 Shout, ye little flock and blest!
You on Jesus' throne shall rest;
There, your seat is now prepared,—
There's your kingdom and reward.

4 Fear not, brethren! joyful stand
On the borders of your land;
Jesus Christ, your Father's Son,
Bids you undismayed go on.

5 Lord! obediently we go,
Gladly leaving all below;
Only thou our Leader be,
And we still will follow thee.

88

1 Now begin the heavenly theme,
Sing aloud in Jesus' name;
Ye, who Jesus' kindness prove!
Triumph in redeeming love.

2 Ye, who see the Father's grace
Beaming in the Saviour's face!
As to Canaan on ye move,
Praise and bless redeeming love.

3 Mourning souls! dry up your tears;
Banish all your guilty fears:
See your guilt and curse remove,—
Canceled by redeeming love.

4 Welcome all, by sin oppressed,—
Welcome to his sacred rest!
Nothing brought him from above,—
Nothing but redeeming love.

5 Hither, then, your music bring;
Strike aloud each joyful string;
Mortals! join the hosts above,—
Join to praise redeeming love.

89

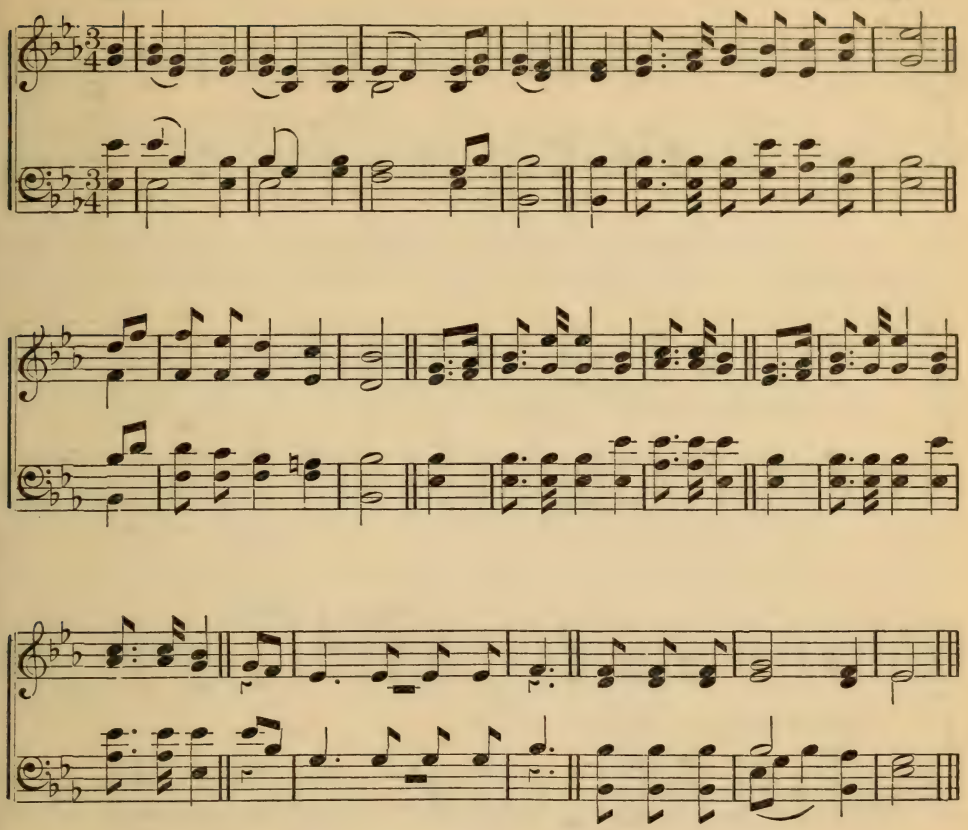
1 HALLELUJAH! raise, oh! raise
To our God the song of praise:
All his servants! join to sing
God, our Saviour, and our King.

2 O'er all nations God alone,—
Higher than the heavens his throne.
Who is like to God most high,
Infinite in majesty?

3 Yet to view the heavens he bends,—
Yea, to earth he condescends:
Passing by the rich and great,
For the low and desolate.

4 He the broken spirit cheers,
Turns to joy the mourner's tears;
Such the wonders of his ways!
Praise his name,—for ever praise.

ARIEL. C. P. M.



90

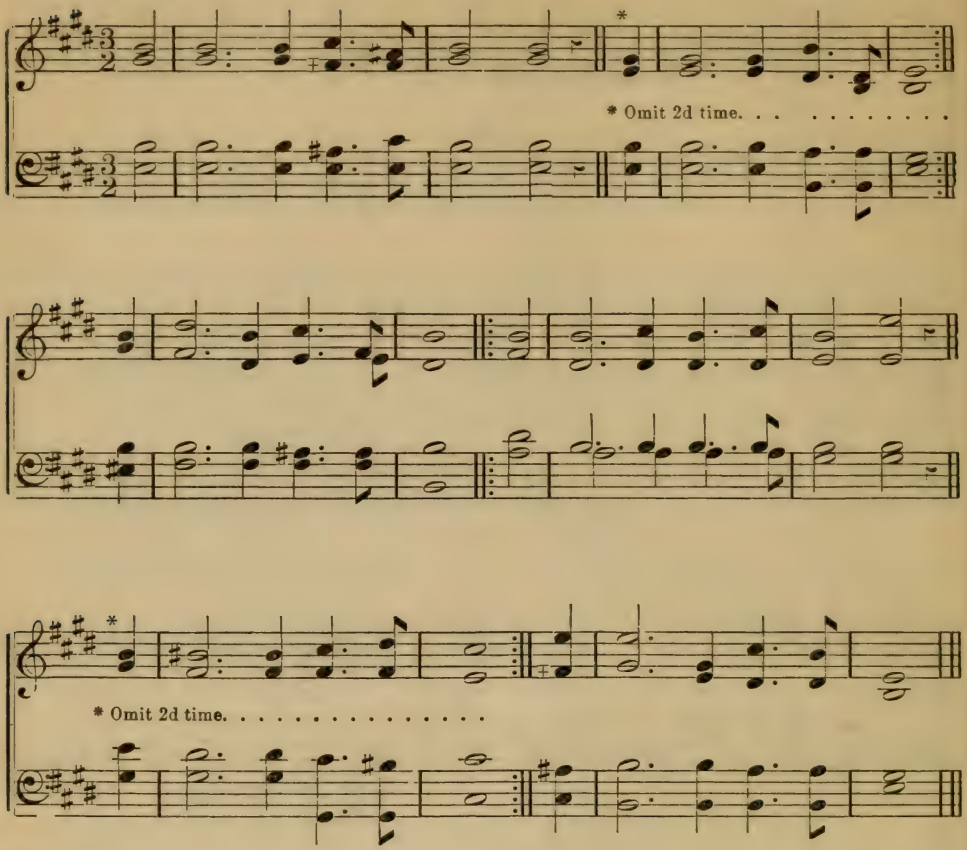
1 Oh, could I speak the matchless worth,
Oh, could I sound the glories forth,
Which in my Saviour shine!
I'd soar and touch the heavenly strings,
And vie with Gabriel, while he sings,
In notes almost divine.

2 I'd sing the precious blood he spilt,
My ransom from the dreadful guilt
Of sin and wrath divine:
I'd sing his glorious righteousness,
In which all-perfect, heavenly dress
My soul shall ever shine.

3 I'd sing the characters he bears,
And all the forms of love he wears,
Exalted on his throne;
In loftiest songs of sweetest praise,
I would to everlasting days
Make all his glories known.

4 Well, the delightful day will come,
When my dear Lord will bring me home
And I shall see his face:
Then, with my Saviour, Brother, Friend,
A blest eternity I'll spend,
Triumphant in his grace.

HODNET. 7s & 6s. D.



91

1 To THEE, my God and Saviour!
My heart exulting sings,
Rejoicing in thy favor,
Almighty King of kings!
I'll celebrate thy glory,
With all thy saints above,
And tell the joyful story
Of thy redeeming love.

2 Soon as the morn, with roses,
Bedecks the dewy east,
And when the sun reposes
Upon the ocean's breast;
My voice, in supplication,
Well-pleased thou shalt hear:
Oh! grant me thy salvation
And to my soul draw near.

3 By thee, through life supported,
I pass the dangerous road,
With heavenly hosts escorted,
Up to their bright abode,
There, cast my crown before thee,—
Now, all my conflicts o'er,—
And day and night adore thee:—
What can an angel more?

ST. ALBAN. 6s & 5s. D.

Chorus.

Saviour, blessed Sa-viour, Listen whilst we sing, Hearts and voices rais-ing Prais-es to our King.

92

1 Saviour, blessed Saviour,
Listen whilst we sing,
Hearts and voices raising
Praises to our King.
All we have we offer,
All we hope to be,
Body, soul, and spirit,
All we yield to thee.

2 Nearer, ever nearer,
Christ, we draw to thee,
Deep in adoration
Bending low the knee:
Thou for our redemption
Cam'st on earth to die;
Thou, that we might follow,
Hast gone up on high.

3 Great and ever greater
Are thy mercies here,
True and everlasting
Are the glories there,
Where no pain, or sorrow,
Toil, or care, is known,
Where the angel-legions
Circle round thy throne.

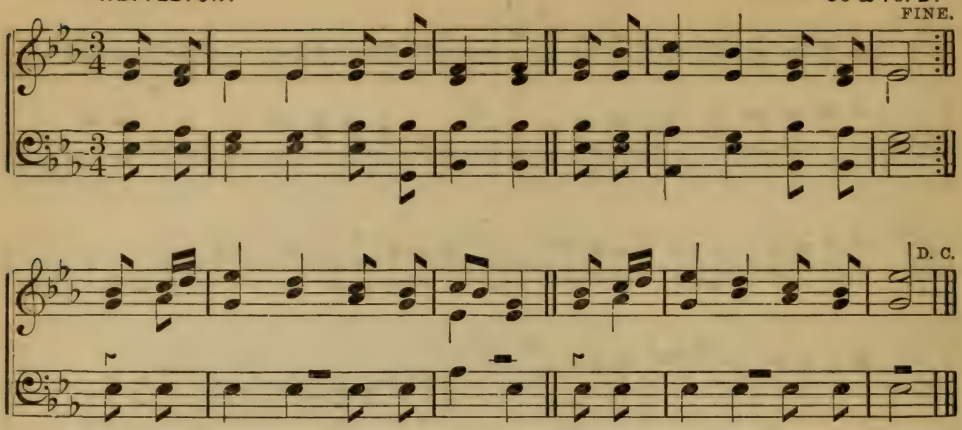
93

1 Brighter still and brighter
Glows the western sun,
Shedding all its gladness
O'er our work that's done.
Time will soon be over,
Toil and sorrow past,
May we, blessed Saviour,
Find a rest at last.

2 Onward, ever onward,
Journeying o'er the road
Worn by saints before us,
Journeying on to God;
Leaving all behind us,
May we hasten on,
Backward never looking
Till the prize is won.

3 Higher then and higher
Bear the ransomed soul,
Earthly toils forgotten,
Saviour, to its goal;
Where in joys unthought of
Saints with angels sing,
Never weary raising
Praises to their King.

NETTLETON. 8s & 7s. D.



94

1 Come, thou Fount of every blessing,
Tune my heart to sing thy grace;
Streams of mercy never ceasing,
Call for songs of loudest praise.

2 Teach me some melodious sonnet,
Sung by flaming tongues above;
Praise the mount! I'm fixed upon it,
Mount of God's unchanging love!

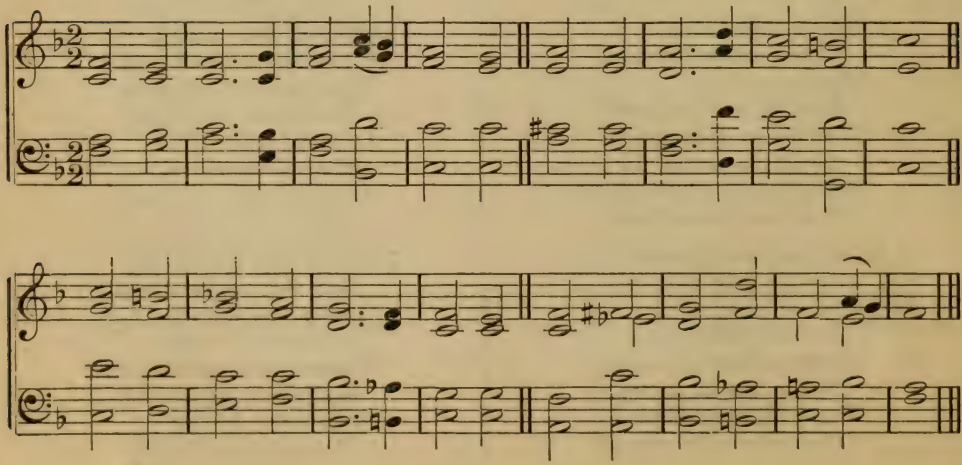
3 Here I raise my Ebenezer;
Hither by thy help I'm come;
And I hope, by thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home.

4 Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God;
He, to rescue me from danger,
Interposed his precious blood.

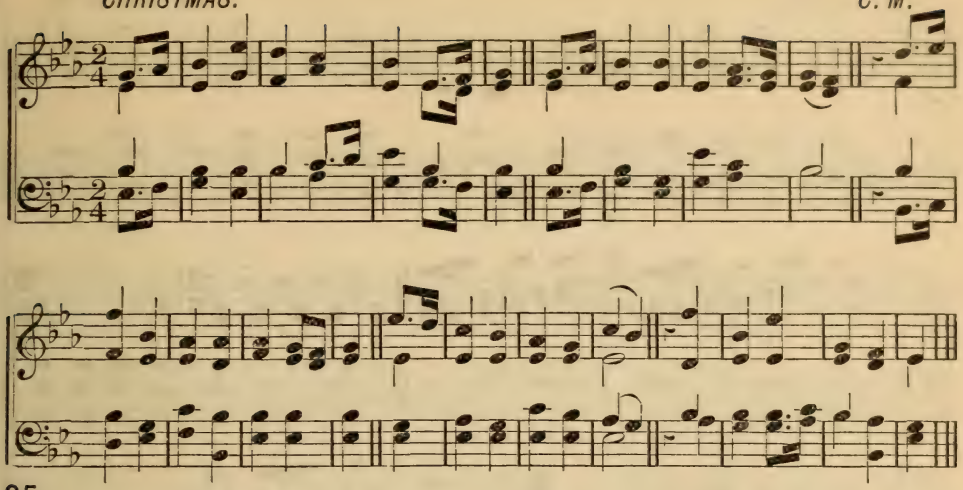
5 Oh, to grace how great a debtor
Daily I'm constrained to be!
Let that grace now, like a fetter,
Bind my wandering heart to thee.

6 Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it;
Prone to leave the God I love;
Here's my heart; oh, take and seal it,—
Seal it for thy courts above!

SARDIS. 8s & 7s.



CHRISTMAS. *C. M.*



95

1 While shepherds watched their flocks by
All seated on the ground, [night,
The angel of the Lord came down,
And glory shone around.

2 "Fear not," said he,—for mighty dread
Had seized their troubled mind,—
"Glad tidings of great joy I bring,
To you and all mankind.

3 "To you, in David's town this day,
Is born of David's line,
The Saviour, who is Christ, the Lord,
And this shall be the sign;—

4 "The heavenly babe you there shall find
To human view displayed,
All meanly wrapped in swathing bands,
And in a manger laid."

5 Thus spake the seraph—and forthwith
Appeared a shining throng
Of angels praising God, who thus
Addressed their joyful song:—

6 "All glory be to God on high,
And to the earth be peace;
Good-will henceforth from heaven to men
Begin, and never cease!"

96

1 Bright was the guiding star, that led
With mild benignant ray,
The Gentiles to the lowly shed,
Where the Redeemer lay.

2 But, lo! a brighter, clearer light
Now points to his abode;
It shines through sin and sorrow's night,
To guide us to our God.

3 Oh! haste to follow where it leads,
The gracious call obey;
Be rugged wilds, or flowery meads,
The Christian's destined way.

4 Oh! gladly tread the narrow path,
While light and grace are given;
Who meekly follow Christ on earth,
Shall reign with him in heaven.

97

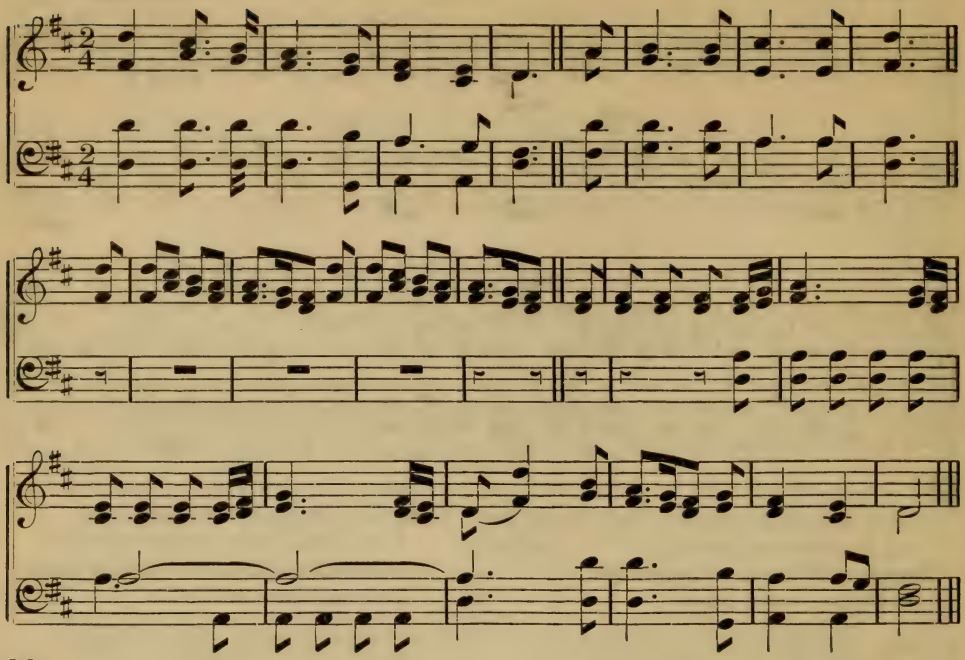
1 O thou, who by a star didst guide
The wise men on their way,
Until it came and stood beside
The place where Jesus lay;

2 Although by stars thou dost not lead
Thy servants now below,
Thy Holy Spirit, when they need,
Will show them how to go.

3 As yet we know thee but in part:
But still we trust thy word,
That blessed are the pure in heart,
For they shall see the Lord.

4 O Saviour, give us then thy grace,
To make us pure in heart,
That we may see thee face to face
Hereafter, as thou art.

ANTIOCH. C. M.



98

1 Joy to the world, the Lord is come!
Let earth receive her King;
Let every heart prepare him room,
And heaven and nature sing.

2 Joy to the world, the Saviour reigns;
Let men their songs employ;
While fields and floods, rocks, hills and plains
Repeat the sounding joy.

3 No more let sin and sorrow grow,
Nor thorns infest the ground;
He comes to make his blessings flow
Far as the curse is found.

4 He rules the world with truth and grace,
And makes the nations prove
The glories of his righteousness,
And wonders of his love

99

1 Hark the glad sound! the Saviour comes,—
The Saviour promised long;
Let every heart prepare a throne,
And every voice a song.

2 On him the Spirit, largely poured,
Exerts his sacred fire;
Wisdom and might, and zeal and love
His holy breast inspire.

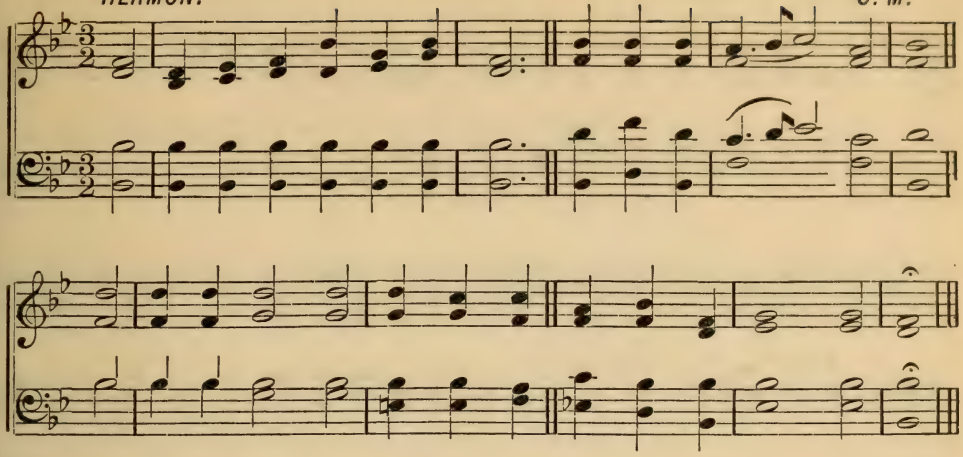
3 He comes, the pris'ners to release,
In Satan's bondage held;
The gates of brass before him burst,
The iron fetters yield.

4 He comes, from thickest films of vice
To clear the mental ray,
And on the eye-balls of the blind,
To pour celestial day.

5 He comes, the broken heart to bind,
The bleeding soul to cure;
And, with the treasures of his grace,
T' enrich the humble poor.

6 Our glad hosannas, Prince of peace!
Thy welcome shall proclaim,
And heaven's eternal arches ring
With thy beloved name.

HERMON. C. M.



100

1 Plunged in a gulf of dark despair,
We wretched sinners lay,
Without one cheerful beam of hope,
Or spark of glimmering day.

2 With pitying eyes the Prince of grace
Beheld our helpless grief;
He saw, and—oh! amazing love!—
He ran to our relief.

3 Down from the shining seats above,
With joyful haste he fled,
Entered the grave in mortal flesh,
And dwelt among the dead.

4 Oh! for this love let rocks and hills
Their lasting silence break;
And all harmonious human tongues
The Saviour's praises speak.

5 Angels! assist our mighty joys;
Strike all your harps of gold;
But, when you raise your highest notes,
His love can ne'er be told.

101

1 Calm on the listening ear of night,
Come heaven's melodious strains,
Where wild Judea stretches far
Her silver-mantled plains.

2 Celestial choirs, from courts above,
Shed sacred glories there,
And angels with their sparkling lyres,
Make music on the air.

3 The answering hills of Palestine
Send back the glad reply;
And greet, from all their holy heights,
The day-spring from on high.

4 O'er the blue depths of Galilee
There comes a holier calm,
And Sharon waves, in solemn praise,
Her silent groves of palm.

5 "Glory to God!" the sounding skies
Loud with their anthems ring,—
"Peace to the earth, good-will to men,
From heaven's eternal King!"

102

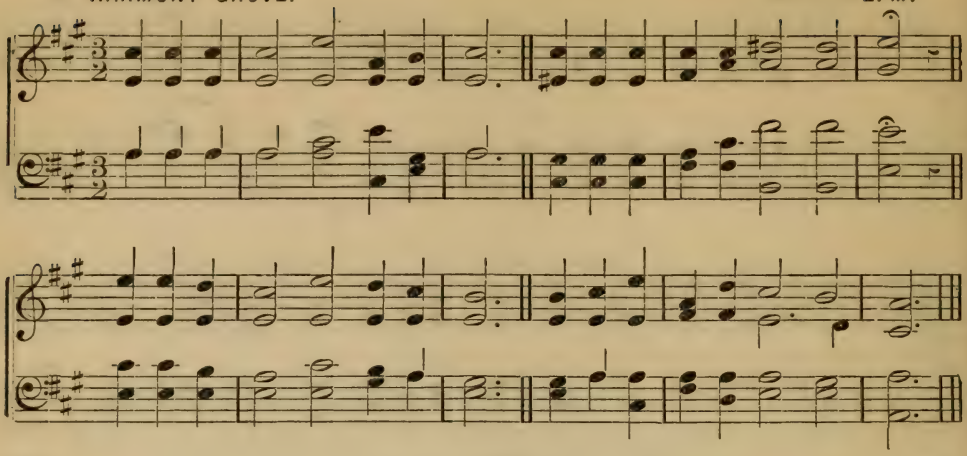
1 The people that in darkness sat
A glorious Light have seen;
The Light has shined on them who long
In shades of death have been.

2 To us a child of hope is born,
To us a Son is given;
Him shall the tribes of earth obey,
Him all the hosts of heaven.

3 His name shall be the Prince of peace,
For evermore adored,
The Wonderful, the Counselor
The great and mighty Lord.

4 His power increasing still shall spread,
His reign no end shall know;
Justice shall guard his throne above,
And peace abound below.

HARMONY GROVE. L. M.



103

1 When, marshaled on the nightly plain,
The glittering hosts bestud the sky;
One star alone, of all the train,
Can fix the sinner's wandering eye.

2 Hark! hark!—to God the chorus breaks,
From every host, from every gem;
But one alone the Saviour speaks,—
It is the star of Bethlehem.

3 Once on the raging seas I rode,
The storm was loud, the night was dark,—
The ocean yawned—and rudely blowed
The wind that tossed my foundering bark.

4 Deep horror then my vitals froze,
Death-struck, I ceased the tide to stem;—
When suddenly a star arose,—
It was the star of Bethlehem.

5 It was my guide, my light, my all;
It bade my dark forebodings cease;
And through the storm and danger's thrall,
It led me to the port of peace.

6 Now safely moored—my perils o'er,
I'll sing, first in night's diadem,
For ever and for evermore,
The Star—the Star of Bethlehem!

104

1 When Jordan hushed his waters still,
And silence slept on Zion's hill, [night,
When Bethlehem's shepherds through the
Watched o'er their flocks by starry light—

2 Hark! from the midnight hills around,
A voice of more than mortal sound,
In distant hallelujahs stole,
Wild murmuring o'er the raptured soul.

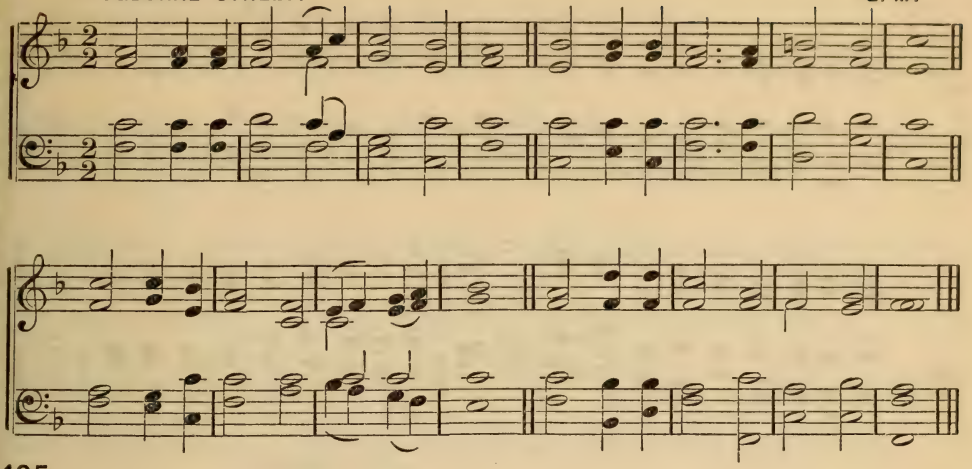
3 On wheels of light, on wings of flame,
The glorious hosts of Zion came;
High heaven with songs of triumph rung,
While thus they struck their harps and sung

4 "O Zion, lift thy raptured eye;
The long-expected hour is nigh;
The joys of nature rise again;
The Prince of Salem comes to reign.

5 "See, Mercy, from her golden urn,
Pours a rich stream to them that mourn
Behold, she binds, with tender care,
The bleeding bosom of despair.

6 "He comes to cheer the trembling heart;
Bids Satan and his host depart;
Again the day-star gilds the gloom,
Again the bowers of Eden bloom."

FEDERAL STREET. *L. M.*



105

1 O Christ, our true and only light!
Illumine those who sit in night;
Let those afar now hear thy voice,
And in thy fold with us rejoice.

2 And all who else have strayed from thee,
Oh, gently seek! thy healing be
To every wounded conscience given,
And let them also share thy heaven.

3 Oh make the deaf to hear thy word,
And teach the dumb to speak, dear Lord,
Who dare not yet the faith avow,
Though secretly they hold it now.

4 Shine on the darkened and the cold,
Recall the wanderers from thy fold;
Unite those now who walk apart,
Confirm the weak and doubting heart.

5 So they, with us, may evermore
Such grace with wondering thanks adore,
And endless praise to thee be given,
By all thy Church in earth and heaven.

106

1 All praise to thee, eternal Lord!
Clothed in a garb of flesh and blood,
Choosing a manger for thy throne,
While worlds on worlds are thine alone.

2 A little child, thou art our guest,
That weary ones in thee may rest;
Forlorn and lowly is thy birth,
That we may rise to heaven from earth.

3 Thou comest in the darksome night
To make us children of the light,—
To make us, in the realms divine,
Like thine own angels round thee shine.

4 All this for us thy love hath done,
By this to thee our love is won;
For this we tune our cheerful lays,
And shout our thanks in ceaseless praise.

107

1 What star is this, with beams so bright,
A stranger mid the orbs of light?
It shines to herald forth the King,
And Gentiles to his cradle bring.

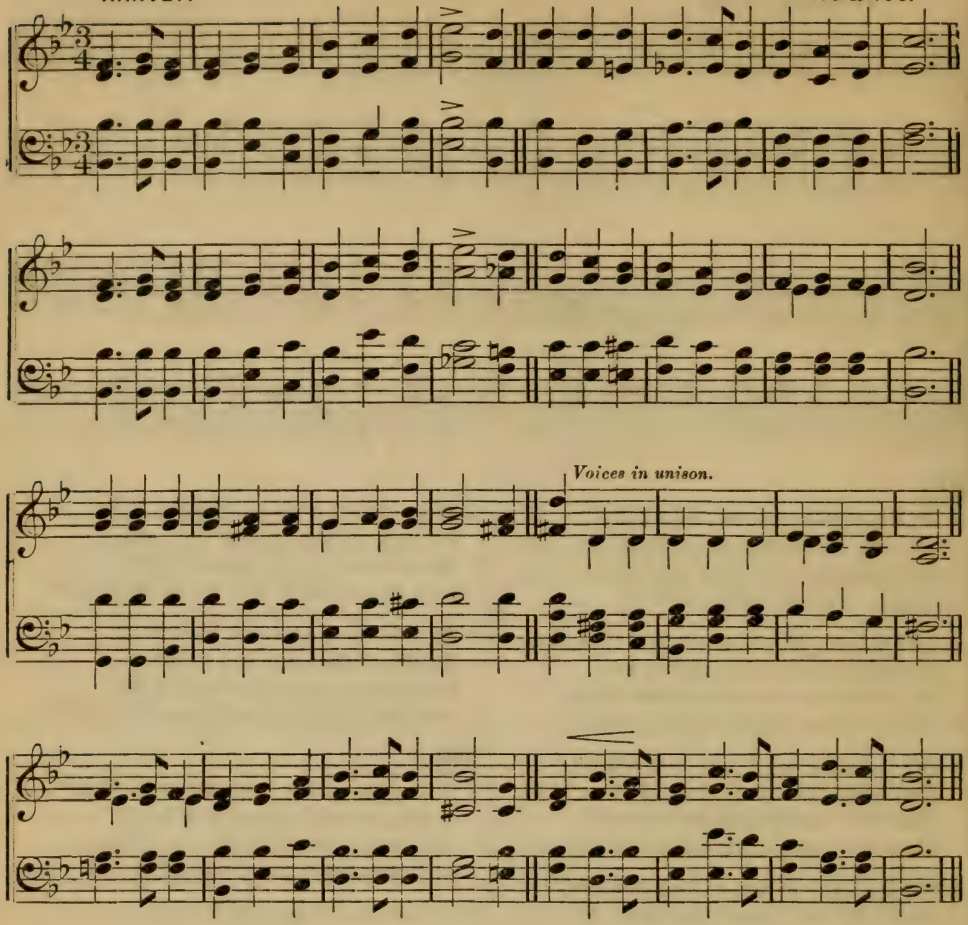
2 Behold the long predicted sign,
The star of Jacob's ancient line:
The eastern Sages hail its rays,
And raptured stand in anxious gaze.

3 Without, the Star informs their sight:
Within, there shines faith's brighter light,
Which gently summons them to rise,
And trust the guidance of the skies.

4 When God commands, the wise obey;
Love sees no danger in the way:
House, neighbors, friends, their steps recall,
The voice of God outweighs them all.

5 Oh, while the star of heavenly grace
Invites us, Lord, to seek thy face,
Let not our hearts from sloth refuse
The guidance of that light to use.

HARVEY. 11s & 10s.



108

1 Brightest and best of the sons of the morning,
Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid:
Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid!

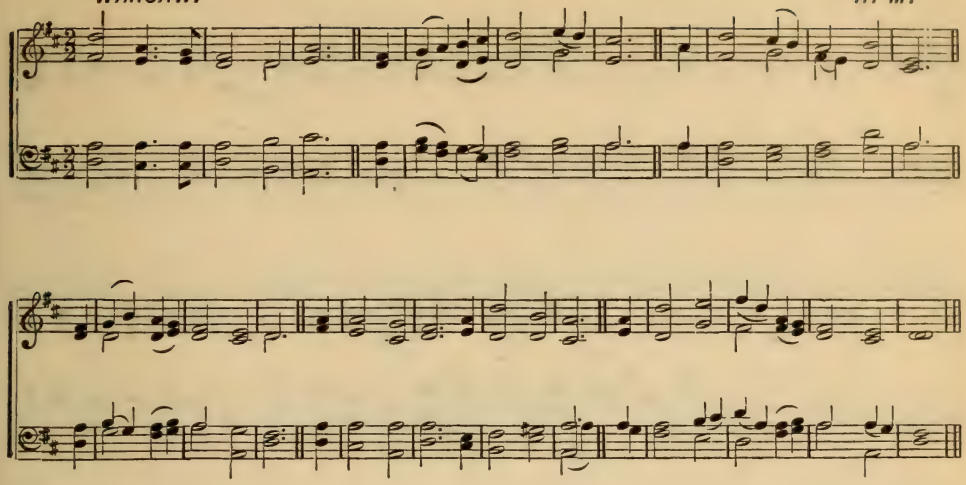
2 Cold on his cradle the dew-drops are shining;
Low lies his head with the beasts of the stall;
Angels adore him, in slumber reclining,
Maker and Monarch, and Saviour of all!

3 Say, shall we yield him in costly devotion,
Odors of Edom, and offerings divine,
Gems of the mountain, and pearls of the ocean,
Myrrh from the forest, or gold from the mine?

4 Vainly we offer each ample oblation;
Vainly with gifts would his favor secure:
Richer by far is the heart's adoration;
Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.

5 Brightest and best of the sons of the morning,
Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid;
Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.

WARSAW. H. M.



109

1 Hark! hark!—the notes of joy
Roll o'er the heavenly plains,
And seraphs find employ
For their sublimest strains;
Some new delight in heaven is known,
Loud sound the harps around the throne.

2 Hark! hark!—the sounds draw nigh,
The joyful hosts descend;
Jesus forsakes the sky,
To earth his footsteps bend;
He comes to bless our fallen race;
He comes with messages of grace.

3 Bear, bear the tidings round;
Let every mortal know
What love in God is found,
What pity he can show;
Ye winds that blow! ye waves that roll!
Bear the glad news from pole to pole.

4 Strike, strike the harps again,
To great Immanuel's name;
Arise, ye sons of men!
And all his grace proclaim;
Angels and men! wake every string,
'T is God the Saviour's praise we sing

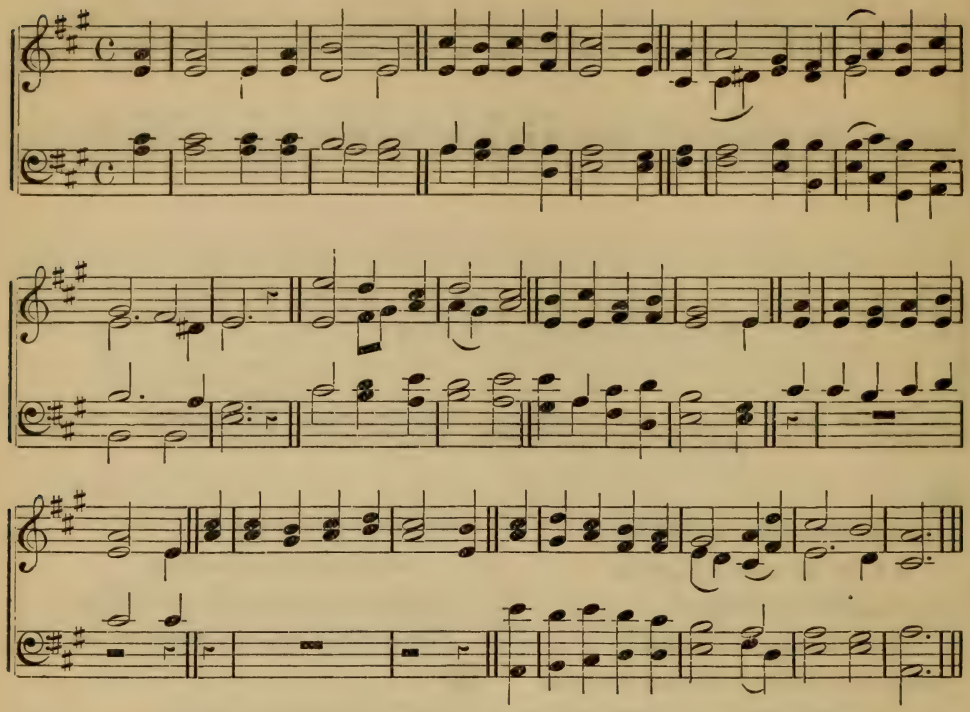
110

1 Join all the glorious names
Of wisdom, love, and power,
That ever mortals knew,
That angels ever bore,—
All are too mean to speak his worth
Too mean to set my Saviour forth.

2 But oh, what gentle terms,
What condescending ways
Doth our Redeemer use,
To teach his heavenly grace!
My eyes with joy and wonder see
What forms of love he bears for me.

3 Great Prophet of my God,
My tongue would bless thy name·
By thee the joyful news
Of our salvation came;—
The joyful news of sins forgiv'n,
Of hell subdued, and peace with heav'n.

PORTUGUESE HYMN. 11s.



111

1 Oh come, all ye faithful,
Joyful and triumphant:
Oh come ye, oh come ye to Bethlehem;
See in a manger
The Monarch of Angels:

CHORUS.

Oh come, let us adore him,
Oh come, let us adore him,
Oh come, let us adore him, Christ the Lord.

2 God of God Eternal,
Light from Light proceeding,
Born of a Virgin, made Very Man;
Son of the Father,
Begotten, not created!

3 Oh sing Alleluia,
Ye bright Choirs of Angels,
Oh fill ye the courts of heaven with song;
Sing ye "All glory
To God in the Highest!"

4 Oh hail, Lord Incarnate,
Son of the Father,
Born of the Virgin, the Word made Flesh;
Glory and honor
Give we thee, O Jesus!

112

[*Tune*—Austria.]

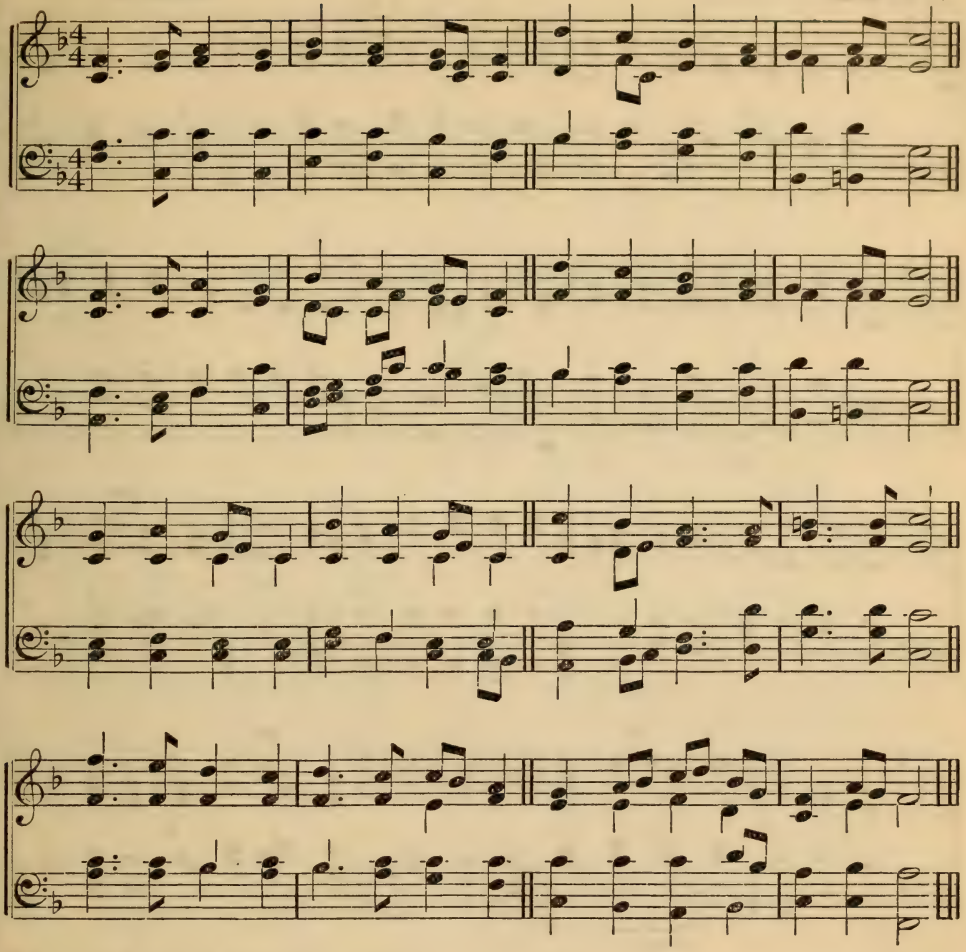
1 Come, thou long-expected Jesus!
Born to set thy people free;
From our fears and sins release us,
Let us find our rest in thee.

2 Israel's Strength and Consolation,
Hope of all the earth thou art;
Dear Desire of every nation,
Joy of every longing heart.

3 Born, thy people to deliver;
Born a Child, and yet a King
Born to reign in us for ever,
Now thy gracious kingdom bring.

4 By thine own eternal Spirit,
Rule in all our hearts alone;
By thine all-sufficient merit,
Raise us to thy glorious throne.

AUSTRIA. 8s & 7s. D.



113

1 HARK! what mean those holy voices,
Sweetly sounding through the skies!
Lo! the angelic host rejoices,
Heavenly hallelujahs rise.

2 Listen to the wondrous story
Which they chant in hymns of joy;
Glory in the highest, glory!
Glory be to God most high!

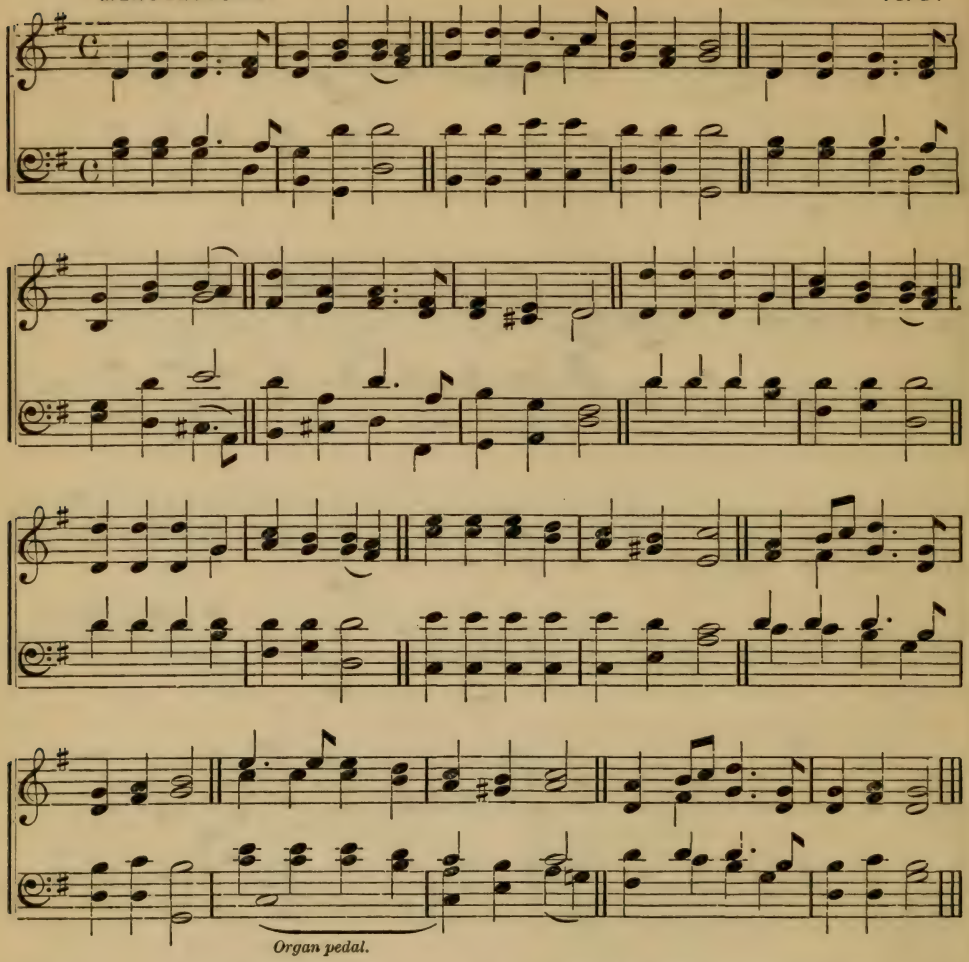
3 Peace on earth, good will from heaven,
Reaching far as man is found;
Souls redeemed and sins forgiven,
Loud our golden harps shall sound.

4 Christ is born, the great Anointed,
Heaven and earth his praises sing;
Glad receive, whom God appointed,
For your Prophet, Priest, and King.

5 Hasten, mortals, to adore him,
Learn his name and taste his joy;
Till in heaven you sing before him,
Glory be to God most high!

6 Let us learn the wondrous story
Of our great Redeemer's birth,
Spread the brightness of his glory,
Till it cover all the earth.

MENDELSSOHN. 7s. D.



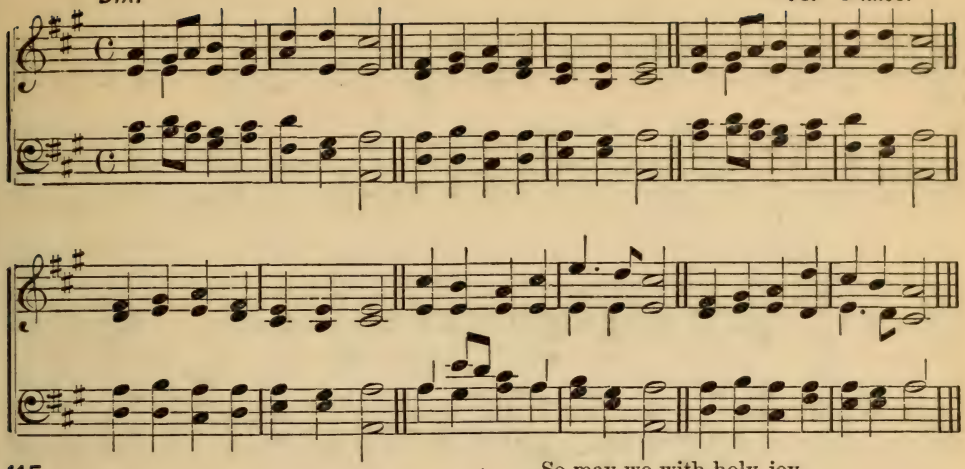
114

1 HARK! the herald angels sing
Glory to the new-born King;
Peace on earth, and mercy mild,
God and sinners reconciled!
Joyful, all ye nations, rise,
Join the triumph of the skies;
With th angelic host proclaim,
Christ is born in Bethlehem!
Hark! the herald angels sing
Glory to the new-born King.

2 Christ, by highest heaven adored;
Christ the everlasting Lord;
Late in time behold him come,
Offspring of the Virgin's womb:
Veil'd in flesh the Godhead see;
Hail the incarnate Deity,
Pleased as Man with men to dwell!
Jesus, our Emmanuel!
Hark! the herald angels sing
Glory to the new-born King.

3 Hail! the heaven-born Prince of peace,
Hail! the Sun of Righteousness!
Light and life to all he brings,
Risen with healing in his wings
Mild he lays his glory by,
Born that man no more may die:
Born to raise the sons of earth,
Born to give them second birth.
Hark! the herald angels, etc.

DIX. 7s. 6 lines.



115

1 As WITH gladness men of old
Did the guiding star behold;
As with joy they hail'd its light,
Leading onward, beaming bright;
So, most gracious Lord, may we
Evermore be led to thee.

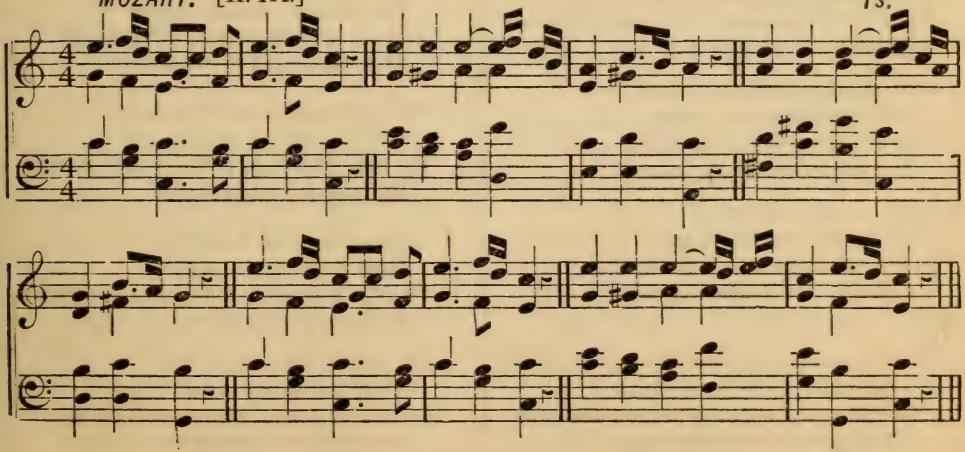
2 As with joyous steps they sped
To that lowly manger-bed,
There to bend the knee before
Him whom heaven and earth adore;
So may we with willing feet
Ever seek the mercy-seat.

3 As they offered gifts most rare
At that manger rude and bare;
So may we with holy joy,
Pure and free from sin's alloy,
All our costliest treasures bring,
Christ! to thee our heavenly King.

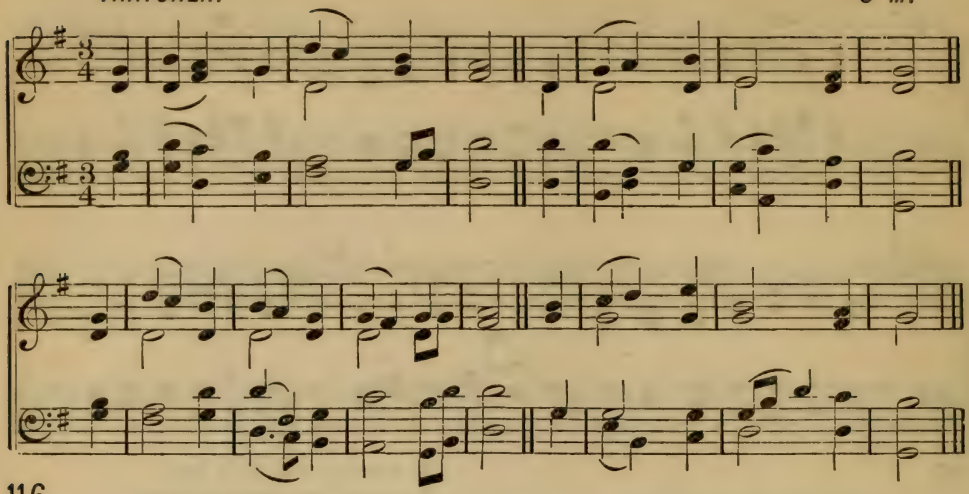
4 Holy Jesus! every day
Keep us in the narrow way;
And, when earthly things are past,
Bring our ransomed souls at last
Where they need no star to guide,
Where no clouds thy glory hide.

5 In the heavenly country bright,
Need they no created light;
Thou its Light, its Joy, its Crown,
Thou its Sun which goes not down,
There for ever may we sing
Hallelujahs to our King.

MOZART. [H. 114.] 7s.



THATCHER. S M.



116

1 Raise your triumphant songs
To an immortal tune;
Let the wide earth resound the deeds
Celestial grace has done.

2 Sing—how eternal love
Its chief beloved chose,
And bade him raise our ruined race
From their abyss of woes.

3 His hand no thunder bears,
Nor terror clothes his brow,
No bolts to drive our guilty souls
To fiercer flames below.

4 'T was mercy filled the throne,
And wrath stood silent by,
When Christ was sent, with pardons, down
To rebels doomed to die.

5 Now, sinners! dry your tears,
Let hopeless sorrow cease;
Bow to the sceptre of his love,
And take the offered peace.

6 Lord, we obey thy call;
We lay an humble claim
To the salvation thou hast brought,
And love and praise thy name.

117

1 God from on high hath heard,
Let sighs and sorrows cease;
Lo! from the opening heaven descends
To man the promised Peace.

2 Hark! through the silent night
Angelic voices swell;
Their joyful songs proclaim that "God
Is born on earth to dwell."

3 See how the shepherd-band
Speed on with eager feet;
Come to the hallowed cave with them
The holy babe to greet.

4 But oh! what sight appears
Within that lowly door;
A manger, stall, and swaddling clothes,
A Child and Mother poor.

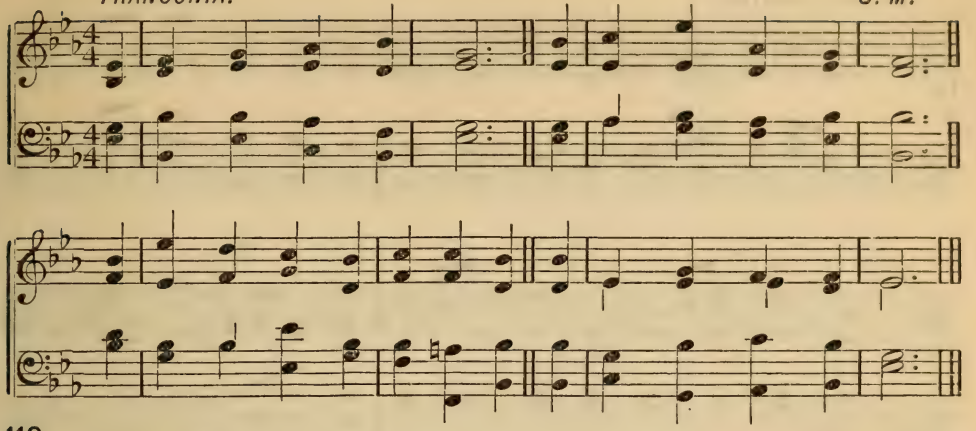
5 Art thou the Christ? the Son?
The Father's Image bright?
And see we him whose arm upholds
Earth and the starry height?

6 Yea, faith can pierce the cloud
Which veils thy glory now;
We hail thee God, before whose throne
The angels prostrate bow.

7 A silent Teacher, Lord,
Thou bidst us not refuse
To bear what flesh would have us shun,
To shun what flesh would choose.

8 Our swelling pride to cure
With that pure love of thine,
Oh, be thou born within our hearts,
Most holy Child divine.

FRANCONIA. S. M.



118

1 Within the Father's house
The Son hath found his home;
And to his temple suddenly
The Lord of Life hath come.

2 The doctors of the law
Gaze on the wondrous Child,
And marvel at his gracious words
Of wisdom undefiled.

3 Yet not to them is given
The mighty truth to know,
To lift the fleshy veil which hides
Incarnate God below.

4 The secret of the Lord
Escapes each human eye,
And faithful pondering hearts await
The full Epiphany.

5 Lord, visit thou our souls,
And teach us by thy grace
Each dim revealing of thyself
With loving awe to trace;

6 Till from our darkened sight
The cloud shall pass away,
And on the cleansèd soul shall burst
The everlasting day.

119

1 Fierce raged the storm of wind,
The surging waves ran high,
Filled thy disciples' hearts with fear,
Though thou, their Lord, wast nigh.

2 But at the stern rebuke
Of thine Almighty word,
The wind was hushed, the billows ceased,
And owned thee God and Lord.

3 So now, when depths of sin
Our souls with terror fill,
Arise, and be our helper, Lord,
And speak thy "Peace, be still."

120

1 All praise to thee, O Lord,
Who by thy mighty power
Didst manifest thy glory forth
In Cana's marriage hour.

2 Thou speakest: it is done:
Obedient to thy word,
The water reddening into wine
Proclaims the present Lord.

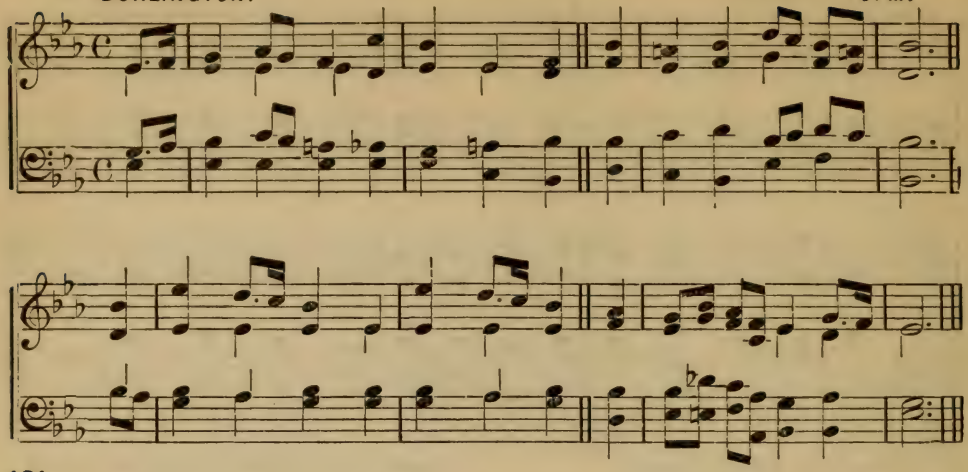
3 Blest were the eyes which saw
That wondrous mystery,
The great beginning of thy works,
That kindled faith in thee.

4 And blessed they who know
Thine unseen Presence true,
When in the kingdom of thy grace
Thou makest all things new.

5 For by thy loving hand
Thy people still are fed;
Thou art the Cup of blessing, Lord,
And thou the Heavenly Bread.

6 Oh, may that grace be ours,
In thee for aye to live,
And drink of those refreshing streams
Which thou alone canst give.

BURLINGTON. C. M.



121

1 Lord, in thy temple we appear,
As happy Simeon came,
And hope to meet our Saviour here;
Oh, make our joys the same!

2 With what divine and vast delight
The good old man was filled,
When fondly in his withered arms
He clasped the Holy Child!

3 "Now I can leave this world," he cried,
"Behold thy servant dies;
I've seen thy great salvation, Lord,
And close my peaceful eyes."

4 Jesus, the vision of thy face
Hath overpowering charms;
Scarce shall I feel death's cold embrace,
If Christ be in my arms.

5 When flesh shall fail, and heart-strings break,
Sweet will the minutes roll;
A mortal paleness on my cheek,
But glory in my soul.

122

1 In stature grows the Heavenly Child,
With death before his eyes;
A Lamb unblemished, meek and mild,
Prepared for sacrifice.

2 Those mighty hands that rule the sky
No earthly toil refuse;
The Maker of the stars on high
An humble trade pursues.

3 He whom the hosts of angels praise,
At whose command they fly,
His earthly parents now obeys,
And lays his glory by.

4 For this thy lowliness revealed,
We, Jesus, thee adore,
And praise to God the Father yield
And Spirit evermore.

123

1 What grace, O Lord, and beauty shone
Around thy steps below;
What patient love was seen in all
Thy life and death of woe.

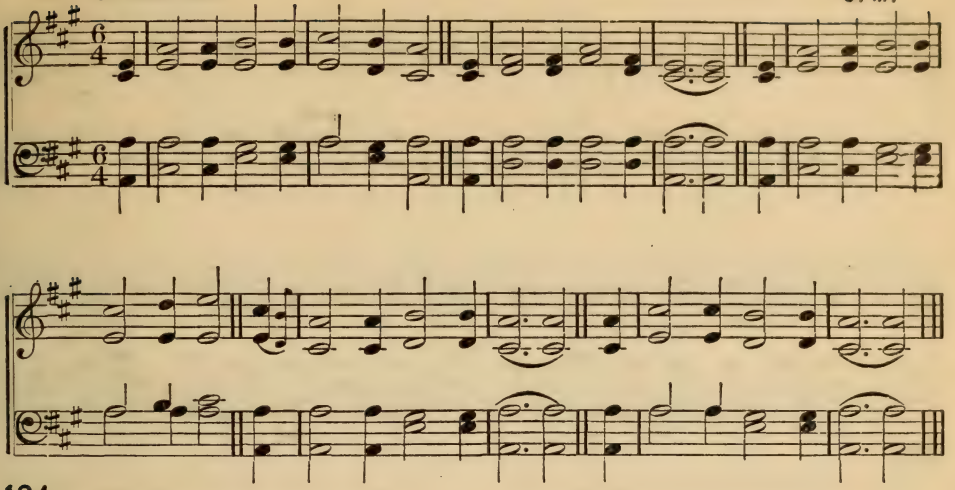
2 For, ever on thy burdened heart,
A weight of sorrow hung;
Yet no ungentle, murmuring word
Escaped thy silent tongue.

3 Thy foes might hate, despise, revile,
Thy friends unfaithful prove;
Unwearied in forgiveness still,
Thy heart could only love.

4 Oh, give us hearts to love like thee!
Like thee, O Lord, to grieve
Far more for others' sin than all
The wrongs that we receive.

5 One with thyself, may every eye,
In us, thy brethren, see
The gentleness and grace that spring
From union, Lord, with thee.

ORTONVILLE. C. M.



124

1 Majestic sweetness sits enthroned
Upon the Saviour's brow;
His head with radiant glories crowned,
His lips with grace o'erflow.

2 No mortal can with him compare
Among the sons of men;
Fairer is he than all the fair,
That fill the heavenly train.

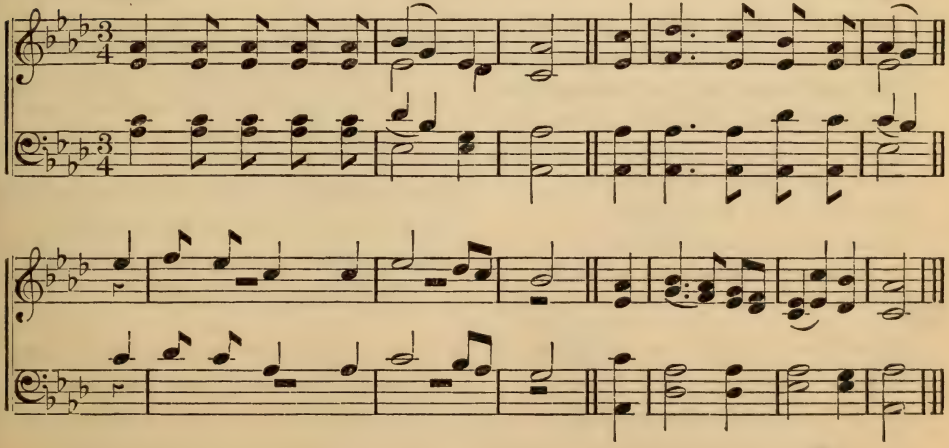
3 He saw me plunged in deep distress,
And flew to my relief;
For me he bore the shameful cross,
And carried all my grief.

4 To him I owe my life and breath,
And all the joys I have;
He makes me triumph over death,
And saves me from the grave.

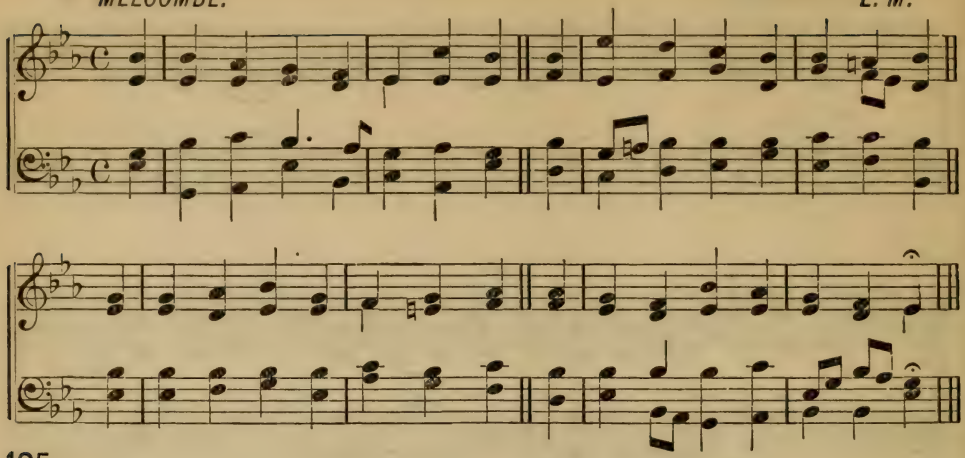
5 To heaven, the place of his abode,
He brings my weary feet,
Shows me the glories of my God,
And makes my joys complete.

6 Since from his bounty I receive
Such proofs of love divine,
Had I a thousand hearts to give,
Lord, they should all be thine.

ASAPH. C. M.



MELCOMBE. L. M.



125

1 How beauteous were the marks divine,
That in thy meekness used to shine,
That lit thy lonely pathway, trod
In wondrous love, O Son of God!

2 Oh, who like thee so calm, so bright,
So pure, so made to live in light?
Oh, who like thee did ever go
So patient through a world of woe?

3 Oh, who like thee, so humbly bore
The scorn, the scoffs of men, before?
So meek, forgiving, godlike, high,
So glorious in humility?

4 And death, which sets the prisoner free,
Was pang, and scoff, and scorn to thee;
Yet love through all thy torture glowed,
And mercy with thy life-blood flowed.

5 Oh, in thy light be mine to go,
Illuming all my way of woe;
And give me ever on the road
To trace thy footsteps, Son of God!

126

1 When like a stranger on our sphere,
The lowly Jesus sojourned here,
Where'er he went affliction fled,
And sickness reared her drooping head.

2 The eye that rolled in irksome night,
Beheld his face,—for he was light;
The opening ear, the loosened tongue,
His precepts heard, his praises sung.

3 With bounding steps, the halt and lame
To hail their great Deliverer came;
O'er the cold grave he bowed his head,
He spake the word, and raised the dead.

4 Demoniac madness, dark and wild,
In his inspiring presence smiled;
The storm of horror ceased to roll,
And reason lightened through the soul.

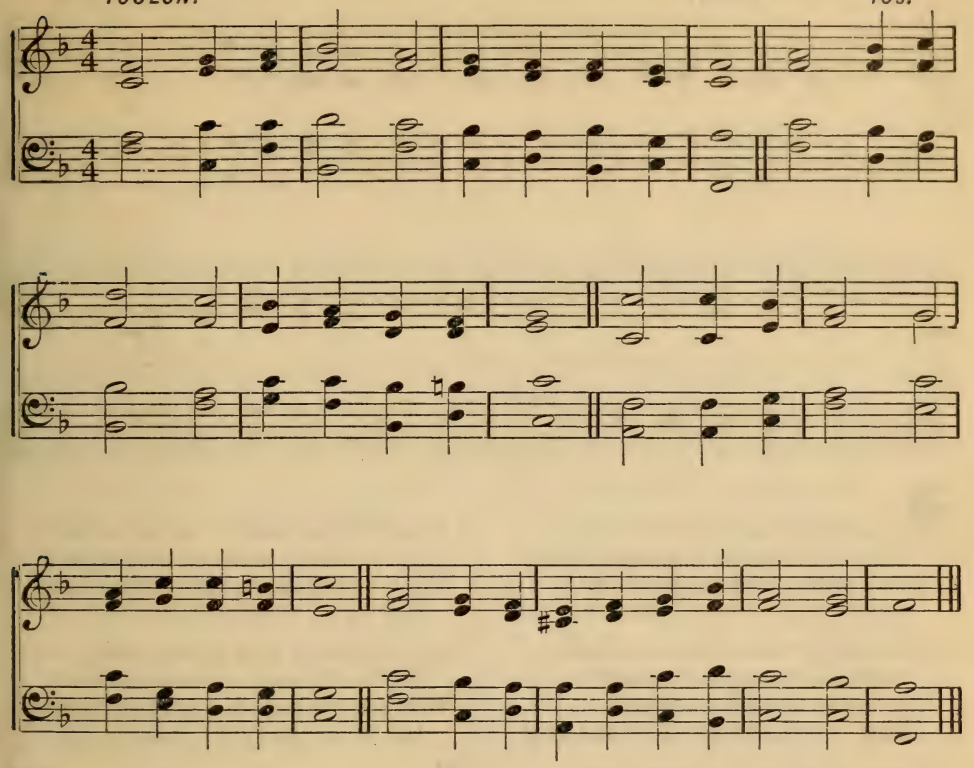
127

1 How sweetly flowed the gospel's sound
From lips of gentleness and grace,
When list'ning thousands gathered round,
And joy and reverence filled the place!

2 From heaven he came, of heaven he spoke,
To heaven he led his foll'wers' way;
Dark clouds of gloomy night he broke,
Unveiling an immortal day.

3 "Come, wanderers! to my Father's home,
Come, all ye weary ones! and rest:"
Yes, sacred Teacher; we will come,
Obey thee, love thee, and be blest.

TOULON. 10s.



128

1 O Lord of health and life, what tongue can tell
How at thy word were loosed the bands of hell;
How thy pure touch removed the leprous stain,
And the polluted flesh grew clean again?

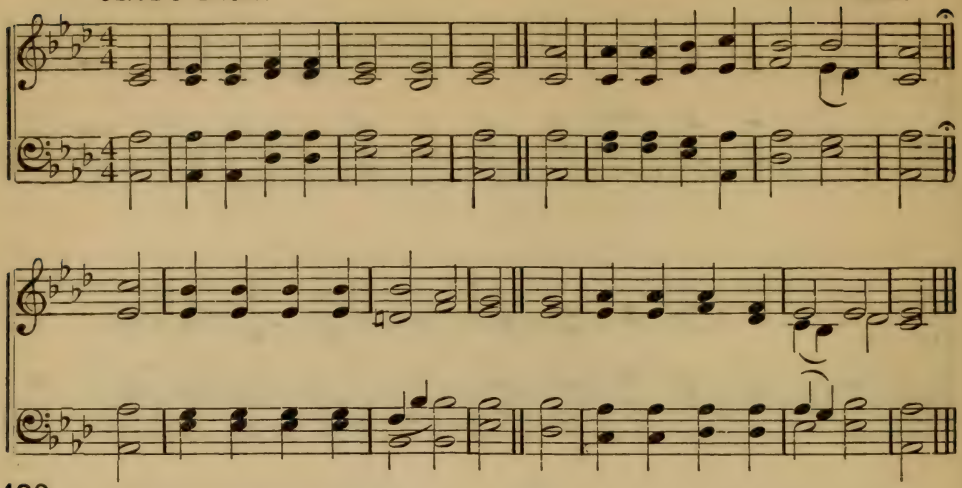
2 Oh, wash our hearts, restore the contrite soul,
Stretch forth thy healing hand, and make us whole,
Oh, bend our stubborn knees to kneel to thee;
Speak but the word, and we once more are free.

3 Yea, Lord, we claim the promise of thy love,
Thy love, which can all guilt, all pain remove;
Nigh to our souls thy great salvation bring,
Then sickness hath no pang, and death no sting.

4 We hail this pledge in all thy deeds of grace;
As once disease and sorrow fled thy face,
So, when that face again unveiled we see,
Sickness and tears and death no more shall be.

5 Then grant us strength to pray "Thy kingdom come,"
When we shall know thee in thy Father's home,
And at thy great Epiphany adore
The Co-eternal Godhead evermore.

OLIVE'S BROW. L. M.



129

1 'Tis midnight; and on Olive's brow
The star is dimmed that lately shone:
'Tis midnight; in the garden now,
The suffering Saviour prays alone.

2 'Tis midnight; and from all removed,
The Saviour wrestles lone with fears;
Ev'n that disciple whom he loved
Heeds not his Master's grief and tears.

3 'Tis midnight; and for others' guilt
The Man of Sorrows weeps in blood;
Yet he that hath in anguish knelt
Is not forsaken by his God.

4 'Tis midnight; and from ether-plains
Is borne the song that angels know;
Unheard by mortals are the strains
That sweetly soothe the Saviour's woe.

130

1 He dies!—the friend of sinners dies!
Lo! Salem's daughters weep around!
A solemn darkness veils the skies—
A sudden trembling shakes the ground.

2 Here's love and grief beyond degree,
The Lord of glory dies for men!
But,—lo! what sudden joys we see!
Jesus, the dead, revives again.

3 The rising God forsakes the tomb;
Up to his Father's court he flies!
Cherubic legions guard him home,
And shout him—welcome to the skies.

4 Break off your tears, ye saints! and tell
How high our great Deliverer reigns;
Sing,—how he spoiled the hosts of hell,
And led the monster, death, in chains.

5 Say,—"Live for ever, glorious King!
Born to redeem, and strong to save!"
Then ask, "O death! where is thy sting?
And where thy vict'ry, boasting grave?"

131

1 Here at thy cross, incarnate God,
I lay my soul beneath thy love;
Beneath the droppings of thy blood,
Jesus, nor shall it e'er remove.

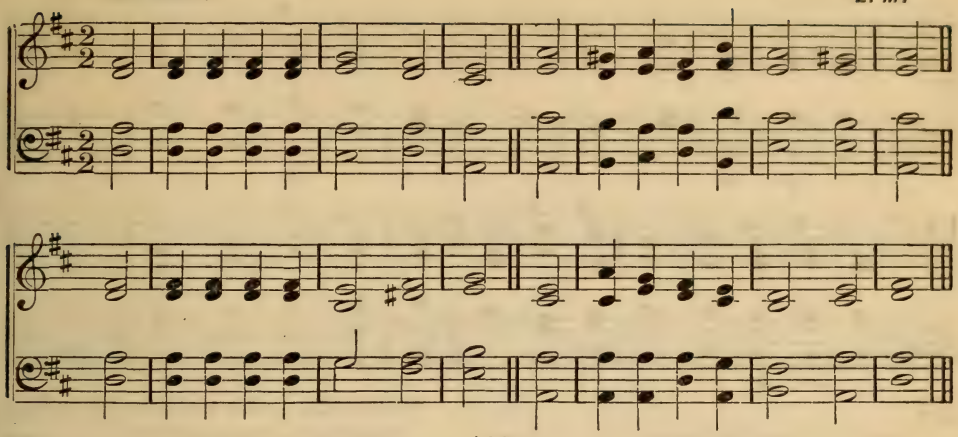
2 Not all that tyrants think or say,
With rage and lightning in their eyes,
Nor hell shall fright my heart away,
Should hell with all its legions rise.

3 Should worlds conspire to drive me thence,
Moveless and firm this heart should lie;
Resolved, for that's my last defence,
If I must perish, there to die.

4 But speak, my Lord, and calm my fear;
Am I not safe beneath thy shade?
Thy vengeance will not strike me here.
Nor Satan dare my soul invade.

5 Yes, I'm secure beneath thy blood,
And all my foes shall lose their aim;
Hosanna to my Saviour God,
And my best honors to his name.

ASHWELL. **L. M.**



132

1 Oh, come and mourn with me a while;
Oh, come ye to the Saviour's side;
Oh, come, together let us mourn;
Jesus, our Lord, is crucified.

2 Have we no tears to shed for him,
While soldiers scoff and Jews deride?
Ah, look how patiently he hangs!
Jesus, our Lord, is crucified.

3 How fast his hands and feet are nailed;
His throat with parching thirst is dried;
His failing eyes are dimmed with blood:
Jesus, our Lord, is crucified.

4 Seven times he spake, seven words of love;
And all three hours his silence cried
For mercy on the souls of men:
Jesus, our Lord, is crucified.

5 Come let us stand beneath the cross;
So may the blood from out his side
Fall gently on us drop by drop:
Jesus, our Lord, is crucified.

6 A broken heart, a fount of tears
Ask, and they will not be denied·
Lord Jesus, may we love and weep,
Since thou for us art crucified.

133

1 Jesus, thy Blood and Righteousness
My beauty are, my glorious dress;
'Midst flaming worlds, in these arrayed,
With joy shall I lift up my head.

2 Bold shall I stand in thy great day,
For who aught to my charge shall lay?
Fully absolved through these I am,
From sin and fear, from guilt and shame.

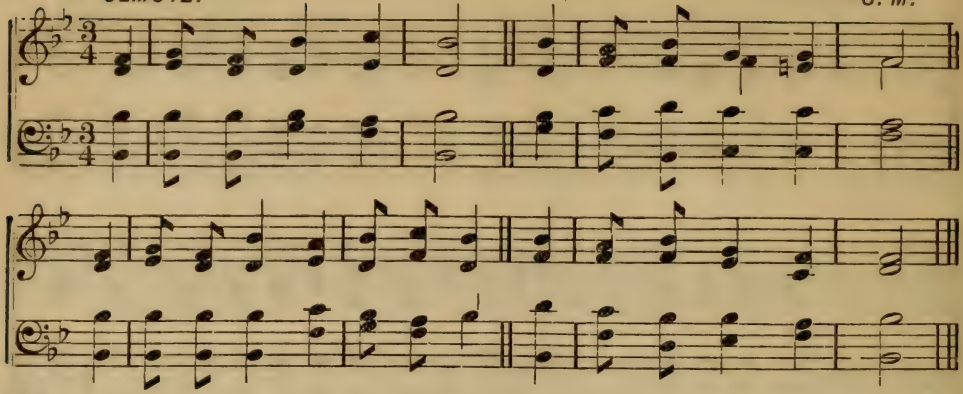
3 When from the dust of death I rise
To claim my mansion in the skies—
E'en then, this shall be all my plea:
Jesus hath lived, hath died for me.

4 Thus Abraham, the friend of God,
Thus all heaven's armies bought with blood,
Saviour of Sinners, thee proclaim;
Sinners, of whom the chief I am.

5 This spotless robe the same appears,
When ruined nature sinks in years;
No age can change its glorious hue,
The robe of Christ is ever new.

6 Oh, let the dead now hear thy voice!
Bid, Lord, thy mourning ones rejoice!
Their beauty this, their glorious dress,
Jesus, the Lord our Righteousness.

OLMUTZ. S. M.



134

1 Not all the blood of beasts,
On Jewish altars slain,
Could give the guilty conscience peace,
Or wash away the stain.

2 But Christ, the heavenly Lamb,
Takes all our sins away;
A sacrifice of nobler name,
And richer blood than they.

3 My faith would lay her hand
On that dear head of thine,
While like a penitent, I stand,
And there confess my sin.

4 My soul looks back to see
The burdens thou didst bear,
When hanging on th' accursed tree,
And hopes her guilt was there.

5 Believing, we rejoice
To see the curse remove;
We bless the Lamb, with cheerful voice,
And sing his bleeding love.

135

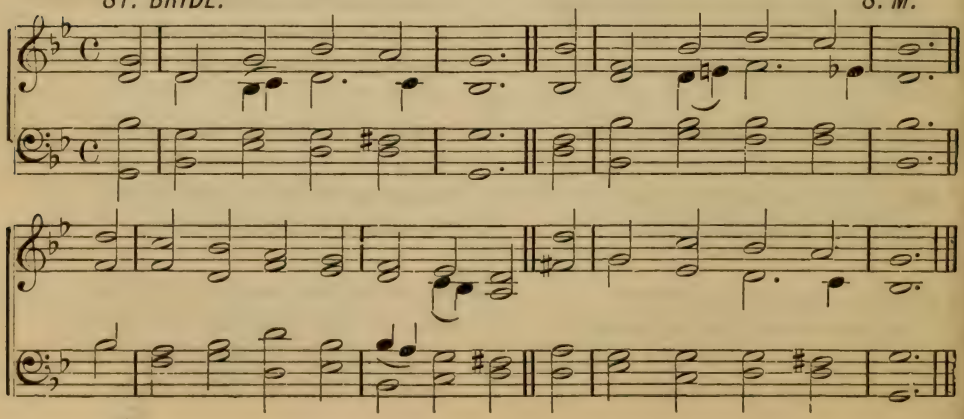
1 Like sheep we went astray,
And broke the fold of God:
Each wandering in a different way,
But all the downward road.

2 How dreadful was the hour,
When God our wanderings laid,
And did at once his vengeance pour
Upon the Shepherd's head!

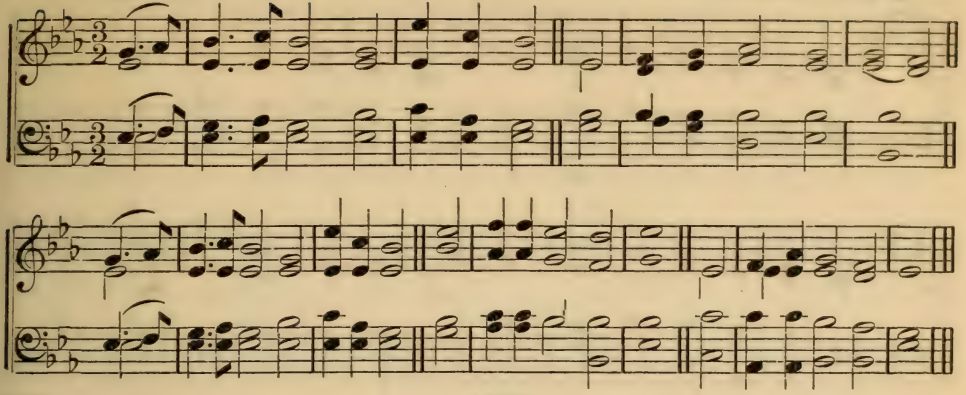
3 How glorious was the grace
When Christ sustained the stroke!
His life and blood the Shepherd pays
A ransom for the flock.

4 But God shall raise his head
O'er all the sons of men,
And make him see a numerous seed,
To recompense his pain.

ST. BRIDE. S. M.



COWPER. C. M.



136

1 THERE is a fountain filled with blood,
Drawn from Immanuel's veins;
And sinners plunged beneath that flood,
Lose all their guilty stains.

2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day;
And there have I, as vile as he,
Washed all my sins away.

3 Dear dying Lamb! thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed church of God
Be saved, to sin no more.

4 E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.

5 Then in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing thy power to save,
When this poor lisping, stammering tongue
Lies silent in the grave.

137

1 ALAS! and did my Saviour bleed,
And did my Sov'reign die?
Would he devote that sacred head
For such a worm as I?

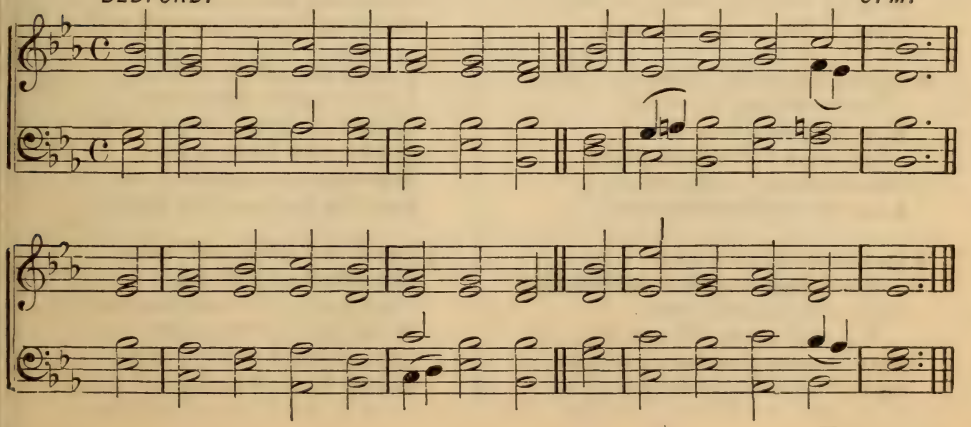
2 Was it for crimes that I had done,
He groaned upon the tree?
Amazing pity! grace unknown!
And love beyond degree!

3 Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glories in,
When God, the mighty Maker, died
For man, the creature's sin.

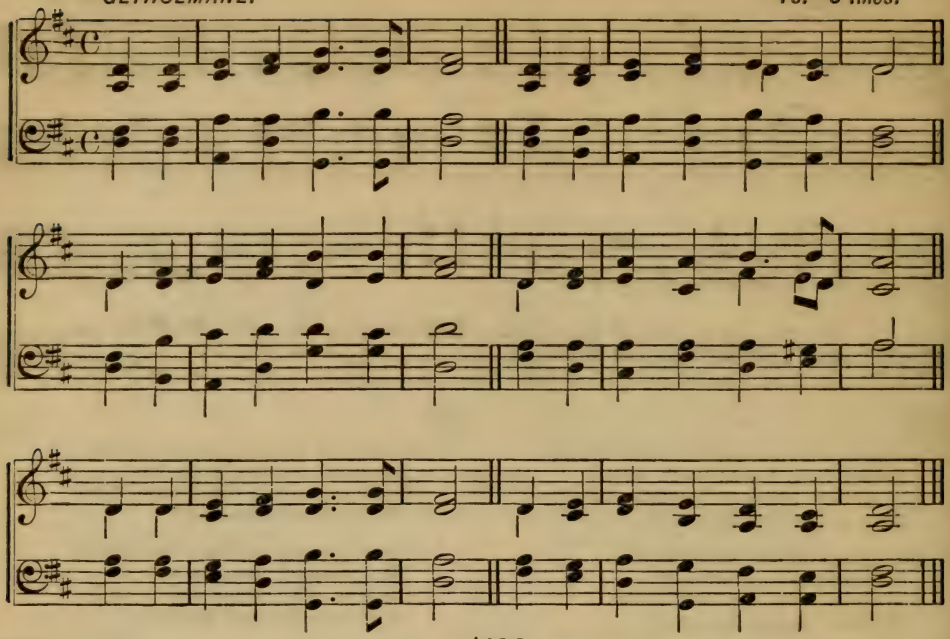
4 Thus might I hide my blushing face,
While his dear cross appears,
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
And melt my eyes to tears.

5 But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe;
Here, Lord, I give myself away,
'Tis all that I can do.

BEDFORD. C. M.



GETHSEMANE. 7s. 6 lines.



138

1 Go to dark Gethsemane,
Ye that feel the tempter's power!
Your Redeemer's conflict see,
Watch with him one bitter hour;
Turn not from his griefs away,
Learn of Jesus Christ to pray.

2 Follow to the judgment-hall,
View the Lord of Life arraigned;
Oh! the wormwood and the gall;
Oh! the pangs his soul sustained:
Shun no suffering, shame, or loss;
Learn of him to bear the cross.

3 Calvary's mournful mountain climb;
There—adoring at his feet,
Mark that miracle of Time—
God's own sacrifice complete:
"It is finished"—hear him cry;
Learn of Jesus Christ to die.

4 Early hasten to the tomb,
Where they laid his breathless clay;
All is solitude and gloom,
Who hath taken him away?
Christ is risen—he meets our eyes;
Saviour! teach us so to rise.

139

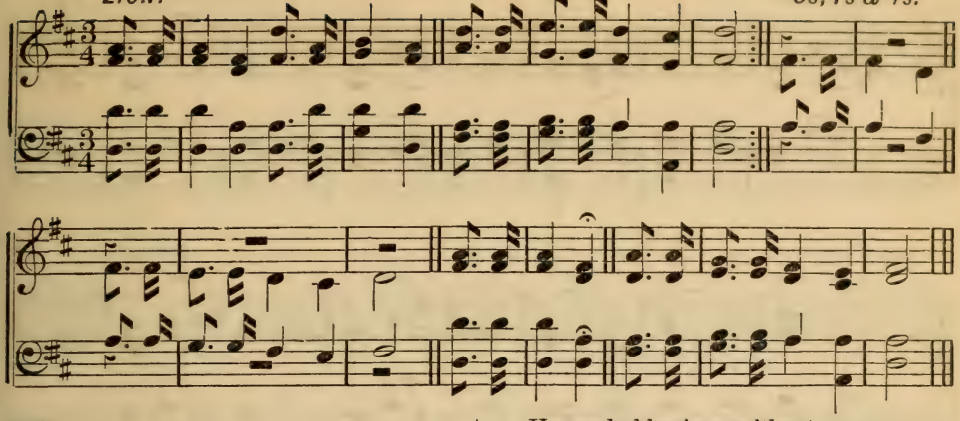
1 Resting from his work to-day,
In the tomb the Saviour lay;
Still he slept; from head to feet
Shrouded in the winding sheet,—
Lying in the rock alone,
Hidden by the sealèd stone.

2 Late at even there was seen
Watching long the Magdalene;
Early, ere the break of day,
Sorrowful she took her way
To the holy garden glade,
Where her buried Lord was laid.

3 So with thee till life shall end
I would solemn vigil spend;
Let me hew thee, Lord, a shrine
In this rocky heart of mine,
Where in pure embalmèd cell
None but thee may ever dwell.

4 Myrrh and spices will I bring,
True affection's offering;
Close the door from sight and sound
Of the busy world around;
And in patient watch remain
Till my Lord appear again.

ZION. 8s, 7s & 4s.



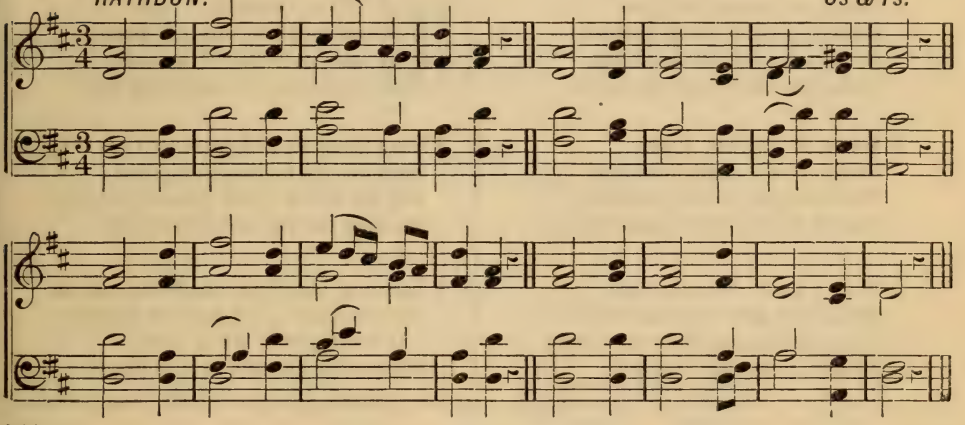
140

1 Hark! the voice of love and mercy,
Sounds aloud from Calvary;
See!—it rends the rocks asunder,
Shakes the earth, and veils the sky:
"It is finished!"
Hear the dying Saviour cry.

2 "It is finished!"—Oh! what pleasure
Do these charming words afford!
Heavenly blessings, without measure,
Flow to us through Christ, the Lord:
"It is finished!"
Saints the dying words record.

3 Tune your harps anew, ye seraphs!
Join to sing the pleasing theme:
All in earth and all in heaven,
Join to praise Immanuel's name:
Hallelujah!
Glory to the bleeding Lamb!

RATHBUN. 8s & 7s.



141

1 In the cross of Christ I glory,
Tow'ring o'er the wrecks of time;
All the light of sacred story
Gathers round its head sublime.

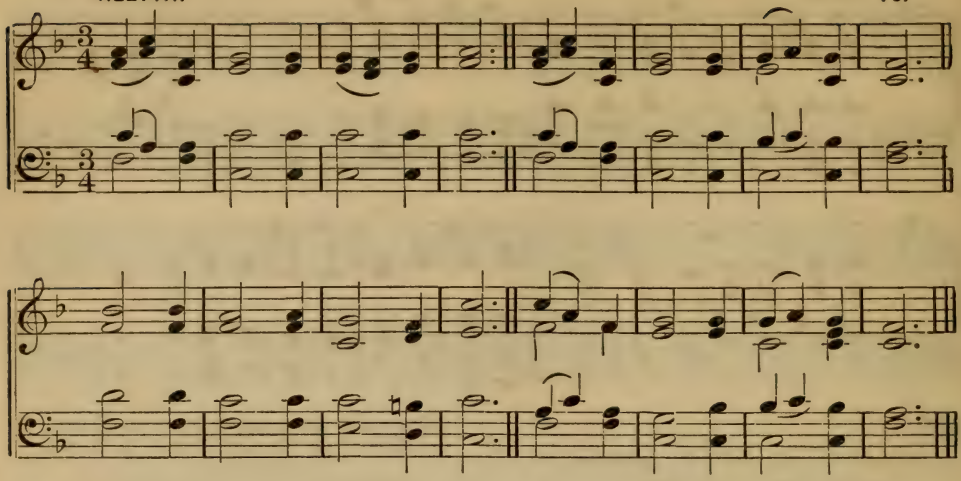
2 When the woes of life o'ertake me,
Hopes deceive, and fears annoy,
Never shall the cross forsake me:
Lo! it glows with peace and joy.

3 When the sun of bliss is beaming
Light and love upon my way,
From the cross the radiance streaming
Adds more lustre to the day.

4 Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure,
By the cross are sanctified;
Peace is there, that knows no measure,
Joys that through all time abide.

5 In the cross of Christ I glory,
Tow'ring o'er the wrecks of time:
All the light of sacred story
Gathers round its head sublime.

ALETTA. 7s.



142

1 When, on Sinai's top, I see
God descend in majesty,
To proclaim his holy law,
All my spirit sinks with awe.

2 When, in ecstacy sublime,
Tabor's glorious steep I climb,
At the too-transporting light,
Darkness rushes o'er my sight.

3 When on Calvary I rest,
God, in flesh made manifest,
Shines in my Redeemer's face,
Full of beauty, truth, and grace.

4 Here I would for ever stay,
Weep and gaze my soul away;
Thou art heaven on earth to me,
Lovely, mournful Calvary!

143

1 "It is finished!" shall we raise
Songs of sorrow, or of praise?
Mourn to see the Saviour die,
Or proclaim his victory?

2 If of Calvary we tell,
How can songs of triumph swell?
If of man redeemed from woe,
How shall notes of mourning flow?

3 Ours the guilt which pierced his side,
Ours the sin for which he died;
But the blood which flowed that day
Washed our sin and guilt away.

4 Lamb of God! thy death hath given
Pardon, peace, and hope of heaven:
"It is finished!" let us raise
Songs of thankfulness and pra se.

144

[*Tune*—Supplication.] 7s.

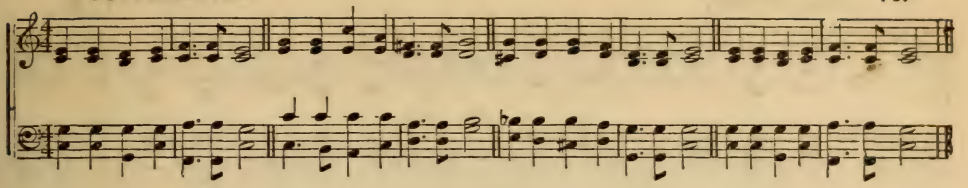
1 Surely Christ thy griefs has borne;
Weeping soul, no longer mourn:
View him bleeding on the tree,
Pouring out his life for thee.

2 Weary sinner, keep thine eyes
On the atoning sacrifice;
There the incarnate Deity
Numbered with transgressors see.

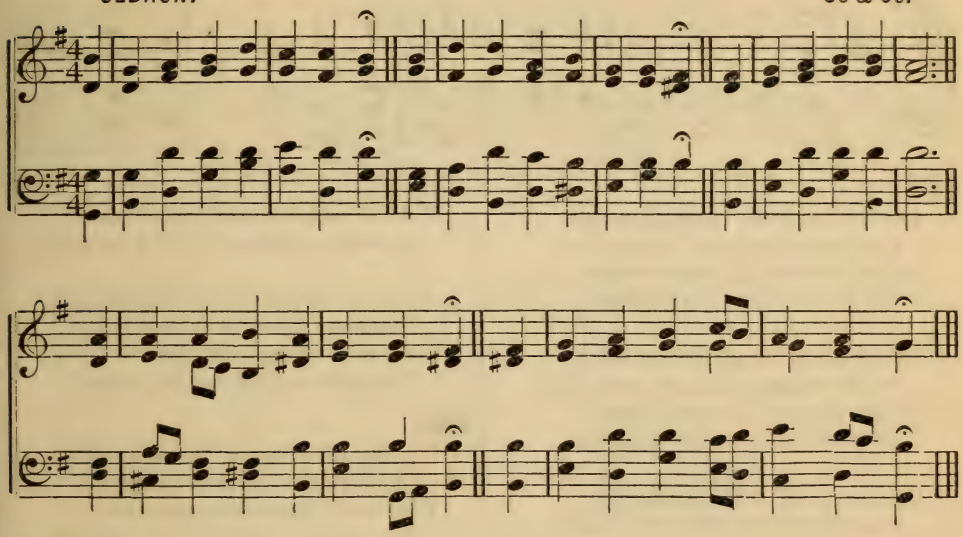
3 Cast thy guilty soul on him.
Find him mighty to redeem;
At his feet thy burden lay,
Look thy doubts and cares away.

4 Lord, thine arm must be revealed,
Ere I can by faith be healed;
Since I scarce can look to thee,
Cast a gracious eye on me.

SUPPLICATION. 7s.



CEDRON. 8s & 6s.



145

1 Beyond where Cedron's waters flow,
Behold the suffering Saviour go
To sad Gethsemane:
His countenance is all divine,
Yet grief appears in every line.

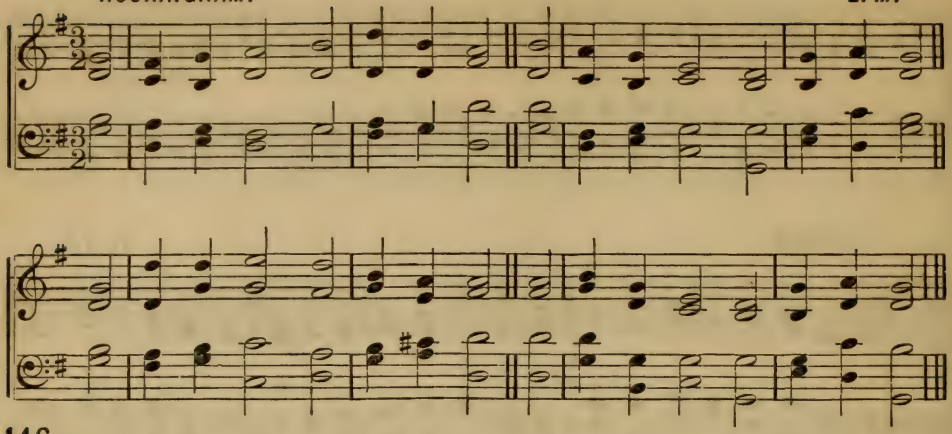
2 He bows beneath the sins of men;
He cries to God, and cries again,
In sad Gethsemane;
He lifts his mournful eyes above:
"My Father, can this cup remove?"

3 With gentle resignation still
He yielded to his Father's will,
In sad Gethsemane:
"Behold me here, thine only Son;
And, Father, let thy will be done."

4 The Father heard; and angels, there,
Sustained the Son of God in prayer,
In sad Gethsemane:
He drank the dreadful cup of pain,
Then rose to life and joy again.

5 When storms of sorrow round us sweep,
And scenes of anguish make us weep,
To sad Gethsemane
We'll look, and see the Saviour there
And humbly bow like him in prayer.

ROCKINGHAM. L. M.



146

1 Soft be the gently breathing notes,
That sing the Saviour's dying love;
Soft as the evening zephyr floats;
Soft as the tuneful lyres above:

2 Soft as the morning dews descend,
While the sweet lark exulting soars;
So soft, to your Almighty Friend,
Be every sigh your bosom pours.

3 Pure as the sun's enlivening ray,
That scatters life and joy abroad;
Pure as the lucid car of day,
That wide proclaims its Maker, God;

4 Pure as the breath of vernal skies;
So pure let our contrition be;
So purely let our love arise
To him who bled upon the tree.

147

1 When I survey the wondrous cross
On which the Prince of glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.

2 Forbid it, Lord! that I should boast,
Save in the death of Christ, my God;
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to his blood.

3 See,—from his head, his hands, his feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down:
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

4 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small;
Love, so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

148

1 We sing the praise of him who died,—
Of him who died upon the cross;
The sinner's hope let men deride,
For this we count the world but loss.

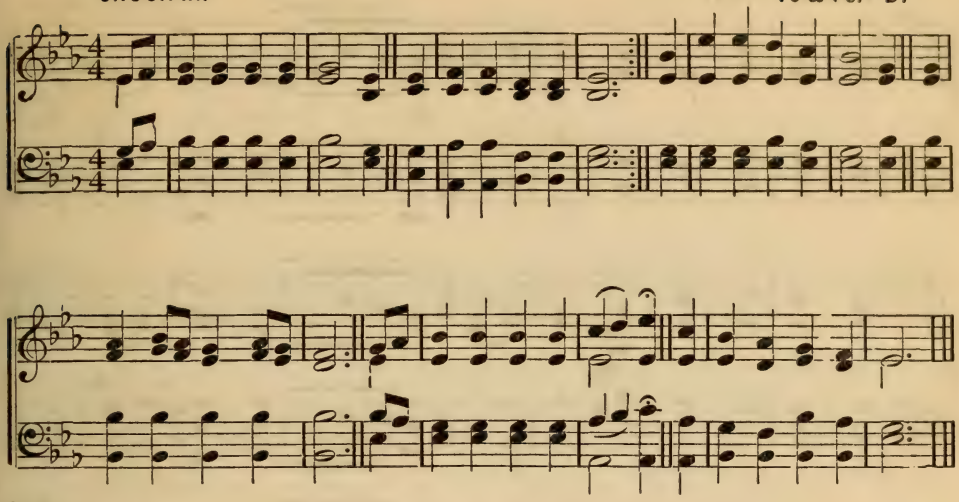
2 Inscribed upon the cross we see,
In shining letters,—"God is Love:'
He bears our sins upon the tree,
He brings us mercy from above.

3 The cross!—it takes our guilt away,
It holds the fainting spirit up;
It cheers with hope the gloomy day,
And sweetens every bitter cup.

4 It makes the coward spirit brave,
And nerves the feeble arm for fight;
It takes its terror from the grave,
And gilds the bed of death with light.

5 The balm of life, the cure of woe,
The measure and the pledge of love;
The sinner's refuge here below,
The angels' theme in heaven above.

CRUCIFIX. 7s & 6s. D.



149

1 O SACRED Head, now wounded,
With grief and shame weighed down,
Now scornfully surrounded
With thorns, thine only crown;
O sacred Head, what glory,
What bliss, till now was thine!
Yet though despised and gory,
I joy to call thee mine.

2 What thou, my Lord, hast suffered
Was all for sinners' gain;
Mine, mine was the transgression,
But thine the deadly pain;
Lo, here I fall, my Saviour!
'Tis I deserve thy place;
Look on me with thy favor,
Vouchsafe to me thy grace.

3 The joy can ne'er be spoken,
Above all joys beside,
When in thy body broken
I thus with safety hide:
My Lord of Life, desiring
Thy glory now to see,
Beside thy cross expiring,
I'd breathe my soul to thee.

4 What language shall I borrow
To thank thee, dearest Friend,
For this thy dying sorrow,
Thy pity without end?
Oh, make me thine for ever;
And should I fainting be,
Lord, let me never, never
Outlive my love to thee!

5 And when I am departing,
Oh, part thou not from me!
When mortal pangs are darting,
Come, Lord, and set me free!
And when my heart must languish
Amidst the final throe,
Release me from mine anguish,
By thine own pain and woe!

6 Be near me when I'm dying:
Oh, show thy cross to me!
And for my succor flying,
Come, Lord, and set me free!
These eyes, new faith receiving,
From Jesus shall not move;
For he who dies believing,
Dies safely, through thy love.

EASTER HYMN. 7s.

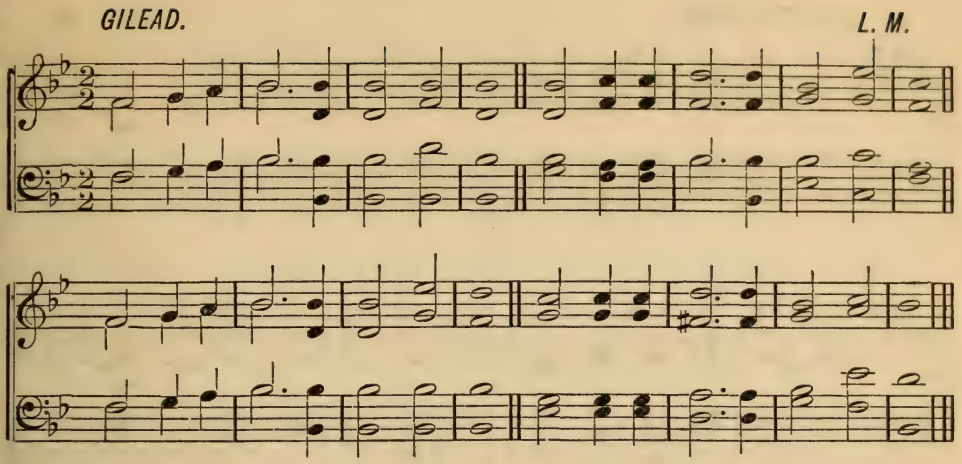
Al - - - - - - - le - lu - ia.

150

1 Jesus Christ is risen to-day,
Alleluia!
Our triumphant holy day,
Alleluia!
Who did once, upon the Cross,
Alleluia!
Suffer to redeem our loss,
Alleluia!

2 Hymns of praise then let us sing
Alleluia!
Unto Christ, our heavenly King,
Alleluia!
Who endured the Cross and Grave,
Alleluia!
Sinners to redeem and save.
Alleluia!

3 But the pain which he endured
Alleluia!
Our salvation hath procured;
Alleluia!
Now above the sky he's King,
Alleluia!
Where the angels ever sing.
Alleluia!



151

1 Our Lord is risen from the dead;
Our Jesus is gone up on high;
The powers of hell are captive led,
Dragged to the portals of the sky.

2 There his triumphal chariot waits,
And angels chant the solemn lay:
"Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates!
Ye everlasting doors! give way.

3 "Loose all your bars of massy light,
And wide unfold th' ethereal scene;
He claims these mansions as his right;
Receive the King of glory in."

4 "Who is the King of glory?—who?"
"The Lord, that all our foes o'ercame,
The world, sin, death, and hell o'erthrew;
And Jesus is the Conqueror's name."

5 Lo! his triumphal chariot waits,
And angels chant the solemn lay:
"Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates!
Ye everlasting doors! give way."

6 "Who is the King of glory?—who?"
"The Lord, of glorious power possessed:
The King of saints and angels too:
God over all, for ever blessed."

152

1 O Saviour, who for man hast trod
The winepress of the wrath of God,
Ascend, and claim again on high,
Thy glory left for us to die.

2 A radiant cloud is now thy seat,
And earth lies stretched beneath thy feet·
Ten thousand thousands round thee sing,
And share the triumph of their King.

3 The angel-host enraptured waits:
"Lift up your heads, eternal gates!"
O God-and-Man! the Father's Throne
Is now for evermore thine own.

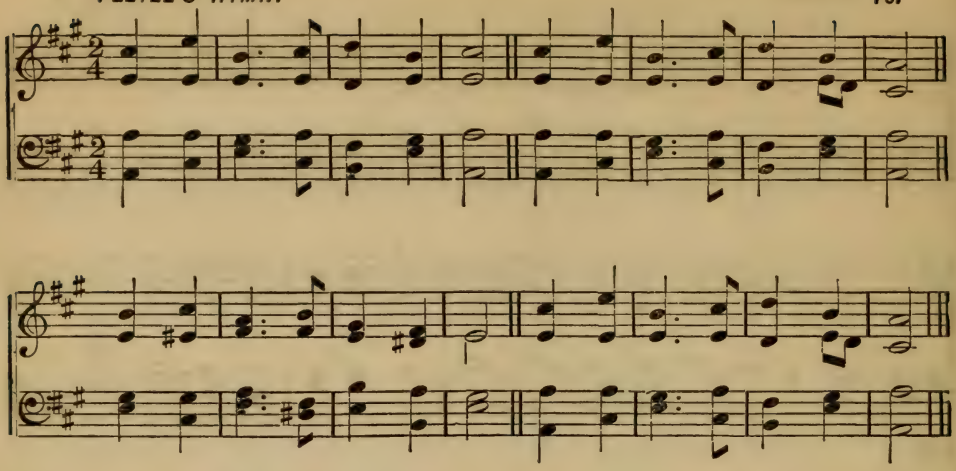
4 Our great High-Priest and Shepherd, thou
Within the veil art entered now,
To offer there thy precious Blood
Once poured on earth a cleansing flood.

5 And thence the Church, thy chosen Bride,
With countless gifts of grace supplied,
Through all her members draws from thee
Her hidden life of sanctity.

6 O Christ, our Lord, of thy dear care
Thy lowly members heavenward bear;
Be ours with thee to suffer pain,
With thee for evermore to reign.

7 All praise from every heart and tongue
To thee, ascended Lord, be sung;
All praise to God the Father be
And Holy Ghost eternally.

PLEYEL'S HYMN. 7s.



153

1 Angels, roll the rock away!
Death, yield up thy mighty prey!
See, the Saviour leaves the tomb,
Glowing with immortal bloom.

2 Hark! the wondering angels raise
Louder notes of joyful praise;
Let the earth's remotest bound
Echo with the blissful sound.

3 Saints on earth, lift up your eyes;
Now to glory see him rise
In long triumph through the sky,
Up to waiting worlds on high.

4 Heaven unfolds its portals wide;
Mighty Conqueror, through them ride!
King of glory, mount thy throne!
Boundless empire is thine own.

5 Powers of heaven, seraphic choirs,
Sing and sweep your golden lyres;
Sons of men, in humbler strain
Sing your mighty Saviour's reign.

6 Every note with wonder swell,
Sin o'erthrown, and captive hell!
Where, O death, is now thy sting?
Where thy terrors, vanquished king?

154

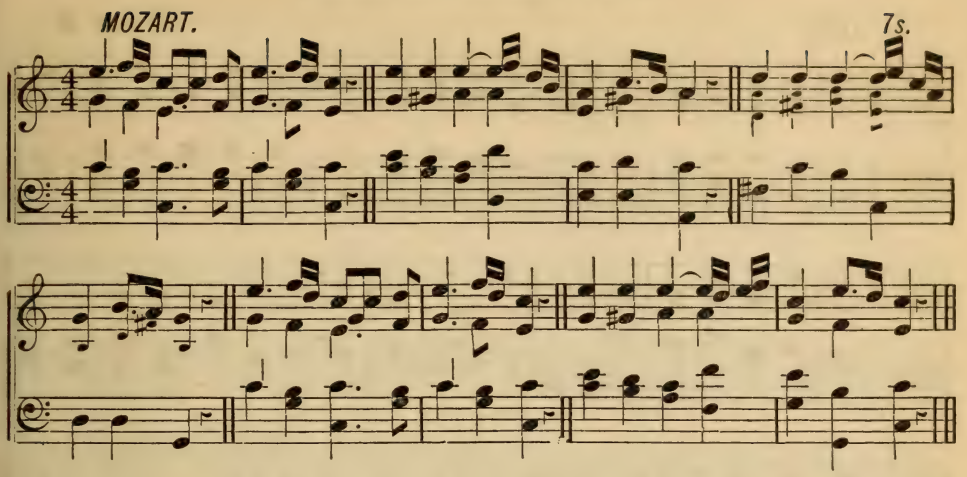
1 Hail the day that sees him rise,
Glorious, to his native skies!
Christ, a while to mortals given,
Enters now the gates of heaven.

2 There the glorious triumph waits:
Lift your heads, eternal gates!
Christ hath vanquished death and sin;
Take the King of glory in.

3 Still for us he intercedes,
His prevailing death he pleads;
Near himself prepares our place,
Great Forerunner of our race.

4 Master, will we ever say,
Taken from our head to-day,
See thy faithful servants, see,
Ever gazing up to thee!

5 Grant, though parted from our sight,
High above yon azure height,
Grant, our hearts may thither rise,
Following thee beyond the skies!



155

1 CHRIST the Lord is risen to-day,
Sons of men and angels say;
Raise your joys and triumphs high,
Sing, ye heavens, and, earth, reply.

2 Love's redeeming work is done,
Fought the fight, the battle won:
Lo! our Sun's eclipse is o'er;
Lo! he sets in blood no more.

3 Vain the stone, the watch, the seal;
Christ hath burst the gates of hell!
Death in vain forbids his rise;
Christ hath opened Paradise!

4 Lives again our glorious King:
Where, O Death, is now thy sting?
Once he died, our souls to save:
Where thy victory, O grave?

5 Soar we now where Christ has led,
Following our exalted head;
Made like him, like him we rise;
Ours the cross, the grave, the skies.

156

1 CHRIST the Lord is risen again,
Christ hath broken every chain,
Hark! angelic voices cry,
Singing evermore on high,
Hallelujah! Praise the Lord!

2 He who gave for us his life,
Who for us endured the strife,
Is our paschal Lamb to-day!
We, too, sing for joy, and say,
Hallelujah! Praise the Lord!

3 He who bore all pain and loss,
Comfortless, upon the cross,
Lives in glory now on high,
Pleads for us and hears our cry;
Hallelujah! Praise the Lord!

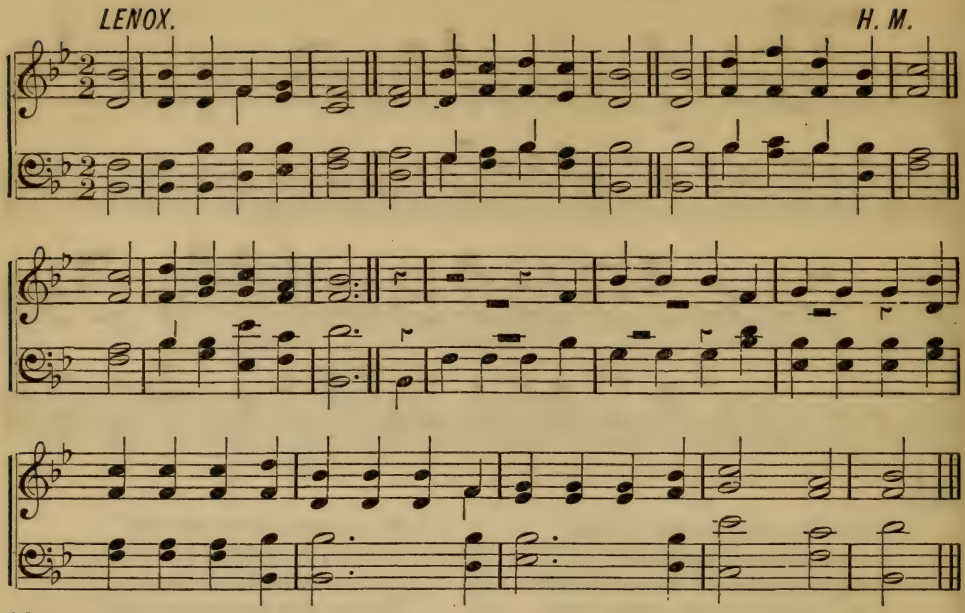
4 Now he bids us tell abroad
How the lost may be restored,
How the penitent forgiven,
How we, too, may enter heaven!
Hallelujah! Praise the Lord!

157

1 MORNING breaks upon the tomb,
Jesus scatters all its gloom;
Day of triumph, through the skies
See the glorious Saviour rise!

2 Ye, who are of death afraid,
Triumph in the scattered shade·
Drive your anxious cares away;
See the place where Jesus lay!

3 Christian! dry your flowing tears,
Chase your unbelieving fears;
Look on his deserted grave;
Doubt no more his power to save!



158

1 Come, every pious heart,
That loves the Saviour's name,
Your noblest powers exert
To celebrate his fame;
Tell all above, and all below,
The debt of love to him you owe.

2 He left his starry crown,
And laid his robes aside,
On wings of love came down,
And wept, and bled, and died;
What he endured, oh, who can tell,
To save our souls from death and hell?

3 From the dark grave he rose,
The mansion of the dead,
And thence his mighty foes
In glorious triumph led;
Up through the sky the Conqueror rode,
And reigns on high, the Saviour God.

4 Jesus, we ne'er can pay
The debt we owe thy love;
Yet tell us how we may
Our gratitude approve;
Our hearts, our all to thee we give;
The gift, though small, thou wilt receive.

159

1 Yes, the Redeemer rose;
The Saviour left the dead;
And o'er our hellish foes
High raised his conquering head;
In wild dismay, | Fall to the ground,
The guards around | And sink away.

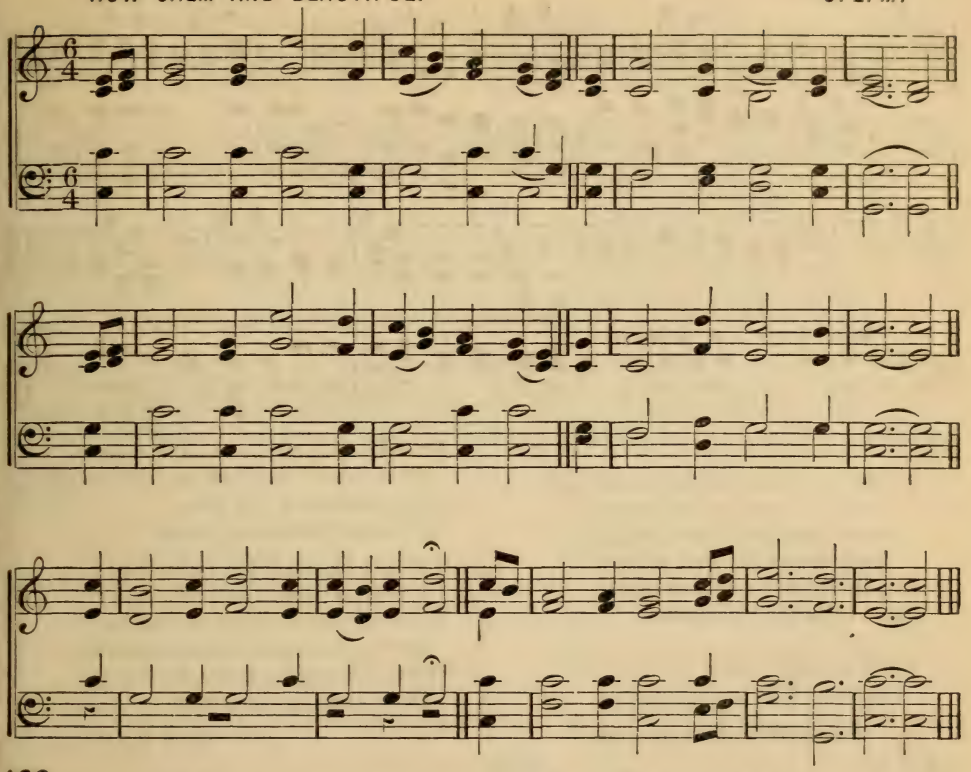
2 Lo! the angelic bands
In full assembly meet,
To wait his high commands,
And worship at his feet:
Joyful they come, | From realms of day,
And wing their way, | To Jesus' tomb.

3 Then back to heaven they fly
And the glad tidings bear.
Hark! as they soar on high,
What music fills the air!
Their anthems say, | Hath left the dead;
"Jesus, who bled, | He rose to-day."

4 Ye mortals! catch the sound,
Redeemed by him from hell;
And send the echo round
The globe, on which you dwell!
Transported, cry, | Hath left the dead,
"Jesus, who bled, | No more to die."

5 All hail! triumphant Lord!
Who sav'st us with thy blood;
Wide be thy name adored,
Thou rising, reigning God!
With thee we rise, | And empires gain,
With thee we reign, | Beyond the skies.

HOW CALM AND BEAUTIFUL. C. L. M.



160

1 How calm and beautiful the morn,
That gilds the sacred tomb,
Where Christ the crucified was borne,
And veiled in midnight gloom!
Oh, weep no more the Saviour slain,
The Lord is risen, he lives again.

2 Ye mourning saints, dry every tear
For your departed Lord,
"Behold the place, he is not here!"
The tomb is all unbarred:
The gates of death were closed in vain,
The Lord is risen, he lives again.

3 Now cheerful to the house of prayer,
Your early footsteps bend;
The Saviour will himself be there,
Your Advocate and friend:
Once by the law your hopes were slain,
But now in Christ ye live again.

4 How tranquil now the rising day!
'T is Jesus still appears,
A risen Lord, to chase away
Your unbelieving fears:
Oh, weep no more your comforts slain,
The Lord is risen, he lives again.

5 And when the shades of evening fall,
When life's last hour draws nigh,
If Jesus shines upon the soul,
How blissful then to die!
Since he hath risen that once was slain,
Ye die in Christ to live again.

HARWELL. 8s & 7s. D.

Hal-le-lu-jah, Hal-le-lu-jah, Hal-le-lu-jah. A - men.

161

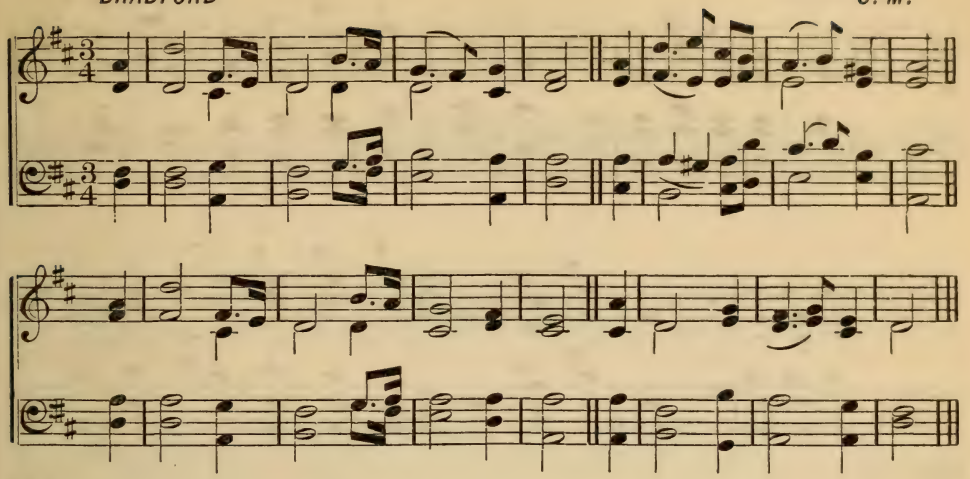
1 HARK! ten thousand harps and voices
Sound the note of praise above;
Jesus reigns, and heaven rejoices;
Jesus reigns, the God of love:
See, he sits on yonder throne;
Jesus rules the world alone.

2 King of glory! reign for ever;
Thine an everlasting crown;
Nothing, from thy love, shall sever
Those whom thou hast made thine own;
Happy objects of thy grace,
Destined to behold thy face.

3 Saviour! hasten thine appearing;
Bring, oh, bring the glorious day,
When the awful summons hearing,
Heaven and earth shall pass away;
Then, with golden harps, we'll sing,
"Glory, glory to our King!"

SALZBURG (Second Advent). 8s & 7s. 6 lines.

BRADFORD C. M.



162

1 I know that my Redeemer lives,
And ever prays for me:
A token of his love he gives,
A pledge of liberty.

2 I find him lifting up my head;
He brings salvation near:
His presence makes me free indeed,
And he will soon appear.

3 He wills that I should holy be:
What can withstand his will?
The counsel of his grace in me
He surely shall fulfill.

4 Jesus, I hang upon thy word:
I steadfastly believe
Thou wilt return, and claim me, Lord,
And to thyself receive.

163

1 With joy we meditate the grace
Of our High-Priest above;
His heart is made of tenderness,
His bowels melt with love.

2 Touched with a sympathy within,
He knows our feeble frame;
He knows what sore temptations mean,
For he has felt the same.

3 But spotless, innocent, and pure,
The great Redeemer stood;
While Satan's fiery darts he bore,
And did resist to blood.

4 He, in the days of feeble flesh,
Poured out his cries and tears;
And, in his measure, feels afresh
What every member bears.

5 Then let our humble faith address
His mercy and his power;
We shall obtain delivering grace,
In the distressing hour.

164

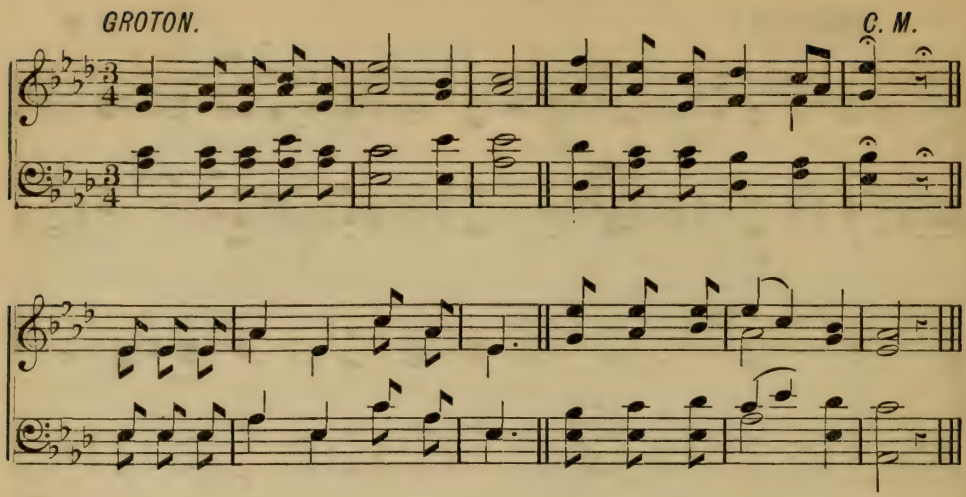
1 Now let our cheerful eyes survey
Our great High-Priest above;
And celebrate his constant care,
And sympathetic love.

2 Though raised to a superior throne,
Where angels bow around,
And high o'er all the shining train,
With matchless honors crowned;

3 The names of all his saints he bears
Deep graven on his heart;
Nor shall the meanest Christian say,
That he hath lost his part.

4 Those characters shall fair abide,
Our everlasting trust,
When gems, and monuments, and crowns,
Are mouldered down to dust.

5 So, gracious Saviour! on my breast,
May thy dear name be worn,
A sacred ornament and guard,
To endless ages borne.



165

1 Arise, ye people, and adore,
Exulting strike the chord;
Let all the earth, from shore to shore,
Confess th' Almighty Lord.

2 Glad shouts aloud, wide echoing round,
The ascending God proclaim;
The angelic choir respond the sound,
And shake creation's frame.

3 They sing of death and hell o'erthrown
In that triumphant hour;
And God exalts his conquering Son
To his right hand of power.

4 Oh, shout, ye people, and adore,
Exulting strike the chord;
Let all the earth, from shore to shore,
Confess the Almighty Lord.

166

1 Behold the glories of the Lamb,
Amid his Father's throne;
Prepare new honors for his name,
And songs before unknown.

2 Let elders worship at his feet,
The church adore around,
With vials full of odors sweet,
And harps of sweeter sound.

3 Now to the Lamb that once was slain,
Be endless blessings paid!
Salvation, glory, joy remain
For ever on thy head!

4 Thou hast redeemed our souls with blood,
Hast set the prisoners free,
Hast made us kings and priests to God,
And we shall reign with thee.

167

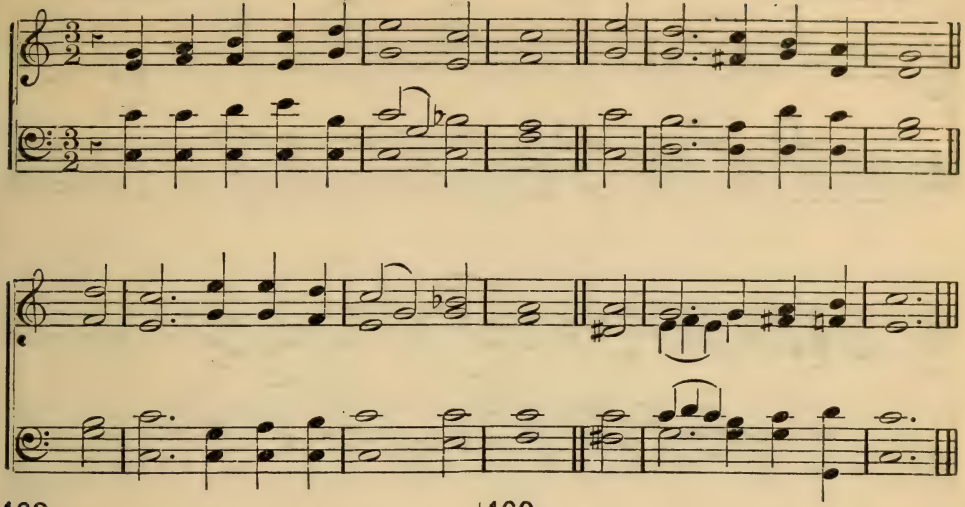
1 Hosanna to the Prince of light,
That clothed himself in clay;
Entered the iron gates of death,
And tore the bars away.

2 See how the Conqueror mounts aloft,
And to his Father flies,
With scars of honor in his flesh,
And triumph in his eyes.

3 Raise your devotion, mortal tongues,
To reach his blest abode;
Sweet be the accents of your songs
To our incarnate God.

4 Bright angels! strike your loudest strings,
Your sweetest voices raise;
Let heaven, and all created things,
Sound our Immanuel's praise.

MERTON. C. M.



168

1 The head, that once was crowned with thorns,
Is crowned with glory now;
A royal diadem adorns
The mighty Victor's brow.

2 The highest place that heaven affords
Is his—is his by right,—
The King of kings, and Lord of lords,
And heaven's eternal Light.

3 The joy of all who dwell above,
The joy of all below,
To whom he manifests his love,
And grants his name to know.

4 To them the cross, with all its shame,
With all its grace, is given;
Their name, an everlasting name,
Their joy, the joy of heaven.

5 They suffer with their Lord below,
They reign with him above,
Their profit and their joy to know
The mystery of his love.

6 The cross he bore is life and health,
Though shame and death to him;
His people's hope, his people's wealth,
Their everlasting theme.

169

1 Jesus, our hope, our heart's desire,
Redemption's only spring,
Creator of the world art thou,
Its Saviour and its King.

2 How vast the mercy and the love,
Which laid our sins on thee,
And led thee to a cruel death,
To set thy people free!

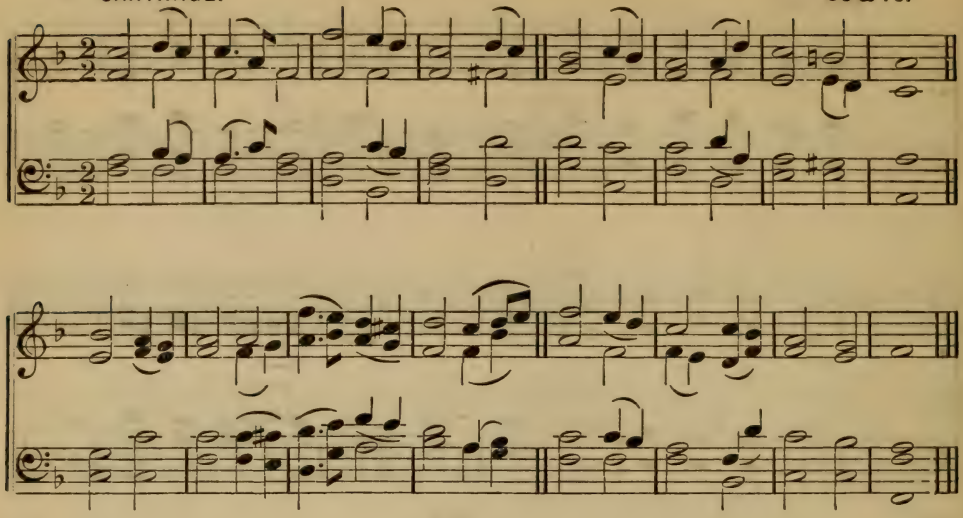
3 But now the bonds of death are burst,
The ransom has been paid;
And thou art on thy Father's throne,
In glorious robes arrayed.

4 Oh, may thy mighty love prevail
Our sinful souls to spare!
Oh, may we stand around thy throne
And see thy glory there!

5 Jesus, our only joy be thou,
As thou our prize wilt be;
In thee be all our glory now
And through eternity.

6 All praise to thee who dost ascend
Triumphantly to heaven;
All praise to God the father's Name,
And Holy Ghost be given.

CARTHAGE. 8s & 7s.



170

1 Christ, above all glory seated,
King eternal, strong to save,
To thee death, by death defeated,
Triumph high and glory gave.

2 Thou art gone where now is given
What no mortal might could gain,
On the eternal throne of heaven,
In thy Father's power to reign.

3 There thy kingdoms all adore thee,
Heaven above and earth below,
While the depths of hell before thee
Trembling and defeated bow.

4 We, O Lord, with hearts adoring,
Follow thee above the sky;
Hear our prayers thy grace imploring,
Lift our souls to thee on high.

5 So when thou again in glory
On the clouds of heaven shalt shine,
We thy flock may stand before thee,
Owned for evermore as thine.

171

1 Jesus, hail! enthroned in glory,
There for ever to abide;
All the heavenly host adore thee,
Seated at thy Father's side.

2 There for sinners thou art pleading,
There thou dost our place prepare;
Ever for us interceding,
Till in glory we appear.

3 Worship, honor, power, and blessing,
Thou art worthy to receive:
Loudest praises, without ceasing,
Meet it is for us to give.

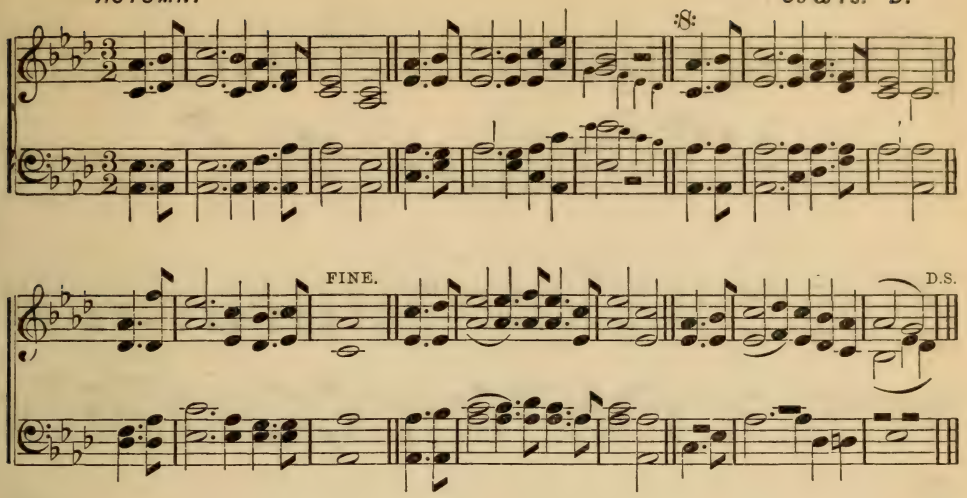
172

1 Hail, thou once despisèd Jesus!
Hail, thou Galilean King!
Thou didst suffer to release us,
Thou didst free salvation bring.

2 Paschal Lamb, by God appointed,
All our sins on thee were laid;
By almighty love anointed,
Thou hast full atonement made.

3 All thy people are forgiven,
Through the virtue of thy blood,
Opened is the gate of heaven,
Peace is made 'twixt man and God.

AUTUMN. 8s & 7s. D.



173

1 Mighty God! while angels bless thee,
May a mortal lisp thy name?
Lord of men, as well as angels!
Thou art every creature's theme:
Lord of every land and nation!
Ancient of eternal days!
Sounded through the wide creation,
Be thy just and awful praise.

2 For the grandeur of thy nature,
Grand, beyond a seraph's thought;
For the wonders of creation,
Works with skill and kindness wrought;
For thy providence which governs
Through thine empire's wide domain,
Wings an angel, guides a sparrow;
Blessed be thy gentle reign.

3 For thy rich, thy free redemption,
Bright, though veiled in darkness long,
Thought is poor, and poor expression;
Who can sing that wondrous song?
Brightness of the Father's glory!
Shall thy praise unuttered lie?
Break, my tongue! such guilty silence,
Sing the Lord who came to die:

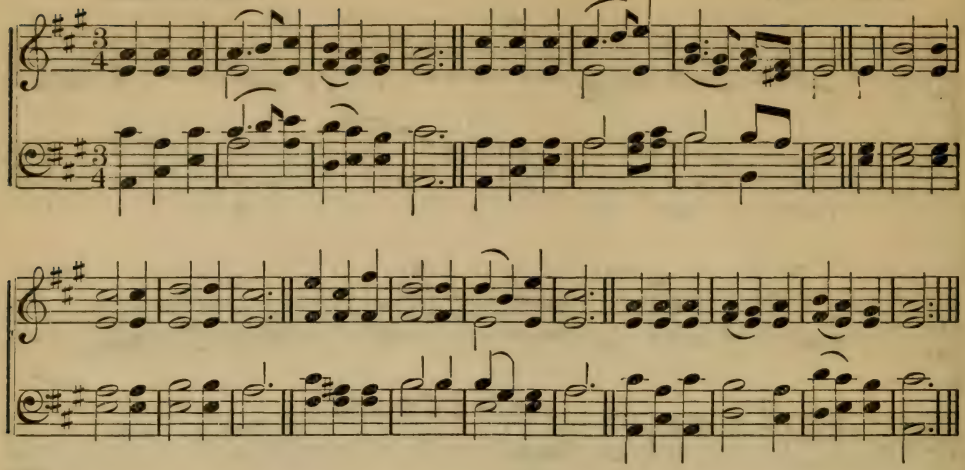
4 From the highest throne of glory,
To the cross of deepest woe,
Came to ransom guilty captives!
Flow, my praise! for ever flow:
Reascend, immortal Saviour!
Leave thy footstool, take thy throne;
Thence return and reign for ever;
Be the kingdom all thine own!

174

1 Crown his head with endless blessing,
Who, in God the Father's name,
With compassions never ceasing,
Comes salvation to proclaim.
Hail, ye saints, who know his favor,
Who within his gates are found;
Hail, ye saints, the exalted Saviour,
Let his courts with praise resound.

2 Jesus, thee our Saviour hailing,
Thee our God in praise we own;
Highest honors, never failing,
Rise eternal round thy throne;
Now, ye saints, his power confessing,
In your grateful strains adore;
For his mercy, never ceasing,
Flows, and flows for evermore.

PARK STREET. L. M.



175

1 Jesus shall reign where'er the sun
Does his successive journeys run;
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

2 For him shall endless prayer be made,
And endless praises crown his head;
His name, like sweet perfume, shall rise
With every morning sacrifice.

3 People and realms of every tongue
Dwell on his love with sweetest song,
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessing on his name.

4 Blessings abound where'er he reigns,
The prisoner leaps to lose his chains,
The weary find eternal rest,
And all the sons of want are blest.

5 Let every creature rise and bring
Peculiar honors to our King;
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth repeat the loud Amen.

176

1 Lord, when thou didst ascend on high,
Ten thousand angels filled the sky;
Those heavenly guards around thee wait,
Like chariots that attend thy state.

2 Not Sinai's mountain could appear
More glorious when the Lord was there;
While he pronounced his holy law,
And struck the chosen tribes with awe

3 How bright the triumph none can tell,
When the rebellious powers of hell,
That thousand souls had captive made,
Were all in chains, like captives, led.

4 Raised by his Father to the throne,
He sent the promised Spirit down
With gifts and grace for rebel men,
That God might dwell on earth again.

177

1 He lives, the great Redeemer lives—
What joy the blest assurance gives!—
And now before his Father, God,
Pleads the full merits of his blood.

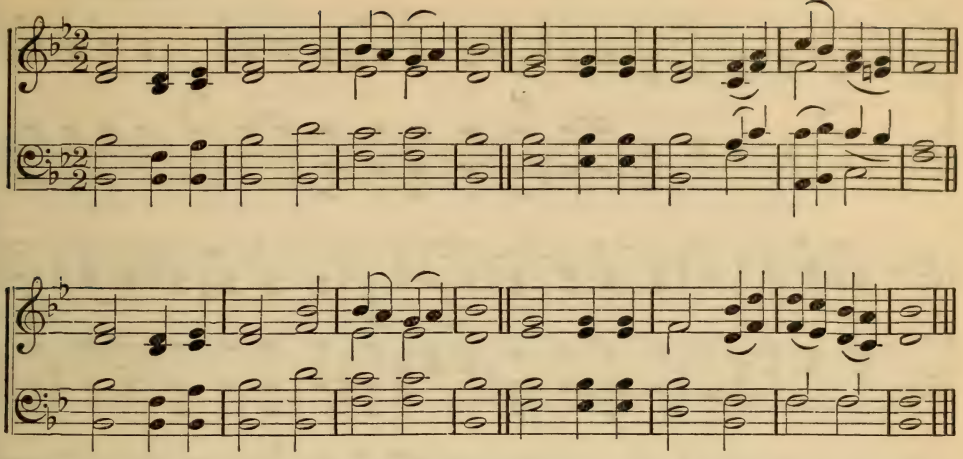
2 Repeated crimes awake our fears,
And justice, armed with frowns, appears;
But, in the Saviour's lovely face,
Sweet mercy smiles, and all is peace.

3 For us he prayed, for us he taught,
For us his daily works he wrought,
By words, and signs. and actions, thus
Still seeking not himself, but us.

4 For us to wicked men betrayed,
Scourged, mocked, in purple robes arrayed
He bore the shameful cross and death;
For us at length gave up his breath.

5 For us he rose from death again,
For us he went on high to reign,
For us he sent his Spirit here
To guide, to strengthen, and to cheer.

ERNAN. L. M.



178

1 With transport, Lord, our souls proclaim
Th' immortal honors of thy name;
Although ascended to thy throne,
Thou still art present with thine own.

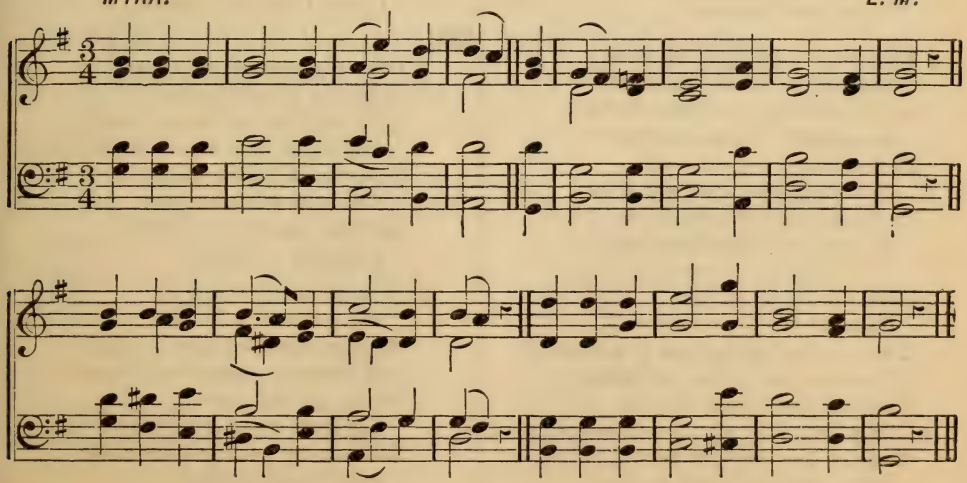
2 High on his Father's royal seat,
Our Jesus shone divinely great;
Ere Adam's clay with life was warmed,
Or Gabriel's nobler spirit formed.

3 Through all succeeding ages, he
The same hath been, the same shall be;
Immortal radiance gilds his head,
While stars and suns wax old, and fade.

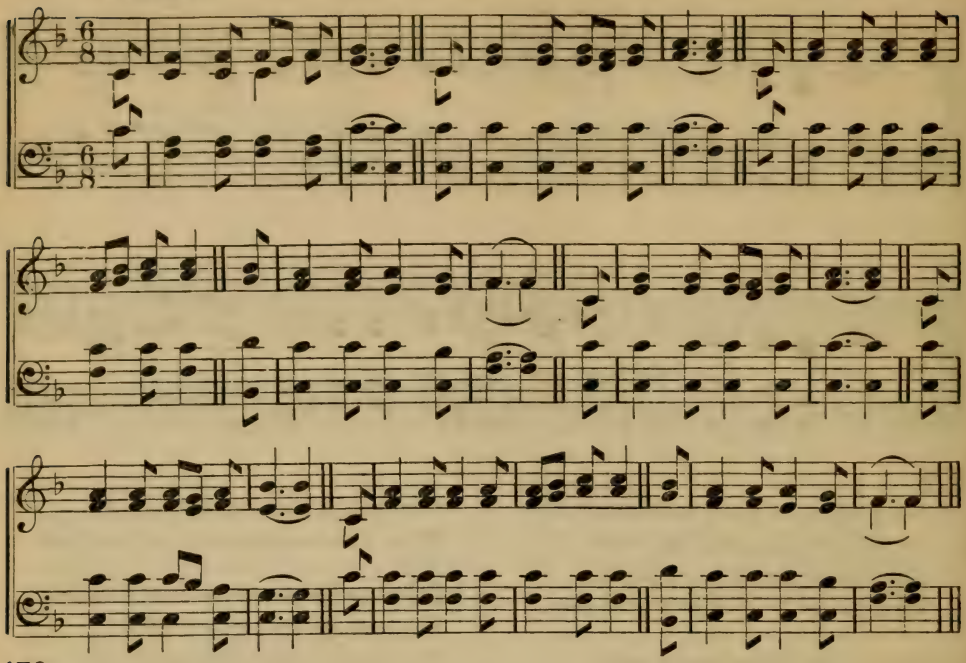
4 The same his power his flock to guard;
The same his bounty to reward;
The same his faithfulness and love,
To saints on earth and saints above.

5 Let nature change, and sink, and die;
Jesus shall raise his chosen high;
And fix them near his heavenly throne,
In glory changeless as his own.

MYRA. L. M.



LEBANON. S. M. D.



179

1 I was a wandering sheep,
I did not love the fold,
I did not love my Shepherd's voice,
I would not be controlled:
I was a wayward child,
I did not love my home,
I did not love my Father's voice,
I loved afar to roam.

2 The Shepherd sought his sheep,
The Father sought his child;
He followed me o'er vale and hill,
O'er deserts waste and wild:
He found me nigh to death,
Famished, and faint, and lone;
He bound me with the bands of love,
He saved the wandering one.

3 Jesus my Shepherd is;
'Twas he that loved my soul,
'Twas he that washed me in his blood,
'Twas he that made me whole:
'Twas he that sought the lost,
That found the wandering sheep;
'Twas he that brought me to the fold,
'Tis he that still doth keep.

4 No more a wandering sheep,
I love to be controlled,
I love my tender Shepherd's voice,
I love the peaceful fold:
No more a wayward child,
I seek no more to roam;
I love my heavenly Father's voice,
I love, I love his home!

180

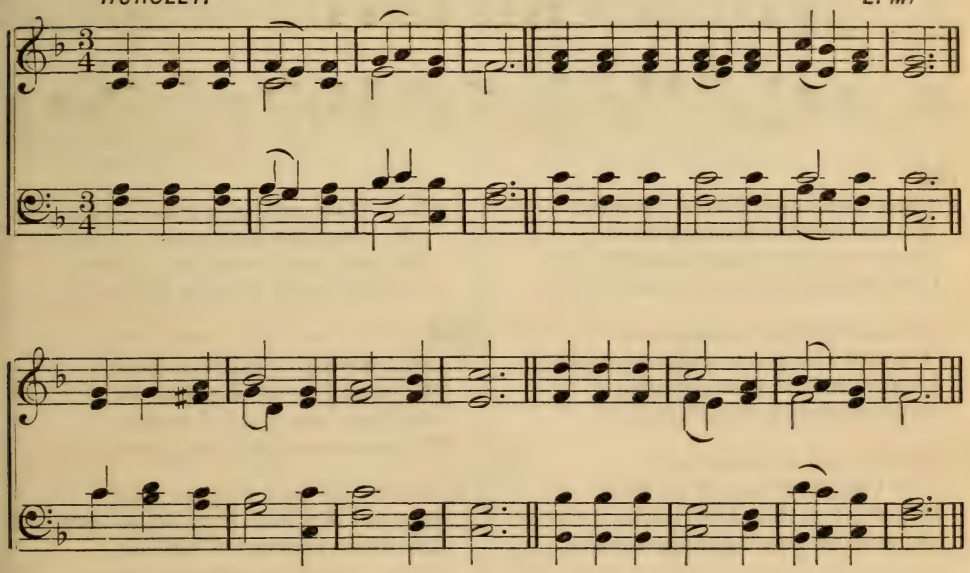
1 Jesus, my strength, my hope!
On thee I cast my care;
With humble confidence look up,
And know thou hear'st my prayer:
Give me on thee to wait,
Till I can all things do;
On thee—almighty to create,
Almighty to renew.

2 I rest upon thy word;
The promise is for me;
My succor and salvation, Lord!
Shall surely come from thee;
But let me still abide,
Nor from my hope remove,
Till thou my patient spirit guide
Into thy perfect love.

3 I want a sober mind,
A self-renouncing will,
That tramples down, and casts behind,
The baits of pleasing ill;
A soul inured to pain,
To hardship, grief, and loss;
Bold to take up, firm to sustain,
The consecrated cross.

4 I want a godly fear,
A quick discerning eye,
That looks to thee when sin is near,
And sees the tempter fly;
A spirit still prepared,
And armed with jealous care;
For ever standing on its guard,
And watching unto prayer.

HURSLEY. *L. M.*



181

1 Jesus, the Shepherd of the sheep,
Thy little flock in safety keep,
The flock for which thou cam'st from heaven,
The flock for which thy life was given.

2 Thou saw'st them wandering far from thee,
Secure, as if from danger free;
Thy love did all their wanderings trace,
And brought them to a wealthy place.

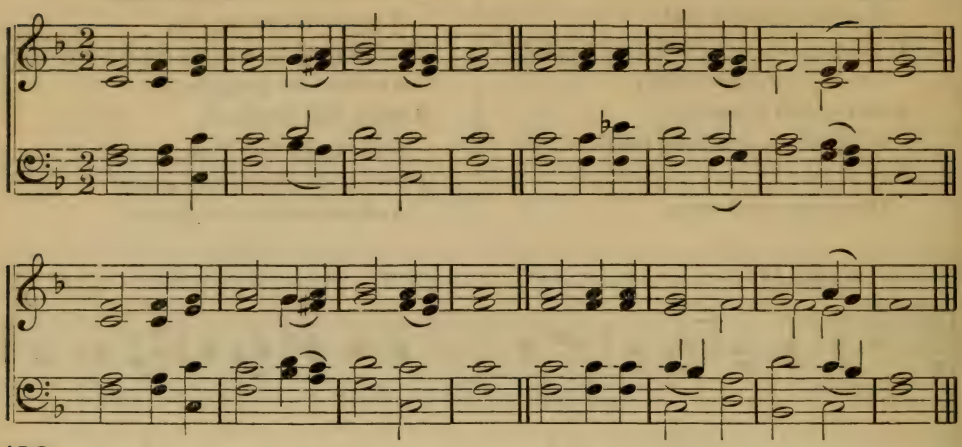
3 Oh, guard thy sheep from beasts of prey,
And guide them that they never stray;
Cherish the young, sustain the old,
Let none be feeble in thy fold.

4 Secure them from the scorching beam,
And lead them to the living stream;
In verdant pastures let them lie,
And watch them with a Shepherd's eye!

5 Oh, may thy sheep discern thy voice,
And in its sacred sound rejoice;
From strangers may they ever flee,
And know no other guide but thee!

6 Lord, bring thy sheep that wander yet,
And let the number be complete;
Then let thy flock from earth remove,
And gather in the fold above.

HAMBURG. L. M.



182

1 Jesus, the sinner's Friend! to thee,
Lost and undone, for aid I flee;
Weary of earth, myself, and sin,
Open thine arms, and take me in.

2 Pity and heal my sin-sick soul,
'T is thou alone canst make me whole;
I cannot rest till thou art mine,
Until in me thine image shine.

3 At last I own it cannot be,
That I should fit myself for thee;
Here then, to thee, I all resign:
Thine is the work, and only thine.

4 What shall I say, thy grace to move?
Lord! I am sin, but thou art love;
I give up every plea beside;
Lord! I'm condemned, but thou hast died.

183

1 When sins and fears prevailing rise,
And fainting hope almost expires,
Jesus! to thee I lift mine eyes,
To thee I breathe my soul's desires.

2 If my immortal Saviour lives,
Then my immortal life is sure;
His word a firm foundation gives;
Here let me build, and rest secure.

3 Here let my faith unshaken dwell,
For ever firm the promise stands;
Not all the powers of earth and hell
Can e'er dissolve the sacred bands.

4 Here, O my soul! thy trust repose;
If Jesus is for ever mine,
Not death itself—that last of foes—
Shall break a union so divine.

184

1 Jesus, my All, to heaven is gone,
He whom I fix my hopes upon;
His track I see, and I'll pursue
The narrow way, till him I view.

2 The way the holy prophets went,
The road that leads from banishment,
The King's highway of holiness,
I'll go; for all his paths are peace.

3 This is the way I long have sought,
And mourned because I found it not;
My grief, my burden long has been,
Because I could not cease from sin.

4 The more I strove against its power
I sinned and stumbled but the more;
Till late I heard my Saviour say,
"Come hither, soul! I am the way."

5 Lo! glad I come! and thou, blest Lamb!
Shalt take me to thee as I am;
Nothing but sin I thee can give;
Nothing but love shall I receive.

6 Then will I tell to sinners round
What a dear Saviour I have found;
I'll point to thy redeeming blood
And say, Behold the way to God!

185

1 O HOLY Saviour, Friend unseen!
Since on thine arm thou bid'st me lean,
Help me, throughout life's varying scene,
By faith to cling to thee,—to thee.

2 Blest with this fellowship divine,
Take what thou wilt, I'll ne'er repine;
E'en as the branches to the vine,
My soul would cling to thee,—to thee.

3 Far from my home, fatigued, oppressed,
Here have I found a place of rest;
An exile still, yet not unblest,
While I can cling to thee,—to thee.

4 What though the world deceitful prove,
And earthly friends and hopes remove?
With patient, uncomplaining love
Still would I cling to thee,—to thee.

5 Oft, when I seem to tread alone
Some barren waste, with thorns o'ergrown,
Thy voice of love in gentlest tone,
Whispers, "Still cling to me,—to me."

6 Though faith and hope may long be tried,
I ask not, need not, aught beside;
How safe, how calm, how satisfied,
The souls that cling to thee,—to thee!

186

1 O LOVE DIVINE! that stooped to share
Our sharpest pang, our bitterest tear,
On thee we cast each earth-born care,
We smile at pain while thou art near.

2 Though long the weary way we tread,
And sorrow crown each ling'ring year,
No path we shun, no darkness dread,
Our heart still whisp'ring, thou art near.

3 On thee we fling our burd'ning woe,
O Love Divine, for ever dear;
Content to suffer while we know,
Living or dying, thou art near.

187

1 O THOU, the contrite sinner's Friend,
Who loving, lov'st them to the end!
On this alone my hopes depend,
That thou wilt plead for me,—for me.

2 When, weary in the Christian race,
Far off appears my resting place,
And fainting I mistrust thy grace,
Then, Saviour! plead for me,—for me

3 When I have erred, and gone astray,
Afar from thine and wisdom's way,
And see no glimmering guiding ray,
Still, Saviour! plead for me,—for me.

4 When Satan, by my sins made bold,
Strives from thy cross to loose my hold,
Then, with thy pitying arms, enfold,
And plead, oh plead for me,—for me.

5 And, when my dying hour draws near,
Darkened with anguish, guilt, and fear,
Then to my fainting sight appear,
Pleading in heaven for me,—for me.

6 When the full light of heavenly day
Reveals my sins in dread array,
Say thou hast washed them all away;
Oh, say thou plead'st for me,—for me.

188

1 O THOU, to whose all-searching sight
The darkness shineth as the light!
Search, prove my heart; it pants for thee;
Oh, burst these bonds, and set it free.

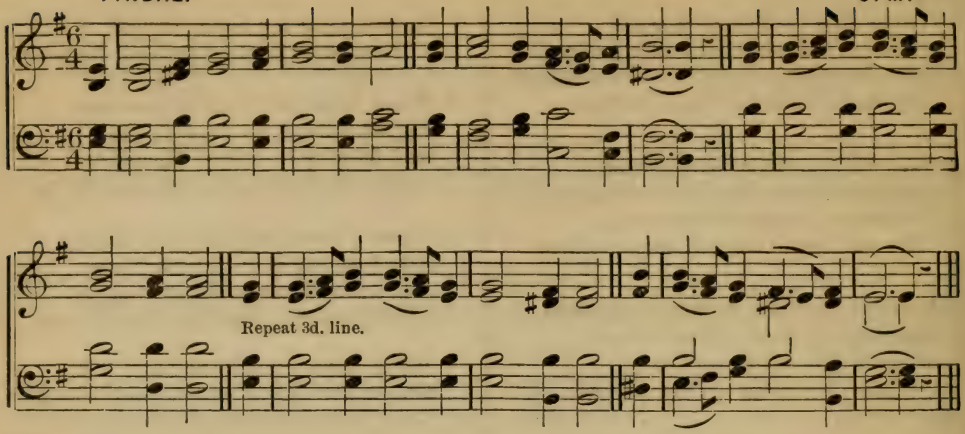
2 Wash out its stains, refine its dross;
Nail my affections to the cross;
Hallow each thought; let all within
Be clean, as thou, my Lord! art clean.

3 If in this darksome wild I stray,
Be thou my Light, be thou my Way;
No foes, no violence I fear,
No harm, while thou, my God, art near.

4 When rising floods my soul o'erflow,
When sinks my heart in waves of woe,
Jesus! thy timely aid impart,
And raise my head and cheer my heart.

5 Saviour! where'er thy steps I see,
Dauntless, untired, I follow thee;
Oh, let thy hand support me still,
And lead me to thy holy hill.

TYNDAL. C. M.



189

1 How sad our state by nature is!
Our sin, how deep it stains!
And Satan binds our captive minds
Fast in his slavish chains.

2 But there 's a voice of sovereign grace
Sounds from the sacred word:
"Ho! ye despairing sinners! come,
And trust upon the Lord."

3 My soul obeys th' almighty call,
And runs to this relief;
I would believe thy promise, Lord:
Oh, help my unbelief.

4 To the dear fountain of thy blood,
Incarnate God! I fly;
Here let me wash my spotted soul
From stains of deepest dye.

5 A guilty, weak and helpless worm,
On thy kind arms I fall;
Be thou my strength and righteousness,
My Jesus and my all.

190

1 Jesus! thou art the sinner's Friend;
As such I look to thee;
Now, in the fullness of thy love,
O Lord! remember me.

2 Remember thy pure word of grace,
Remember Calvary,
Remember all thy dying groans,
And then remember me.

3 Thou wondrous Advocate with God!
I yield myself to thee;
While thou art sitting on thy throne,
Dear Lord! remember me.

4 Lord! I am guilty, I am vile,
But thy salvation 's free;
Then, in thine all-abounding grace,
Dear Lord! remember me.

5 And when I close my eyes in death,
When creature-helps all flee,
Then, O my dear Redeemer God!
I pray, remember me.

191

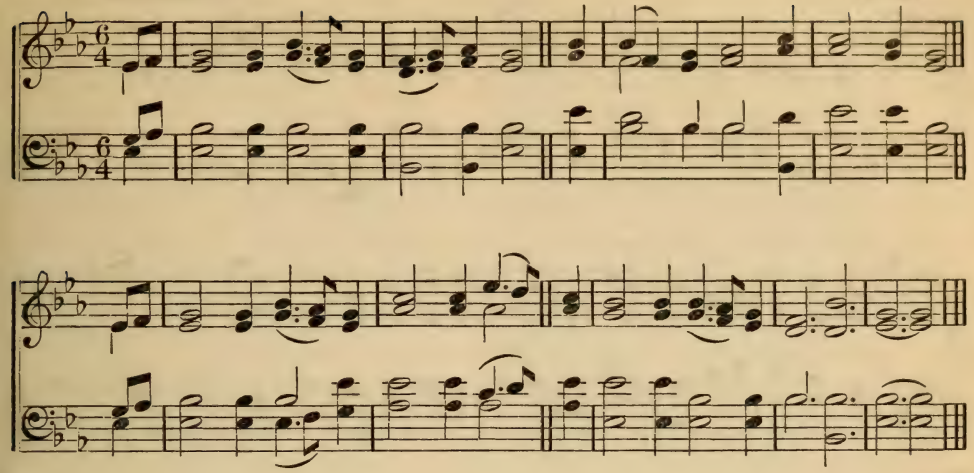
1 O Jesus, Saviour of the lost,
My Rock and Hiding-place,
By storms of sin and sorrow tost,
I seek thy sheltering grace.

2 Guilty, forgive me, Lord! I cry;
Pursued by foes, I come;
A sinner, save me, or I die—
An outcast, take me home.

3 Once safe in thine almighty arms,
Let storms come on amain;
There danger never, never harms;
There death itself is gain.

4 And when I stand before thy throne
And all thy glories see,
Still be my righteousness alone
To hide myself in thee.

WOODWORTH. L. M.



192

1 Just as I am, without one plea,
But that thy blood was shed for me,
And that thou bidst me come to thee,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

2 Just as I am, and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot,
To thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

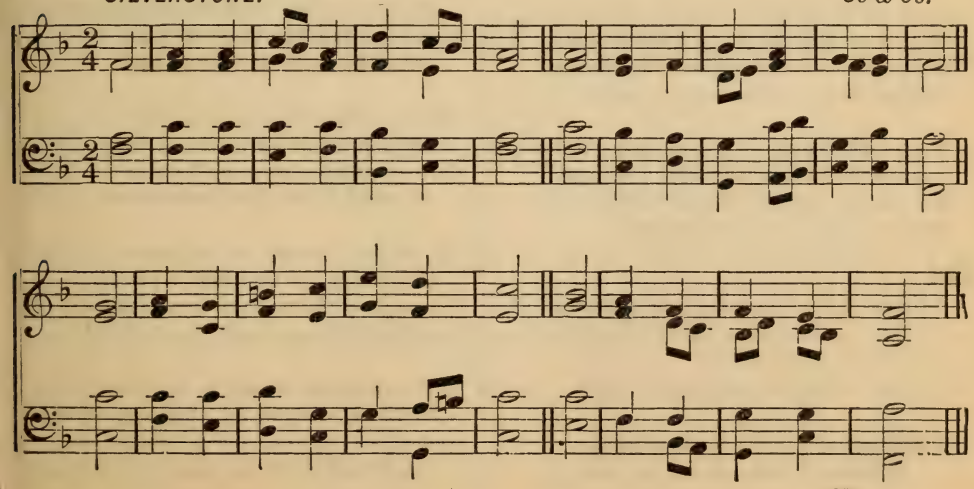
3 Just as I am, though tossed about
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
Fightings and fears within, without,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

4 Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind,
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need, in thee to find,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

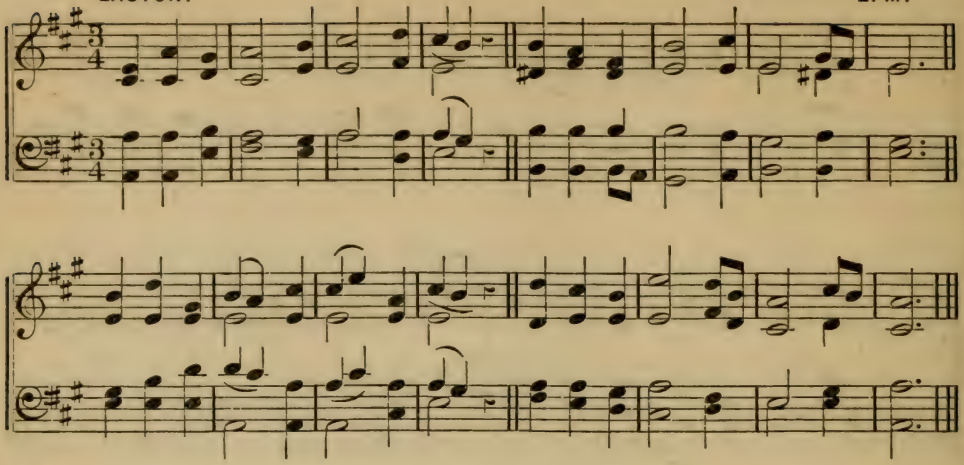
5 Just as I am, thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;
Because thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

6 Just as I am, thy love unknown
Hath broken every barrier down;
Now, to be thine, yea, thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

SILVERSTONE. 8s & 6s.



EASTON. L. M.



193

1 Lord! take my heart, and let it be
For ever closed to all but thee;
Seal thou my breast, and let me wear
That pledge of love for ever there.

2 How blest are they who still abide
Close sheltered in thy bleeding side,
Who thence their life and strength derive,
And by thee move and in thee live!

3 What are our works but sin and death
Till thou thy quickening Spirit breathe?
Thou giv'st the power thy grace to move;
Oh, wondrous grace! oh, boundless love!

4 How can it be, thou heavenly King!
That thou shouldst us to glory bring?
Make slaves the partners of thy throne,
Decked with a never-fading crown?

5 Hence our hearts melt; our eyes o'erflow;
Our words are lost; nor will we know,
Nor will we think of aught beside—
My Lord, my Love, is crucified!

194

1 I love, I love thee, Lord most high!
Because thou first has lovèd me;
I seek no other liberty
But that of being bound to thee.

2 May memory no thought suggest,
But shall to thy pure glory tend,
My understanding find no rest
Except in thee, its only end.

3 All mine is thine; say but the word,
Whate'er thou willest shall be done;
I know thy love, all-gracious Lord!
I know it seeks my good alone.

4 Apart from thee all things are naught;
Then grant, O my supremest Bliss,
Grant me to love thee as I ought;
Thou givest all in giving this.

195

1 Jesus! thy boundless love to me
No thought can reach, no tongue declare;
Unite my thankful heart to thee,
And reign without a rival there.

2 Thy love, how cheering is its ray!
All pain before its presence flies;
Care, anguish, sorrow, melt away
Where'er its healing beams arise.

3 Oh, let thy love my soul inflame,
And to thy service sweetly bind;
Transfuse it through my inmost frame,
And mould me wholly to thy mind.

4 Thy love, in sufferings, be my peace:
Thy love, in weakness, make me strong;
And when the storms of life shall cease,
Thy love shall be in heaven my song.

196

1 Oh, that my load of sin were gone!
Oh, that I could at last submit
At Jesus' feet to lay it down—
To lay my soul at Jesus' feet!

2 Rest for my soul I long to find;
Saviour of all! if mine thou art,
Give me thy meek and lowly mind,
And stamp thine image on my heart.

3 Break off the yoke of inbred sin,
And fully set my spirit free:
I cannot rest till pure within,
Till I am wholly lost in thee.

4 Fain would I learn of thee, my God!
Thy light and easy burden prove,
The cross, all stained with hallowed blood,
The labor of thy dying love.

5 I would, but thou must give the power,
My heart from every sin release;
Bring near, bring near, the joyful hour,
And fill me with thy perfect peace.

6 Come, Lord! the drooping sinner cheer,
Nor let thy chariot wheels delay;
Appear, in my poor heart appear!
My God, my Saviour! come away!

197

1 There is none other name than thine,
Jehovah Jesus! name divine,
On which to rest for sins forgiven,
For peace with God, for hope of heaven.

2 There is none other name than thine,
When cares and fears and griefs are mine,
That with a gracious power can heal
Each care and fear and grief I feel.

3 There is none other name than thine,
When called my spirit to resign,
To bear me through that latest strife,
And e'en in death to be my life.

4 Name above every name! thy praise
Shall fill the remnant of my days;
Jehovah Jesus! name divine,
Rock of salvation, thou art mine.

198

1 Deep are the wounds which sin hath made;
Where shall the sinner find a cure?
In vain, alas! is nature's aid;
The work exceeds all nature's power.

2 Sin, like a raging fever, reigns
With fatal strength in every part;
The dire contagion fills the veins,
And spreads its poison to the heart.

3 And can no sovereign balm be found?
And is no kind physician nigh
To ease the pain and heal the wound,
Ere life and hope for ever fly?

4 There is a great Physician near;
Look up, O fainting soul! and live;
See, in his heavenly smiles appear
Such ease as nature cannot give.

5 See, in the Saviour's dying blood
Life, health and bliss abundant flow;
'Tis only this dear sacred flood
Can ease thy pain and heal thy woe.

199

1 Behold the sin-atoning Lamb
With wonder, gratitude and love;
To take away our guilt and shame,
See him descending from above!

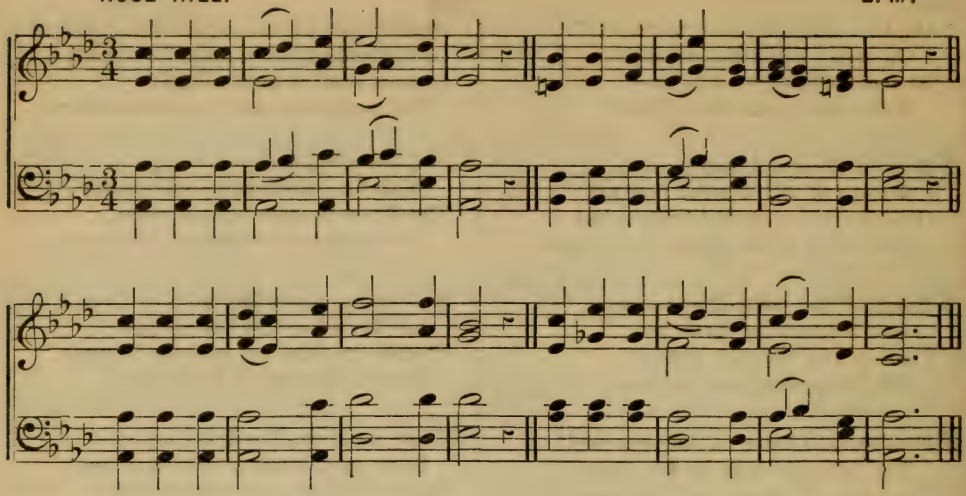
2 Our sins and griefs on him were laid;
He meekly bore the mighty load;
Our ransom-price he fully paid,
In groans and tears, in sweat and blood.

3 To save a guilty world he dies;
Sinners, behold the bleeding Lamb!
To him lift up your longing eyes,
And hope for mercy in his name.

4 Pardon and peace through him abound;
He can the richest blessings give;
Salvation in his name is found;
He bids the dying sinner live.

5 Jesus, my Lord, I look to thee;
Where else can helpless sinners go?
Thy boundless love shall set me free
From all my wretchedness and woe.

ROSE HILL. L. M.



200

1 Jesus! engrave it on my heart
That thou the one thing needful art;
I could from all things parted be,
But never, never, Lord, from thee.

2 Needful is thy most precious blood
To reconcile my soul to God,
Needful is thy indulgent care,
Needful thy all-prevailing prayer.

3 Needful thy presence, dearest Lord,
True peace and comfort to afford,
Needful thy promise, to impart
Fresh life and vigor to my heart.

4 Needful art thou, my Guide, my Stay,
Through all life's dark and weary way;
Nor less in death thou 'lt needful be
To bring my spirit home to thee.

5 Then needful still, my God, my King,
Thy name eternally I 'll sing!
Glory and praise be ever his—
The one thing needful Jesus is!

201

1 Jesus, the spring of joys divine
Whence all our hopes and comforts flow—
Jesus, no other name but thine
Can save us from eternal woe.

2 In vain would boasting reason find
The way to happiness and God;
Her weak directions leave the mind
Bewildered in a dubious road.

3 No other name will heaven approve;
Thou art the true, the living way,
Ordained by everlasting love,
To the bright realms of endless day.

4 Safe lead us through this world of night,
And bring us to the blissful plains,
The regions of unclouded light,
Where perfect joy for ever reigns.

202

1 Complete in thee! no work of mine
May take, dear Lord, the place of thine;
Thy blood has pardon bought for me,
And I am now complete in thee.

2 Complete in thee! no more shall sin
Thy grace has conquered reign within;
Thy voice will bid the tempter flee,
And I shall stand complete in thee.

3 Complete in thee! each want supplied,
And no good thing to me denied;
Since thou my portion, Lord, wilt be,
I ask no more, complete in thee.

4 Dear Saviour! when, before thy bar,
All tribes and tongues assembled are,
Among thy chosen may I be
At thy right hand, complete in thee.

203

1 Jesus demands this heart of mine—
Demands my wish, my joy, my care;
But, ah! how dead to things divine,
How cold, my best affections are!

2 'Tis sin, alas! with dreadful power,
Divides my Saviour from my sight;
Oh, for one happy, shining hour
Of sacred freedom, sweet delight!

3 Oh, let thy love shine forth and raise
My captive powers from sin and death,
And fill my heart and life with praise,
And tune my last expiring breath.

204

1 Oh, that I could for ever dwell,
With Mary, at the Saviour's feet,
And view the form I love so well,
And all his tender words repeat.

2 The world shut out from all my soul,
And heaven brought in with all its bliss;
Oh, is there aught, from pole to pole,
One moment, to compare with this?

3 This is the hidden life I prize—
A life of penitential love;
When most my follies I despise,
And raise my highest thoughts above;

4 When all I am I clearly see,
And freely own, with deepest shame;
When the Redeemer's love to me
Kindles within a deathless flame.

5 Thus would I live till nature fail,
And all my former sins forsake;
Then rise to God, within the veil,
And of eternal joys partake.

205

1 Thou only Sovereign of my heart,
My Refuge, my almighty Friend,
How can my soul from thee depart,
On whom alone my hopes depend?

2 Whither, ah! whither, shall I go,
A wretched wand'rer from my Lord?
Can this dark world of sin and woe
One glimpse of happiness afford?

3 Thy name my inmost powers adore,
Thou art my life, my joy, my care;
Depart from thee! 'tis death, 'tis more—
'Tis endless ruin, deep despair!

4 Low at thy feet my soul would lie,
Here safety dwells and peace divine;
Still let me live beneath thine eye,
For life, eternal life, is thine.

206

1 Ah, wretched, vile, ungrateful heart,
That can from Jesus thus depart,
Thus, fond of trifles, vainly rove,
Forgetful of a Saviour's love!

2 In vain I charge my thoughts to stay,
And chide each vanity away;
There's naught beneath a power divine
That can this roving heart confine.

3 Jesus! to thee I would return,
At thy dear feet, repentant, mourn;
There let me view thy pardoning love,
And never from thy sight remove.

4 Oh, let thy love, with sweet control,
Bind all the passions of my soul;
Bid every vanity depart,
And dwell for ever in my heart.

207

1 Not yet, ye people of his grace,
Ye see your Saviour face to face;
Not yet rejoicing eyes ye bring
Unto the glory of your King.

2 Ye follow in his steps below,
Along his thorny way ye go,
Ye stand his bitter cross beside,
Ye cling to him, the Crucified.

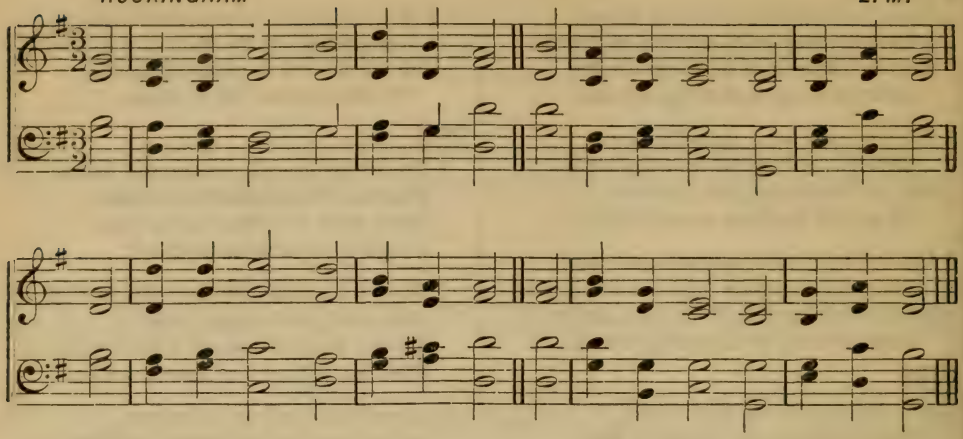
3 Upon his grace ye banquet here;
Ye know him true, ye feel him near;
The balm of his dear blood ye bless;
Ye wear his robe of righteousness.

4 But greater shall the wonder grow,
But mightier shall the joy o'erflow;
Upon your Lord ye yet shall gaze
And look your love and sweet amaze.

5 Oh, make me meet for joy like this!
Oh, grant me grace to bear the bliss!
To set my heart on thee below,
Nor other lord or love to know.

6 Then shall I set mine eyes on thee
The King in all his beauty see;
And gazing on for evermore,
Glow with the beauty I adore.

ROCKINGHAM L. M.



208

1 Now I resolve with all my heart,
With all my powers, to serve the Lord,
Nor from his precepts e'er depart
Whose service is a rich reward.

2 Oh, be this service all my joy!
Around let my example shine,
Till others love the blest employ,
And join in labors so divine.

3 Be this the purpose of my soul,
My solemn, my determined, choice,
To yield to his supreme control,
And in his kind commands rejoice.

4 Oh, may I never faint nor tire,
Nor wandering leave his sacred ways;
Great God! accept my soul's desire,
And give me strength to live thy praise.

209

1 My gracious Lord! I own thy right
To every service I can pay;
And call it my supreme delight
To hear thy dictates and obey.

2 What is my being but for thee,
Its sure support, its noblest end,
Thine ever-smiling face to see,
And serve the cause of such a Friend?

3 I would not breathe for worldly joy,
Or to increase my worldly good;
Nor future days or powers employ
To spread a sounding name abroad.

4 'Tis to my Saviour I would live,
To him who for my ransom died;
Nor could untainted Eden give
Such bliss as blossoms at his side.

5 His work my hoary age shall bless
When youthful vigor is no more,
And my last hour of life confess
His dying love, his saving power.

210

1 Oh, happy day that fixed my choice
On thee, my Saviour and my God!
Well may this glowing heart rejoice,
And tell its raptures all abroad.

2 Oh, happy bond that seals my vows
To him who merits all my love!
Let cheerful anthems fill his house
While to that sacred shrine I move.

3 'Tis done—the great transaction's done;
I am my Lord's and he is mine;
He drew me, and I followed on,
Rejoiced to own the call divine.

4 Now rest, my long-divided heart!
Fixed on this blissful centre, rest;
Here have I found a nobler part,
Here heavenly pleasures fill my breast.

5 High heaven, that hears the solemn vow,
That vow renewed shall daily hear;
Till in life's latest hour I bow,
And bless in death a bond so dear.

211

1 Lord! I am thine, entirely thine,
Purchased and saved by blood divine;
With full consent thine I would be,
And own thy sovereign right in me.

2 Grant one poor sinner more a place
Among the children of thy grace—
A wretched sinner, lost to God,
But ransomed by Immanuel's blood.

3 Thee my new Master now I call,
And consecrate to thee my all;
Thine would I live, thine would I die,
Be thine through all eternity.

212

1 Forth in thy name, O Lord! I go,
My daily labor to pursue,
Thee, only thee, resolved to know,
In all I think or speak or do.

2 Give me to bear thine easy yoke,
And every moment watch and pray,
And still to things eternal look,
And hasten to thy glorious day.

3 Fain would I still for thee employ
Whate'er thy bounteous grace hath given,
And run my course with even joy,
And closely walk with thee to heaven.

213

1 And dost thou say, "Ask what thou wilt"?
Lord! I would seize the golden hour;
I pray to be released from guilt,
And freed from sin and Satan's power.

2 More of thy presence, Lord! impart;
More of thine image let me bear;
Erect thy throne within my heart,
And reign without a rival there.

3 Give me to real my pardon sealed,
And from thy joy to draw my strength,
To have thy boundless love revealed
In all its height and breadth and length.

4 Grant these requests; I ask no more,
But to thy care the rest resign;
Sick or in health or rich or poor,
All shall be well if thou art mine.

214

1 Let me but hear my Saviour say,
"Strength shall be equal to thy day;"
Then I rejoice in deep distress,
Leaning on all-sufficient grace.

2 I glory in infirmity,
That Christ's own power may rest on me
When I am weak, then am I strong:
Grace is my shield, and Christ my song.

3 I can do all things, or can bear
All sufferings, if my Lord be there;
Sweet pleasures mingle with the pains
While his kind hand my soul sustains.

215

1 So let our lips and lives express
The holy gospel we profess;
So let our works and virtues shine
To prove the doctrine all divine.

2 Thus shall we best proclaim abroad
The honors of our Saviour God,
When his salvation reigns within,
And grace subdues the power of sin.

3 Religion bears our spirits up,
While we expect that blessed hope
The bright appearance of the Lord,
And faith stands leaning on his word.

216

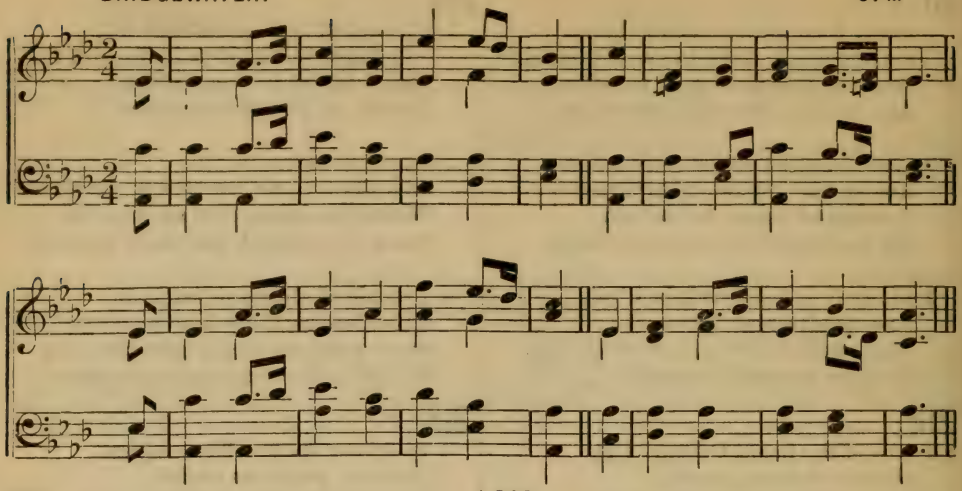
1 My dear Redeemer and my Lord!
I read my duty in thy word:
But in thy life the law appears
Drawn out in living characters.

2 Such was thy truth, and such thy zeal,
Such def'rence to thy Father's will,
Such love, and meekness so divine,
I would transcribe and make them mine

3 Cold mountains and the midnight air
Witnessed the fervor of thy prayer;
The desert thy temptations knew,
Thy conflict and thy vict'ry too.

4 Be thou my pattern; make me bear
More of thy gracious image here;
Then God the Judge shall own my name
Among the foll'wers of the Lamb.

BRIDGEWATER. C. M



217

1 In evil long I took delight,
Unawed by shame or fear,
Till a new object struck my sight
And stopped my wild career.

2 I saw One hanging on a tree
In agonies and blood,
Who fixed his languid eyes on me
As near his cross I stood.

3 Sure never till my latest breath
Can I forget that look:
It seemed to charge me with his death,
Though not a word he spoke.

4 My conscience felt and owned the guilt,
And plunged me in despair;
I saw my sins his blood had spilt,
And helped to nail him there.

5 Alas! I knew not what I did!
But now my tears are vain:
Where shall my trembling soul be hid?
For I the Lord have slain!

6 A second look he gave, which said,
"I freely all forgive;
This blood is for thy ransom paid;
I die that thou mayst live."

7 Thus, while his death my sin displays
In all its blackest hue,
Such is the mystery of grace,
It seals my pardon too.

218

1 Oh, may my heart, by grace renewed,
Be my Redeemer's throne;
And be my stubborn will subdued,
His government to own.

2 Let deep repentance, faith and love
Be joined with godly fear,
And all my conversation prove
My heart to be sincere.

3 Preserve me from the snares of sin
Through my remaining days,
And in me let each virtue shine
To my Redeemer's praise.

4 Let lively hope my soul inspire;
Let warm affections rise;
And may I wait with strong desire
To mount above the skies!

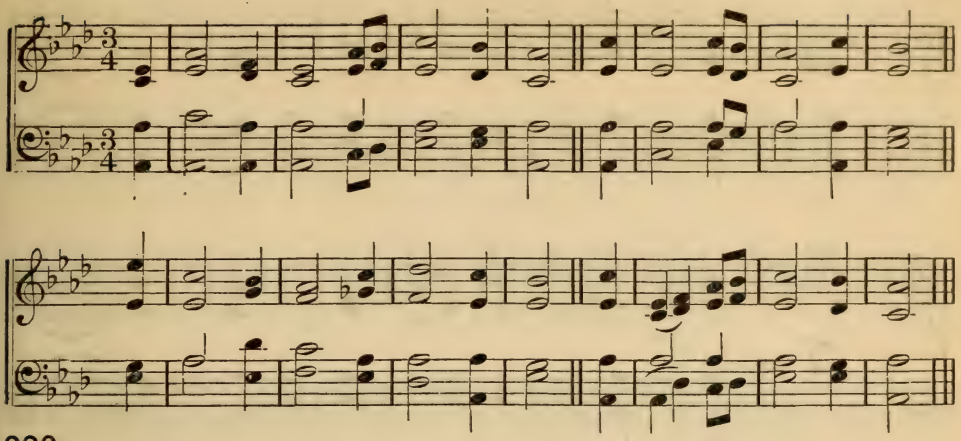
219

1 Dear Saviour! when my thoughts recall
The wonders of thy grace,
Low at thy feet ashamed I fall,
And hide this wretched face.

2 Shall love like thine be thus repaid?
Ah, vile, ungrateful heart!
By earth's low cares so oft betrayed
From Jesus to depart.

3 Oh, while I breathe to thee, my Lord,
The penitential sigh,
Confirm the kind, forgiving word,
With pity in thine eye!

AVON. C. M.



220

1 Prostrate, dear Jesus, at thy feet
A guilty rebel lies,
And upward to thy mercy-seat
Presumes to lift his eyes.

2 If tears of sorrow would suffice
To pay the debt I owe,
Tears should from both my weeping eyes
In ceaseless torrents flow.

3 But no such sacrifice I plead
To expiate my guilt;
No tears but those which thou hast shed,
No blood but thou hast spilt.

4 Think of thy sorrows, dearest Lord!
And all my sins forgive;
Justice will well approve the word
That bids the sinner live.

221

1 When, wounded sore, the stricken soul
Lies bleeding and unbound,
One only hand, a pierced hand,
Can heal the sinner's wound.

2 When sorrow swells the laden breast
And tears of anguish flow,
One only heart, a broken heart,
Can feel the sinner's woe.

3 When penitence has wept in vain
Over some foul, dark spot,
One only stream, a stream of blood,
Can wash away the blot.

4 'T is Jesus' blood that washes white,
His hand that brings relief:
His heart that's touched with all our joys,
And feeleth for our grief.

5 Lift up thy bleeding hand, O Lord!
Unseal that cleansing tide;
We have no shelter from our sin
But in thy wounded side.

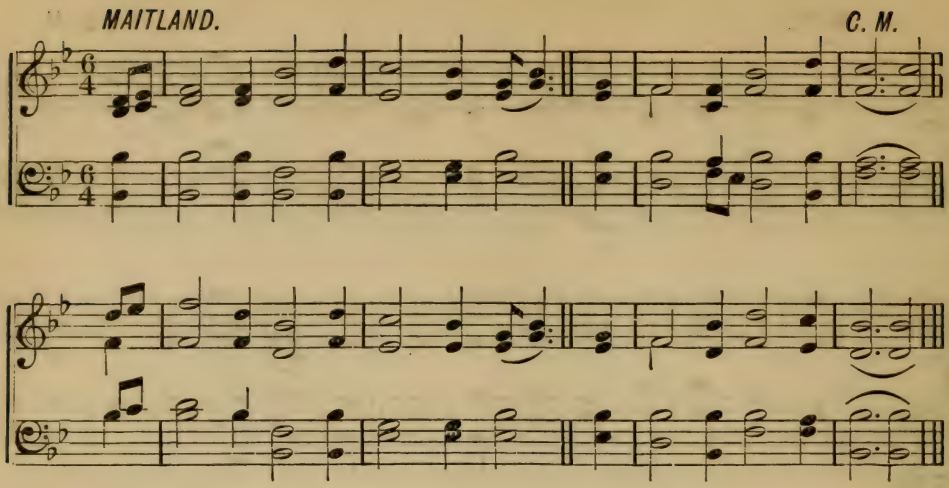
222

1 Oh, for that tenderness of heart
That bows before the Lord,
That owns how just and good thou art,
And trembles at thy word.

2 Oh, for those humble, contrite tears
Which from repentance flow,
That sense of guilt which, trembling, fears
The long-suspended blow.

3 Saviour! to me in pity give,
For sin, the deep distress,
The pledge thou wilt at last receive,
And bid me die in peace.

4 Oh, fill my soul with faith and love,
And strength to do thy will;
Raise my desires and hopes above,
Thyself to me reveal.



223

1 Must Jesus bear the cross alone,
And all the world go free?
No; there's a cross for every one,
And there's a cross for me.

2 The consecrated cross I'll bear
Till death shall set me free,
And then go home my crown to wear,
For there's a crown for me.

3 Upon the crystal pavement, down
At Jesus' piercèd feet,
Joyful, I'll cast my golden crown,
And his dear name repeat.

4 And palms shall wave and harps shall ring
Beneath heaven's arches high;
The Lord that lives, the ransomed sing,
That lives no more to die.

5 Oh, precious cross! oh, glorious crown!
Oh, resurrection day!
Ye angels, from the stars come down,
And bear my soul away.

224

1 Ye men and angels! witness now,
Before the Lord we speak;
To him we make our solemn vow,
A vow we dare not break—

2 That long as life itself shall last
Ourselves to Christ we yield;
Nor from his cause will we depart,
Nor ever quit the field.

3 We trust not in our native strength,
But on his grace rely;
May he, with our returning wants,
A needful aid supply.

4 Oh, guide our doubtful feet aright,
And keep us in thy ways;
And while we turn our vows to prayers,
Turn thou our prayers to praise.

225

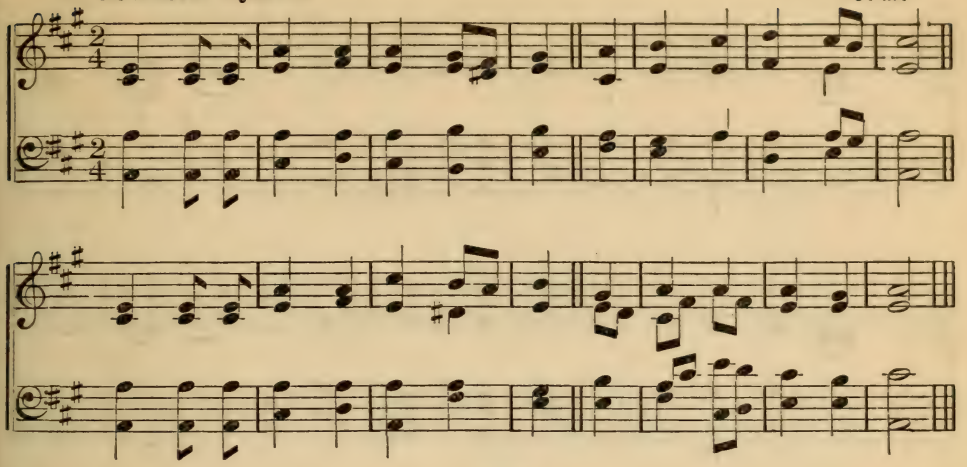
1 I'm not ashamed to own my Lord,
Or to defend his cause,
Maintain the honor of his word,
The glory of his cross.

2 Jesus, my God! I know his name,
His name is all my trust;
Nor will he put my soul to shame,
Nor let my hope be lost.

3 Firm as his throne his promise stands,
And he can well secure
What I've committed to his hands
Till the decisive hour.

4 Then will he own my worthless name
Before his Father's face,
And in the new Jerusalem
Appoint my soul a place.

BOWDOIN SQUARE. C. M.



226

1 Lord! as to thy dear cross we flee
And plead to be forgiven,
So let thy life our pattern be,
And form our souls for heaven.

2 Help us, through good report and ill,
Our daily cross to bear!
Like thee, to do our Father's will,
Our brethren's griefs to share.

3 Let grace our selfishness expel,
Our earthliness refine,
And kindness in our bosoms dwell
As free and true as thine.

4 If joy shall at thy bidding fly,
And grief's dark day come on,
We, in our turn, would meekly cry,
"Father! thy will be done!"

227

1 And must I part with all I have,
My dearest Lord, for thee?
It is but right, since thou hast done
Much more than this for me.

2 Ten thousand worlds, ten thousand lives,
How worthless they appear,
Compared with thee, supremely good,
Divinely bright and fair!

3 Saviour of souls, while I from thee
A single smile obtain,
Though destitute of all things else,
I'll glory in my gain.

228

1 O Fount of good, to own thy love
Our thankful hearts incline:
What can we render, Lord, to thee,
When all the worlds are thine?

2 But thou hast needy brethren here,
Partakers of thy grace,
Whose names thou wilt thyself confess
Before the Father's face.

3 In each sad accent of distress
Thy pleading voice is heard;
In them thou mayst be clothed and fed,
And visited and cheered.

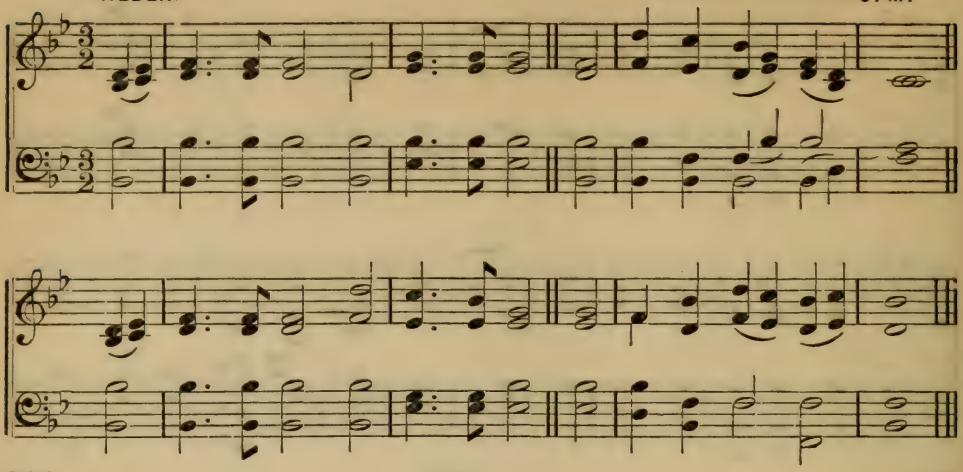
4 Help us then, Lord, thy yoke to wear,
To joy to do thy will;
Each other's burdens gladly bear,
And love's sweet law fulfill.

5 Thy face with reverence and with love
We in thy poor would see,
And while we minister to them
Would do it as to thee.

6 Do thou, O Lord, our alms accept,
And with thy blessing speed;
Bless us in giving; greatly bless
Our gifts to them that need.

7 To Father, Son and Holy Ghost,
The God whom we adore,
Be glory, as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore.

HEBER. C. M.



229

1 How sweet the name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear!
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds
And drives away his fear.

2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary, rest.

3 Jesus! my Shepherd, Husband, Friend,
My Prophet, Priest and King!
My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End!
Accept the praise I bring.

4 Weak is the effort of my heart,
And cold my warmest thought;
But when I see thee as thou art,
I'll praise thee as I ought.

5 Till then I would thy love proclaim
With every fleeting breath;
And may the music of thy name
Refresh my soul in death.

230

1 Jesus, my Saviour! bind me fast
In cords of heavenly love;
Then sweetly draw me to thy breast,
Nor let me thence remove.

2 Draw me from all created good,
From self, the world and sin,
To the dear fountain of thy blood,
And make me pure within.

3 Oh, lead me to thy mercy-seat,
Attract me nearer still:
Draw me, like Mary, to thy feet,
To sit and learn thy will.

4 Oh, draw me by thy providence,
Thy Spirit and thy word,
From all the things of time and sense,
To thee, my gracious Lord.

231

1 Jesus! these eyes have never seen
That radiant form of thine;
The veil of sense hangs dark between
Thy blessed face and mine.

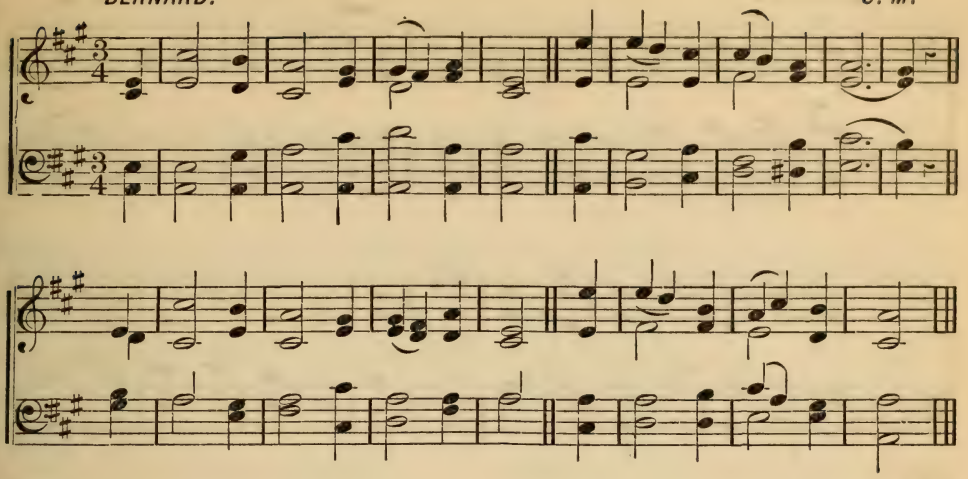
2 I see thee not, I hear thee not,
Yet art thou oft with me,
And earth hath ne'er so dear a spot
As where I meet with thee.

3 Like some bright dream that comes unsought
When slumbers o'er me roll,
Thine image ever fills my thought,
And charms my ravished soul.

4 Yet though I have not seen, and still
Must rest in faith alone,
I love thee, dearest Lord! and will,
Unseen, but not unknown.

5 When death these mortal eyes shall seal,
And still this throbbing heart,
The rending veil shall thee reveal
All glorious as thou art.

BERNARD. C. M.



232

1 Jesus! the very thought of thee
With sweetness fills my breast;
But sweeter far thy face to see,
And in thy presence rest.

2 Nor voice can sing, nor heart can frame,
Nor can the memory find,
A sweeter sound than thy blest name,
O Saviour of mankind!

3 O Hope of every contrite heart,
O Joy of all the meek!
To those who fall how kind thou art,
How good to those who seek!

4 But what to those that find? Ah! this
Nor tongue nor pen can show;
The love of Jesus—what it is
None but his loved ones know.

233

1 The Saviour! oh what endless charms
Dwell in the blissful sound!
Its influence every fear disarms,
And spreads sweet comfort round.

Th' almighty Former of the skies
Stooped to our vile abode,
While angels viewed with wond'ring eyes,
And hailed th' incarnate God.

3 Oh, the rich depth of love divine!
Of bliss a boundless store!
Dear Saviour! let me call thee mine,
I cannot wish for more.

4 On thee alone my hope relies,
Beneath thy cross I fall;
My Lord, my Life, my Sacrifice,
My Saviour and my All.

234

1 Dearest of all the names above,
My Jesus and my God!
Who can resist thy heavenly love,
Or trifle with thy blood?

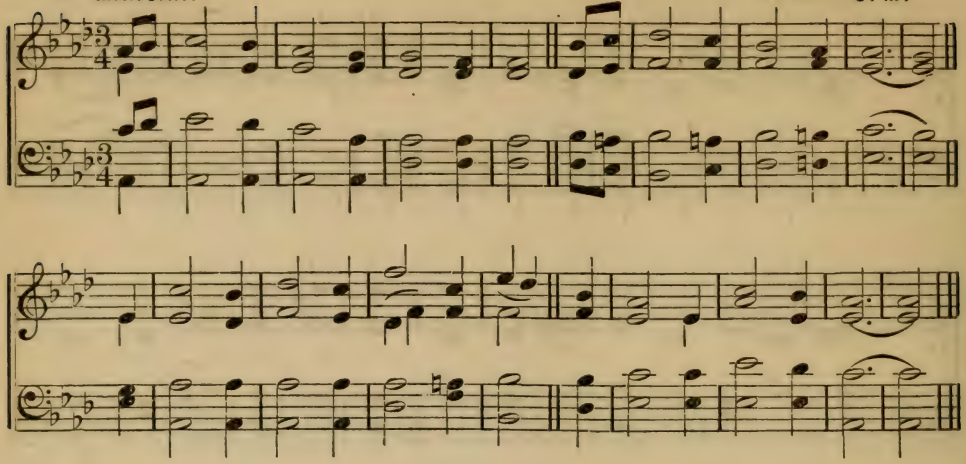
2 'Tis by the merits of thy death
The Father smiles again;
'Tis by thine interceding breath
The Spirit dwells with men.

3 Till God in human flesh I see
My thoughts no comfort find;
The holy, just and sacred Three
Are terrors to my mind.

4 But if Immanuel's face appear,
My hope, my joy, begins;
His name forbids my slavish fear,
His grace removes my sins.

5 While Jews on their own law rely,
And Greeks of wisdom boast,
I love th' incarnate mystery,
And there I fix my trust.

MANOAH. C. M.



235

1 Lord! it belongs not to my care
Whether I die or live;
To love and serve thee is my share,
And this thy grace must give.

2 If life be long, I will be glad
That I may long obey;
If short, yet why should I be sad
To soar to endless day?

3 Christ leads me through no darker rooms
Than he went through before;
He that into God's kingdom comes
Must enter by this door.

4 Come, Lord, when grace hath made me meet
Thy blessed face to see;
For if thy work on earth be sweet,
What will thy glory be?

236

1 O thou from whom all goodness flows,
I lift my heart to thee;
In all my sorrows, conflicts, woes,
Good Lord, remember me.

2 If on my aching, burdened heart
My sins lie heavily,
Thy pardon grant, thy peace impart:
In love remember me.

3 If trials sore obstruct my way,
And ills I cannot flee,
Then let my strength be as my day;
Good Lord, remember me.

4 If worn with pain, disease and grief
This feeble frame should be,
Grant patience, rest and kind relief:
Good Lord, remember me.

5 And oh, when in the hour of death
I bow to thy decree,
Jesus! receive my parting breath:
Good Lord, remember me.

237

1 If Christ is mine, then all is mine,
And more than angels know:
Both present things and things to come,
And grace and glory too.

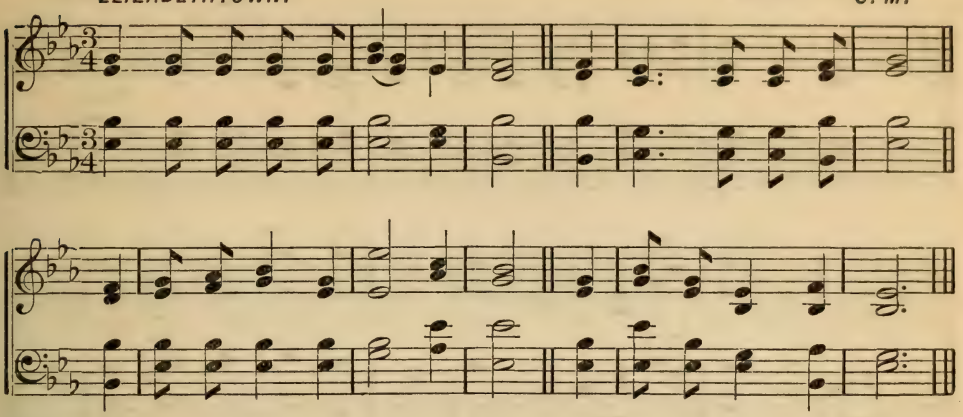
2 If he is mine, I need not fear
The rage of earth and hell;
He will support my feeble frame,
And all their power repel.

3 If he is mine, let friends forsake,
And earthly comforts flee;
He, the Dispenser of all good,
Is more than these to me.

4 If he is mine, I'll fearless pass
Through death's tremendous vale;
He'll be my comfort and my stay
When heart and flesh shall fail.

5 Let Jesus tell me he is mine;
I nothing want beside:
My soul shall at the Fountain live
When all the streams are dried.

ELIZABETHTOWN. C. M.



238

1 Sweet was the time when first I felt
The Saviour's pard'ning blood
Applied to cleanse my soul from guilt,
And bring me home to God.

2 Soon as the morn the light revealed
His praises tuned my tongue;
And when the evening shades prevailed,
His love was all my song.

3 In prayer my soul drew near the Lord
And saw his glory shine;
And when I read his holy word,
I called each promise mine.

4 But now, when evening shade prevails,
My soul in darkness mourns:
And when the morn the light reveals,
No light to me returns.

5 Rise, Lord! and help me to prevail;
Oh, make my soul thy care;
I know thy mercy cannot fail—
Let me that mercy share.

239

1 Thou art the Way—to thee alone
From sin and death we flee;
And he who would the Father seek
Must seek him, Lord! by thee.

2 Thou art the Truth—thy word alone
True wisdom can impart;
Thou only canst instruct the mind
And purify the heart.

3 Thou art the Life—the rending tomb
Proclaims thy conquering arm;
And those who put their trust in thee
Nor death nor hell shall harm.

4 Thou art the Way, the Truth, the Life;
Grant us that Way to know,
That Truth to keep, that Life to win,
Whose joys eternal flow.

240

1 All ye who seek for sure relief
In trouble and distress,
Whatever sorrows vex the mind,
Or guilt the soul oppress,

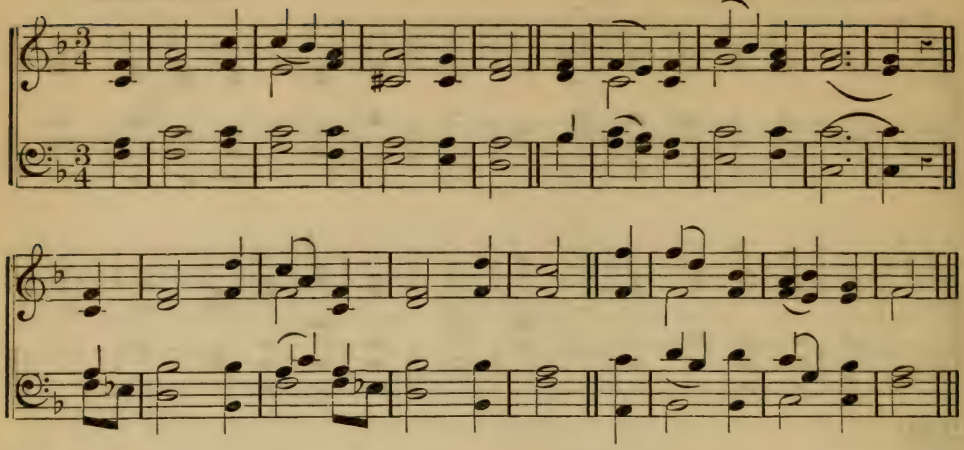
2 Jesus, who gave himself for you
Upon the cross to die,
Opens to you his sacred heart:
Oh, to that heart draw nigh.

3 Ye hear how kindly he invites;
Ye hear his words so blest:
"All ye that labor, come to me,
And I will give you rest."

4 O Jesus! joy of saints on high,
Thou hope of sinners here,
Attracted by those loving words,
To thee I lift my prayer.

5 Wash thou my wounds in that dear blood
Which forth from thee doth flow;
New grace, new hope, inspire; a new
And better heart bestow.

SALZBURGH. C. M.



241

1 My God! the spring of all my joys
The life of my delights,
The glory of my brightest days,
And comfort of my nights.

2 In darkest shades, if he appear,
My dawning is begun;
He is my soul's bright morning star,
And he my rising sun.

3 The opening heavens around me shine
With beams of sacred bliss,
While Jesus shows his heart is mine,
And whispers I am his.

4 My soul would leave this heavy clay
At that transporting word;
Run up with joy the shining way
To embrace my dearest Lord.

5 Fearless of hell and ghastly death,
I'd break through every foe;
The wings of love and arms of faith
Should bear me conqueror through.

242

1 Thou lovely Source of true delight
Whom I unseen adore!
Unveil thy beauties to my sight,
That I may love thee more.

2 Thy glory o'er creation shines,
But in thy sacred word
I read, in fairer, brighter lines,
My bleeding, dying Lord.

3 'Tis here, whene'er my comforts droop,
And sin and sorrow rise,
Thy love, with cheerful beams of hope,
My fainting heart supplies.

4 But ah, too soon the pleasing scene
Is clouded o'er with pain;
My gloomy fears rise dark between,
And I again complain.

5 Jesus, my Lord, my life, my light!
Oh, come with blissful ray;
Break radiant through the shades of night
And chase my fears away.

243

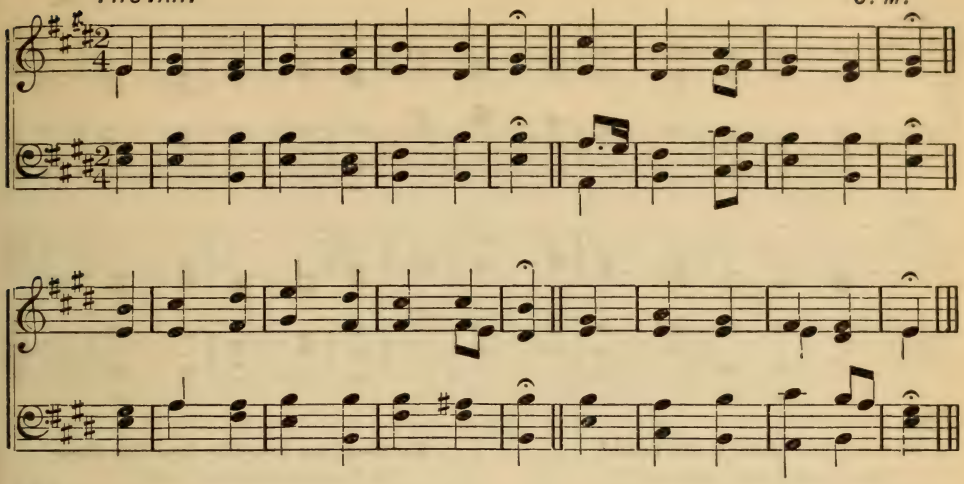
1 O Lord! I would delight in thee,
And on thy care depend;
To thee in every trouble flee,
My best, my only Friend!

2 When all created streams are dried,
Thy fullness is the same;
May I with this be satisfied,
And glory in thy name.

3 No good in creatures can be found
But may be found in thee;
I must have all things, and abound,
While God is God to me.

4 O Lord! I cast my care on thee;
I triumph and adore,
Henceforth my great concern shall be
To love and praise thee more.

PHUVAH. C. M.



244

1 My God! I love thee, not because
I hope for heaven thereby;
Nor yet because, if I love not,
I must for ever die.

2 Thou, O my Jesus! thou didst me
Upon the cross embrace;
For me didst bear the nails and spear,
And manifold disgrace.

3 And griefs and torments numberless,
And sweat of agony,
Yea, death itself; and all for me,
Who was thine enemy.

4 Then why, O blessed Jesus Christ!
Should I not love thee well?
Not for the sake of winning heaven,
Nor of escaping hell;

5 Not with the hope of gaining aught;
Not seeking a reward;
But as thyself hast lovèd me,
O ever-loving Lord!

6 So would I love thee, dearest Lord!
And in thy praise will sing;
Solely because thou art my God,
And my eternal King.

245

1 Lord Jesus! are we one with thee?
Oh height, oh depth, of love!
With thee we died upon the tree,
In thee we live above.

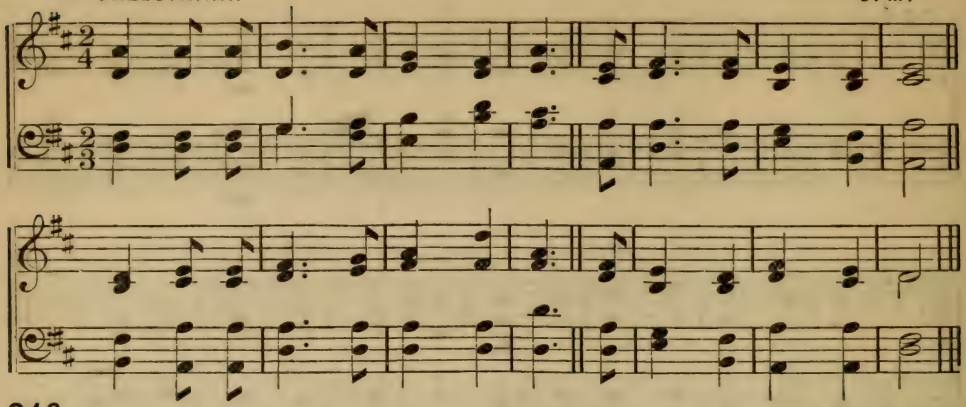
2 Such was thy grace that for our sake
Thou didst from heaven come down,
Thou didst of flesh and blood partake,
In all our sorrows one.

3 Our sins, our guilt, in love divine,
Confessed and borne by thee,
The gall, the curse, the wrath, were thine
To set thy members free.

4 Ascended now in glory bright,
Still one with us thou art;
Nor life, nor death, nor depth, nor height,
Thy saints and thee can part.

5 Soon, soon shall come that glorious day
When, seated on thy throne,
Thou shalt to wondering worlds display
That thou with us art one.

PALESTRINA. C. M.



246

1 Do not I love thee, O my Lord?
Behold my heart, and see;
And turn each worthless idol out
That dares to rival thee.

2 Do not I love thee from my soul?
Then let me nothing love;
Dead be my heart to every joy
Which thou dost not approve.

3 Is not thy name melodious still
To mine attentive ear?
Doth not each pulse with pleasure bound
My Saviour's voice to hear?

4 Hast thou a lamb in all thy flock
I would disdain to feed?
Hast thou a foe before whose face
I fear thy cause to plead?

5 Would not my heart pour forth its blood
In honor of thy name,
And challenge the cold hand of death
To damp the immortal flame?

6 Thou know'st I love thee, dearest Lord!
But oh, I long to soar
Far from the sphere of mortal joys,
And learn to love thee more.

247

1 Let worldly minds the world pursue—
It has no charms for me;
Once I admired its trifles too,
But grace hath set me free.

2 Its joys can now no longer please,
Nor e'en content afford;
Far from my heart be joys like these,
For I have seen the Lord.

3 As by the light of opening day
The stars are all concealed,
So earthly pleasures fade away
When Jesus is revealed.

4 Creatures no more divide my choice—
I bid them all depart;
His name, his love, his gracious voice,
Have fixed my roving heart.

5 And may I hope that thou wilt own
A worthless worm like me?
Dear Lord! I would be thine alone,
And wholly live to thee.

248

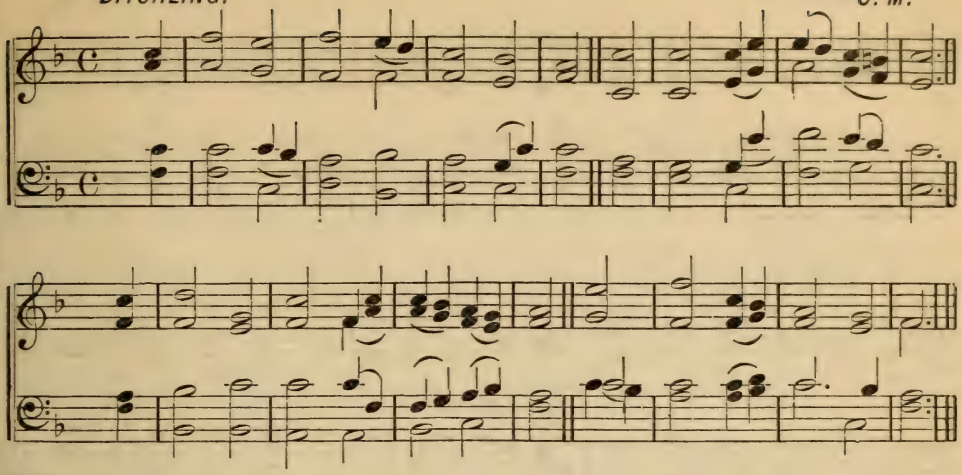
1 Compared with Christ, in all beside
No comeliness I see;
The one thing needful, dearest Lord!
Is to be one with thee.

2 The sense of thy expiring love
Into my soul convey;
Thyself bestow; for thee alone,
My All-in-all, I pray.

3 Less than thyself will not suffice
My comfort to restore;
More than thyself I cannot crave,
And thou canst give no more.

4 Whate'er consists not with thy love,
Oh, teach me to resign;
I'm rich to all th' intents of bliss
If thou, O God, art mine.

DITCHLING. C. M.



249

1 Jesus, I love thy charming name,
'Tis music to mine ear;
Fain would I sound it out so loud
That earth and heaven should hear.

2 Yes, thou art precious to my soul,
My transport and my trust;
Jewels to thee are gaudy toys,
And gold is sordid dust.

3 All my capacious powers can wish
In thee doth richly meet;
Nor to mine eyes is light so dear,
Nor friendship half so sweet.

4 Thy grace still dwells upon my heart,
And sheds its fragrance there,
The noblest balm of all its wounds,
The cordial of its care.

5 I'll speak the honors of thy name
With my last lab'ring breath;
Then speechless clasp thee in mine arms,
The antidote of death.

250

1 O Jesus! thou the beauty art
Of angel worlds above;
Thy name is music to the heart,
Enchanting it with love.

2 O Jesus, Saviour! hear the sighs
Which unto thee I send;
To thee mine inmost spirit cries,
My being's hope and end.

3 Stay with us, Lord! and with thy light
Illume the soul's abyss;
Scatter the darkness of our night,
And fill the world with bliss.

4 O Jesus, King of earth and heaven!
Our life and joy! to thee
Be honor, thanks and blessings given
Through all eternity!

251

1 O Jesus! King most wonderful,
Thou Conqueror renowned,
Thou sweetness most ineffable,
In whom all joys are found!

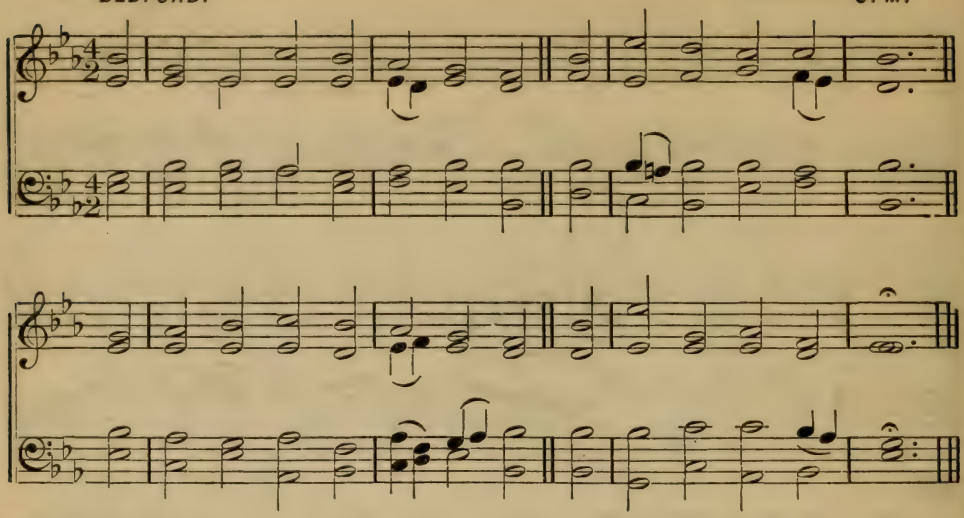
2 When once thou visitest the heart,
Then truth begins to shine;
Then earthly vanities depart;
Then kindles love divine.

3 O Jesus, Light of all below!
Thou Fount of life and fire!
Surpassing all the joys we know,
All that we can desire,

4 May every heart confess thy name,
And ever thee adore;
And seeking thee, itself inflame
To seek thee more and more.

5 Thee may our tongues for ever bless;
Thee may we love alone;
And ever in our lives express
The image of thine own.

BEDFORD. C. M.



252

1 Jesus, thou art my righteousness,
For all my sins were thine;
Thy death hath bought of God my peace,
Thy life hath made him mine.

2 Spotless and just in thee I am;
I feel my sins forgiven;
I taste salvation in thy name,
And antedate my heaven.

3 For ever here my rest shall be,
Close to thy bleeding side;
This all my hope and all my plea,
For me the Saviour died!

4 My dying Saviour and my God,
Fountain for guilt and sin,
Sprinkle me ever with thy blood,
And cleanse and keep me clean!

5 Wash me, and make me thus thine own;
Wash me, and mine thou art;
Wash me, but not my feet alone—
My hands, my head, my heart!

6 The atonement of thy blood apply,
Till faith to sight improve,
Till hope in full fruition die,
And all my soul be love.

253

1 O thou whose sacred feet have trod
The thorny path of woe!
Forbid that I should slight the rod
Or faint beneath the blow.

2 My spirit to its chastening stroke
I meekly would resign,
Nor murmur at the heaviest yoke
That tells me I am thine.

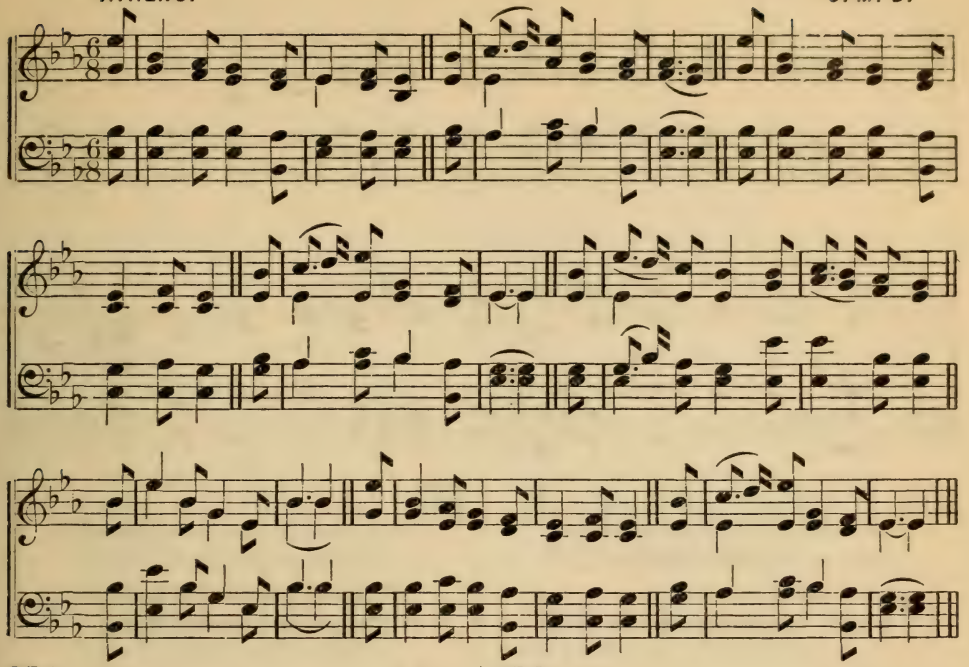
3 Give me the spirit of thy trust
To suffer as a son,
To say, though lying in the dust,
My father's will be done.

4 I know that trial works for ends
Too high for sense to trace,
That oft in dark attire he sends
Some embassy of grace.

5 May none depart till I have gained
The blessing which it bears,
And learn, though late, I entertained
An angel unawares.

6 So shall I bless the hour that sent
The mercy of the rod,
And build an altar by the tent
Where I have met with God.

ATHENS. C. M. D.



254

1 When languor and disease invade
This trembling house of clay,
'Tis sweet to look beyond the flesh,
And long to fly away—
Sweet to look inward, and attend
The whispers of his love;
Sweet to look upward to the place
Where Jesus pleads above;

2 Sweet to reflect how grace divine
My sins on Jesus laid;
Sweet to remember that his blood
My debt of sufferings paid;
Sweet on his righteousness to stand,
Which saves from second death;
Sweet to experience, day by day,
His Spirit's quickening breath;

3 Sweet, in the confidence of faith,
To trust his firm decrees;
Sweet to lie passive in his hands,
And know no will but his.
If such the sweetness of the stream,
What must the fountain be
Where saints and angels draw their bliss
Immediately from thee?

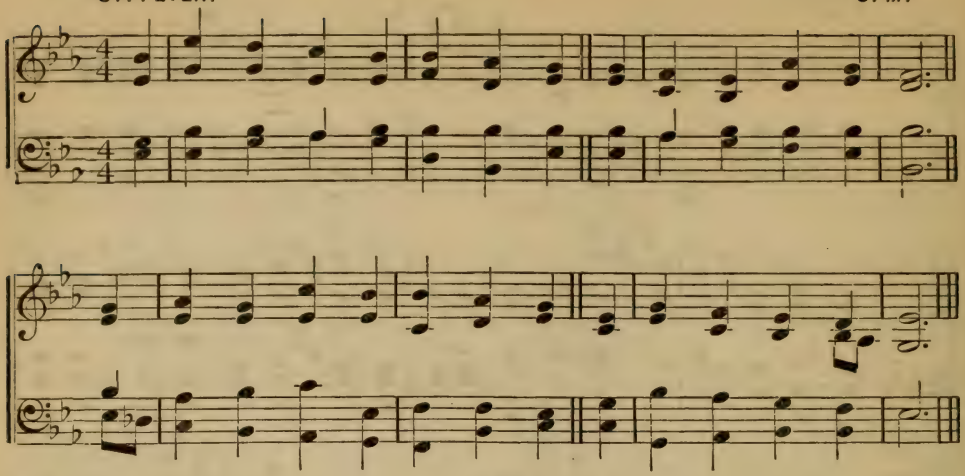
255

1 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
"Come unto me and rest!
Lay down, thou weary one, lay down
Thy head upon my breast."
I came to Jesus as I was,
Weary, and worn, and sad;
I found in him a resting-place,
And he has made me glad.

2 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
"Behold, I freely give
The living water: thirsty one,
Stoop down and drink, and live."
I came to Jesus, and I drank
Of that life-giving stream;
My thirst was quenched, my soul revived,
And now I live in him.

3 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
"I am this dark world's light;
Look unto me: thy morn shall rise
And all thy days be bright."
I looked to Jesus, and I found
In him my Star, my Sun;
And in that light of life I'll walk,
Till traveling days are done.

ST. PETER. C. M.



256

1 O Jesus Christ! if aught there be
That, more than all beside,
In ever painful memory
Must in my heart abide,

2 It is that deep ingratitude
Which I to thee have shown,
Who didst for me in tears and blood
Upon the cross atone.

3 Alas! how with my actions all
Has this defect entwined!
How has it poisoned with its gall
My spirit, heart and mind!

4 Alas! through this, how many a gem
I've rudely cast away
That might have formed my diadem
In everlasting day!

5 Yet though the time be past and gone,
Though little more remains,
Though naught is all that can be done
E'en with my utmost pains,

6 Still will I strive, O Saviour mine!
To do what in me lies;
For never did thy glance divine
A contrite heart despise.

257

1 Shepherd divine, our wants relieve
In this our evil day;
To all thy tempted followers give
The power to trust and pray.

2 Long as our fiery trials last,
Long as the cross we bear,
Oh, let our souls on thee be cast
In never-ceasing prayer.

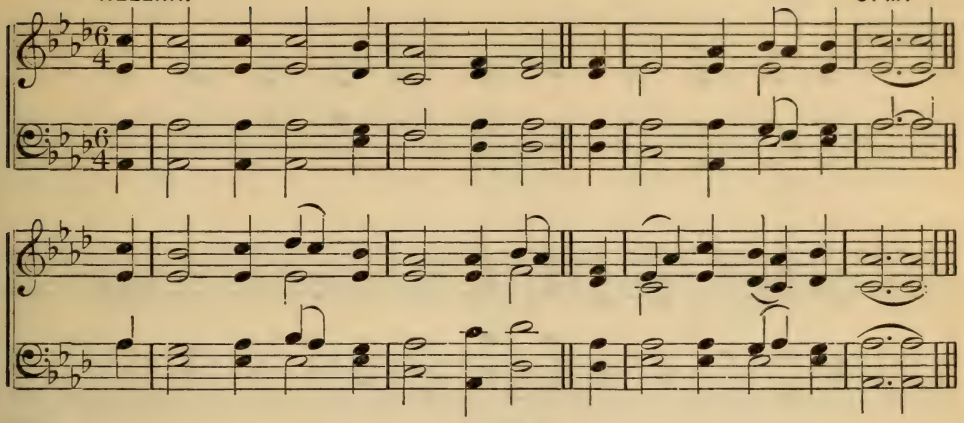
3 Thy holy Spirit's praying grace
Give us in faith to claim;
To wrestle till we see thy face,
And know thy hidden name.

4 Till thou the Father's love impart,
Till thou thyself bestow,
Be this the cry of every heart,
I will not let thee go—

5 I will not let thee go unless
Thou tell thy name to me;
With all thy great salvation bless,
And say, "I died for thee."

6 Then let me on the mountain-top
Behold thine open face,
Till faith in sight is swallowed up,
And prayer in endless praise.

HELENA. C. M.



258

1 O Jesus, Jesus, dearest Lord!
Forgive me if I say,
For very love, thy sacred name
A thousand times a day.

2 I love thee so I know not how
My transports to control;
Thy love is like a burning fire
Within my very soul.

3 Oh, wonderful, that thou shouldst let
So vile a heart as mine
Love thee with such a love as this,
And make so free with thine!

4 O Light in darkness! Joy in grief!
O heaven begun on earth!
Jesus, my Love, my Treasure! who
Can tell what thou art worth?

259

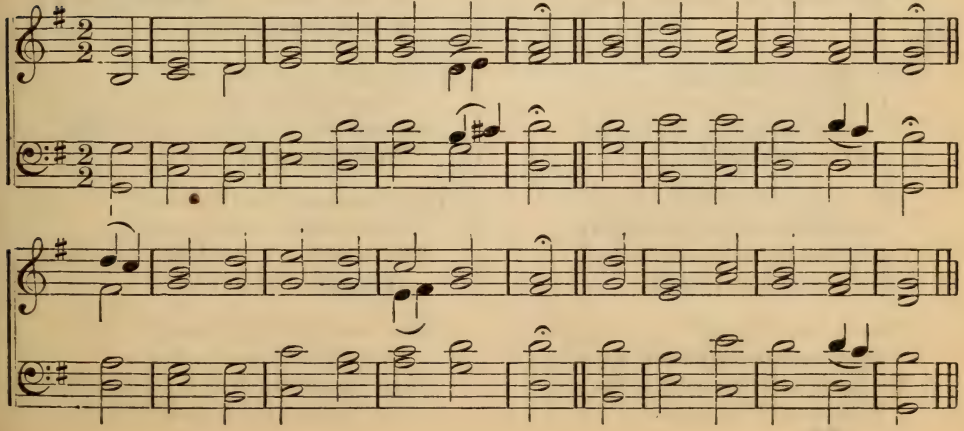
1 O thou who driest the mourner's tear!
How dark this world would be
If, when deceived and wounded here,
We could not fly to thee!

2 The friends who in our sunshine live
When winter comes are flown;
And he who has but tears to give
Must weep those tears alone.

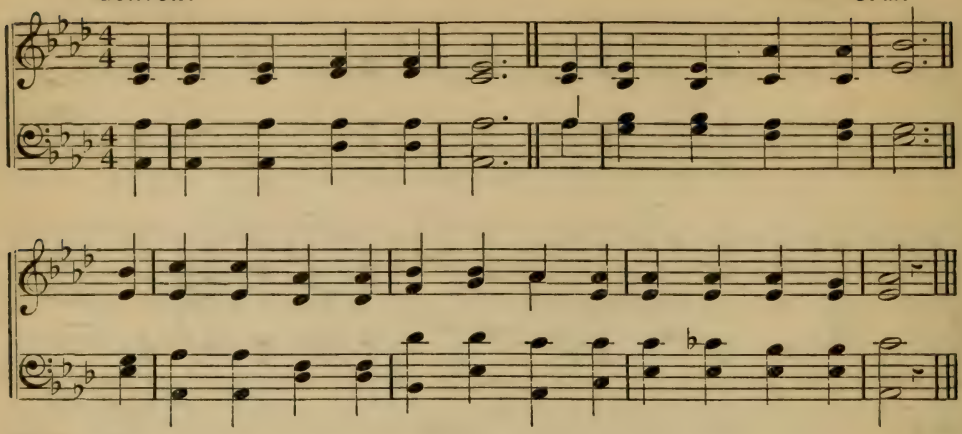
3 Oh, who would bear life's stormy doom
Did not thy wing of love
Come, brightly wafting through the gloom
Our peace-branch from above?

4 Then sorrow, touched by thee, grows bright
With more than rapture's ray,
As darkness shows us worlds of light
We never saw by day.

WALDRON. C. M.



GURTON. S. M.



260

1 Oh that I could repent,
With all my idols part,
And to thy gracious eye present
A humble, contrite heart!

2 A heart with grief oppressed
For having grieved my God;
A troubled heart that cannot rest
Till sprinkled with Christ's blood.

3 Jesus! on me bestow
The penitent desire;
With true sincerity of woe
My aching breast inspire.

4 With softening pity look
And melt my hardness down;
Strike with thy love's resistless stroke,
And break this heart of stone.

261

1 How heavy is the night
That hangs upon our eyes,
Till Christ, with his reviving light,
Over our souls arise!

2 Our guilty spirits dread
To meet the wrath of heaven;
But in his righteousness arrayed,
We see our sins forgiven.

3 Unholy and impure
Are all our thoughts and ways;
His hands infected nature cure
With sanctifying grace.

4 The powers of hell agree
To hold our souls in vain;
He sets the sons of bondage free,
And breaks the cursèd chain.

5 Lord! we adore thy ways
To bring us near to God,
Thy sovereign power, thy healing grace
And thine atoning blood.

262

1 Ah! how shall fallen man
Be just before his God?
If he contend in righteousness,
We fall beneath his rod.

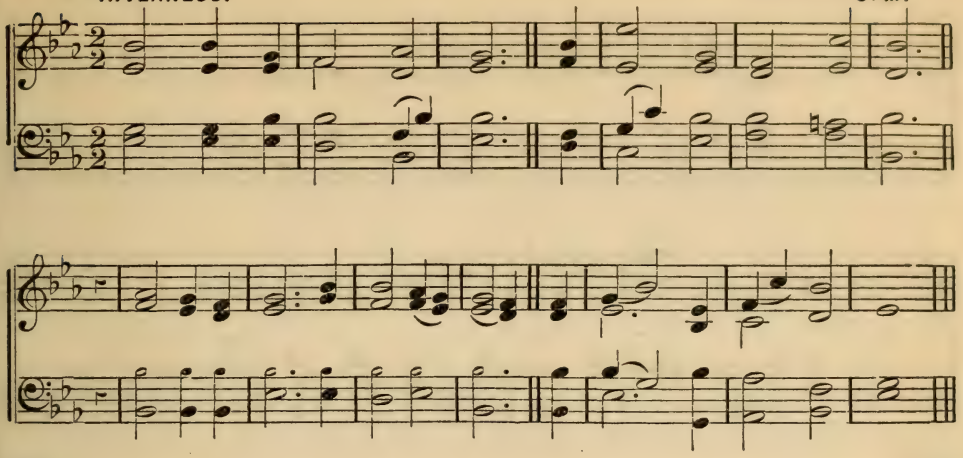
2 If he our ways should mark
With strict inquiring eyes,
Could we, for one of thousand faults,
A just excuse devise?

3 All-seeing, powerful God!
Who can with thee contend?
Or who that tries the unequal strife
Shall prosper in the end?

4 The mountains in thy wrath,
Their ancient seats forsake;
The trembling earth deserts her place,
Her rooted pillars shake.

5 Ah! how shall guilty man
Contend with such a God?
None—none can meet him and escape,
But through the Saviour's blood.

INVERNESS. S. M.



263

1 Dear Saviour! we are thine
By everlasting bands!
Our names, our hearts, we would resign,
Our souls, into thy hands.

2 To thee we still would cleave
With ever-growing zeal;
If millions tempt us Christ to leave,
Oh, let them ne'er prevail.

3 Thy Spirit shall unite
Our souls to thee, our head,
Shall form in us thine image bright,
That we thy paths may tread.

4 Death may our souls divide
From these abodes of clay,
But love shall keep us near thy side
Through all the gloomy way.

5 Since Christ and we are one,
Why should we doubt and fear?
If he in heaven hath fixed his throne,
He'll fix his members there

264

1 My spirit on thy care,
Blest Saviour, I recline;
Thou wilt not leave me to despair,
For thou art love divine.

2 In thee I place my trust,
On thee I calmly rest;
I know thee good, I know thee just,
And count thy choice the best.

3 Whate'er events betide,
Thy will they all perform;
Safe in thy breast my head I hide,
Nor fear the coming storm.

4 Let good or ill befall,
It must be good for me;
Secure of having thee in all,
Of having all in thee.

265

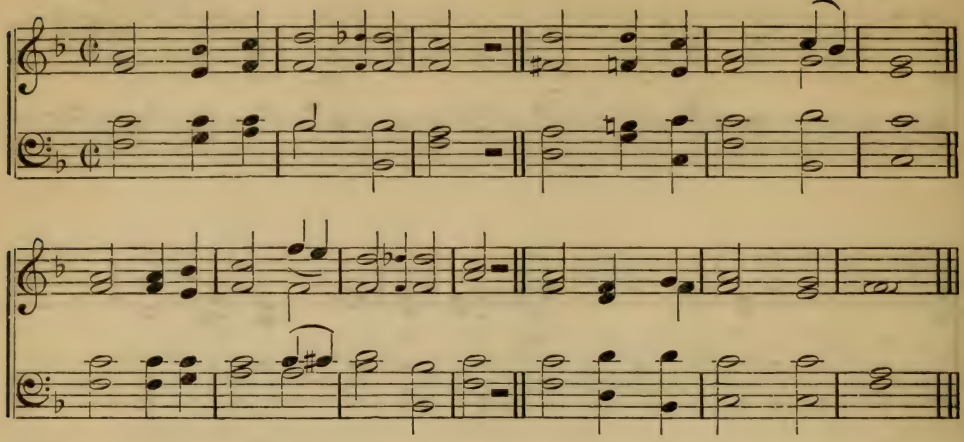
1 Jesus! I live to thee,
The loveliest and best;
My life in thee, thy life in me,
In thy blest love I rest.

2 Jesus! I die to thee
Whenever death shall come;
To die in thee is life to me
In my eternal home.

3 Whether to live or die,
I know not which is best;
To live in thee is bliss to me,
To die is endless rest.

4 Living or dying, Lord!
I ask but to be thine;
My life in thee, thy life in me,
Makes heaven for ever mine.

BRIGHAM. S. M.



266

1 THE Lord my Shepherd is,
I shall be well supplied;
Since he is mine and I am his,
What can I want beside?

2 He leads me to the place
Where heavenly pasture grows,
Where living waters gently pass,
And full salvation flows.

3 If e'er I go astray,
He doth my soul reclaim,
And guides me in his own right way,
For his most holy name.

4 While he affords his aid
I cannot yield to fear;
Though I should walk through death's dark [shade,
My Shepherd's with me there.

5 Amid surrounding foes
Thou dost my table spread;
My cup with blessings overflows,
And joy exalts my head.

6 The bounties of thy love
Shall crown my foll'wing days;
Nor from thy house will I remove,
Nor cease to speak thy praise.

267

1 DID Christ o'er sinners weep?
And shall our cheeks be dry?
Let floods of penitential grief
Burst forth from every eye.

2 The Son of God in tears
The wondering angels see;
Be thou astonished, O my soul!
He shed those tears for thee.

3 He wept that we might weep;
Each sin demands a tear;
In heaven alone no sin is found;
There is no weeping there.

268

1 I HEAR the words of love,
I gaze upon the blood,
I see the mighty sacrifice,
And I have peace with God.

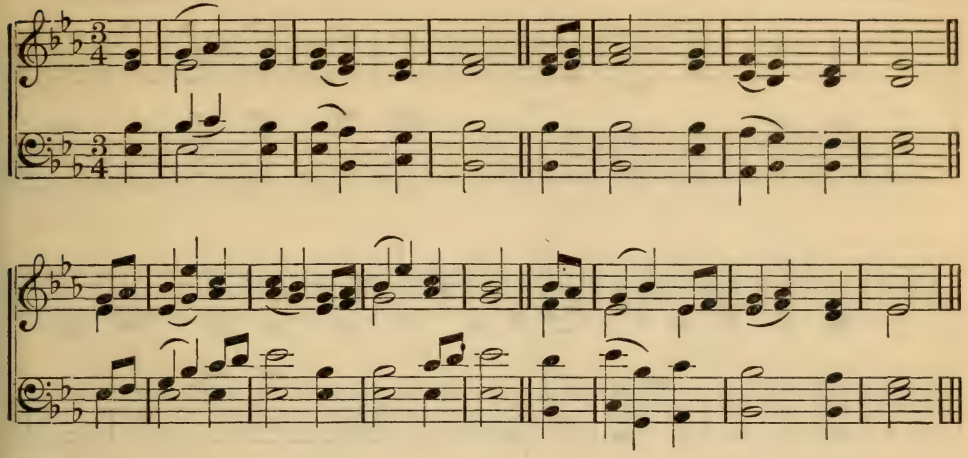
2 'Tis everlasting peace,
Sure as Jehovah's name;
'Tis stable as his steadfast throne,
For evermore the same.

3 The clouds may go and come,
And storms may sweep my sky;
This blood-sealed friendship changes not,
The cross is ever nigh.

4 I change—he changes not;
The Christ can never die;
His love, not mine, the resting-place,
His truth not mine, the tie.

5 I know he liveth now
At God's right hand above;
I know the throne on which he sits;
I know his truth and love.

TUCKER. S. M.



269

1 Thou very-present Aid
In suffering and distress!
The soul which still on thee is stayed
Is kept in perfect peace.

2 The soul, by faith reclined
On the Redeemer's breast,
Mid raging storms, exults to find
An everlasting rest.

3 Sorrow and fear are gone
Whene'er thy face appears;
It stills the sighing orphan's moan,
And dries the widow's tears.

4 It hallows every cross;
It sweetly comforts me;
It makes me now forget my loss,
And lose myself in thee.

5 Jesus, to whom I fly,
Doth all my wishes fill;
What though created streams are dry?
I have the fountain still.

270

1 To praise our Shepherd's care,
His wisdom, love and might,
Your loudest, loftiest songs prepare,
And bid the world unite.

2 Supremely good and great,
He tends his blood-bought fold;
He stoops, though throned in highest state,
The feeblest to uphold.

3 He hears their softest plaint;
He sees them when they roam;
And if his meanest lamb should faint,
His bosom bears it home.

4 Kind Shepherd of the sheep,
A weakly flock are we,
And snares and foes are nigh; but keep
The lambs who look to thee.

271

1 I bless the Christ of God;
I rest on love divine;
And with unfaltering lip and heart
I call this Saviour mine.

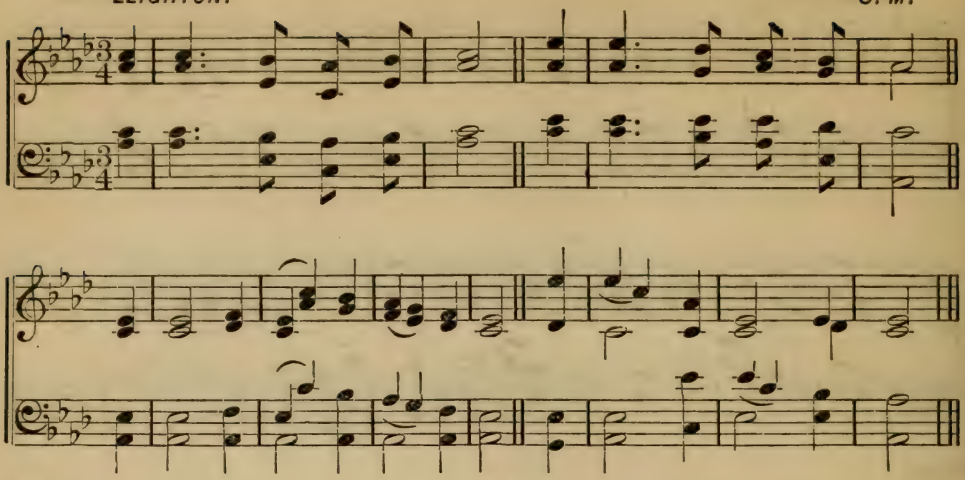
2 His cross dispels each doubt;
I bury in his tomb
Each thought of unbelief and fear,
Each lingering shade of gloom.

3 I praise the God of grace;
I trust his truth and might;
He calls me his, I call him mine,
My God, my joy, my light.

4 'Tis he who saveth me,
And freely pardon gives!
I love because he loveth me,
I live because he lives.

5 My life with him is hid,
My death has passed away,
My clouds have melted into light,
My midnight into day.

LEIGHTON. S. M.



272

1 Dear Lord and Master mine!
Thy happy servant see:
My Conqueror! with what joy divine
Thy captive clings to thee!

2 I love thy yoke to wear,
To feel thy gracious bands,
Sweetly restrained by thy care
And happy in thy hands.

3 No bar would I remove;
No bond would I unbind;
Within the limits of thy love
Full liberty I find.

4 I would not walk alone,
But still with thee, my God,
At every step my blindness own,
And ask of thee the road.

5 The weakness I enjoy
That casts me on thy breast:
The conflicts that thy strength employ
Make me divinely blest.

6 Dear Lord and Master mine!
Still keep thy servant true;
My Guardian and my Guide divine!
Bring, bring thy pilgrim through.

7 My Conqueror and my King!
Still keep me in thy train:
And with thee thy glad captive bring
When thou return'st to reign.

273

1 Blessed be thy love, dear Lord!
That taught us this sweet way,
Only to love thee for thyself,
And for that love obey.

2 O thou our souls' chief Hope!
We to thy mercy fly;
Where'er we are thou canst protect,
Whate'er we need, supply.

3 Whether we sleep or wake,
To thee we both resign;
By night we see, as well as day,
If thy light on us shine.

4 Whether we live or die,
Both we submit to thee;
In death we live, as well as life,
If thine in death we be.

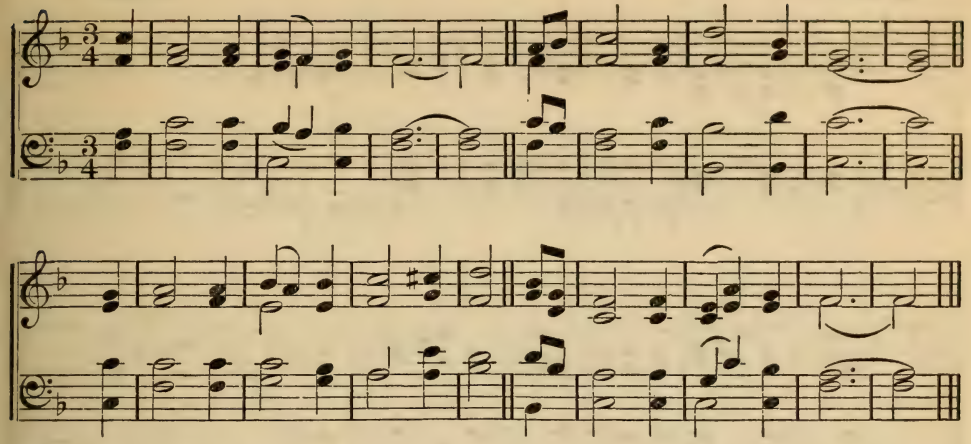
274

1 In every trying hour
My soul to Jesus flies:
I trust in his almighty power
When swelling billows rise.

2 His comforts bear me up;
I trust a faithful God;
The sure foundation of my hope
Is in my Saviour's blood.

3 Loud hallelujahs sing
To our Redeemer's name;
In joy or sorrow, life or death,
His love is still the same.

VIGIL. S. M.



275

1 Ye servants of the Lord,
Each in his office wait,
Observant of his heavenly word,
And watchful at his gate.

2 Let all your lamps be bright,
And trim the golden flame;
Gird up your loins as in his sight,
For awful is his name.

3 Watch! 'tis your Lord's command;
And while we speak he's near:
Mark the first signal of his hand,
And ready all appear.

4 Oh, happy servant he
In such a posture found!
He shall his Lord with rapture see,
And be with honor crowned.

276

1 We give thee but thine own,
Whate'er the gift may be;
All that we have is thine alone,
A trust, O Lord! from thee.

2 Oh, hearts are bruised and dead,
And homes are bare and cold,
And lambs for whom the Saviour bled
Are straying from the fold.

3 To comfort and to bless,
To find a balm for woe,
To tend the lone and fatherless,
Is angels' work below.

4 The captive to release,
To God the lost to bring,
To teach the way of life and peace,
It is a Christ-like thing.

5 And we believe thy word,
Though dim our faith may be;
Whate'er for thine we do, O Lord!
We do it unto thee.

277

1 Oh, what, if we are Christ's,
Is earthly shame or loss?
Bright shall the crown of glory be
When we have borne the cross.

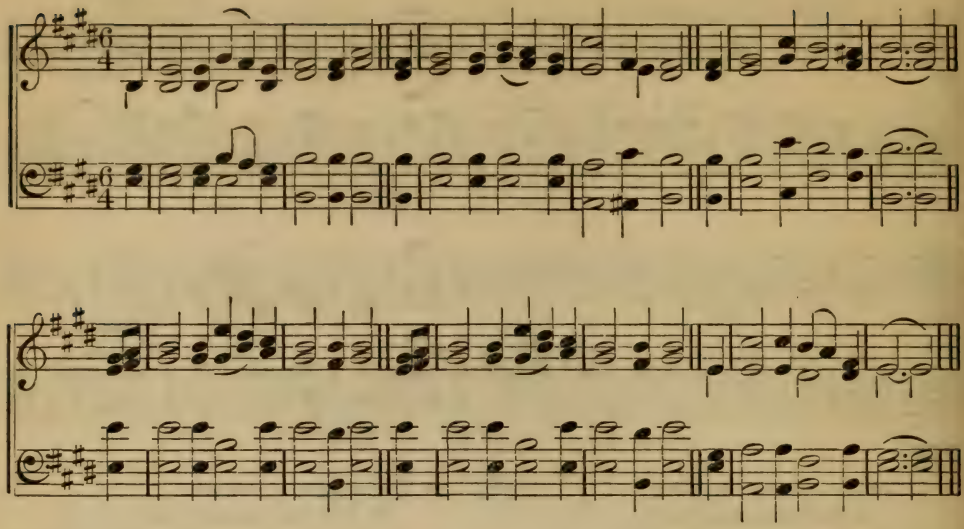
2 Keen was the trial once,
Bitter the cup of woe,
When martyred saints, baptized in blood.
Christ's sufferings shared below.

3 Bright is their glory now,
Boundless their joy above,
Where, on the bosom of their God,
They rest in perfect love.

4 Lord! may that grace be ours,
Like them, in faith, to bear
All that of sorrow, grief or pain
May be our portion here.

5 Enough if thou at last
The word of blessing give,
And let us rest beneath thy feet,
Where saints and angels live.

BREMEN. C. P. M.



278

1 O, love divine! how sweet thou art!
When shall I find my willing heart
All taken up by thee?
I thirst and faint and die to prove
The greatness of redeeming love—
The love of Christ to me.

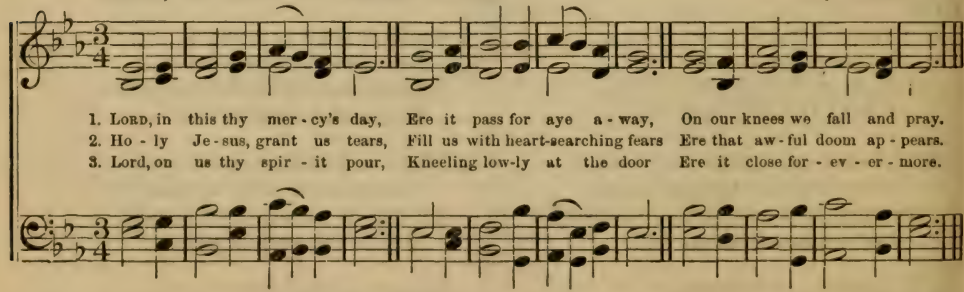
2 Stronger his love than death or hell,
Its riches are unsearchable;
The first-born sons of light
Desire in vain its depths to see;
They cannot reach the mystery,
The length and breadth and height.

3 God only knows the love of God;
Oh, that it now were shed abroad
In this poor stony heart!
For love I sigh; for love I pine;
This only portion, Lord! be mine—
Be mine this better part.

4 Oh, that I could for ever sit
With Mary at the Master's feet!
Be this my happy choice;
My only care, delight and bliss,
My joy, my heaven on earth be this,
To hear the Bridegroom's voice!

279

LORD, IN THIS THY MERCY'S DAY. 7s. 3 lines.

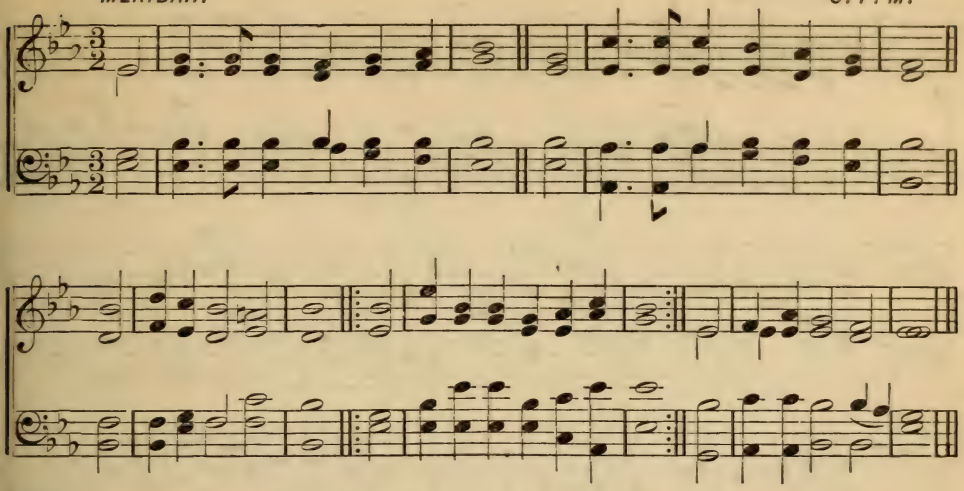


4 By thy night of agony,
By thy supplicating cry,
By thy willingness to die,

5 By thy tears of bitter woe
For Jerusalem below,
Let us not thy love forego.

6 Grant us 'neath thy wings a place,
Lest we lose this day of grace
Ere we shall behold thy face.

MERIBAH. C. P. M.



280

1 Awaked by Sinai's awful sound,
My soul in bonds of guilt I found,
And knew not where to go;
Eternal truth did loud proclaim,
"The sinner must be born again,"
Or sink to endless woe.

2 When to the law I trembling fled,
It poured its curses on my head,
I no relief could find;
This fearful truth increased my pain,
"The sinner must be born again,"
And whelmed my tortured mind.

3 Again did Sinai's thunders roll,
And guilt lay heavy on my soul,
A vast oppressive load;
Alas! I read and saw it plain,
"The sinner must be born again,"
Or drink the wrath of God.

4 The saints I heard with rapture tell
How Jesus conquered death and hell,
And broke the fowler's snare;
Yet when I found this truth remain,
"The sinner must be born again,"
I sunk in deep despair.

5 But while I thus in anguish lay
The gracious Saviour passed this way,
And felt his pity move;
The sinner by his justice slain
Now by his grace is born again,
And sings redeeming love.

281

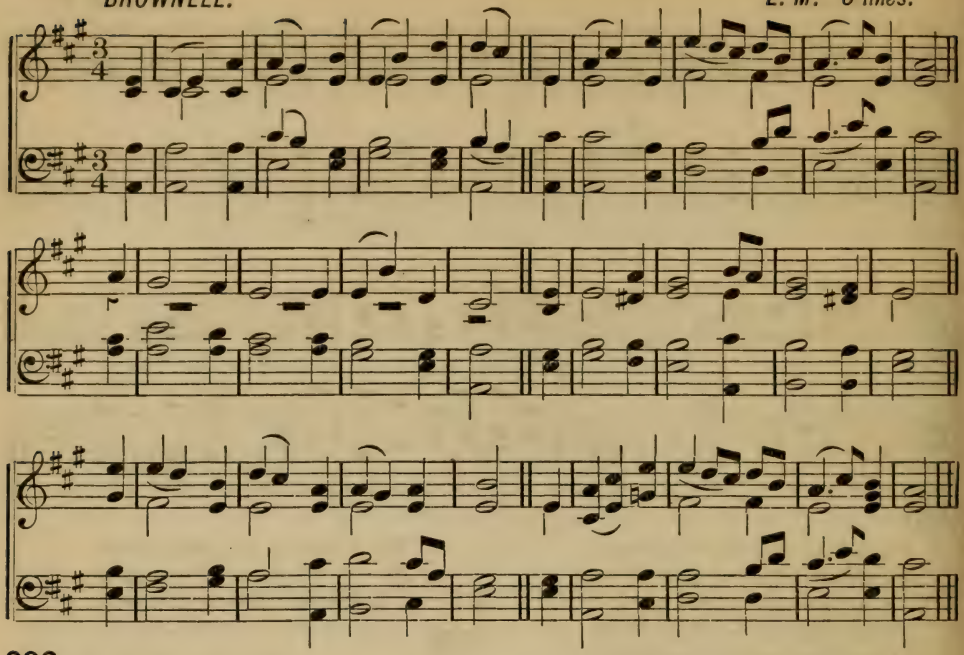
1 O thou that hear'st the prayer of faith,
Wilt thou not save a soul from death
That casts itself on thee?
I have no refuge of my own,
But fly to what my Lord has done
And suffered once for me.

2 Slain in the guilty sinner's stead,
His spotless righteousness I plead,
And his availing blood;
Thy merit, Lord, my robe shall be,
Thy merit shall atone for me,
And bring me near to God.

3 Then snatch me from eternal death,
The spirit of adoption breathe,
His consolation send:
By him some word of life impart,
And sweetly whisper to my heart,
"Thy Maker is thy Friend."

4 The king of terrors then would be
A welcome messenger to me,
That bids me come away;
Unclogg'd by earth or earthly things,
I'd mount upon his sable wings
To everlasting day.

BROWNELL. L. M. 6 lines.



282

1 When gathering clouds around I view,
And days are dark and friends are few,
On him I lean who not in vain
Experienced every human pain;
He sees my wants, allays my fears,
And counts and treasures up my tears.

2 If aught should tempt my soul to stray
From heavenly wisdom's narrow way,
To fly the good I would pursue,
Or do the sin I would not do,
Still, he who felt temptation's power
Shall guard me in that dangerous hour.

3 If wounded love my bosom swell,
Deceived by those I prized too well,
He shall his pitying aid bestow
Who felt on earth severer woe,
At once betrayed, denied or fled
By those who shared his daily bread.

4 When sorrowing o'er some stone I bend
Which covers what was once a friend,
And from his voice, his hand, his smile,
Divides me for a little while,
Thou, Saviour! mark'st the tears I shed,
For thou didst weep o'er Lazarus dead.

5 And oh, when I have safely passed
Through every conflict but the last,
Still, still unchanging watch beside
My painful bed, for thou hast died:
Then point to realms of cloudless day,
And wipe the latest tear away.

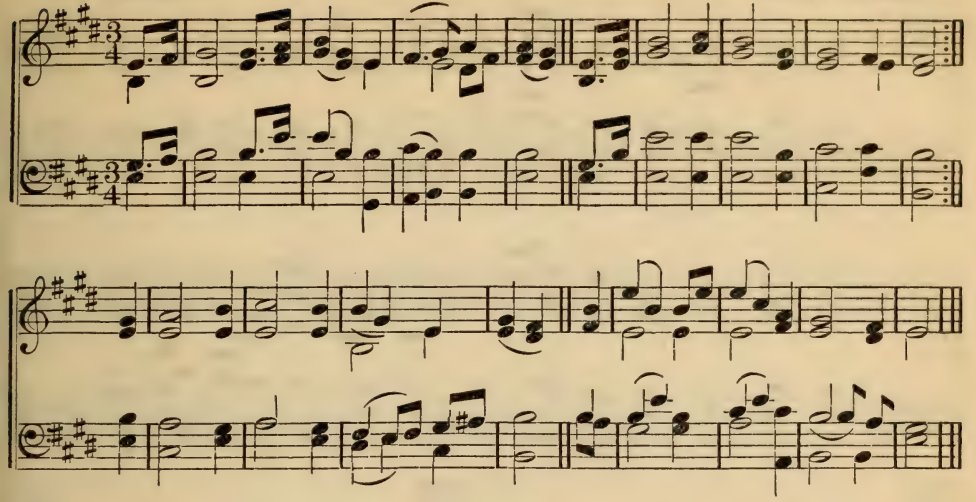
283

1 Thou hidden Source of calm repose,
Thou all-sufficient love divine,
My help and refuge from my foes,
Secure I am if thou art mine!
And, lo! from sin and grief and shame
I hide me, Jesus! in thy name.

2 Jesus! my all in all thou art,
My rest in toil, my ease in pain,
The healing of my broken heart,
In strife my peace, in loss my gain,
My smile beneath the tyrant's frown,
In shame my glory and my crown;

3 In want my plentiful supply,
In weakness my almighty power.
In bonds my perfect liberty,
My light in Satan's darkest hour;
No trouble can my soul appal:
Thou art my life, my heaven, my al-

YOAKLEY. L. M. 6 lines.



284

1 The Lord my pasture shall prepare,
And feed me with a shepherd's care;
His presence shall my wants supply,
And guard me with a watchful eye;
My noonday walks he shall attend,
And all my midnight hours defend.

2 When on the sultry glebe I faint,
Or on the thirsty mountain pant,
To fertile vales and dewy meads
My weary, wandering steps he leads,
Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,
Amid the verdant landscape flow.

3 Though in the paths of death I tread,
With gloomy horrors overspread,
My steadfast heart shall fear no ill,
For thou, O Lord! art with me still;
Thy friendly crook shall give me aid,
And guide me through the dreadful shade.

285

1 Forth from the dark and stormy sky,
Lord! to thine altar's shade we fly;
Forth from the world, its hope and fear,
Saviour! we seek thy shelter here;
Weary and weak, thy grace we pray;
Turn not, O Lord! thy guests away.

2 Long have we roamed in want and pain,
Long have we sought thy rest in vain;
'Wildered in doubt, in darkness lost,
Long have our souls been tempest-tossed;
Low at thy feet our sins we lay;
Turn not, O Lord! thy guests away.

286

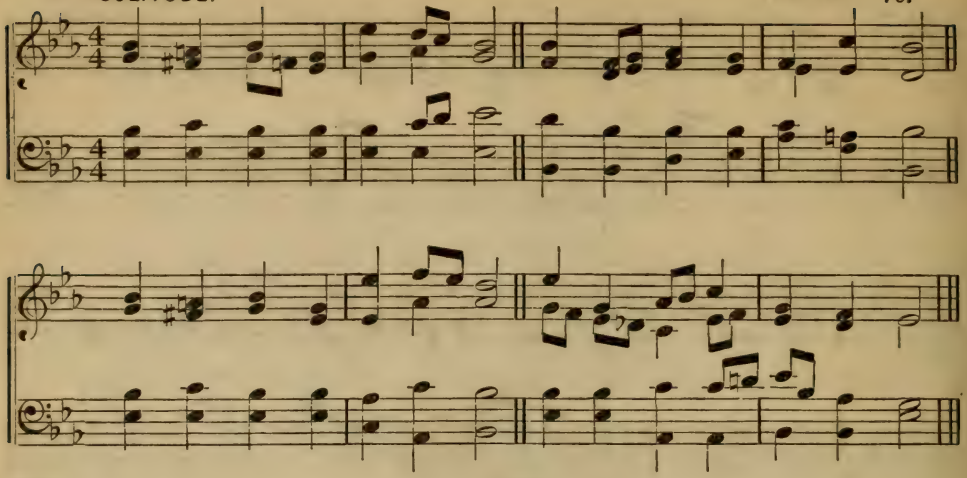
1 As oft with worn and weary feet,
We tread earth's rugged valley o'er,
The thought—how comforting and sweet!
Christ trod this very path before!
Our wants and weaknesses he knows
From life's first dawning to its close.

2 Do sickness, feebleness or pain
Or sorrow in our path appear,
The recollection will remain,
More deeply did he suffer here:
His life, how truly sad and brief,
Filled up with suffering and with grief!

3 If Satan tempt our hearts to stray,
And whisper evil things within,
So did he in the desert way
Assail our Lord with thoughts of sin,
When worn and in a feeble hour
The tempter came with all his power.

4 Just such as I, this earth he trod,
With every human ill but sin;
And though indeed the very God,
As I am now, so he has been,
My God, my Saviour, look on me
With pity, love and sympathy.

SOLITUDE. 7s.



287

1 Jesus, Jesus! visit me;
How my soul longs after thee!
When, my best, my dearest Friend!
Shall our separation end?

2 Lord! my longings never cease;
Without thee I find no peace;
'Tis my constant cry to thee,
Jesus, Jesus! visit me.

3 Mean the joys of earth appear,
All below is dark and drear!
Naught but thy beloved voice
Can my wretched heart rejoice.

4 Thou alone, my gracious Lord!
Art my shield and great reward,
All my hope, my Saviour, thou,
To thy sovereign will I bow.

5 Come, inhabit then my heart;
Purge its sin and heal its smart;
See, I ever cry to thee,
Jesus, Jesus! visit me.

6 Patiently I wait thy day;
For this gift alone I pray,
That when death shall visit me,
Thou my Light and Life wilt be.

288

1 Hark, my soul! it is the Lord;
'Tis thy Saviour; hear his word;
Jesus speaks, and speaks to thee:
"Say, poor sinner! lovest thou me?

2 "I delivered thee when bound,
And when wounded healed thy wound;
Sought thee wandering, set thee right,
Turned thy darkness into light.

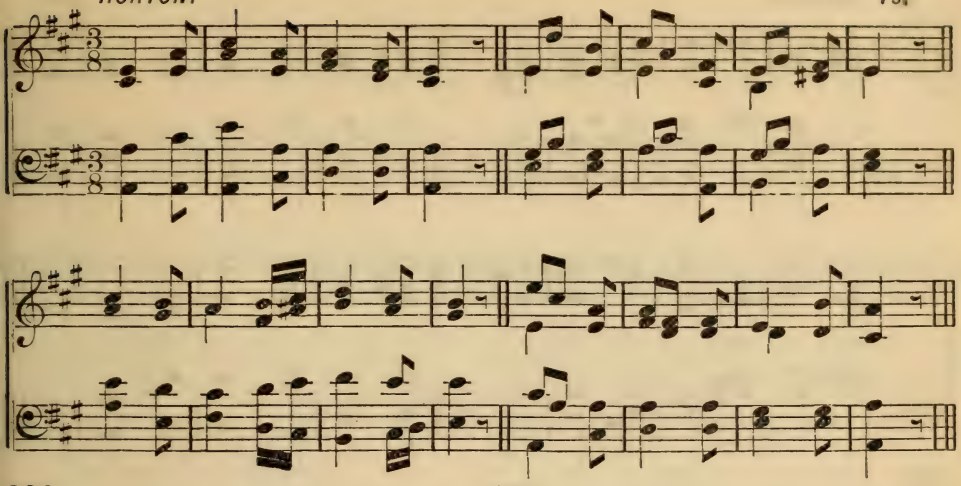
3 "Can a woman's tender care
Cease toward the child she bare?
Yes, she may forgetful be,
Yet will I remember thee.

4 "Mine is an unchanging love,
Higher than the heights above,
Deeper than the depths beneath,
Free and faithful, strong as death.

5 "Thou shalt see my glory soon,
When the work of grace is done;
Partner of my throne shalt be;
Say, poor sinner! lovest thou me?"

6 Lord! it is my chief complaint
That my love is weak and faint;
Yet I love thee, and adore;
Oh, for grace to love thee more!

HORTON. 7s.



289

1 Prince of peace, control my will,
Bid this struggling heart be still;
Bid my fears and doubtings cease,
Hush my spirit into peace.

2 Thou hast bought me with thy blood,
Open wide the gate to God;
Peace I ask, but peace must be,
Lord! in being one with thee.

3 May thy will, not mine, be done,
May thy will and mine be one;
Chase these doubtings from my heart,
Now thy perfect peace impart.

4 Saviour, at thy feet I fall,
Thou, my life, my God, my all!
Let thy happy servant be
One for evermore with thee.

290

1 Jesus, all-atoning Lamb,
Thine, and only thine, I am;
Take my body, spirit, soul;
Only thou possess the whole.

2 Thou my one thing needful be,
Let me ever cleave to thee,
Let me choose the better part,
Let me give thee all my heart.

3 Whom have I on earth below?
Thee, and only thee, I know;
Whom have I in heaven but thee?
Thou art all in all to me.

291

1 Thine for ever! God of love!
Hear us from thy throne above;
Thine for ever may we be
Here and in eternity.

2 Thine for ever! Lord of life!
Shield us through the earthly strife;
Thou, the Life, the Truth, the Way,
Guide us to the realms of day.

3 Thine for ever! Oh, how blest
They who find in thee their rest!
Saviour, Guardian, heavenly Friend!
Oh, defend us to the end.

4 Thine for ever! Saviour! keep
These thy frail and trembling sheep;
Safe alone beneath thy care,
Let us all thy goodness share.

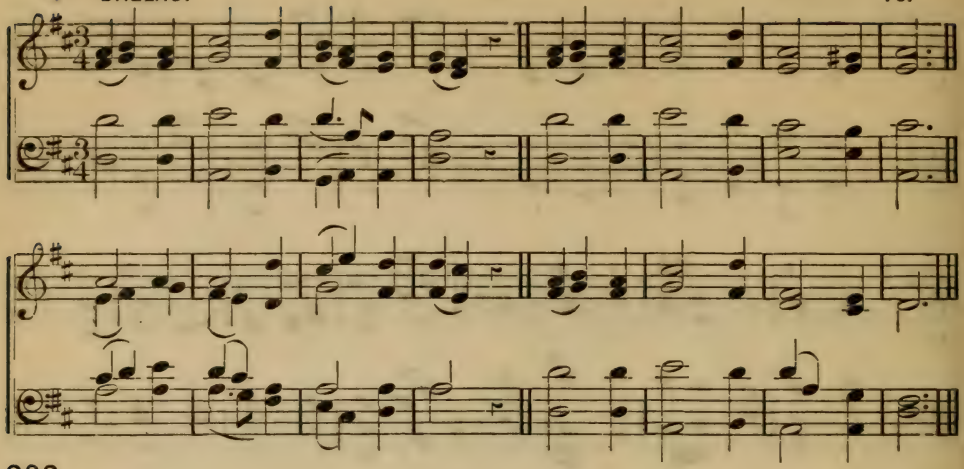
292

1 When, my Saviour! shall I be
Perfectly resigned to thee,
Poor and vile in mine own eyes,
Only in thy wisdom wise?

2 Only thee content to know,
Ignorant of all below,
Only guided by thy light,
Only mighty in thy might?

3 Fully in my life express
All the heights of holiness;
Sweetly let my spirit prove
All the depths of humble love.

DALLAS. 7s.



293

1 KING of kings, and wilt thou deign
O'er this wayward heart to reign?
Henceforth take it for thy throne;
Rule here, Lord! and rule alone.

2 Then, like heaven's angelic bands,
Waiting for thy high commands,
All my powers shall wait on thee,
Captive, yet divinely free.

3 At thy word my will shall bow,
Judgment, reason, bending low;
Hope, desire and every thought
Into glad obedience brought.

4 Zeal shall haste on eager wing
Hourly some new gift to bring,
Wisdom humbly casting down
At thy feet her golden crown.

5 Tuned by thee in sweet accord,
All shall sing their gracious Lord,
Love, the leader of the choir,
Breathing round her seraph fire.

294

1 HOLY Jesus, Saviour blest!
When, by passion strong possessed,
Through this world of sin we stray
Thou to guide us art the Way.

2 Holy Jesus! when like night
Error dims our clouded sight,
Through the mists of sin to shine
Thou dost rise, the Truth divine.

3 Holy Jesus! when our power
Fails us in temptation's hour,
All unequal to the strife,
Thou to aid us art the Life.

4 Who would reach his heavenly home,
Who would to the Father come,
And his glorious presence see,
Jesus! he must come by thee.

295

1 CHRIST, of all my hopes the ground,
Christ, the spring of all my joy!
Still in thee let me be found,
Still for thee my powers employ.

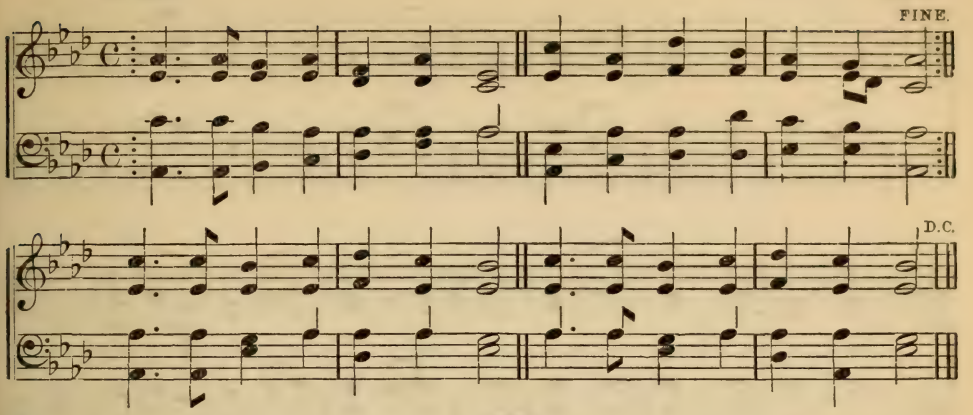
2 Fountain of o'erflowing grace!
Freely from thy fullness give;
Till I close my earthly race,
May I prove it: "Christ to live."

3 Firmly trusting in thy blood,
Nothing shall my heart confound;
Safely I shall pass the flood,
Safely reach Immanuel's ground.

4 When I touch the blessed shore,
Back the closing waves shall roll;
Death's dark stream shall never more
Part from thee my ravished soul.

5 Thus, oh thus, an entrance give
To the land of cloudless sky;
Having known it "Christ to live,"
Let me know it "gain to die."

LITANY. 7s. D.



296

1 'Tis a point I long to know,
Oft it causes anxious thought!
Do I love the Lord or no?
Am I his or am I not?

2 If I love, why am I thus?
Why this dull and lifeless frame?
Hardly, sure, can they be worse
Who have never heard his name.

3 Could my heart so hard remain,
Prayer a task and burden prove,
Every trifle give me pain,
If I knew a Saviour's love?

4 Yet I mourn my stubborn will,
Find my sin a grief and thrall;
Should I grieve for what I feel
If I did not love at all?

5 Lord! decide the doubtful case;
Thou who art thy people's Sun,
Shine upon thy work of grace,
If it be indeed begun.

6 Let me love thee more and more,
If I love at all, I pray;
If I have not loved before,
Help me to begin to-day.

297

1 Does the gospel word proclaim
Rest for those that weary be?
Then, my soul, put in thy claim;
Sure that promise speaks to thee.

2 Marks of grace I cannot show,
All polluted is my best;
But I weary am, I know,
And the weary long for rest.

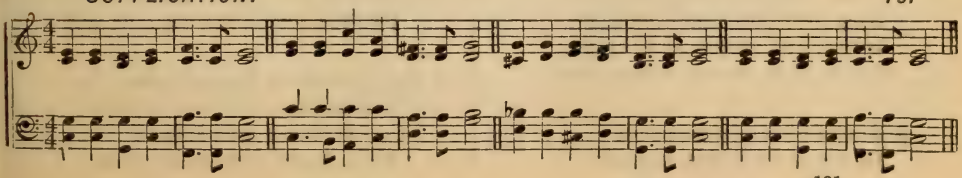
3 Burdened with a load of sin,
Harassed with tormenting doubt,
Hourly conflicts from within,
Hourly crosses from without,

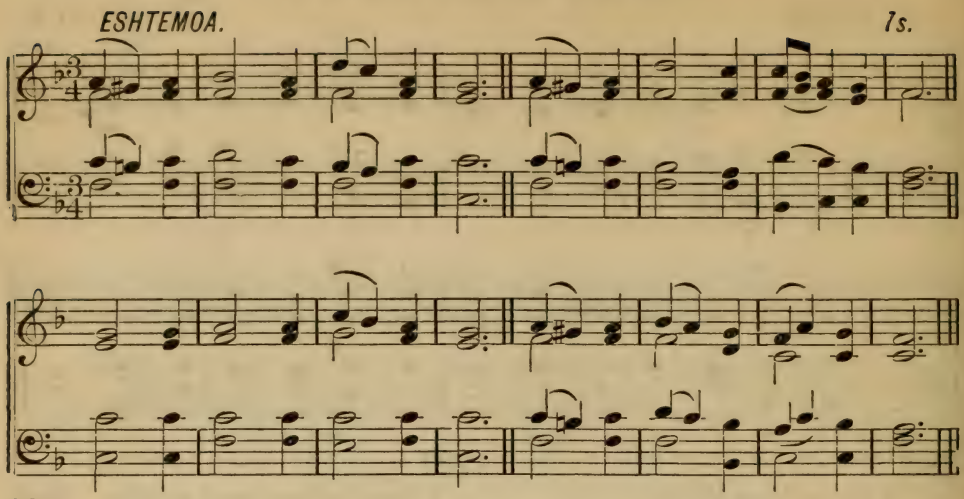
4 All my little strength is gone,
Sink I must without supply;
Sure upon the earth is none
Can more weary be than I.

5 In the ark the weary dove
Found a welcome resting-place;
Thus my spirit longs to prove
Rest in Christ, the Ark of grace.

6 Tempest-tossed I long have been,
And the flood increases fast;
Open, Lord! and take me in,
Till the storm be overpast.

SUPPLICATION. 7s.





298

1 Jesus! save my dying soul,
Make the broken spirit whole;
Humbled in the dust I lie;
Saviour, leave me not to die.

2 Jesus! full of every grace,
Now reveal thy smiling face;
Grant the joy of sin forgiven,
Foretaste of the bliss of heaven.

3 All my guilt to thee is known,
Thou art righteous—thou alone;
All my help is from thy cross,
All beside I count but loss.

4 Lord! in thee I now believe:
Wilt thou—wilt thou not forgive?
Helpless at thy feet I lie;
Saviour! leave me not to die.

299

1 Depth of mercy! can there be
Mercy still reserved for me?
Can my God his wrath forbear?
Me, the chief of sinners, spare?

2 I have long withstood his grace,
Long provoked him to his face,
Would not hearken to his calls,
Grieved him by a thousand falls.

3 Kindled his relentings are;
Me he now delights to spare;
Cries, How shall I give thee up?
Lets the lifted thunder drop.

4 There for me the Saviour stands,
Shows his wounds and spreads his hands
God is love! I know, I feel;
Jesus weeps, but loves me still.

5 Now incline me to repent,
Let me now my sins lament;
Now my foul revolt deplore,
Weep, believe and sin no more.

300

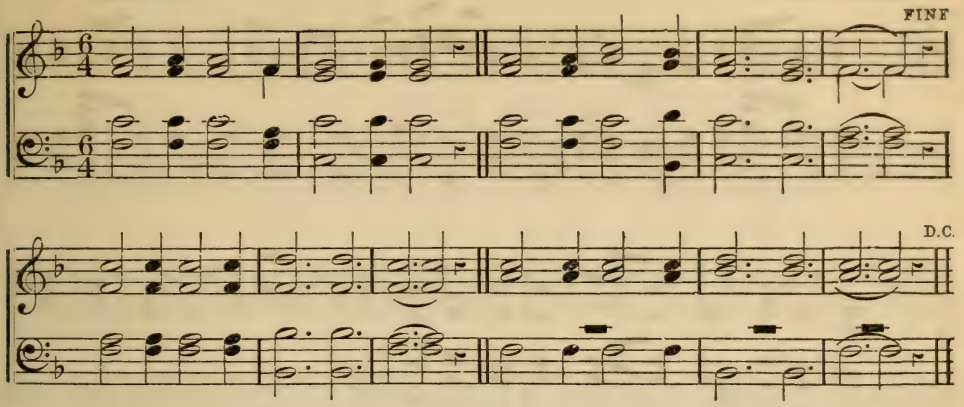
1 Jesus! full of truth and love,
We thy kindest call obey;
Faithful let thy mercies prove;
Take our load of guilt away.

2 Weary of this war within,
Weary of this endless strife,
Weary of ourselves and sin,
Weary of a wretched life;

3 Burdened with a world of grief,
Burdened with our sinful load,
Burdened with this unbelief,
Burdened with the wrath of God;—

4 Lo, we come to thee for ease,
True and gracious as thou art;
Now our weary souls release,
Write forgiveness on our heart.

MARTYN. 7s. 6 lines.



301

1 CHIEF of sinners though I be,
Jesus shed his blood for me;
Died that I might live on high,
Lived that I might never die;
As the branch is to the vine,
I am his and he is mine.

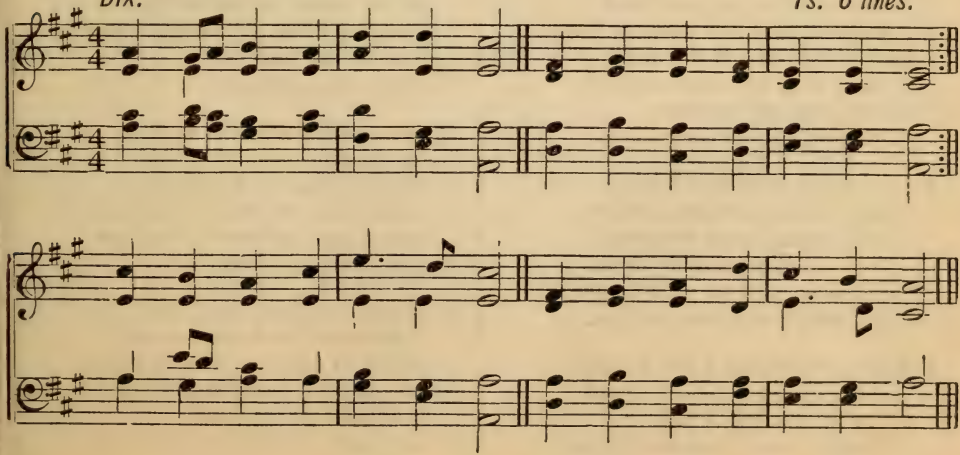
2 Oh, the height of Jesus' love!
Higher than the heavens above,
Deeper than the depths of sea,
Lasting as eternity;
Love that found me—wondrous thought!—
Found me when I sought him not.

3 Jesus only can impart
Balm to heal the smitten heart;
Peace that flows from sins forgiven,
Joy that lifts the soul to heaven;
Faith and hope to walk with God,
In the way that Enoch trod.

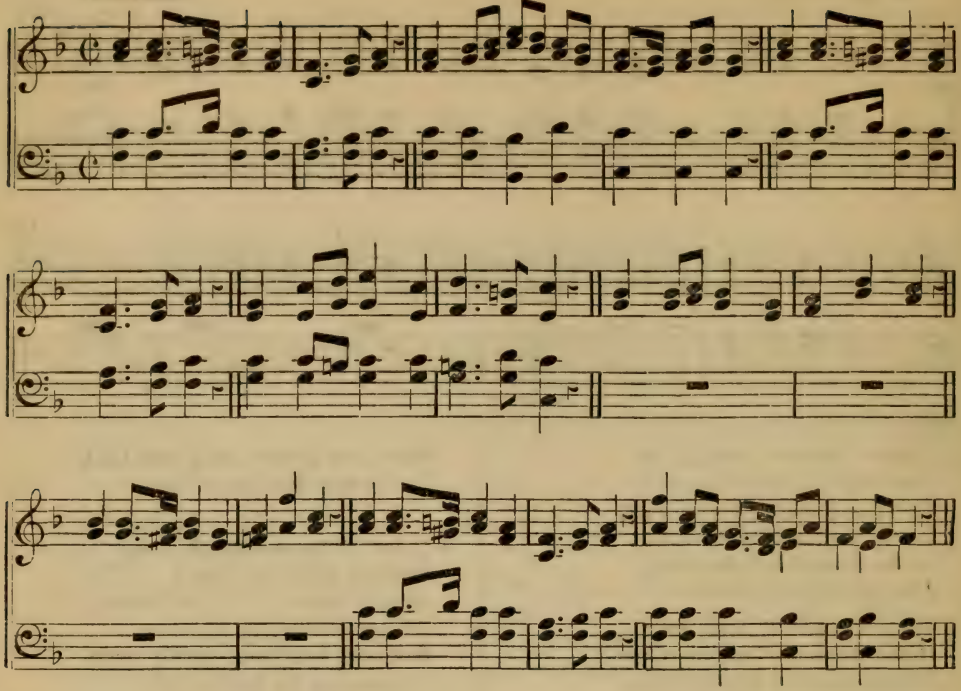
4 Chief of sinners though I be,
Christ is all in all to me;
All my wants to him are known,
All my sorrows are his own;
Safe with him from earthly strife,
He sustains the hidden life.

5 O my Saviour! help afford
By thy Spirit and thy word!
When my wayward heart would stray,
Keep me in the narrow way;
Grace in time of need supply,
While I live and when I die.

DIX. 7s. 6 lines.



INDIANA. 7s. D.



302

1 Jesus, Lamb of God! for me,
Thou, the Lord of life, didst die;
Whither—whither, but to thee,
Can a trembling sinner fly?
Death's dark waters o'er me roll,
Save, oh, save my sinking soul!

2 Never bowed a martyred head
Weighed with equal sorrow down;
Never blood so rich was shed,
Never king wore such a crown;
To thy cross and sacrifice
Faith now lifts her tearful eyes.

3 All my soul, by love subdued,
Melts in deep contrition there;
By thy mighty grace renewed,
New-born hope forbids despair;
Lord! thou canst my guilt forgive;
Thou hast bid me look and live.

4 While with broken heart I kneel,
Sinks the inward storm to rest;
Life, immortal life, I feel
Kindled in my throbbing breast;
Thine, for ever thine, I am;
Glory to the bleeding Lamb!

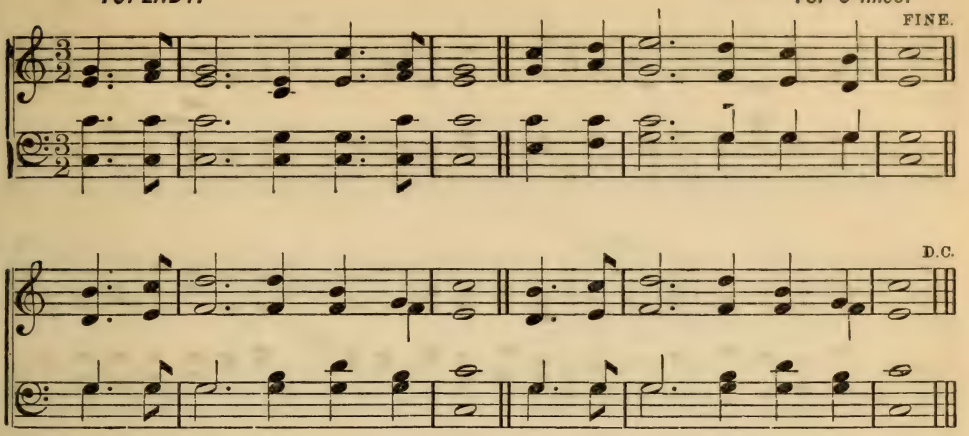
303

1 Blessed Saviour! thee I love
All my other joys above;
All my hopes in thee abide—
Thou my Hope, and naught beside;
Ever let my glory be
Only, only, only thee.

2 Once again beside the cross,
All my gain I count but loss;
Earthly pleasures fade away,
Clouds they are that hide my day;
Hence, vain shadows! let me see
Jesus crucified for me.

3 Blessed Saviour! thine am I,
Thine to live and thine to die;
Height or depth or creature power
Ne'er shall hide my Saviour more;
Ever shall my glory be
Only, only, only thee.

TOPLADY. 7s. 6 lines.



304

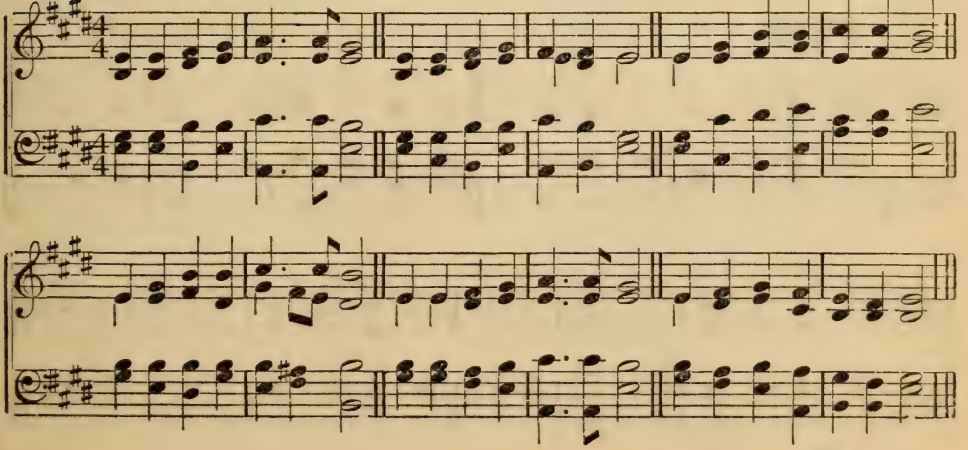
1 Rock of ages, cleft for me!
Let me hide myself in thee;
Let the water and the blood
From thy riven side which flowed,
Be of sin the double cure;
Cleanse me from its guilt and power.

2 Not the labors of my hands
Can fulfill thy law's demands;
Could my zeal no respite know,
Could my tears for ever flow,
All for sin could not atone;
Thou must save, and thou alone.

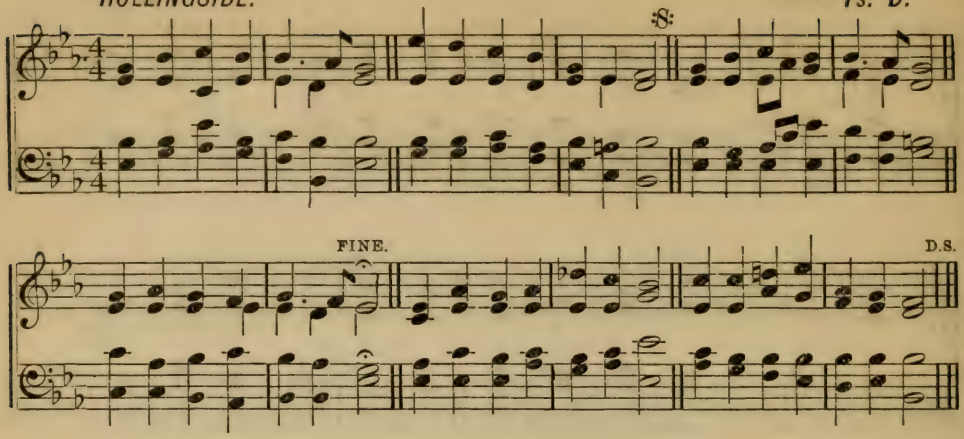
3 Nothing in my hand I bring;
Simply to thy cross I cling;
Naked, come to thee for dress,
Helpless, look to thee for grace,
Foul, I to the fountain fly;
Wash me, Saviour! or I die.

4 Whilst I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyelids close in death,
When I soar through worlds unknown,
See thee on thy judgment throne,
Rock of ages, cleft for me!
Let me hide myself in thee.

GETHSEMANE. 7s. 6 lines.



HOLLINGSIDE. 7s. D.



305

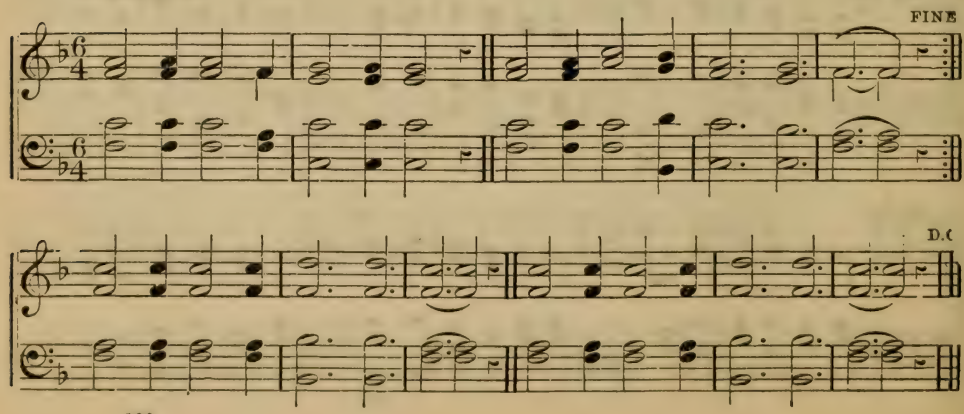
1 Jesus, lover of my soul!
Let me to thy bosom fly
While the billows near me roll,
While the tempest still is high;
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life is past;
Safe into the haven guide,
Oh, receive my soul at last.

2 Other refuge have I none;
Hangs my helpless soul on thee;
Leave, ah! leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me;
All my trust on thee is stayed,
All my help from thee I bring;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of thy wing.

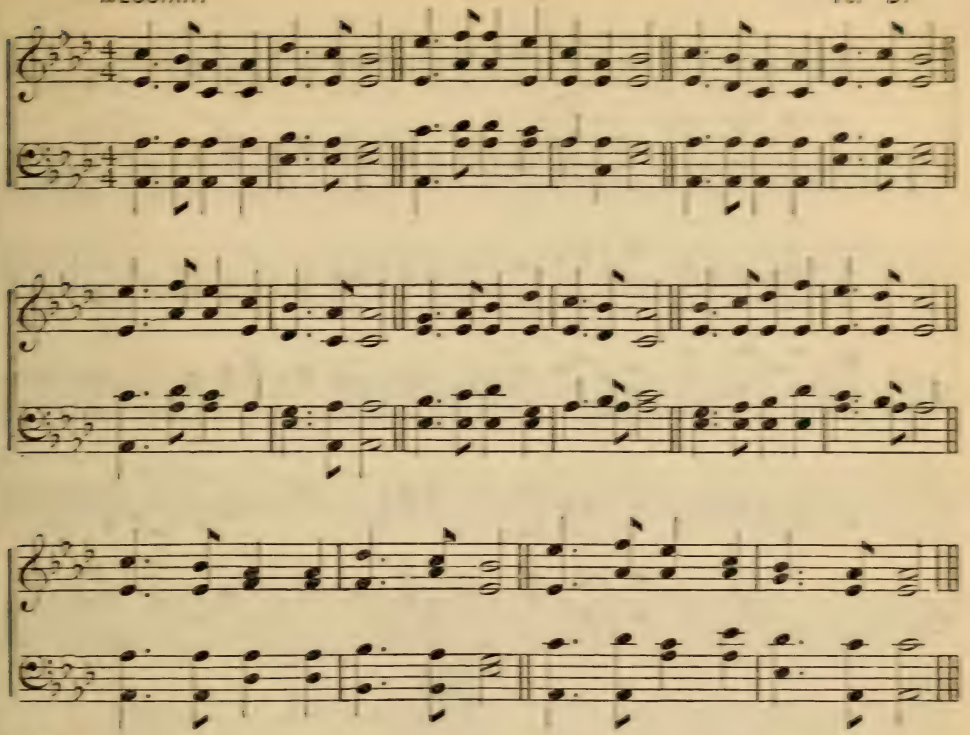
3 Thou, O Christ! art all I want,
More than all in thee I find;
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick and lead the blind;
Just and holy is thy name,
I am all unrighteousness:
False and full of sin I am,
Thou art full of truth and grace.

4 Plenteous grace with thee is found,
Grace to cover all my sin;
Let the healing streams abound,
Make and keep me pure within;
Thou of life the fountain art,
Freely let me take of thee;
Spring thou up within my heart;
Rise to all eternity.

MARTYN. 7s. D.



MESSIAH. 7s. D.



306

1 'Tis my happiness below
Not to live without the cross;
But the Saviour's power to know,
Sanctifying every loss.
Trials must and will befall;
But with humble faith to see
Love inscribed upon them all,
This is happiness to me.

2 God in Israel sows the seeds
Of affliction, pain and toil;
These spring up and choke the weeds
Which would else o'erspread the soil.
Trials make the promise sweet,
Trials give new life to prayer;
Trials bring me to his feet,
Lay me low and keep me there

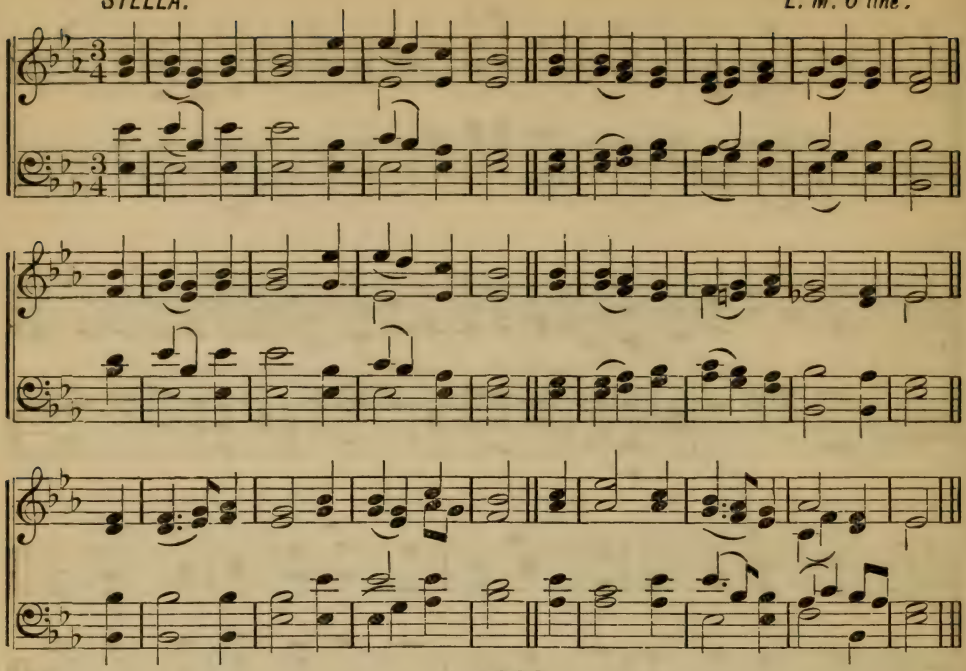
3 Did I meet no trials here,
No chastisement by the way,
Might I not, with reason, fear
I should prove a castaway?
Aliens may escape the rod,
Sunk in earthly, vain delight,
But the true-born child of God
Must not, would not, if he might.

307

1 Jesus, merciful and mild!
Lead me as a helpless child,
On no other arm but thine
Would my weary soul recline;
I am weakness, thou art might;
I am darkness, thou art light;
I am all defiled with sin,
Thou canst make me pure within.

2 Jesus, Saviour all divine!
Hast thou made me truly thine?
Hast thou bought me by thy blood?
Reconciled my heart to God?
Hearken to my tender prayer,
Let me thine own image bear;
Let me love thee more and more
Till I reach heaven's blissful shore.

STELLA. L. M. 6 line.



308

1 Come, O thou traveler unknown!
Whom still I hold, but cannot see,
My company before is gone,
And I am left alone with thee;
With thee all night I mean to stay,
And wrestle till the break of day.

2 I need not tell thee who I am;
My sin and misery declare;
Thyself hast call'd me by my name;
Look on thy hands and read it there;
But who, I ask thee, who art thou?
Tell me thy name, and tell me now.

3 In vain thou strugglest to get free;
I never will unloose my hold!
Art thou the Man that died for me?
The secret of thy love unfold;
Wrestling, I will not let thee go,
Till I thy name, thy nature, know.

4 Wilt thou not yet to me reveal
Thy new, unutterable name?
Tell me, I still beseech thee, tell;
To know it now resolved I am;
Wrestling, I will not let thee go,
Till I thy name, thy nature, know.

309

1 Yield to me now, for I am weak,
But confident in self-despair;
Speak to my heart, in blessings speak;
Be conquer'd by my instant prayer;
Speak, or thou never hence shalt move,
And tell me if thy name be Love.

2 'Tis Love! 'tis Love! thou diedst for me;
I hear thy whisper in my heart;
The morning breaks, the shadows flee;
Pure, universal Love thou art;
To me, to all, thy bowels move—
Thy nature and thy name is Love.

3 My prayer hath power with God; the grace
Unspeakable I now receive;
Through faith I see thee face to face—
I see thee face to face and live!
In vain I have not wept and strove;
Thy nature and thy name is Love.

4 I know thee, Saviour! who thou art—
Jesus, the feeble sinner's Friend;
Nor wilt thou with the night depart,
But stay and love me to the end;
Thy mercies never shall remove;
Thy nature and thy name is Love.

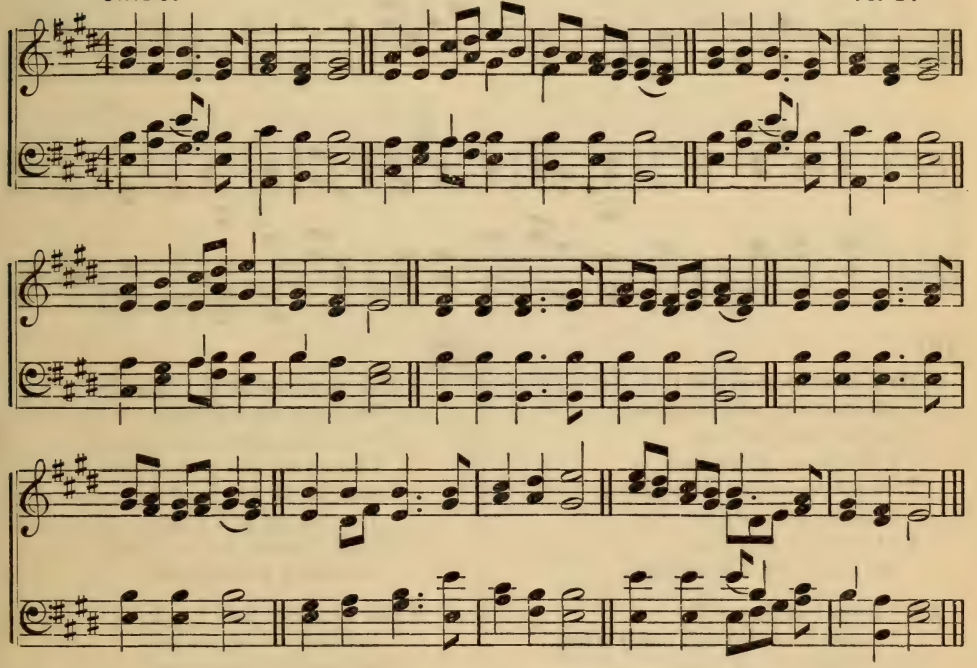
310

1 The Sun of righteousness on me
Hath risen with healing in his wings;
Wither'd my nature's strength, from thee
My soul its life and succor brings;
My help is all laid up above;
Thy nature and thy name is Love.

2 Contented, now, upon my thigh
I halt, till life's short journey end;
All helplessness, all weakness, I
On thee alone for strength depend;
Nor have I power from thee to move;
Thy nature and thy name is Love.

3 Lame as I am, I take the prey,
Hell, earth and sin with ease o'ercome;
I leap for joy, pursue my way,
And as a bounding hart fly home,
Through all eternity to prove
Thy nature and thy name is Love.

ONIDO. 7s. D.



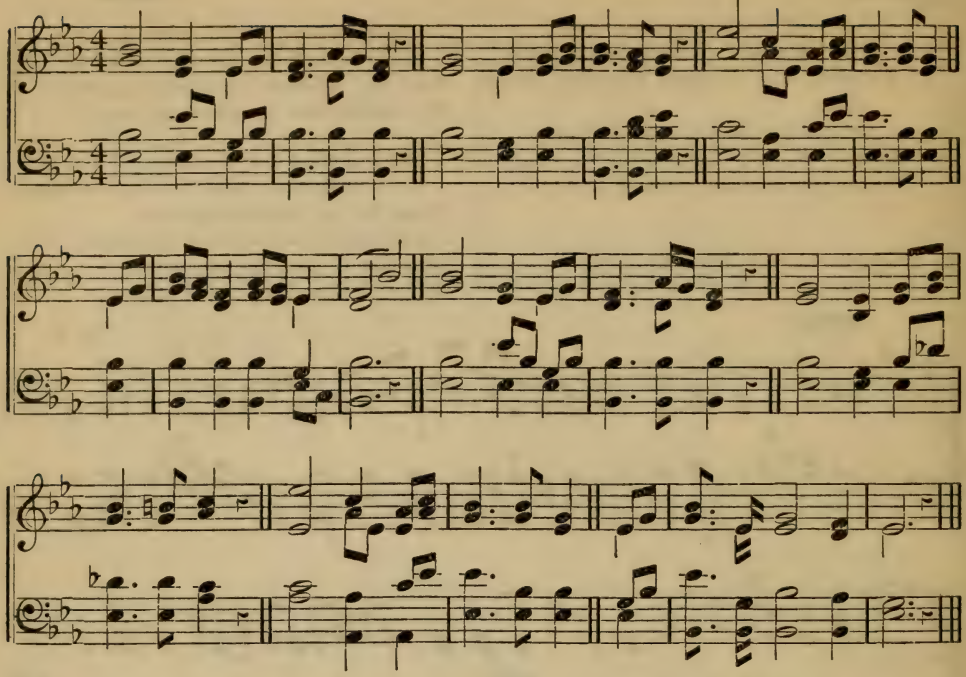
311

1 People of the living God,
I have sought the world around,
Paths of sin and sorrow trod,
Peace and comfort nowhere found.
Now to you my spirit turns—
Turns, a fugitive unblest;
Brethren, where your altar burns,
Oh, receive me into rest.

2 Lonely I no longer roam,
Like the cloud, the wind, the wave;
Where you dwell shall be my home,
Where you die shall be my grave.
Mine the God whom you adore,
Your Redeemer shall be mine;
Earth can fill my heart no more,
Every idol I resign.

3 Tell me not of gain or loss,
Ease, enjoyment, pomp and power;
Welcome poverty and cross,
Shame, reproach, affliction's hour.
"Follow me!" I know thy voice;
Jesus, Lord! thy steps I see;
Now I take thy yoke by choice;
Light thy burden now to me.

JEWETT. 6s. D.



312

1 My Jesus! as thou wilt!
Oh, may thy will be mine;
Into thy hand of love
I would my all resign;
Through sorrow or through joy
Conduct me as thine own,
And help me still to say,
My Lord, thy will be done.

2 My Jesus! as thou wilt!
Though seen through many a tear,
Let not my star of hope
Grow dim or disappear;
Since thou on earth hast wept
And sorrowed oft alone,
If I must weep with thee,
My Lord, thy will be done.

3 My Jesus! as thou wilt!
All shall be well for me;
Each changing future scene
I gladly trust with thee;
Then to my home above
I travel calmly on,
And sing, in life or death,
My Lord, thy will be done.

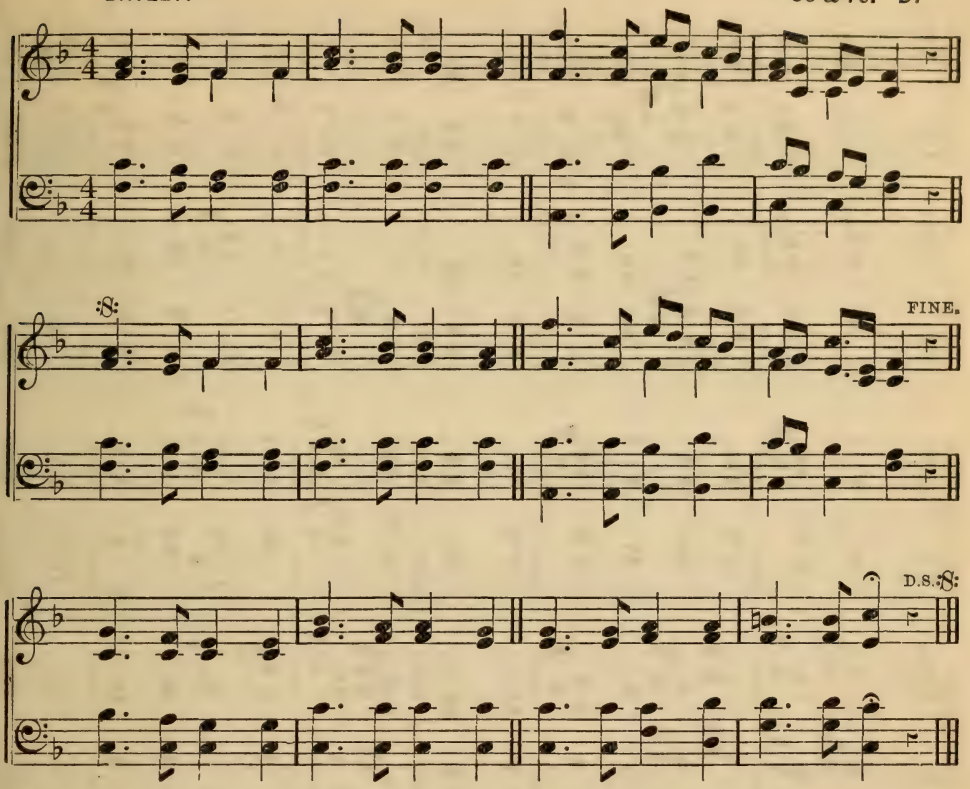
313

1 Thy way, not mine, O Lord!
However dark it be;
Lead me by thine own hand;
Choose out the path for me.
I dare not choose my lot;
I would not if I might;
Choose thou for me, my God!
So shall I walk aright.

2 The kingdom that I seek
Is thine; so let the way
That leads to it be thine,
Else I must surely stray.
Take thou my cup, and it
With joy or sorrow fill,
As best to thee may seem;
Choose thou my good and ill.

3 Choose thou for me my friends,
My sickness or my health;
Choose thou my cares for me,
My poverty or wealth.
Not mine, not mine the choice,
In things or great or small;
Be thou my Guide, my Strength,
My Wisdom and my All.

BAYLEY. 8s & 7s. D.



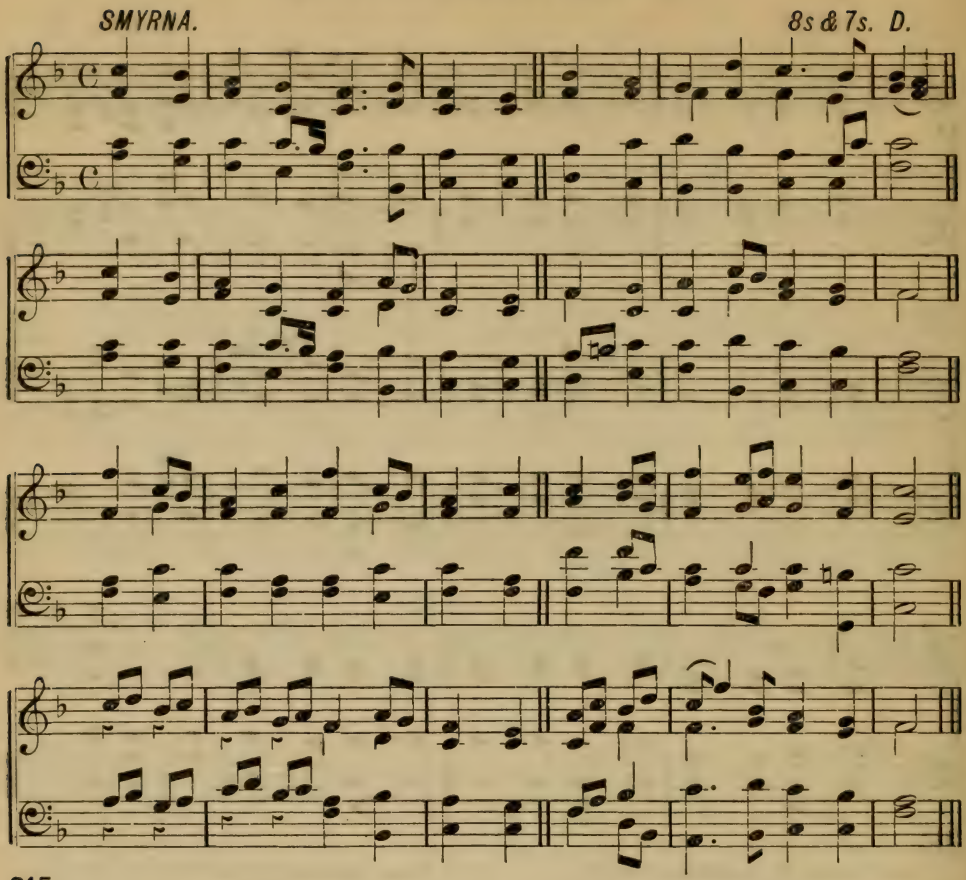
314

1 Love divine, all loves excelling,
Joy of heaven, to earth come down!
Fix in us thine humble dwelling;
All thy faithful mercies crown;
Jesus! thou art all compassion,
Pure unbounded love thou art;
Visit us with thy salvation;
Enter every trembling heart.

2 Breathe, oh breathe thy loving Spirit
Into every troubled breast;
Let us all in thee inherit,
Let us find the promised rest:
Take away the love of sinning;
Alpha and Omega be;
End of faith, as its beginning!
Set our hearts at liberty.

3 Come, almighty to deliver,
Let us all thy life receive;
Suddenly return, and never,
Never more thy temples leave;
Thee we would be always blessing,
Serve thee as thy hosts above,
Pray, and praise thee without ceasing,
Glory in thy perfect love.

4 Finish then thy new creation;
Pure and sinless let us be;
Let us see thy great salvation,
Perfectly restored in thee;
Changed from glory into glory,
Till in heaven we take our place,
Till we cast our crowns before thee,
Lost in wonder, love and praise.



315

1 Gently, Lord, oh, gently lead us
Through this lonely vale of tears,
Through the changes thou'st decreed us,
Till our last great change appears;
When temptation's darts assail us,
When in devious paths we stray,
Let thy goodness never fail us,
Lead us in thy perfect way.

2 In the hour of pain and anguish,
In the hour when death draws near,
Suffer not our hearts to languish,
Suffer not our souls to fear:
And when mortal life is ended,
Bid us in thine arms to rest,
Till by angel bands attended
We awake among the blest.

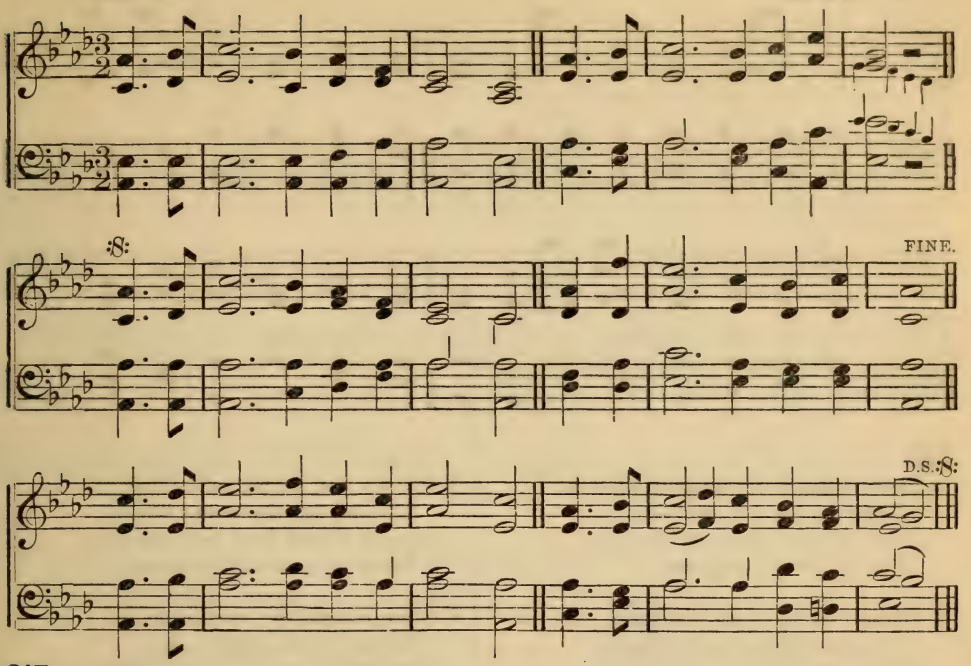
316

1 Jesus! full of all compassion,
Hear thy humble suppliant's cry,
Let me know thy great salvation;
See, I languish, faint and die;
Guilty, but with heart relenting,
Overwhelmed with helpless grief,
Prostrate at thy feet repenting,
Send, oh send me quick relief.

2 Whither should a wretch be flying
But to him who comfort gives?
Whither from the dread of dying
But to him who ever lives?
While I view thee, wounded, grieving,
Breathless on the cursèd tree,
Fain I 'd feel my heart believing
That thou suffer'dst thus for me.

3 With thy righteousness and Spirit
I am more than angels blessed;
Heir with thee, all things inherit,
Peace and joy and endless rest:
Saved! the deed shall spread new glory
Through the shining realms above;
Angels sing the pleasing story,
All enraptured with thy love.

AUTUMN. 8s & 7s. D.



317

1 Jesus! I my cross have taken,
All to leave and follow thee;
Naked, poor, despised, forsaken,
Thou from hence my all shalt be;
Perish, every fond ambition,
All I 've sought or hoped or known,
Yet how rich is my condition!
God and heaven are still my own!

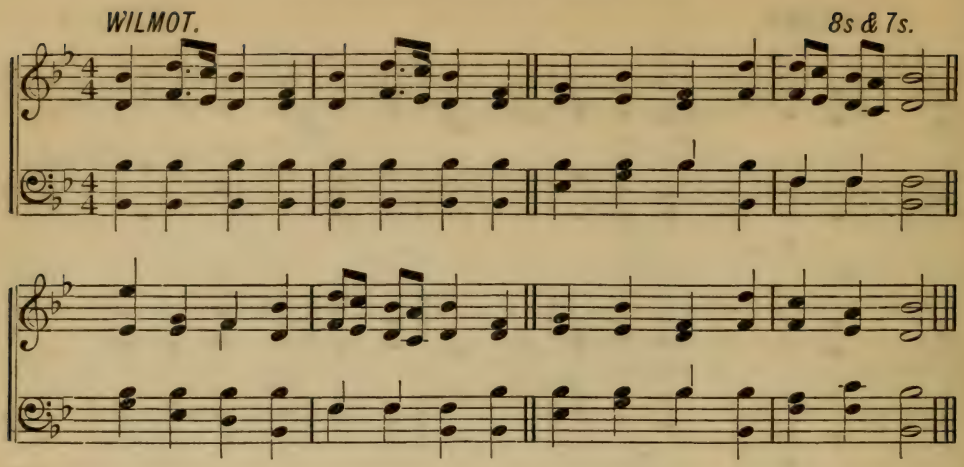
2 Let the world despise and leave me,
They have left my Saviour too;
Human hearts and looks deceive me—
Thou art not like them untrue;
Oh, while thou dost smile upon me,
God of wisdom, love and might!
Foes may hate and friends disown me,
Show thy face, and all is bright.

3 Man may trouble and distress me,
'T will but drive me to thy breast;
Life with trials hard may press me,
Heaven will bring me sweeter rest;
Oh, 't is not in grief to harm me
While thy love is left to me;
Oh, 't were not in joy to charm me,
Were that joy unmixed with thee.

4 Go, then, earthly fame and treasure!
Come, disaster, scorn and pain!
In thy service pain is pleasure,
With thy favor loss is gain.
I have called thee, Abba, Father!
I have stayed my heart on thee;
Storms may howl, and clouds may gather,
All must work for good to me.

5 Soul, then know thy full salvation,
Rise o'er sin and fear and care;
Joy to find in every station
Something still to do or bear.
Think what Spirit dwells within thee;
Think what Father's smiles are thine;
Think that Jesus died to win thee;
Child of heaven, canst thou repine?

6 Haste thee on from grace to glory,
Armed by faith and winged by prayer;
Heaven's eternal day 's before thee,
God's own hand shall guide thee there;
Soon shall close thy earthly mission,
Soon shall pass thy pilgrim days,
Hope shall change to glad fruition,
Faith to sight and prayer to praise.



318

1 Lord! I know thy grace is nigh me,
Thee thyself I cannot see;
Jesus, Master! pass not by me;
Son of David! pity me.

2 While I sit in weary blindness,
Longing for the blessed light,
Many taste thy loving-kindness;
"Lord! I would receive my sight."

3 I would see thee and adore thee,
And thy word the power can give;
Hear the sightless soul implore thee;
Let me see thy face and live.

4 Ah! what touch is this that thrills me?
What this burst of strange delight?
Lo! the rapturous vision fills me!
This is Jesus! this is sight!

5 Room, ye saints that throng behind him!
Let me follow in the way;
I will teach the blind to find him
Who can turn their night to day.

319

1 Light of those whose dreary dwelling
Borders on the shades of death,
Come, and, by thyself revealing,
Dissipate the clouds beneath.

2 Thou, new heaven and earth's Creator!
In our deepest darkness rise;
Scattering all the night of nature,
Pouring day upon our eyes.

3 Still we wait for thy appearing;
Life and joy thy beams impart,
Chasing all our fears, and cheering
Every poor, benighted heart.

4 Come, extend thy wonted favor
To our ruined, guilty race;
Come, thou blest, exalted Saviour!
Come, apply thy saving grace.

5 By thine all-atoning merit
Every burdened soul release;
By the teachings of thy Spirit
Guide us into perfect peace.

320

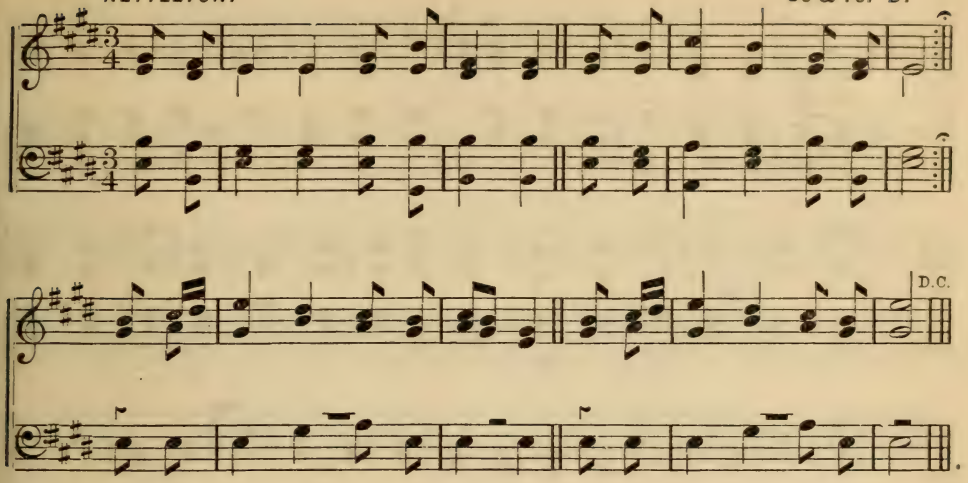
1 One there is above all others
Well deserves the name of Friend;
His is love beyond a brother's,
Costly, free and knows no end.

2 Which of all our friends to save us
Could or would have shed his blood?
But our Saviour died, to have us
Reconciled in him to God.

3 When he lived on earth, abasèd,
Friend of sinners was his name;
Now, above all glory raisèd,
He rejoices in the same.

4 Oh, for grace our hearts to soften!
Teach us, Lord! at length to love;
We, alas! forget too often
What a Friend we have above.

NETTLETON. 8s & 7s. D.



321

1 HAIL, my ever-blessed Jesus!
Only thee I wish to sing;
To my soul thy name is precious,
Thou my Prophet, Priest and King:
Oh, what mercy flows from heaven!
Oh, what joy and happiness!
Love I much? I 've much forgiven;
I 'm a miracle of grace.

2 Once with Adam's race in ruin,
Unconcerned in sin, I lay;
Swift destruction still pursuing,
Till my Saviour passèd by:
Witness, all ye host of heaven!
My Redeemer's tenderness;
Love I much? I 've much forgiven;
I 'm a miracle of grace.

3 Shout, ye bright angelic choir!
Praise the Lamb enthroned above;
Whilst, astonished, I admire
God's free grace and boundless love,
That blest moment I received him
Filled my soul with joy and peace;
Love I much? I 've much forgiven;
I 'm a miracle of grace.

DOXOLOGY.

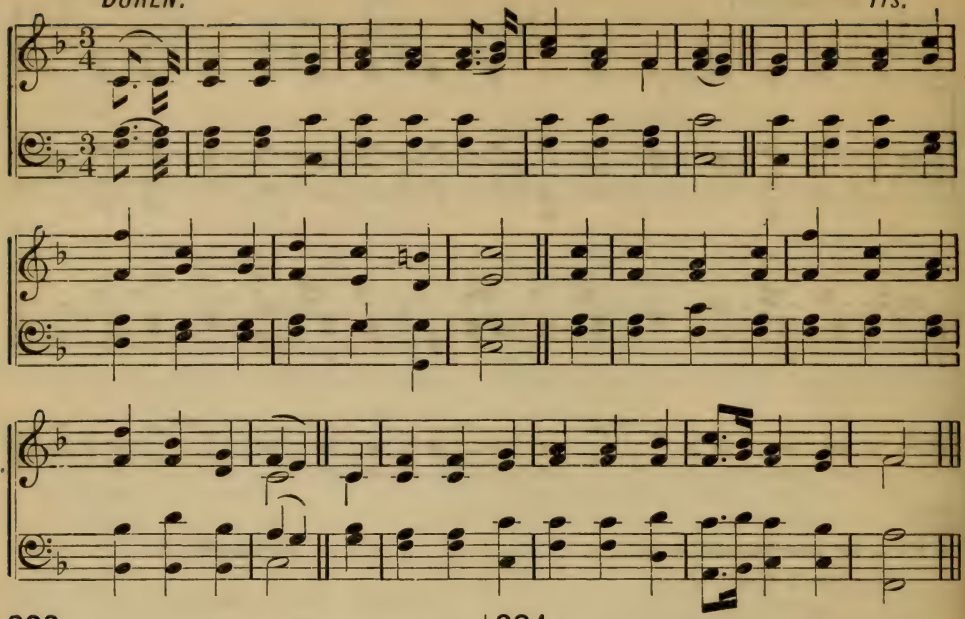
PRAISE the God of our salvation:
Praise the Father's boundless love;
Praise the Lamb, our expiation;
Praise the Spirit from above;
Author of the new creation,
Him by whom our spirits live;
Undivided adoration
To the One Jehovah give.

322

1 WELCOME, welcome, dear Redeemer!
Welcome to this heart of mine;
Lord! I make a full surrender,
Every power and thought be thine;
Thine entirely,
Through eternal ages thine.

2 Known to all to be thy mansion,
Earth and hell will disappear;
Or in vain attempt possession,
When they find the Lord is near;
Shout, O Zion!
Shout, ye saints! the Lord is here.

DUREN. 11s.



323

1 The Lord is my Shepherd; no want shall I know;
I feed in green pastures; safe folded I rest;
He leadeth my soul where the still waters flow,
Restores me when wandering, redeems when oppressed.

2 Through the valley and shadow of death though I stray,
Since thou art my Guardian, no evil I fear;
Thy rod shall defend me, thy staff be my stay;
No harm can befall with my Comforter near.

3 In the midst of affliction my table is spread;
With blessings unmeasured my cup runneth o'er;
With perfume and oil thou anointest my head;
Oh, what shall I ask of thy providence more?

4 Let goodness and mercy, my bountiful God!
Still follow my steps till I meet thee above;
I seek, by the path which my forefathers trod
Through the land of their sojourn, thy kingdom of love.

324

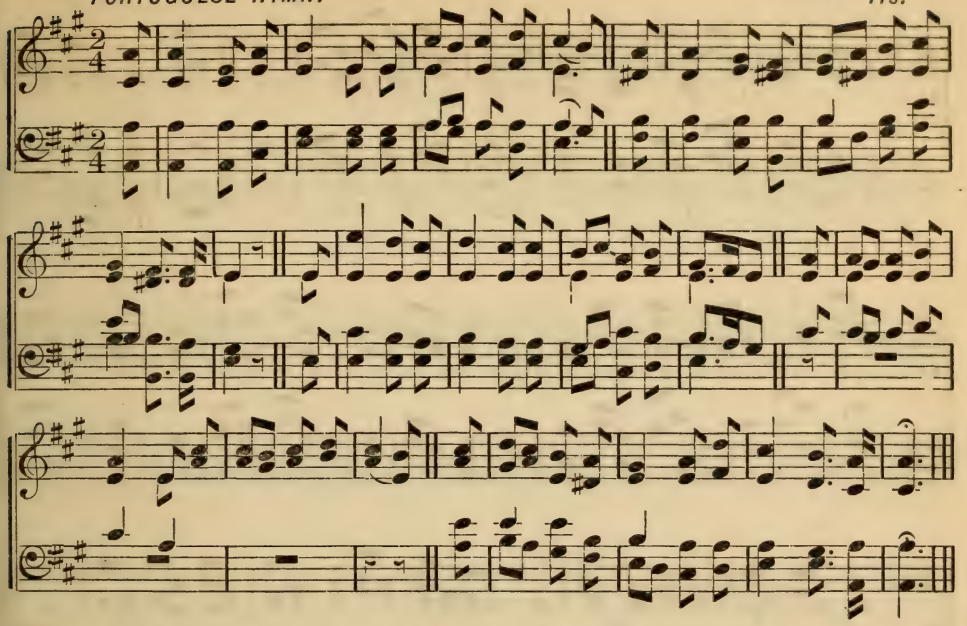
1 How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord,
Is laid for your faith in his excellent word!
What more can he say than to you he hath said,
You who unto Jesus for refuge have fled?

2 When through fiery trials thy pathway shall lie,
My grace, all-sufficient, shall be thy supply!
The flame shall not hurt thee; I only design
Thy dross to consume and thy gold to refine.

3 E'en down to old age all my people shall prove
My sov'reign, eternal, unchangeable love;
And when hoary hairs shall their temples adorn,
Like lambs they shall still in my bosom be borne.

4 The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for repose
I will not, I will not desert to his foes;
That soul, though all hell should endeavor to shake,
I'll never, no, never, no, never, forsake.

PORTUGUESE HYMN. 11s.



325

[*Tune*—DUREN.]

1 BEGONE, unbelief, my Saviour is near,
And for my relief he will surely appear;
By prayer let me wrestle, and he will perform;
With Christ in the vessel, I smile at the storm.

2 Though dark be my way, thou, Lord! art my guide;
'T is mine to obey, 't is thine to provide;
Though cisterns be broken and creatures all fail,
The word thou hast spoken shall surely prevail.

3 Since all that I meet shall work for my good,
The bitter is sweet, the medicine food:
Though painful at present, 't will cease before long,
And then oh how pleasant the conqueror's song!

326

1 I ONCE was a stranger to grace and to God;
I knew not my danger and felt not my load;
Though friends spoke in rapture of Christ on the tree,
Jehovah, my Saviour, was nothing to me.

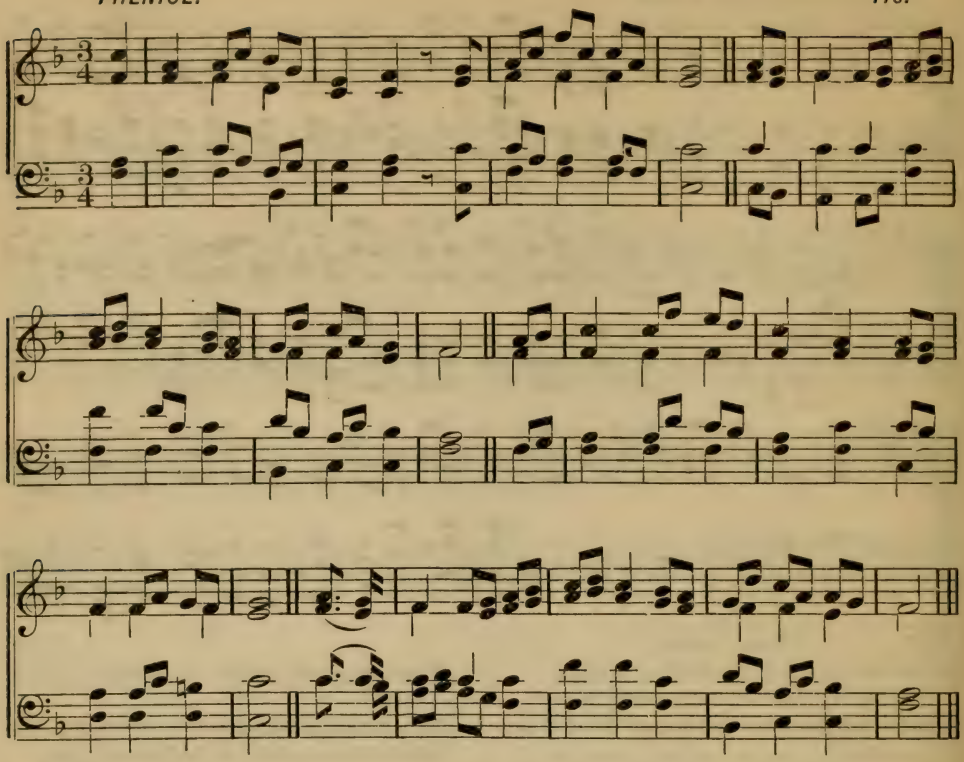
2 When free grace awoke me by light from on high,
Then legal fears shook me; I trembled to die;
No refuge, no safety, in self could I see;
Jehovah! thou only my Saviour must be.

3 My terrors all vanished before the sweet name;
My guilty fears banished, with boldness I came
To drink at the fountain life-giving and free;
Jehovah, my Saviour, is all things to me.

4 Jehovah, the Lord, is my treasure and boast;
Jehovah, my Saviour, I ne'er can be lost;
In thee I shall conquer by flood and by field,
Jehovah my anchor, Jehovah my shield!

5 E'en treading the valley, the shadow of death,
This watchword shall rally my faltering breath;
For while from life's fever my God sets me free,
Jehovah, my Saviour, my death-song shall be!

PHENICE. 11s.



327

1 Come, Jesus, Redeemer! abide thou with me,
Come gladden my spirit, that waiteth for thee;
Thy smile every shadow shall chase from my heart,
And soothe every sorrow, though keen be the smart.

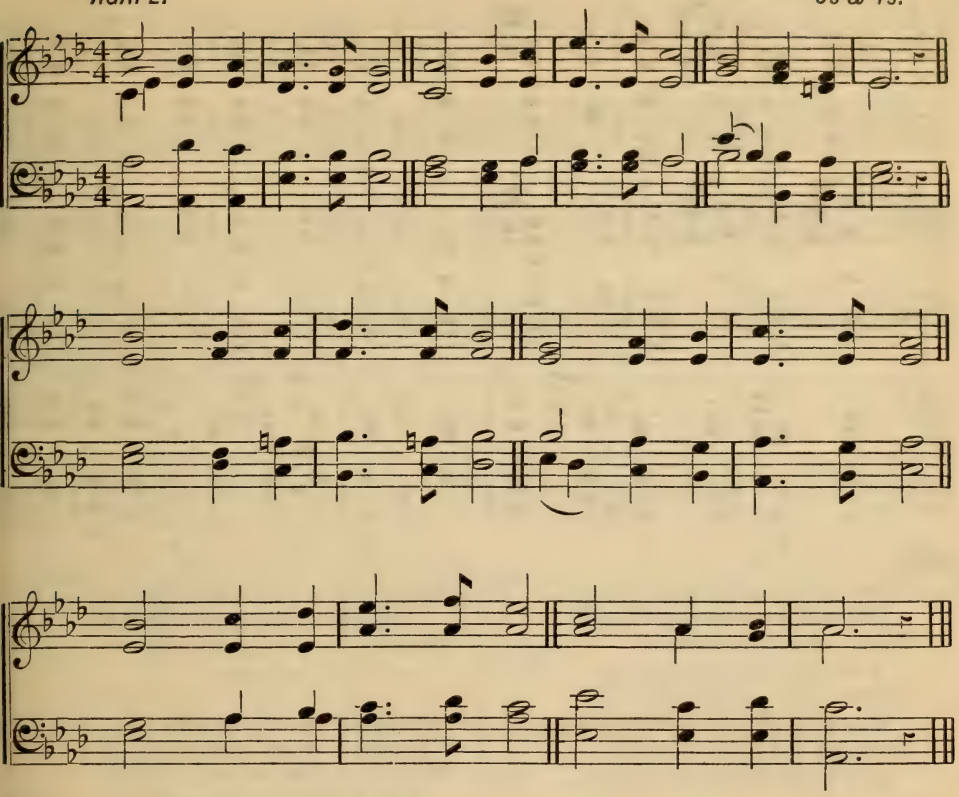
2 Without thee but weakness, with thee I am strong;
By day thou shalt lead me, by night be my song;
Though dangers surround me, I still every fear,
Since thou, the Most Mighty, my Helper, art near.

3 Thy love, oh how faithful! so tender, so pure;
Thy promise, faith's anchor, how steadfast and sure!
That love, like sweet sunshine, my cold heart can warm,
That promise make steady my soul in the storm.

4 Breathe, breathe on my spirit, oft ruffled, thy peace,
From restless vain wishes bid thou my heart cease;
In thee all its longings henceforward shall end,
Till glad to thy presence my soul shall ascend.

5 Oh then, blessed Jesus! who once for me died,
Made clean in the fountain that gushed from thy side,
I shall see thy full glory, thy face shall behold,
And praise thee for ever with raptures untold.

AGAPÉ. 6s & 4s.



328

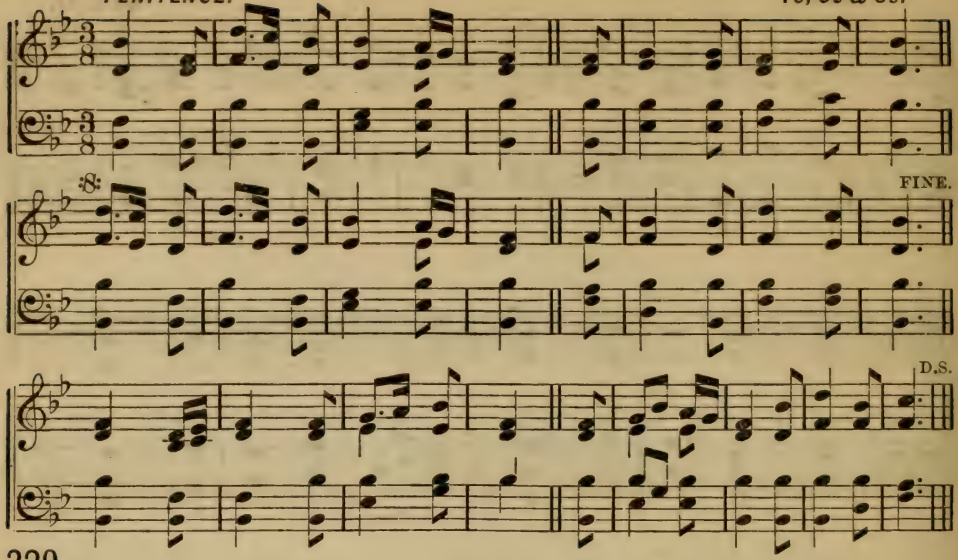
1 Jesus! thy name I love
All other names above,
Jesus, my Lord!
Oh, thou art all to me!
Nothing to please I see,
Nothing apart from thee,
Jesus, my Lord!

2 Thou, blessed Son of God!
Hast bought me with thy blood,
Jesus, my Lord!
Oh, how great is thy love,
All other loves above—
Love that I daily prove,
Jesus, my Lord!

3 When unto thee I flee,
Thou wilt my refuge be,
Jesus, my Lord!
What need I now to fear?
What earthly grief or care,
Since thou art ever near?
Jesus, my Lord!

4 Soon thou wilt come again;
I shall be happy then,
Jesus, my Lord!
Then thine own face I 'll see,
Then I shall like thee be,
Then evermore with thee,
Jesus, my Lord!

PENITENCE. 7s, 6s & 8s.



329

1 Jesus! let thy pitying eye
Call back a wandering sheep;
False to thee, like Peter, I
Would fain like Peter weep.
Let me be by grace restored;
On me be all long-suffering shown;
Turn and look upon me, Lord!
And break my heart of stone.

2 Saviour, Prince! enthroned above,
Repentance to impart,
Give me, through thy dying love,
The humble, contrite heart;
Give what I have long implored,
A portion of thy grief unknown;
Turn and look upon me, Lord!
And break my heart of stone.

3 See me, Saviour! from above,
Nor suffer me to die;
Life and happiness and love
Drop from thy gracious eye;
Speak the reconciling word,
And let thy mercy melt me down;
Turn and look upon me, Lord!
And break my heart of stone.

330

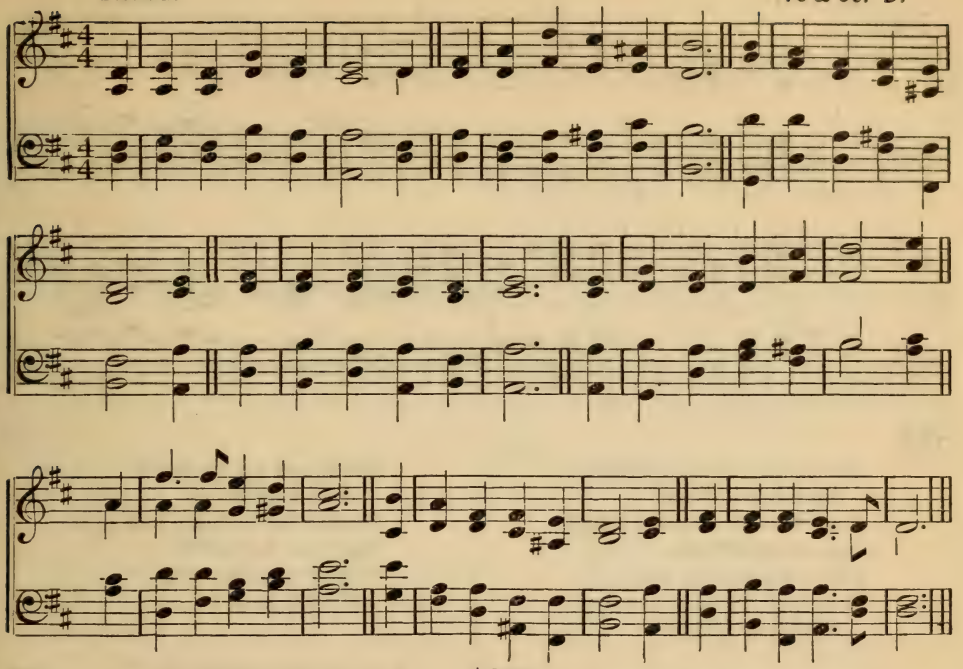
1 By me, O my Saviour! stand
In every trying hour;
Guard me with thine outstretch'd hand
And hold me with thy power;
Mindful of thy faithful word,
Thine all-sufficient grace bestow;
Keep me, keep me, gracious Lord!
And never let me go.

2 Give me, Lord! a holy fear,
And fix it in my heart,
That I may from evil near
With watchful care depart;
Still thy timely help afford,
And all thy loving-kindness show;
Keep me, keep me, gracious Lord!
And never let me go.

3 Let me never leave thy breast,
From thee, my Saviour! stray;
Thou art my support and rest,
My true and living way;
My exceeding great reward,
In heaven above and earth below;
Keep me, keep me, gracious Lord!
And never let me go.

4 Never let me go till I,
Upborne on wings of love,
Gain the regions of the sky,
And take my seat above;
Thou hast passed thy gracious word
That thou wilt bring me safely through;
Thou wilt, therefore, keep me, Lord!
Nor ever let me go.

EWING. 7s & 6s. D.



331

1 I LAY my sins on Jesus,
The spotless Lamb of God;
He bears them all and frees us
From the accursèd load;
I bring my guilt to Jesus,
To wash my crimson stains
White in his blood most precious,
Till not a spot remains.

2 I lay my wants on Jesus;
All fullness dwells in him;
He heals all my diseases,
He doth my soul redeem;
I lay my griefs on Jesus,
My burdens and my cares;
He from them all releases,
He all my sorrows shares.

3 I long to be like Jesus,
Meek, loving, lowly, mild;
I long to be like Jesus,
The Father's holy child;
I long to be with Jesus
Amid the heavenly throng,
To sing, with saints, his praises,
To learn the angels' song.

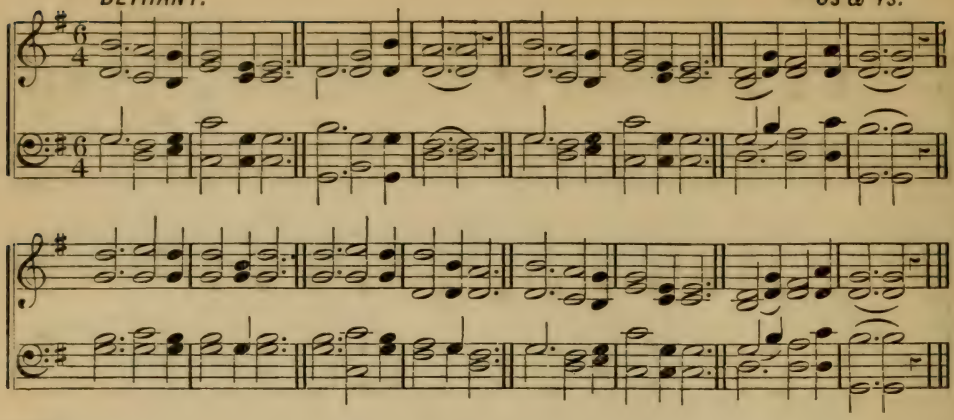
332

1 IN heavenly love abiding,
No change my heart shall fear,
And safe is such confiding,
For nothing changes here;
The storm may roar without me,
My heart may low be laid,
But God is round about me,
And can I be dismayed?

2 Wherever he may guide me,
No want shall turn me back;
My Shepherd is beside me,
And nothing can I lack;
His wisdom ever waketh,
His sight is never dim;
He knows the way he taketh,
And I will walk with him.

3 Green pastures are before me
Which yet I have not seen;
Bright skies will soon be o'er me
Where darkest clouds have been;
My hope I cannot measure,
My path in life is free:
My Saviour has my treasure,
And he will walk with me.

BETHANY. 6s & 4s.



333

1 More love to thee, O Christ!
More love to thee!
Hear thou the prayer I make
On bended knee;
This is my earnest plea:
More love, O Christ! to thee,
More love to thee!

2 Once earthly joy I craved,
Sought peace and rest;
Now thee alone I seek—
Give what is best;
This all my prayer shall be:
More love, O Christ! to thee,
More love to thee!

3 Let sorrow do its work,
Send grief and pain;
Sweet are thy messengers,
Sweet their refrain,
When they can sing with me,
More love, O Christ! to thee,
More love to thee!

4 Then shall my latest breath
Whisper thy praise;
This be the parting cry
My heart shall raise,
This still its prayer shall be:
More love, O Christ! to thee,
More love to thee!

334

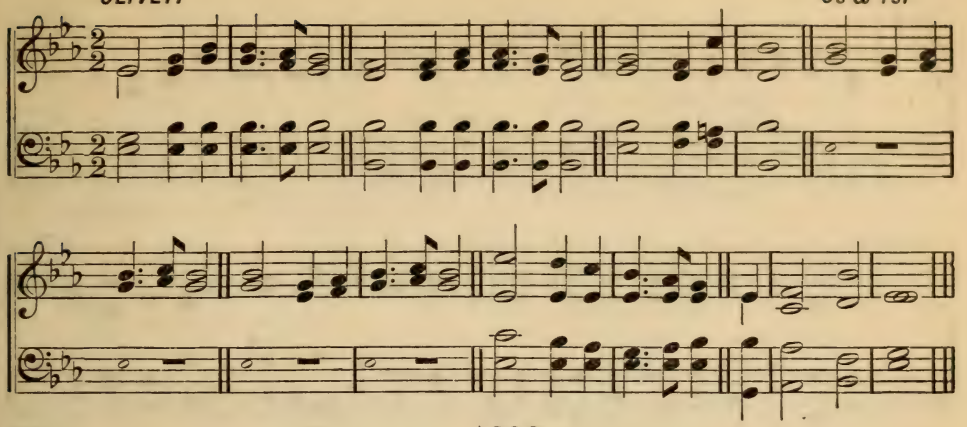
1 Saviour! I follow on,
Guided by thee,
Seeing not yet the hand
That leadeth me;
Hushed be my heart and still,
Fear I no further ill,
Only to meet thy will
My will shall be.

2 Riven the rock for me,
Thirst to relieve,
Manna from heaven falls
Fresh every eve;
Never a want severe
Causeth my eye a tear,
But thou art whispering near,
"Only believe!"

3 Often to Marah's brink
Have I been brought;
Shrinking the cup to drink,
Help I have sought;
And with the prayer's ascent
Jesus the branch has rent;
Quickly relief he sent,
Sweetening the draught.

4 Saviour! I long to walk
Closer with thee;
Led by thy guiding hand
Ever to be;
Constantly near thy side,
Quickened and purified,
Living for him who died
Freely for me!

OLIVET. 6s & 4s.



335

1 My faith looks up to thee,
Thou Lamb of Calvary,
Saviour divine!
Now hear me while I pray,
Take all my guilt away,
Oh, let me, from this day,
Be wholly thine.

2 May thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart,
My zeal inspire;
As thou hast died for me,
Oh, may my love to thee
Pure, warm and changeless be,
A living fire.

3 While life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,
Be thou my guide;
Bid darkness turn to day,
Wipe sorrow's tears away,
Nor let me ever stray
From thee aside.

4 When ends life's transient dream,
When death's cold, sullen stream
Shall o'er me roll,
Blest Saviour! then, in love,
Fear and distrust remove;
Oh, bear me safe above,
A ransomed soul.

336

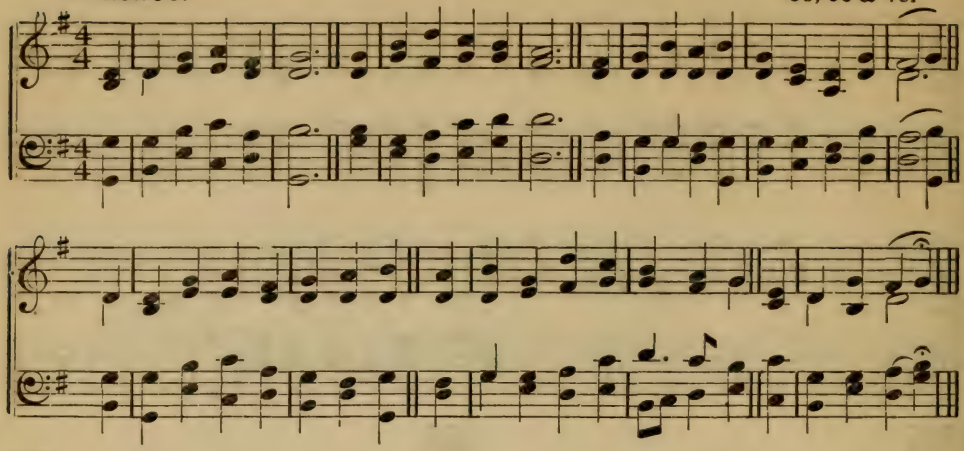
1 Saviour! I look to thee,
Be not thou far from me
Mid storms that lower;
On me thy care bestow,
Thy loving-kindness show,
Thine arms around me throw
This trying hour.

2 Saviour! I look to thee
Feeble as infancy,
Gird up my heart;
Author of life and light,
Thou hast an arm of might,
Thine is the sovereign right,
Thy strength impart.

3 Saviour, I look to thee,
Let me thy fullness see,
Save me from fear;
While at thy cross I kneel,
All my backslidings heal,
And a full pardon seal,
My soul to cheer.

4 Saviour! I look to thee,
Thine shall the glory be,
Hearer of prayer;
Thou art my only aid,
On thee my soul is stayed,
Naught can my heart invade
While thou art near.

AGNUS. 8s, 6s & 4s.



337

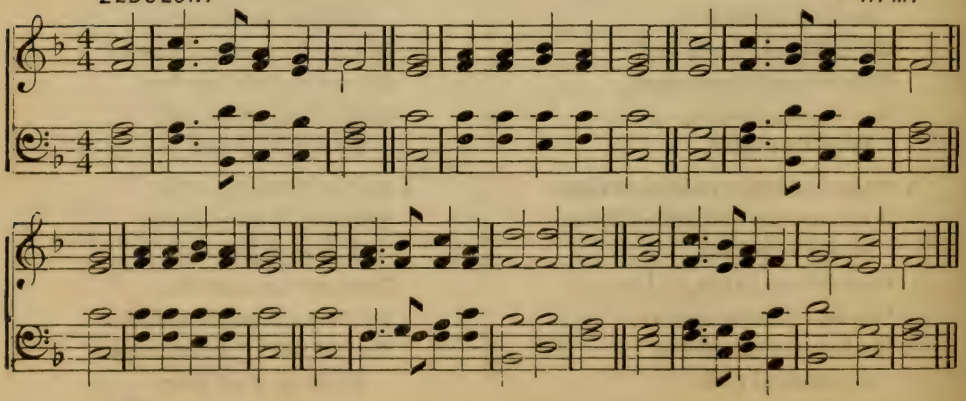
1 Behold the Lamb of God!
O thou for sinners slain!
Let it not be in vain
That thou hast died;
Thee for my Saviour let me take,
My only refuge let me make
Thy piercèd side.

2 Behold the Lamb of God!
Into the sacred flood
Of thy most precious blood
My soul I cast;
Wash me and make me clean within,
And keep me pure from every sin,
Till life be past.

3 Behold the Lamb of God!
All hail, incarnate Word,
Thou everlasting Lord,
Saviour most blest!
Fill us with love that never faints,
Grant us with all thy blessed saints
Eternal rest.

4 Behold the Lamb of God!
Worthy is he alone
That sitteth on the throne
Of God above;
One with the Ancient of all days,
One with the Comforter in praise,
All light and love.

ZEBULON. H. M.



338

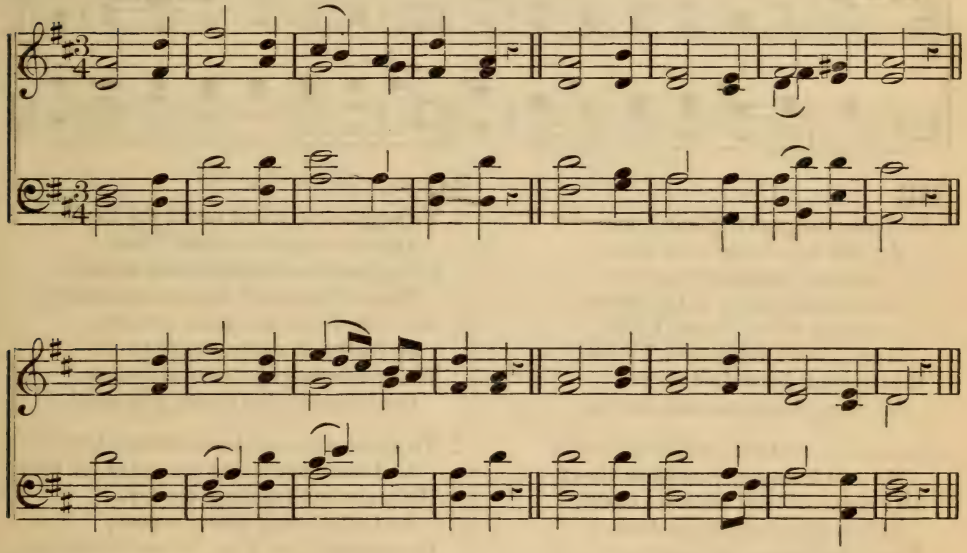
1 Come, my Redeemer! come,
And deign to dwell with me
Come, and thy right assume,
And bid thy rivals flee;
Come, my Redeemer! quickly come,
And make my heart thy lasting home.

2 Exert thy mighty power,
And banish all my sin;
In this auspicious hour
Bring all thy graces in;
Come, my Redeemer! quickly come,
And make my heart thy lasting home.

3 Rule thou in every thought
And passion of my soul,
Till all my powers are brought
Beneath thy full control;
Come, my Redeemer! quickly come,
And make my heart thy lasting home.

4 Then shall my days be thine
And all my heart be love,
And joy and peace be mine,
Such as are known above;
Come, my Redeemer! quickly come,
And make my heart thy lasting home.

RATHBUN. 8s & 7s.



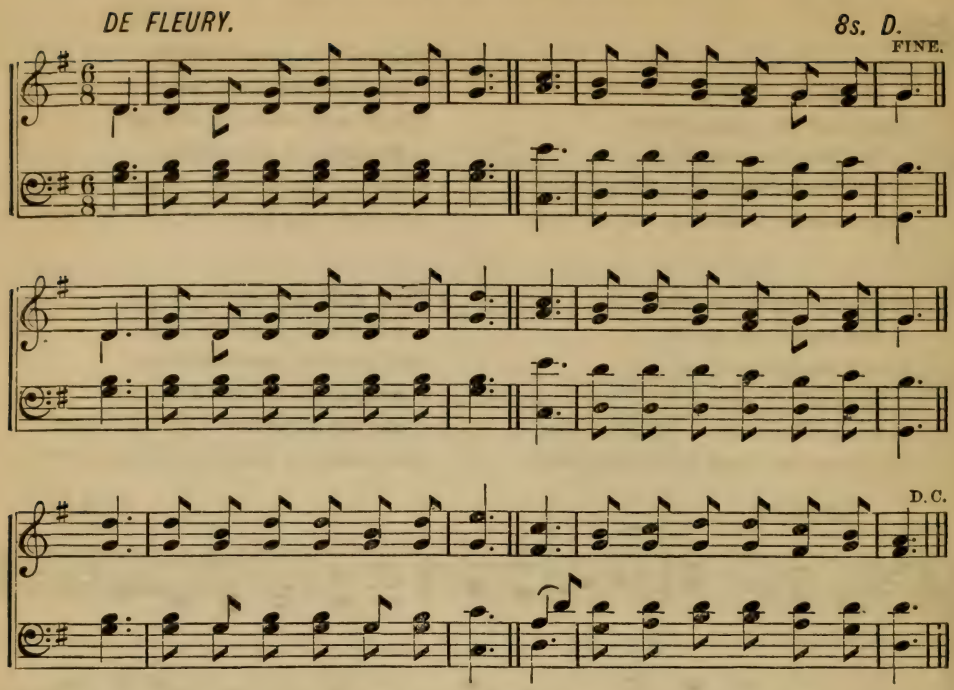
339

1 I would love thee, God and Father!
My Redeemer and my King!
I would love thee, for without thee
Life is but a bitter thing.

2 I would love thee; look upon me,
Ever guide me with thine eye;
I would love thee; if not nourished
By thy love, my soul would die.

3 I would love thee; may thy brightness
Dazzle my rejoicing eyes;
I would love thee; may thy goodness
Watch from heaven o'er all I prize.

4 I would love thee—I have vowed it;
On thy love my heart is set;
While I love thee I will never
My Redeemer's blood forget,



340

1 To Jesus, the crown of my hope,
My soul is in haste to be gone;
Oh, bear me, ye cherubim! up,
And waft me away to his throne;
My Saviour whom absent I love,
Whom, not having seen, I adore,
Whose name is exalted above
All glory, dominion and power,

2 Dissolve thou these bands that detain
My soul from her portion in thee;
Ah! strike off this adamant chain,
And make me eternally free.
When that happy era begins,
When arrayed in thy glories I shine,
Nor grieve any more by my sins
The bosom on which I recline,

3 Oh, then shall the veil be removed,
And round me thy brightness be poured;
I shall meet him whom absent I loved,
I shall see whom unseen I adored;
And then nevermore shall the fears,
The trials, temptations and woes,
Which darken this valley of tears,
Intrude on my blissful repose.

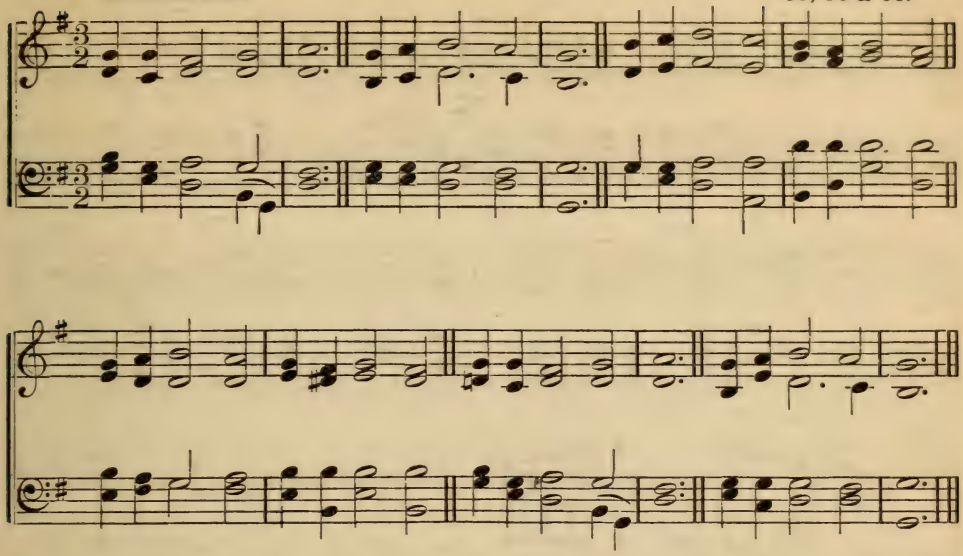
341

1 Ye angels who stand round the throne
And view my Immanuel's face,
In rapturous songs make him known,
Tune all your soft harps to his praise;
He formed you the spirits you are,
So happy, so noble, so good;
When others sunk down in despair,
Confirmed by his power, you stood.

2 Ye saints who stand nearer than they,
And cast your bright crowns at his feet,
His grace and his glory display,
And all his rich mercy repeat;
He snatched you from hell and the grave,
He ransomed from death and despair,
For you he was mighty to save,
Almighty to bring you safe there.

3 Oh, when will the period appear
When I shall unite in your song?
I'm weary of lingering here,
And I to your Saviour belong;
I want, oh, I want to be there,
Where sorrow and sin bid adieu,
Your joy and your friendship to share,
To wonder and worship with you.

BRIDEGROOM 5s, 8s & 5s.



342

1 Jesus! guide our way
To eternal day;
So shall we, no more delaying,
Follow thee, thy voice obeying;
Lead us by thy hand
To our fatherland.

2 When we dangers meet,
Steadfast make our feet;
Lord! preserve us uncomplaining
Mid the darkness round us reigning
Through adversity
Lies our way to thee.

3 Order all our way
Through this mortal day;
In our toil with aid be near us;
In our need with succor cheer us;
When life's course is o'er,
Open thou the door.

343

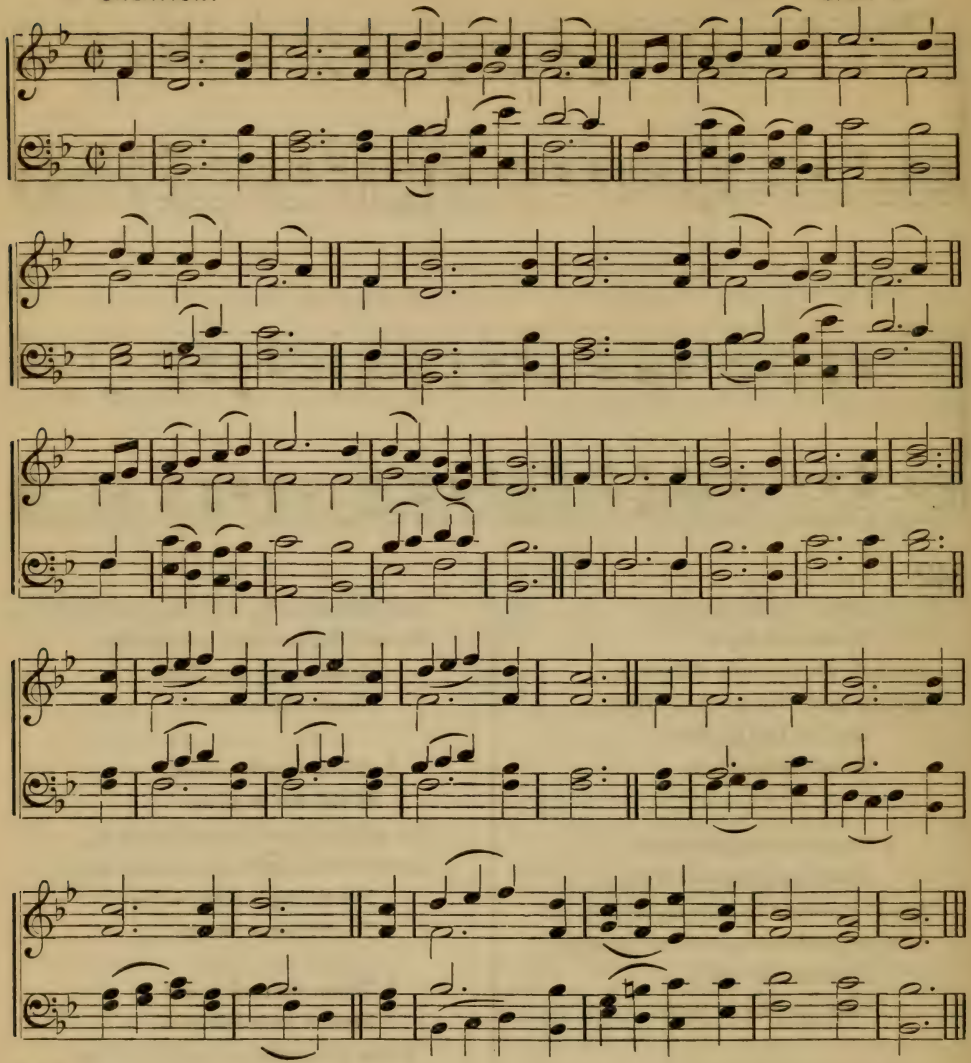
1 Jesus! still lead on,
Till our rest be won;
And although the way be cheerless,
We will follow, calm and fearless;
Guide us by thy hand
To our fatherland.

2 If the way be drear,
If the foe be near,
Let not faithless fears o'ertake us,
Let not faith and hope forsake us;
For through many a foe
To our home we go.

3 When we seek relief
From a long-felt grief,
When temptations come, alluring,
Make us patient and enduring;
Show us that bright shore
Where we weep no more.

4 Jesus! still lead on
Till our rest be won;
Heavenly Leader, still direct us,
Still support, console, protect us,
Till we safely stand
In our fatherland.

CREATION. L. M. D.



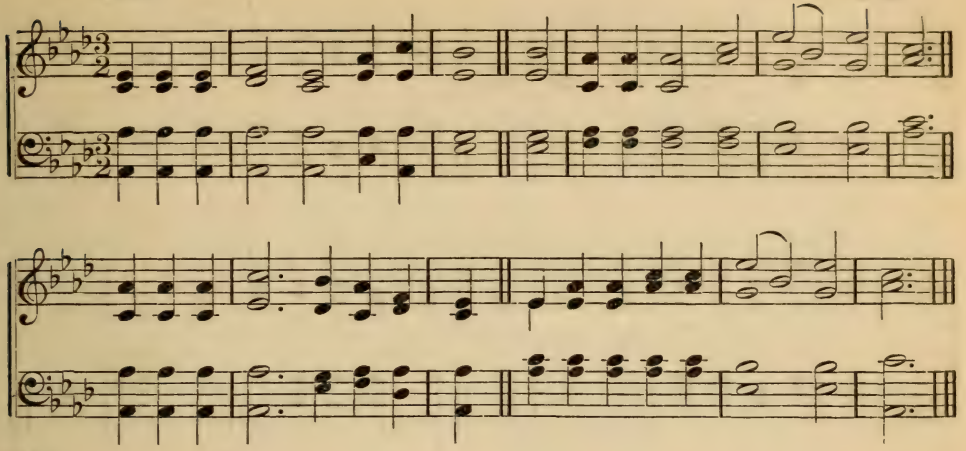
344

1 The spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled heav'ns, a shining frame,
Their great original proclaim.
Th' unwearied sun, from day to day,
Does his Creator's powers display,
And publishes to every land
The work of an almighty Hand.

2 Soon as the evening shades prevail
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
And nightly to the listening earth
Repeats the story of her birth;
Whilst all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

3 What though in solemn silence all
Move round the dark terrestrial ball?
What though no real voice nor sound
Amidst their radiant orbs be found?
In reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice,
For ever singing as they shine,
"The Hand that made us is divine."

WARE. L. M.



345

1 High in the heavens, eternal God!
Thy goodness in full glory shines;
Thy truth shall break through every cloud
That veils and darkens thy designs.

2 For ever firm thy justice stands,
As mountains their foundations keep;
Wise are the wonders of thy hands,
Thy judgments are a mighty deep.

3 My God! how excellent thy grace,
Whence all our hope and comfort spring!
The sons of Adam, in distress,
Fly to the shadow of thy wing.

4 From the provisions of thy house
We shall be fed with sweet repast;
There mercy like a river flows,
And brings salvation to our taste.

5 Life, like a fountain, rich and free,
Springs from the presence of the Lord,
And in thy light our souls shall see
The glories promised in thy word.

346

1 Jehovah reigns: he dwells in light,
Girded with majesty and might;
The world, created by his hands,
Still on its first foundation stands.

2 But ere this spacious world was made
Or had its first foundations laid,
Thy throne eternal ages stood,
Thyself, the ever-living God.

3 Like floods the angry nations rise,
And aim their rage against the skies;
Vain floods, that aim their rage so high!
At thy rebuke the billows die.

4 For ever shall thy throne endure,
Thy promise stands for ever sure,
And everlasting holiness
Becomes the dwellings of thy grace.

347

1 Up to the hills I lift mine eyes—
Th' eternal hills beyond the skies;
Thence all her help my soul derives,
There my almighty Refuge lives.

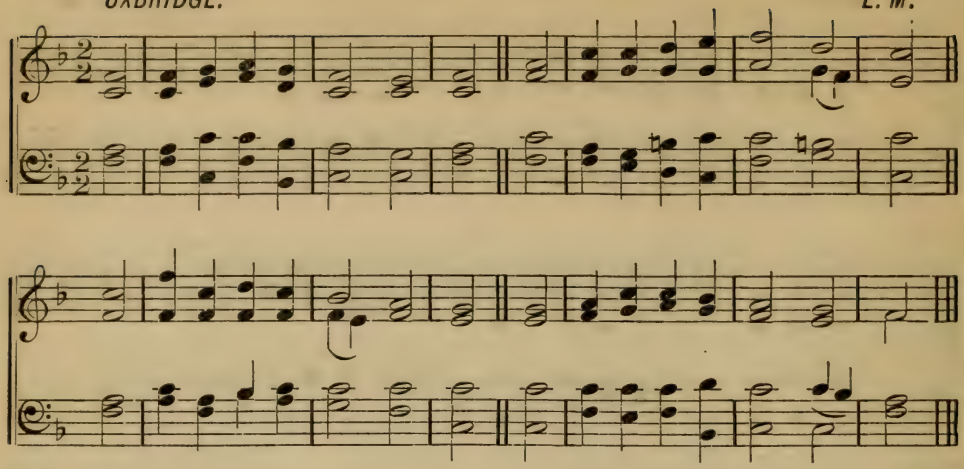
2 He lives—the everlasting God
That built the world, that spread the flood;
The heavens with all their hosts he made,
And the dark regions of the dead.

3 He guides our feet, he guards our way;
His morning smiles bless all the day;
He spreads the evening veil, and keeps
The silent hours while Israel sleeps.

4 Israel, a name divinely blest,
May rise secure, securely rest;
Thy holy Guardian's wakeful eyes
Admit no slumber nor surprise.

5 Should earth and hell with malice ourn,
Still thou shalt go, and still return,
Safe in the Lord: his heavenly care
Defends thy life from every snare.

UXBRIDGE. L. M.



348

1 The Lord is King! lift up thy voice,
O earth! and, all ye heavens! rejoice;
From world to world the joy shall ring:
The Lord omnipotent is King!

2 The Lord is King! who then shall dare
Resist his will, distrust his care?
Holy and true are all his ways;
Let every creature speak his praise.

3 The Lord is King! exalt your strains,
Ye saints! your God, your Father, reigns;
One Lord, one empire, all secures;
He reigns, and life and death are yours.

4 Oh, when his wisdom can mistake,
His might decay, his love forsake,
Then may his children cease to sing,
The Lord omnipotent is King!

349

1 Jehovah reigns! his throne is high,
His robes are light and majesty;
His glory shines with beams so bright
No mortal can sustain the sight.

2 His terrors keep the world in awe;
His justice guards his holy law;
His love reveals a smiling face;
His truth and promise seal the grace.

3 Through all his works his wisdom shines,
And baffles Satan's deep designs;
His power is sovereign to fulfill
The noblest counsels of his will.

4 And will this glorious Lord descend
To be my father and my friend?
Then let my songs with angels join;
Heaven is secure if God be mine.

350

1 The heavens declare thy glory, Lord!
In every star thy wisdom shines;
But when our eyes behold thy word,
We read thy name in fairer lines.

2 The rolling sun, the changing light
And nights and days thy power confess,
But the blest volume thou hast writ
Reveals thy justice and thy grace.

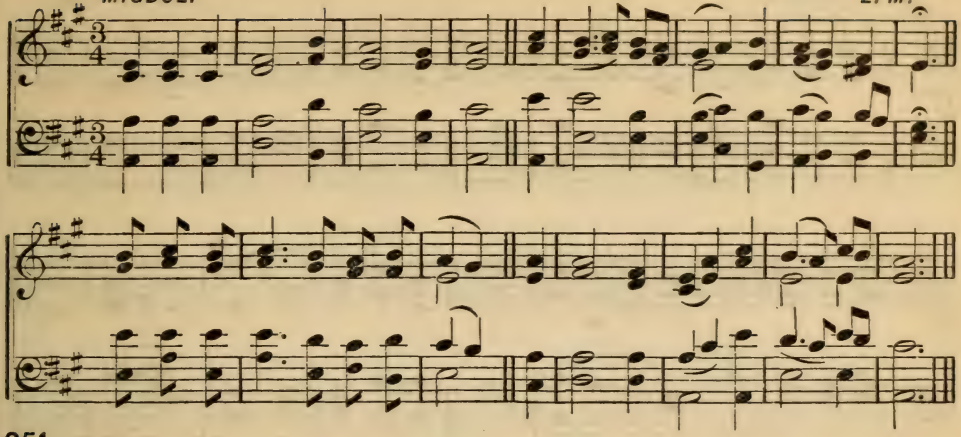
3 Sun, moon and stars convey thy praise
Round the whole earth, and never stand;
So, when thy truth began its race,
It touched and glanced on every land.

4 Nor shall thy spreading gospel rest
Till through the world thy truth has run,
Till Christ has all the nations blest
That see the light or feel the sun.

5 Great Sun of righteousness! arise;
Bless the dark world with heavenly light
Thy gospel makes the simple wise,
Thy laws are pure, thy judgments right.

6 Thy noblest wonders here we view
In souls renewed and sins forgiven;
Lord! cleanse my sins, my soul renew,
And make thy word my guide to heaven.

MIGDOL. L. M.



351

1 Kingdoms and thrones to God belong;
Crown him, ye nations! in your song;
His wondrous names and powers rehearse;
His honors shall enrich your verse.

2 He rides, and thunders through the sky;
His name, Jehovah, sounds on high;
Sing to his name, ye sons of grace!
Ye saints! rejoice before his face.

3 He breaks the captive's heavy chain,
And pris'ners see the light again:
But rebels who dispute his will
Shall dwell in chains and darkness still.

4 Proclaim him King, pronounce him blest;
He 's your defence, your joy, your rest;
When terrors rise and nations faint,
God is the strength of every saint.

352

1 Thee we adore, eternal Lord!
We praise thy name with one accord;
Thy saints who here thy goodness see
Through all the world do worship thee.

2 To thee aloud all angels cry,
And ceaseless raise their songs on high,
Both cherubim and seraphim,
The heavens and all the powers therein.

3 The apostles join the glorious throng;
The prophets swell the immortal song;
The martyrs' noble army raise
Eternal anthems to thy praise.

4 Thee, holy, holy, holy King!
Thee, O Lord God of hosts! they sing·
Thus earth below and heaven above
Resound thy glory and thy love.

353

1 Lord of all being! throned afar,
Thy glory flames from sun and star;
Centre and soul of every sphere,
Yet to each loving heart how near!

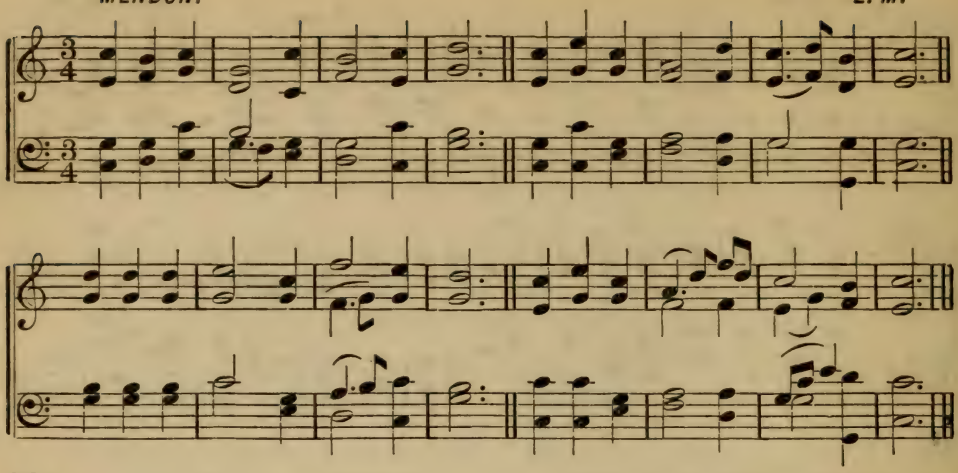
2 Sun of our life! thy quickening ray
Sheds on our path the glow of day;
Star of our hope! thy softened light
Cheers the long watches of the night.

3 Our midnight is thy smile withdrawn;
Our noontide is thy gracious dawn;
Our rainbow arch thy mercy's sign;
All save the clouds of sin are thine.

4 Lord of all life! below, above,
Whose light is truth, whose warmth is love,
Before thy ever-blazing throne
We ask no lustre of our own.

5 Grant us thy truth to make us free,
And kindling hearts that burn for thee,
Till all thy loving altars claim
One holy light, one heavenly flame.

MENDON. L. M.



354

1 Lord! thou hast searched and seen me through;
Thine eye commands with piercing view
My rising and my resting hours,
My heart and flesh with all their powers.

2 My thoughts before they are my own
Are to my God distinctly known;
He knows the words I mean to speak
Ere from my opening lips they break.

3 Within thy circling power I stand;
On every side I find thy hand;
Awake, asleep, at home, abroad,
I am surrounded still with God.

4 Amazing knowledge, vast and great!
What large extent! what lofty height!
My soul, with all the powers I boast,
Is in the boundless prospect lost.

5 Oh, may these thoughts possess my breast
Where'er I rove, where'er I rest,
Nor let my weaker passions dare
Consent to sin, for God is there.

355

1 Awake, my tongue! thy tribute bring
To him who gave thee power to sing;
Praise him who is all praise above,
The source of light and truth and love.

2 How vast his knowledge! how profound!
A depth where all our thoughts are drowned;
The stars he numbers, and their names
He gives to all these heavenly flames.

3 Through each bright world above behold
Ten thousand thousand charms unfold;
Earth, air and mighty seas combine
To speak his wisdom all divine.

4 But in redemption, oh what grace!
Its wonders, oh what thought can trace?
Here wisdom shines for ever bright;
Praise him, my soul! with sweet delight.

356

1 Oh, dreadful glory that doth make
Thick darkness round the heavenly throne,
Through which no angel eye may break,
Wherein the Lord doth dwell alone!

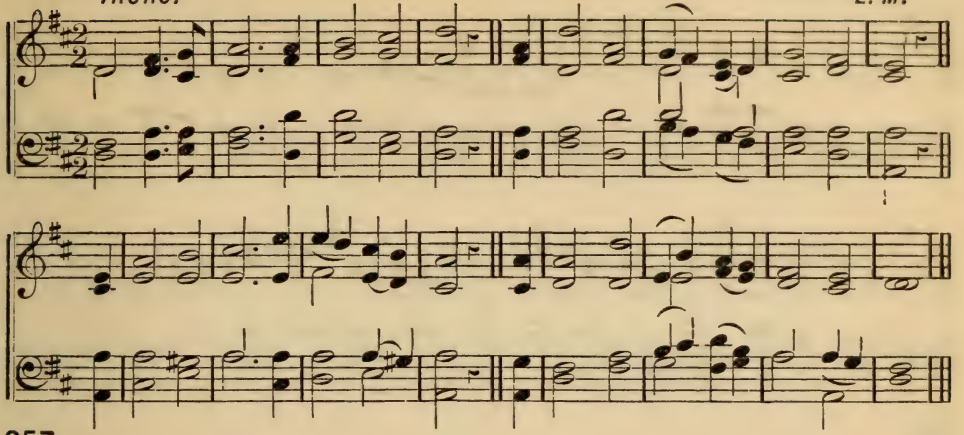
2 What secret place, what distant star,
Is like, dread Lord! to thine abode?
Why dwellest thou from us so far?
We yearn for thee, thou hidden God.

3 Vain searchers! but we need not mourn,
We need not stretch our weary wings;
Thou meetest us where'er we turn;
Thou beamest, Lord! from all bright things.

4 But sweetest, Lord! dost thou appear
In the dear Saviour's smiling face;
The heavenly majesty draws near,
And offers us its kind embrace.

5 To us, vain searchers after God,
To us the Holy Ghost doth come;
From us thou hidest thine abode,
But thou wilt make our souls thy home.

TRURO. L. M.



357

1 The Lord, how wondrous are his ways!
How firm his truth, how large his grace!
He takes his mercy for his throne,
And thence he makes his glories known.

2 Not half so high his power hath spread
The starry heavens above our head,
As his rich love exceeds our praise—
Exceeds the highest hopes we raise.

3 Not half so far hath nature placed
The rising morning from the west,
As his forgiving grace removes
The daily guilt of those he loves.

4 How slowly doth his wrath arise!
On swifter wings salvation flies;
And if he lets his anger burn,
How soon his frowns to pity turn!

5 But his eternal love is sure
To all the saints, and shall endure;
From age to age his truth shall reign,
Nor children's children hope in vain.

358

1 Up to the Lord, who reigns on high
And views the nations from afar,
Let everlasting praises fly,
And tell how large his bounties are.

2 He overrules all mortal things,
And manages our mean affairs;
On humble souls the King of kings
Bestows his counsels and his cares.

3 Our sorrows and our tears we pour
Into the bosom of our God;
He hears us in the mournful hour,
And helps us bear the heavy load.

4 Oh, could our thankful hearts devise
A tribute equal to thy grace,
To the third heaven our songs should rise,
And teach the golden harps thy praise.

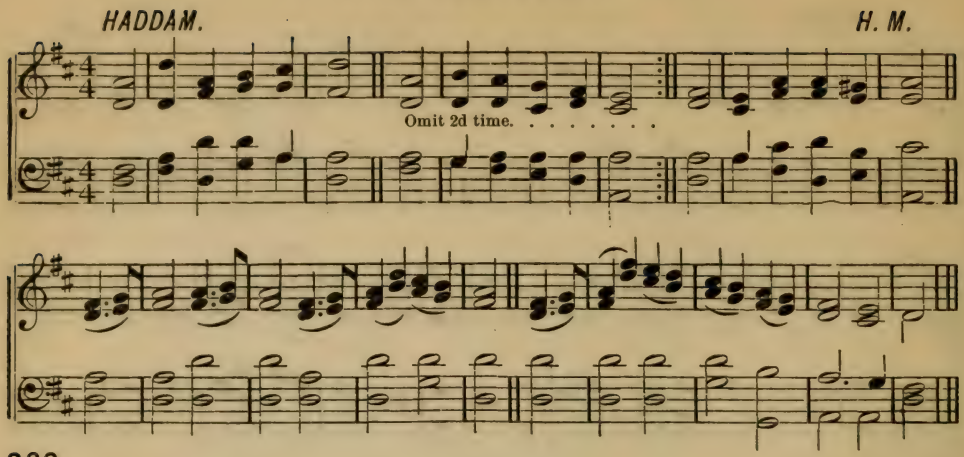
359

1 Give thanks to God; he reigns above;
Kind are his thoughts, his name is love;
His mercy ages past have known,
And ages long to come shall own.

2 Let the redeemèd of the Lord
The wonders of his grace record,
Israel, the nation whom he chose,
And rescued from their mighty foes.

3 He feeds and clothes us all the way,
He guides our footsteps lest we stray;
He guards us with a powerful hand,
And brings us to the heavenly land.

4 Oh, let the saints with joy record
The truth and goodness of the Lord;
How great his works, how kind his ways!
Let every tongue pronounce his praise.



360

1 The glory of the Lord
The heavens declare abroad;
The firmament displays
The handiwork of God;
Day unto day declareth speech,
And night to night doth knowledge teach.

2 Aloud they do not speak,
They utter forth no word,
Nor into language break—
Their voice is never heard;
Their line through all the earth extends,
Their words to earth's remotest ends.

3 God's perfect law converts
The soul in sin that lies;
His testimony sure
Doth make the simple wise;
His statutes just delight the heart,
His holy precepts light impart.

4 The fear of God is clean,
And ever doth endure;
His judgments all are truth
And righteousness most pure;
To be desired are they far more
Than finest gold in richest store.

5 Who can his errors know?
From secret faults me cleanse;
Thy servant keep thou back
From all presumptuous sins;
Oh, let them not my way control,
Nor gain dominion o'er my soul.

6 Then in thy righteous way
My life shall upright be;
I shall be innocent—
From great transgression free;
Accept my words and thoughts of heart;
Lord! thou my strength and Saviour art.

361

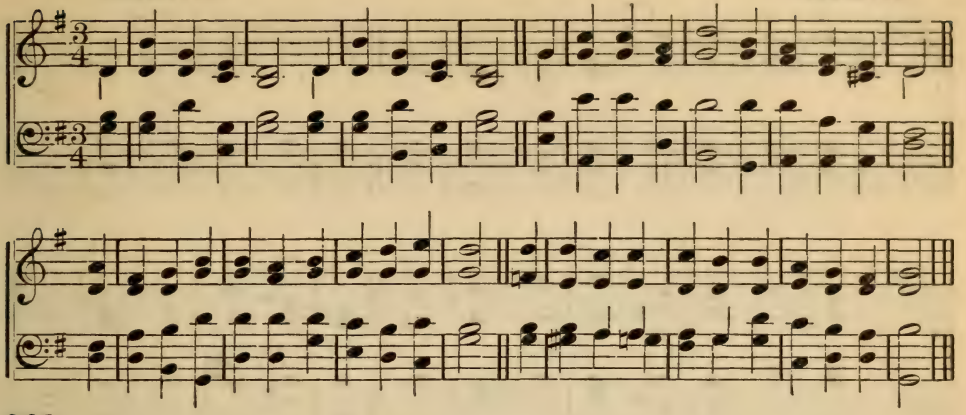
1 Upward I lift mine eyes,
From God is all my aid—
The God that built the skies
And earth and nature made;
God is the tower
To which I fly; his grace is nigh
In every hour.

2 My feet shall never slide,
And fall in fatal snares,
Since God, my guard and guide,
Defends me from my fears;
Those wakeful eyes,
That never sleep, shall Israel keep
When dangers rise.

3 No burning heats by day,
Nor blasts of evening air
Shall take my health away
If God be with me there;
Thou art my sun,
And thou my shade, to guard my head
By night or noon.

4 Hast thou not given thy word
To save my soul from death?
And I can trust my Lord
To keep my mortal breath;
I 'll go and come,
Nor fear to die till from on high
Thou call me home.

HOUGHTON. 10s & 11s.



362

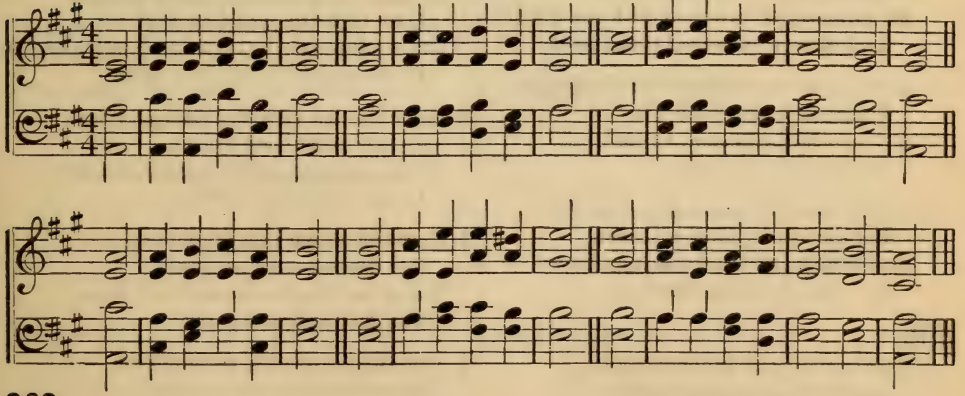
1 Oh, worship the King all glorious above,
Oh, gratefully sing his power and love;
Our Shield and Defender, the Ancient of days,
Pavilioned in splendor and girded with praise.

2 Oh, tell of his might, oh, sing of his grace,
Whose robe is the light, whose canopy space;
His chariots of wrath the deep thunder-clouds form,
And dark is his path on the wings of the storm.

3 Thy bountiful care what tongue can recite?
It breathes in the air, it shines in the light,
It streams from the hills, it descends to the plains,
And sweetly distills in the dew and the rains.

4 Frail children of dust, and feeble as frail,
In thee do we trust, nor find thee to fail;
Thy mercies how tender! how firm to the end!
Our Maker, Defender, Redeemer and Friend.

DALSTON. S. P. M.

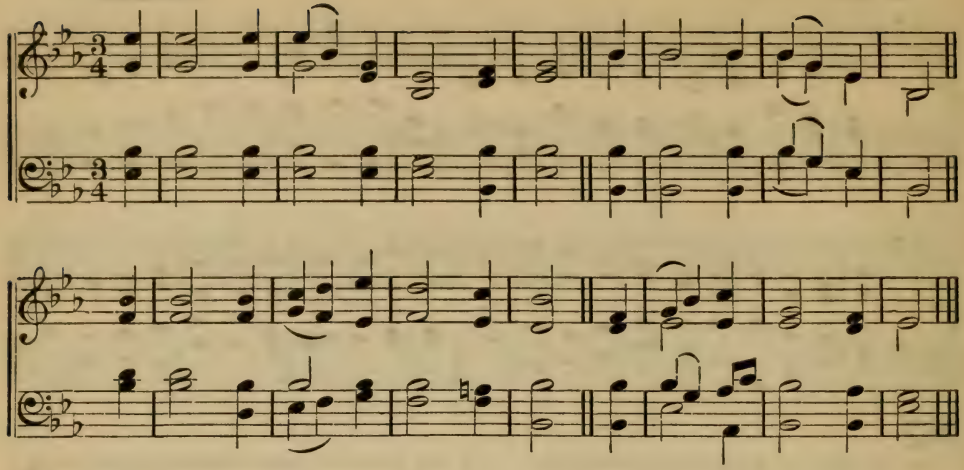


363

1 The Lord Jehovah reigns,
And royal state maintains,
His head with awful glories crowned;
Arrayed in robes of light,
Begirt with sovereign might,
And rays of majesty around.

2 Thy promises are true,
Thy grace is ever new;
There fixed, thy church shall ne'er remove;
Thy saints with holy fear
Shall in thy courts appear,
And sing thine everlasting love.

HOLLAND. C. M.



364

1 I SING th' almighty power of God,
That made the mountains rise,
That spread the flowing seas abroad
And built the lofty skies.

2 I sing the wisdom that ordained
The sun to rule the day;
The moon shines full at his command,
And all the stars obey.

3 I sing the goodness of the Lord,
That filled the earth with food;
He formed the creatures with his word,
And then pronounced them good.

4 Lord! how thy wonders are displayed
Where'er I turn mine eye!
If I survey the ground I tread,
Or gaze upon the sky!

5 There 's not a plant or flower below
But makes thy glories known;
And clouds arise and tempests blow
By order from thy throne.

365

1 SING to the Lord Jehovah's name,
And in his strength rejoice;
When his salvation is our theme,
Exalted be our voice.

2 With thanks approach his awful sight,
And psalms of honor sing!
The Lord 's a God of boundless might,
The whole creation's King.

3 Come, and with humble souls adore;
Come, kneel before his face:
Oh, may the creatures of his power
Be children of his grace!

4 Now is the time; he bends his ear,
And waits for your request;
Come, lest he rouse his wrath, and swear,
"Ye shall not see my rest."

366

1 FATHER! how wide thy glory shines!
How high thy wonders rise!
Known through the earth by thousand signs,
By thousand through the skies.

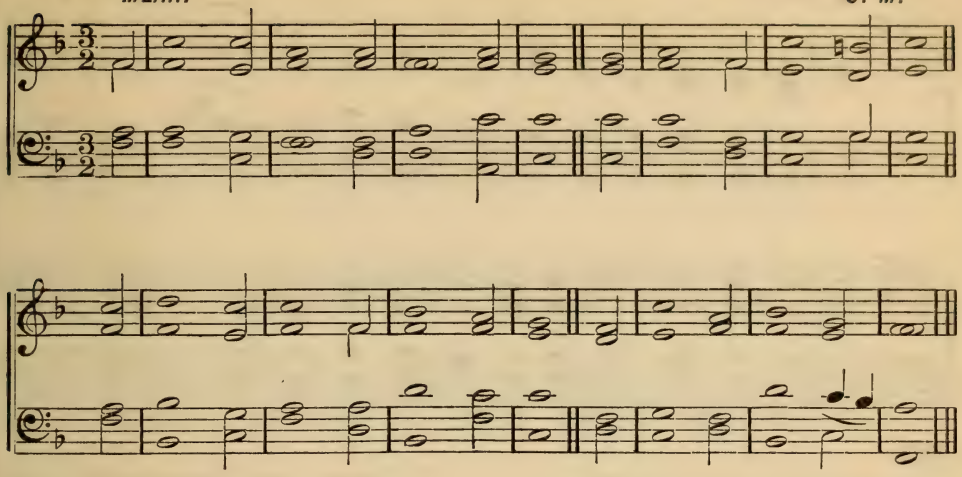
2 But when we view thy strange deisgn
To save rebellious worms,
Where vengeance and compassion join
In their divinest forms,

3 Here the whole Deity is known,
Nor dares a creature guess
Which of the glories brightest shone,
The justice or the grace.

4 Now the full glories of the Lamb
Adorn the heavenly plains;
Bright seraphs learn Immanuel's name,
And try their choicest strains.

5 Oh, may I bear some humble part
In that immortal song!
Wonder and joy shall tune my heart,
And love command my tongue.

MEAR. C. M.



367

1 O thou my soul, bless God the Lord,
And all that in me is,
Oh, be stirred up his holy name
To magnify and bless.

2 Bless, O my soul, the Lord thy God,
And not forgetful be
Of all his gracious benefits
He hath bestowed on thee.

3 All thy iniquities who doth
Most graciously forgive;
Who thy diseases all and pains
Doth heal, and thee relieve.

4 Who doth redeem thy life that thou
To death mayst not go down;
Who thee with loving-kindness doth,
And tender mercies, crown;

5 Who with abundance of good things
Doth satisfy thy mouth;
And even as the eagle's age,
He hath renewed thy youth.

6 The Lord Jehovah gracious is,
And he is merciful,
Long-suffering and slow to wrath,
In kindness plentiful.

7 Oh, bless and magnify the Lord,
Ye glorious hosts of his;
Ye ministers that do fulfill
Whate'er his pleasure is.

8 Oh, bless the Lord, all ye his works,
Wherewith the world is stored;
In his dominions everywhere,
My soul, bless thou the Lord.

368

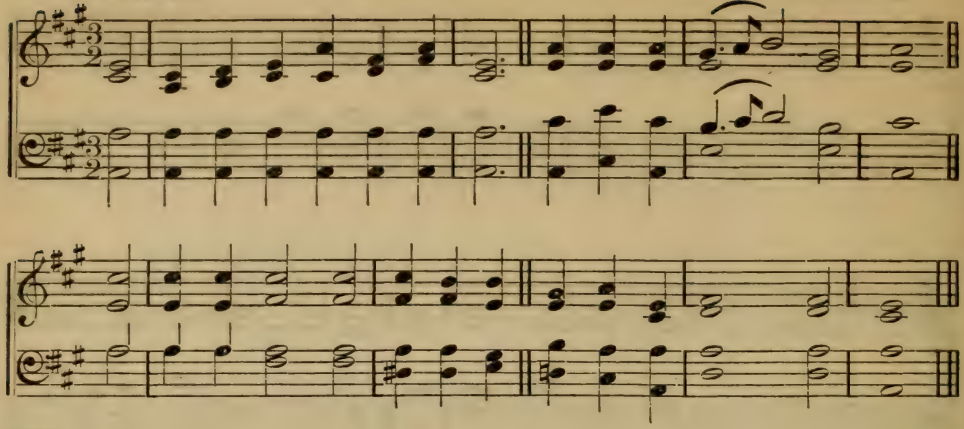
1 Holy and reverend is the name
Of our eternal King;
Thrice holy Lord! the angels cry;
Thrice holy! let us sing.

2 The deepest reverence of the mind
Pay, O my soul! to God;
Lift with thy hands a holy heart
To his sublime abode.

3 With sacred awe pronounce his name
Whom words nor thoughts can reach;
A broken heart shall please him more
Than the best forms of speech.

4 Thou holy God! preserve my soul
From all pollution free;
The pure in heart are thy delight,
And they thy face shall see.

HERMON. C. M.



369

1 God moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform;
He plants his footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.

2 Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill
He treasures up his bright designs,
And works his sovereign will.

3 Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take;
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head.

4 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust him for his grace;
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.

5 His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour;
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.

6 Blind unbelief is sure to err
And scan his work in vain;
God is his own interpreter,
And he will make it plain.

370

1 Thy way, O God! is in the sea,
Thy paths I cannot trace,
Nor comprehend the mystery
Of thine unbounded grace.

2 'T is but in part I know thy will;
I bless thee for the sight;
When will thy love the rest reveal
In glory's clearer light?

3 As through a glass I dimly see
The wonders of thy love;
How little do I know of thee,
Or of the joys above!

4 With rapture I shall soon survey
Thy providence and grace;
And spend an everlasting day
In wonder, love and praise.

371

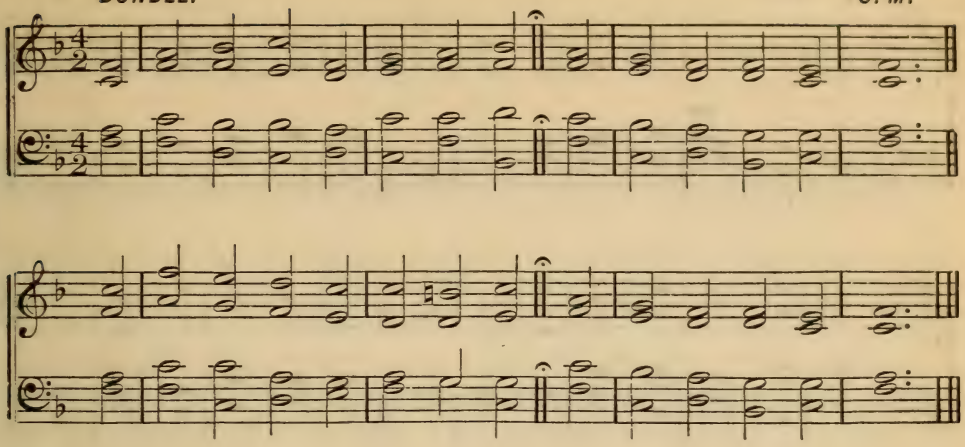
1 Since all the varying scenes of time
God's watchful eye surveys,
Oh, who so wise to choose our lot
Or to appoint our ways?

2 Good when he gives, supremely good,
Nor less when he denies;
E'en crosses from his sovereign hand
Are blessings in disguise.

3 Why should we doubt a Father's love,
So constant and so kind?
To his unerring, gracious will
Be every wish resigned.

4 In thy fair book of life divine,
My God! inscribe my name;
There let it fill some humble place
Beneath my Lord, the Lamb.

DUNDEE. C. M.



372

1 Keep silence, all created things,
And wait your Maker's nod;
My soul stands trembling while she sings
The honors of her God.

2 Life, death and hell, and worlds unknown,
Hang on his firm decree;
He sits on no precarious throne,
Nor borrows leave to be.

3 Chained to his throne a volume lies,
With all the fates of men,
With every angel's form and size,
Drawn by th' eternal pen.

4 His providence unfolds his book,
And makes his counsels shine;
Each opening leaf and every stroke
Fulfills some deep design.

5 My God! I would not long to see
My fate, with curious eyes,
What gloomy lines are writ for me,
Or what bright scenes may rise.

6 In thy fair book of life and grace
May I but find my name
Recorded in some humble place,
Beneath my Lord, the Lamb.

373

1 Let children hear the mighty deeds
Which God performed of old,
Which in our younger years we saw,
And which our fathers told.

2 He bids us make his glories known,
His works of power and grace,
And we 'll convey his wonders down
Through every rising race.

3 Our lips shall tell them to our sons,
And they again to theirs,
That generations yet unborn
May teach them to their heirs.

4 Thus shall they learn in God alone
Their hope securely stands,
That they may ne'er forget his works,
But practice his commands.

374

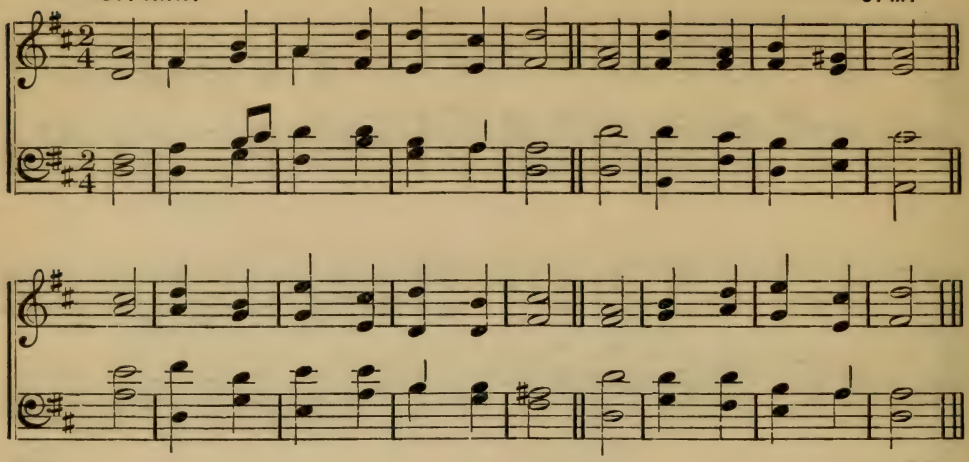
1 The Lord Jehovah unto all
His goodness doth declare,
And over all his mighty works
His tender mercies are.

2 Thy kingdom shall for ever stand,
Thy reign through ages all;
God raiseth all that are bowed down
Upholdeth all that fall.

3 The eyes of all things wait on thee,
Thou Giver of all good!
And thou in season due dost give
To every one his food.

4 My mouth the praises of the Lord
To publish shall not cease;
Let all flesh join his holy name
For evermore to bless.

ST. ANN. C. M.



375

1 O God! we praise thee, and confess
That thou the only Lord
And everlasting Father art,
By all the earth adored.

2 To thee all angels cry aloud;
To thee the powers on high,
Both cherubim and seraphim,
Continually do cry.

3 O holy, holy, holy Lord!
Whom heavenly hosts obey,
The world is with the glory filled
Of thy majestic sway.

4 The apostles' glorious company,
And prophets crowned with light,
With all the martyrs' noble host,
Thy constant praise recite.

5 The holy church throughout the world,
O Lord! confesses thee,
That thou th' eternal Father art,
Of boundless majesty.

376

1 Great God! how infinite art thou!
What worthless worms are we!
Let the whole race of creatures bow,
And pay their praise to thee.

2 Thy throne eternal ages stood,
Ere seas or stars were made;
Thou art the ever-living God,
Were all the nations dead.

3 Eternity, with all its years,
Stands present in thy view;
To thee there's nothing old appears—
Great God! there's nothing new.

4 Our lives through various scenes are drawn,
And vexed with trifling cares,
While thine eternal thought moves on
Thine undisturbed affairs.

377

1 The Lord our God is clothed with might,
The winds obey his will;
He speaks, and in his heavenly height
The rolling sun stands still.

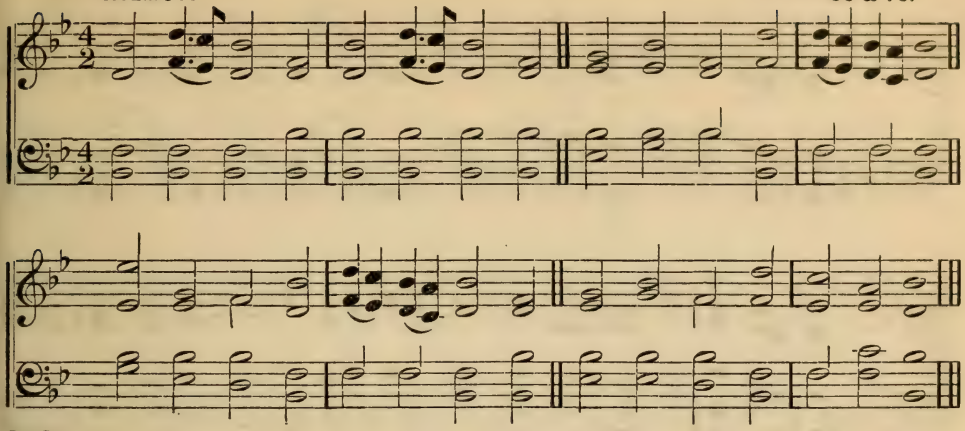
2 Rebel, ye waves! and o'er the land
With threatening aspect roar;
The Lord uplifts his awful hand,
And chains you to the shore.

3 Howl, winds of night! your force combine;
Without his high behest
Ye shall not in the mountain pine
Disturb the sparrow's nest.

4 His voice sublime is heard afar,
In distant peals it dies;
He yokes the whirlwind to his car,
And sweeps the howling skies.

5 Ye nations! bend, in reverence bend;
Ye monarchs! wait his nod,
And bid the choral song ascend
To celebrate our God.

WILMOT. 8s & 7s.



378

1 Call Jehovah thy salvation,
Rest beneath the Almighty's shade;
In his secret habitation
Dwell, nor ever be dismayed;

2 There no tumult can alarm thee,
Thou shalt dread no hidden snare;
Guile nor violence can harm thee,
In eternal safeguard there.

3 From the sword, at noon-day wasting,
From the noisome pestilence
In the depth of midnight blasting,
God shall be thy sure defence;

4 Fear not thou the deadly quiver
When a thousand feel the blow;
Mercy shall thy soul deliver
Though ten thousand be laid low.

5 Since, with pure and warm affection
Thou on God hast set thy love,
With the wings of his protection
He will shield thee from above;

6 Thou shalt call on him in trouble:
He will hearken, he will save;
Here, for grief, reward thee double,
Crown with life beyond the grave.

379

1 God is love; his mercy brightens
All the path in which we rove;
Bliss he wakes and woe he lightens;
God is wisdom, God is love.

2 Chance and change are busy ever;
Man decays and ages move;
But his mercy waneth never;
God is wisdom, God is love.

3 E'en the hour that darkest seemeth
Will his changeless goodness prove;
From the gloom his brightness streameth;
God is wisdom, God is love.

4 He with earthly cares entwineth
Hope and comfort from above;
Everywhere his glory shineth;
God is wisdom, God is love.

380

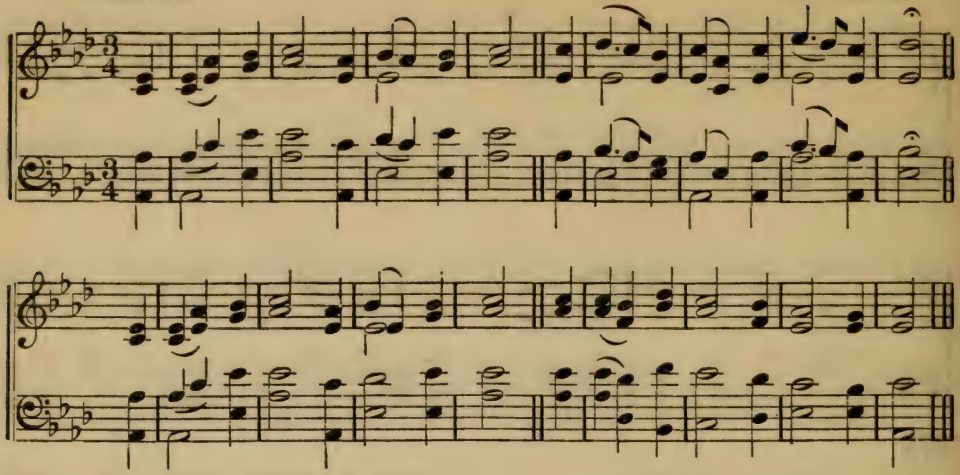
1 Praise the Lord! ye heavens, adore him
Praise him, angels in the height;
Sun and moon, rejoice before him;
Praise him, all ye stars of light.

2 Praise the Lord, for he hath spoken;
Worlds his mighty voice obeyed;
Laws which never shall be broken
For their guidance he hath made.

3 Praise the Lord! for he is glorious;
Never shall his promise fail;
God hath made his saints victorious,
Sin and death shall not prevail.

4 Praise the God of our salvation,
Hosts on high his power proclaim;
Heaven and earth and all creation
Laud and magnify his name.

LOUVAN. L. M.



381

1 O God! thou art my God alone;
Early to thee my soul shall cry,
A pilgrim in a land unknown,
A thirsty land whose springs are dry.

2 Oh, that it were as it hath been,
When, praying in the holy place,
Thy power and glory I have seen,
And marked the footsteps of thy grace.

3 Yet through this rough and thorny maze
I follow hard on thee, my God!
Thy hand unseen upholds my ways,
I safely tread where thou hast trod.

4 Thee, in the watches of the night,
When I remember on my bed,
Thy presence makes the darkness light,
Thy guardian wings are round my head.

5 Better than life itself thy love;
Dearer than all beside to me;
For whom have I in heaven above
Or what on earth compared with thee?

382

1 O Lord! how full of sweet content
Our years of pilgrimage are spent!
Where'er we dwell, we dwell with thee,
In heaven, in earth or on the sea.

2 To us remains nor place nor time;
Our country is in every clime;
We can be calm and free from care
On any shore, since God is there.

3 While place we seek or place we shun,
The soul finds happiness in none;
But with our God to guide our way,
'T is equal joy to go or stay.

4 Could we be cast where thou art not,
That were indeed a dreadful lot;
But regions none remote we call,
Secure of finding God in all.

383

1 Praise, everlasting praise, be paid
To him that earth's foundation laid;
Praise to the God whose strong decrees
Sway the creation as he please.

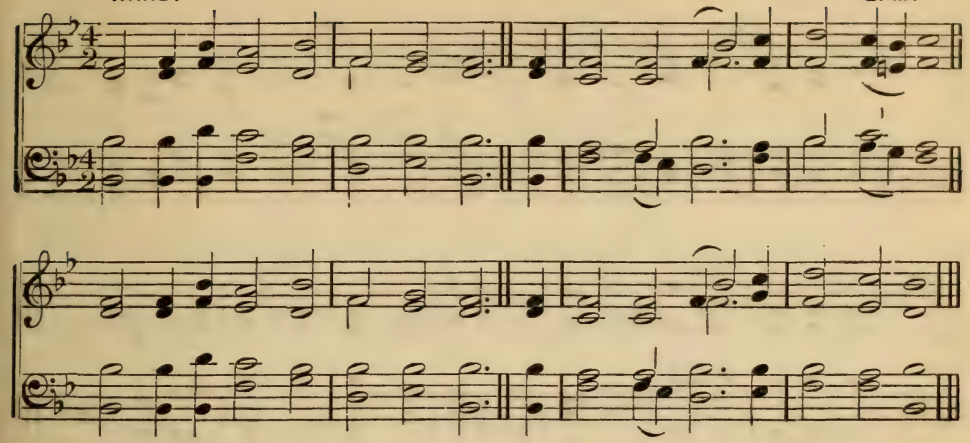
2 Praise to the goodness of the Lord,
Who rules his people by his word;
And there, as strong as his decrees,
He sets his kindest promises.

3 Whence, then, should doubts and fears arise?
Why trickling sorrow drown our eyes?
Slowly, alas! our mind receives
The comforts that our Maker gives.

4 Oh, for a strong, a lasting faith
To credit what th' Almighty saith!
T' embrace the message of his Son,
And call the joys of heaven our own!

5 Then, should the earth's old pillars shake,
And all the wheels of nature break,
Our steady souls should fear no more
Than solid rocks when billows roar.

WARD. L. M.



384

1 God is the refuge of his saints
When storms of sharp distress invade;
Ere we can offer our complaints,
Behold him present with his aid.

2 Let mountains from their seats be hurled
Down to the deep and buried there,
Convulsions shake the solid world,
Our faith shall never yield to fear.

3 There is a stream whose gentle flow,
Supplies the city of our God,
Life, love and joy still gliding through
And watering our divine abode.

4 That sacred stream, thy holy word,
Our grief allays, our fear controls;
Sweet peace thy promises afford,
And give new strength to fainting souls.

5 Zion enjoys her monarch's love,
Secure against a threatening hour;
Nor can her firm foundations move,
Built on his truth and armed with power.

385

1 Lord! I will bless thee all my days;
Thy praise shall dwell upon my tongue;
My soul shall glory in thy grace,
While saints rejoice to hear the song.

2 Come, magnify the Lord with me;
Come, let us all exalt his name;
I sought th' eternal God, and he
Has not exposed my hope to shame.

3 I told him all my secret grief,
My secret groanings reached his ears;
He gave my inward pains relief,
And calmed the tumult of my fears.

4 To him the poor lift up their eyes,
With heavenly joy their faces shine;
A beam of mercy from the skies
Fills them with light and joy divine.

5 His holy angels pitch their tents
Around the men that serve the Lord;
Oh, fear and love him, all his saints!
Taste of his grace and trust his word.

386

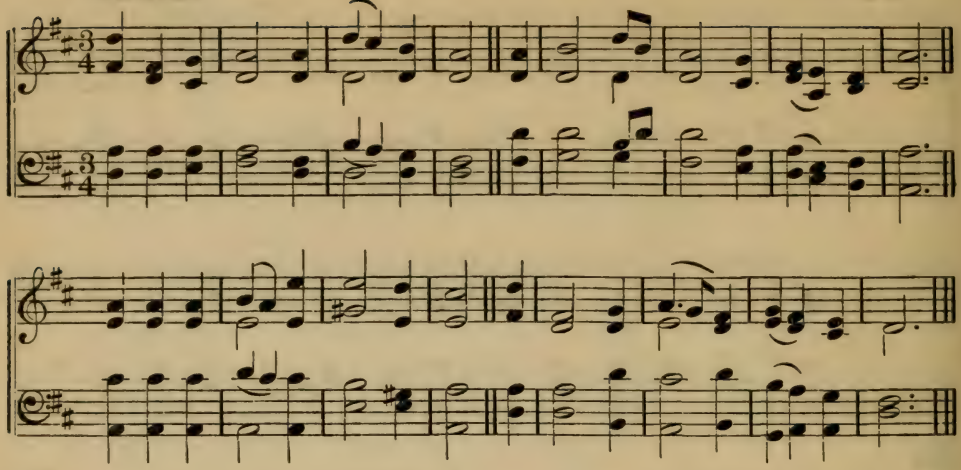
1 God will our strength and refuge prove,
In all distress a present aid;
And though the trembling earth remove,
We will not fear or be dismayed;

2 Though hills be cast amid the sea,
And angry billows round them break,
Though waters roar and troubled be,
And mountains, with their swelling, shake.

3 A river flows whose living streams
Make glad the city of our God,
The tents where heavenly glory beams,
Where God most high hath his abode.

4 God has in her his dwelling made,
And she shall nevermore be moved;
Her God shall early give her aid,
As he her help hath ever proved.

BLENDON. L. M.



387

1 No change of time shall ever shock
My firm affection, Lord! to thee,
For thou hast always been my rock,
A fortress and defence to me.

2 Thou my deliverer art, my God!
My trust is in thy mighty power;
Thou art my shield from foes abroad,
At home my safeguard and my tower.

3 To thee will I address my prayer
To whom all praise we justly owe;
So shall I by thy watchful care
Be guarded safe from every foe.

4 Let the eternal Lord be praised,
The rock on whose defence I rest,
To highest heavens his name be raised,
Who me with his salvation blessed.

5 My God! to celebrate thy fame
My grateful voice to heaven I 'll raise,
And nations, strangers to thy name,
Shall learn to sing thy glorious praise.

388

1 Wait, O my soul! thy Maker's will;
Tumultuous passions, all be still;
Nor let a murmuring thought arise;
His ways are just, his counsels wise.

2 He in the thickest darkness dwells,
Performs his work, the cause conceals;
And though his footsteps are unknown,
Judgment and truth support his throne.

3 In heaven and earth, in air and seas,
He executes his wise decrees;
And by his saints it stands confessed
That what he does is ever best.

4 Then, O my soul! submissive wait,
With reverence bow before his seat;
And 'midst the terrors of his rod
Trust in a wise and gracious God.

389

1 As pants the hart for water-brooks,
So pants my soul, O God! for thee;
For thee it thirsts, to thee it looks,
And longs the living God to see.

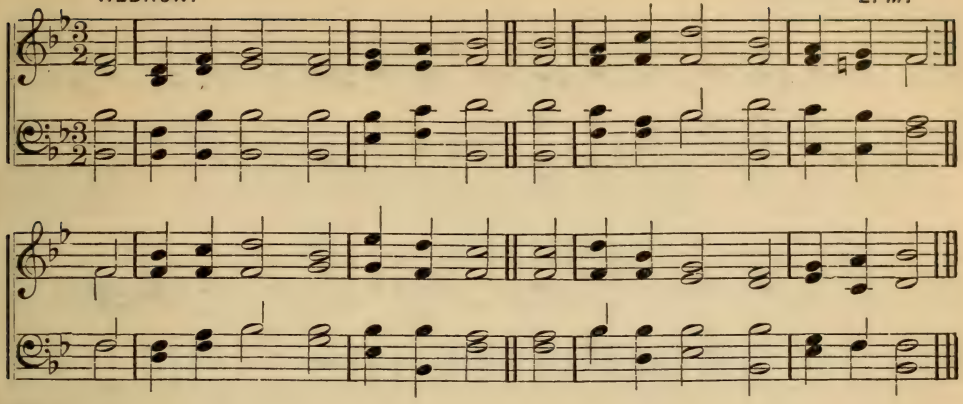
2 Oh, why art thou cast down, my soul?
And what should so disquiet thee?
Still hope in God, and him extol
Whose face brings saving health to me.

3 Deep calls to deep in thunders loud,
Thy waterspouts repeat the call,
Whilst o'er me roll the billows proud,
And all thy waves upon me fall.

4 Yet shall the Lord command by day
His loving-kindness, and his song
By night be with me; and I 'll pray
To him who doth my life prolong.

5 Oh, why art thou cast down, my soul?
And what should so disquiet thee?
Still hope in God, and him extol
Whose face brings saving health to me

HEBRON. L. M.



390

1 No more, my God! I boast no more,
Of all the duties I have done;
I quit the hopes I held before
To trust the merits of thy Son.

2 Now, for the love I bear his name,
What was my gain I count my loss;
My former pride I call my shame,
And nail my glory to his cross.

3 Yes, and I must and will esteem
All things but loss for Jesus' sake;
Oh, may my soul be found in him,
And of his righteousness partake.

4 The best obedience of my hands
Dares not appear before thy throne,
But faith can answer thy demands
By pleading what my Lord has done.

391

1 My God! permit me not to be
A stranger to myself and thee;
Amidst a thousand thoughts I rove,
Forgetful of my highest love.

2 Why should my passions mix with earth,
And thus debase my heav'nly birth?
Why should I cleave to things below,
And let my God, my Saviour, go?

3 Call me away from flesh and sense,
One sov'reign word can draw me thence;
I would obey the voice divine,
And all inferior joys resign.

4 Be earth, with all her scenes, withdrawn,
Let noise and vanity be gone;
In secret silence of the mind,
My heav'n, and there my God, I find.

392

1 I send the joys of earth away—
Away, ye tempters of the mind!
False as the smooth, deceitful sea,
And empty as the whistling wind.

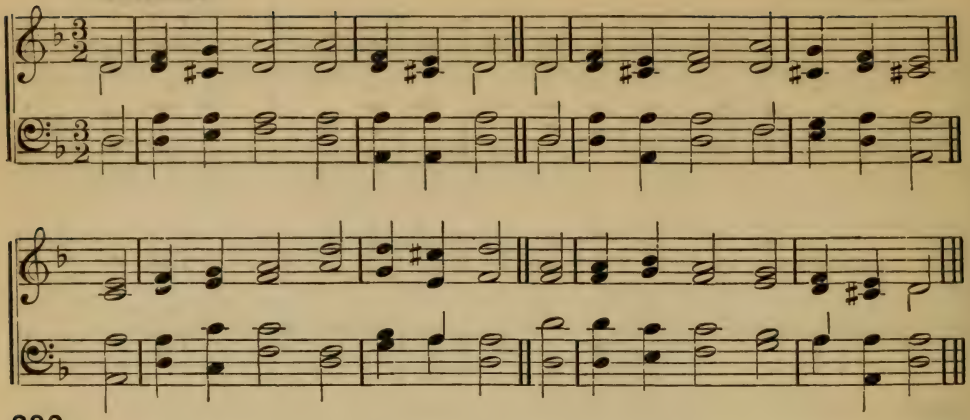
2 Your streams were floating me along
Down to the gulf of black despair;
And while I listened to your song
Your streams had e'en conveyed me there.

3 Lord! I adore thy matchless grace,
That warned me of that dark abyss,
That drew me from those treacherous seas.
And bade me seek superior bliss.

4 Now, to the shining realms above,
I stretch my hands and glance mine eyes·
Oh, for the pinions of a dove
To bear me to the upper skies!

5 There, from the bosom of my God,
Oceans of endless pleasure roll;
There would I fix my last abode,
And drown the sorrows of my soul.

WINDHAM. L. M.



393

1 Show pity, Lord! O Lord! forgive;
Let a repenting rebel live;
Are not thy mercies large and free?
May not a sinner trust in thee?

2 Oh, wash my soul from every sin,
And make my guilty conscience clean;
Here on my heart the burden lies,
And past offences pain mine eyes.

3 My lips with shame my sins confess,
Against thy law, against thy grace;
Lord! should thy judgment grow severe,
I am condemned, but thou art clear.

4 Should sudden vengeance seize my breath,
I must pronounce thee just in death;
And if my soul were sent to hell,
Thy righteous law approves it well.

5 Yet save a trembling sinner, Lord!
Whose hope, still hovering round thy word,
Would light on some sweet promise there,
Some sure support against despair.

394

1 A broken heart, my God! my King!
Is all the sacrifice I bring:
The God of grace will ne'er despise
A broken heart for sacrifice.

2 My soul lies humbled in the dust,
And owns thy dreadful sentence just;
Look down, O Lord! with pitying eye,
And save the soul condemned to die.

3 Then will I teach the world thy ways;
Sinners shall learn thy sovereign grace;
I 'll lead them to my Saviour's blood,
And they shall praise a pard'ning God.

4 Oh, may thy love inspire my tongue;
Salvation shall be all my song,
And all my powers shall join to bless,
The Lord, my strength and righteousness.

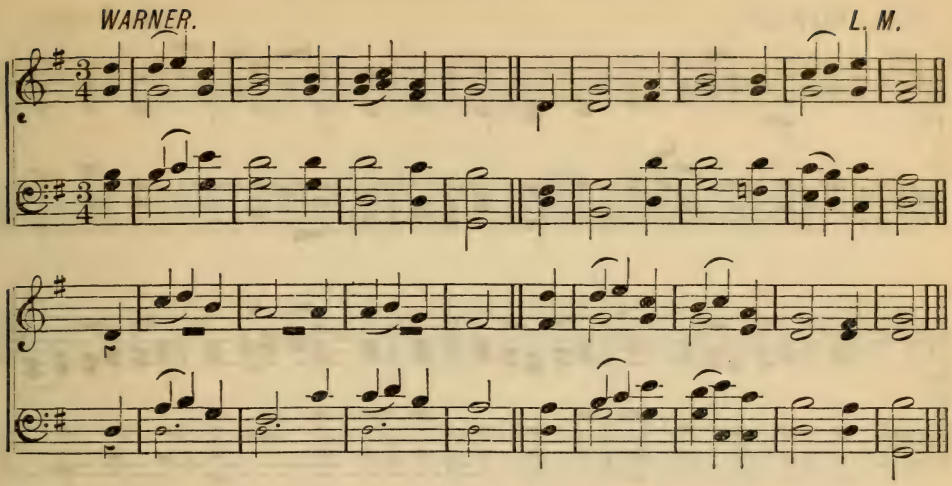
395

1 O thou that hear'st when sinners cry!
Though all my crimes before thee lie,
Behold them not with angry look,
But blot their mem'ry from thy book.

2 Create my nature pure within,
And form my soul averse to sin;
Let thy good Spirit ne'er depart,
Nor hide thy presence from my heart.

3 I cannot live without thy light,
Cast out and banished from thy sight;
Thy holy joys, my God! restore,
And guard me, that I fall no more.

4 Though I have grieved thy Spirit, Lord!
His help and comfort still afford,
And let a wretch come near thy throne
To plead the merits of thy Son.



396

1 With broken heart and contrite sigh,
A trembling sinner, Lord! I cry:
Thy pardoning grace is rich and free;
O God! be merciful to me!

2 I smite upon my troubled breast,
With deep and conscious guilt oppressed;
Christ and his cross my only plea;
O God! be merciful to me!

3 Far off I stand with tearful eyes,
Nor dare uplift them to the skies;
But thou dost all my anguish see;
O God! be merciful to me!

4 Nor alms, nor deeds that I have done,
Can for a single sin atone;
To Calvary alone I flee;
O God! be merciful to me!

397

1 Return, my roving heart! return,
And chase these shadowy forms no more;
Seek out some solitude to mourn,
And thy forsaken God implore.

2 And thou, my God! whose piercing eye
Distinct surveys each deep recess,
In these abstracted hours draw nigh,
And with thy presence fill the place.

3 Through all the mazes of my heart
My search let heavenly wisdom guide,
And still its radiant beams impart
Till all be searched and purified.

4 Then, with the visits of thy love,
Vouchsafe my inmost soul to cheer,
Till every grace shall join to prove
That God has fixed his dwelling there.

398

1 When at thy footstool, Lord! I bend,
And plead with thee for mercy there,
Oh, think thou of the sinner's Friend,
And for his sake receive my prayer.

2 Oh, think not of my shame and guilt,
My thousand stains of deepest dye;
Think of the blood which Jesus spilt,
And let that blood my pardon buy.

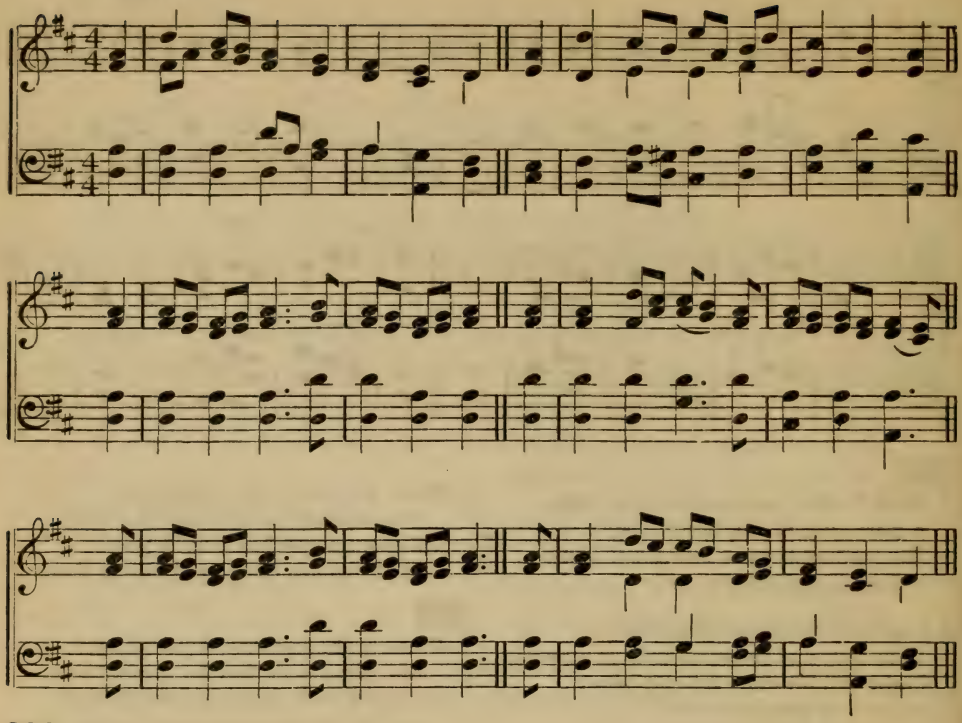
3 Think, Lord! how I am still thine own,
The trembling creature of thy hand;
Think how my heart to sin is prone,
And what temptations round me stand.

4 Oh, think upon thy holy word,
And every plighted promise there;
How prayer should evermore be heard,
And how thy glory is to spare.

5 Oh, think not of my doubts and fears,
My strivings with thy grace divine;
Think upon Jesus' woes and tears,
And let his merit stand for mine.

6 Thine eye, thine ear, they are not dull;
Thine arm can never shortened be;
Behold me here; my heart is full;
Behold, and spare and succor me!

BELVILLE. L. M. 6 lines.



399

1 My God! I leave to thee my ways;
I hope in thee, whate'er betide,
To find thee in the evil days
My all-sufficient Strength and Guide;
Who trusts in God's unchanging love
Builds on the rock that naught can move.

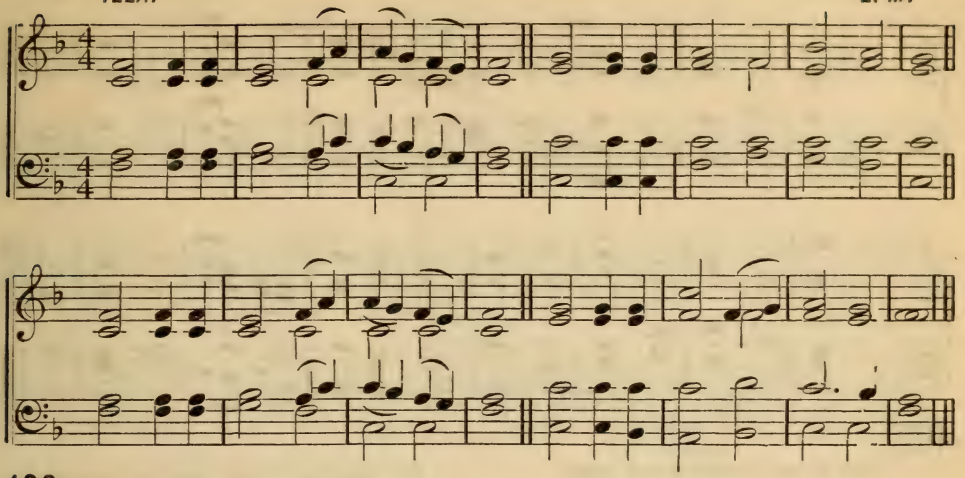
2 What can our anxious cares avail,
Our never-ceasing groans and sighs?
What can it help us to bewail
Each painful moment as it flies?
Our cross and trials do but press
The heavier for our bitterness

3 Help me my restless heart to still,
And wait in cheerful hope, content
To take whate'er thy gracious will,
Thy all-discerning love, hath sent;
No doubt my inmost wants are known
To him who chose me for his own.

4 Thou know'st when joyful hours are best,
And send'st them as thou seest them meet;
When I have borne the fiery test,
And am made free from all deceit,
Thou comest to me all unaware,
And makest me own thy loving care.

5 Help me to swerve not from thy ways,
But do my own part faithfully,
And trust thy promises of grace,
That they may be fulfilled in me;
Thou never wilt forsake at need
The soul that trusts in thee indeed.

ILLA. L. M.



400

1 I ASKED the Lord that I might grow
In faith and love and every grace,
Might more of his salvation know,
And seek more earnestly his face.

2 'T was he who taught me thus to pray,
And he, I trust, has answered prayer;
But it has been in such a way
As almost drove me to despair.

3 I hoped that in some favored hour
At once he 'd answer my request,
And by his love's constraining power
Subdue my sins and give me rest.

4 Instead of this, he made me feel
The hidden evils of my heart,
And let the angry powers of hell
Assault my soul in every part.

5 Yea, more, with his own hand he seemed
Intent to aggravate my woe,
Crossed all the fair designs I schemed,
Blasted my gourds and laid me low.

6 "Lord! why is this?" I trembling cried;
"Wilt thou pursue thy worm to death?"
"'T is in this way," the Lord replied,
"I answer prayer for grace and faith.

7 "These inward trials I employ
From self and pride to set thee free,
And break thy schemes of earthly joy,
That thou mayst seek thine all in me."

401

1 MY spirit sinks within me, Lord!
But I will call thy name to mind,
And times of past distress record
When I have found my God was kind.

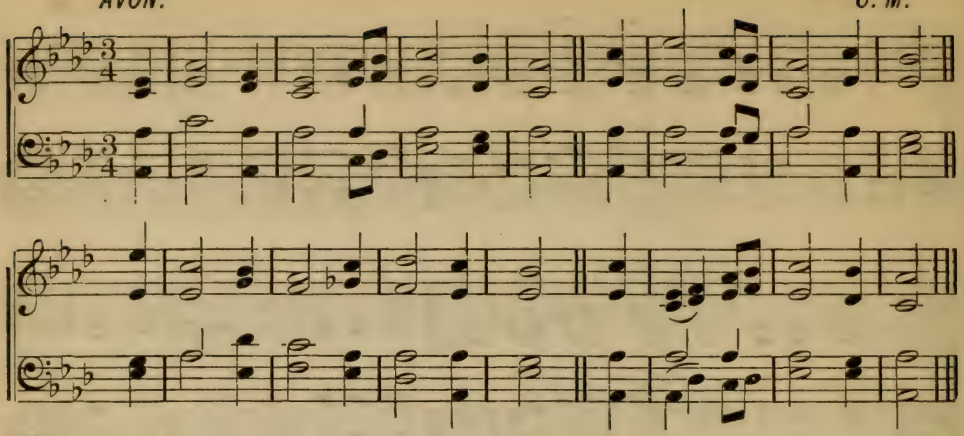
2 Yet will the Lord command his love
When I address his throne by day;
Nor in the night his grace remove;
The night shall hear me sing and pray.

3 I 'll cast myself before his feet,
And say, "My God, my heavenly Rock!
Why doth thy love so long forget
The soul that groans beneath thy stroke?"

4 I 'll chide my heart that sinks so low;
Why should my soul indulge her grief?
Hope in the Lord and praise him too;
He is my rest, my sure relief.

5 Thy light and truth shall guide me still;
Thy word shall my best thoughts employ,
And lead me to thy heavenly hill,
My God! my most exceeding joy!

AVON. C. M.



402

1 O THOU whose tender mercy hears
Contrition's humble sigh,
Whose hand, indulgent, wipes the tears
From sorrow's weeping eye!

2 See, low before thy throne of grace,
A wretched wanderer mourn;
Hast thou not bid me seek thy face?
Hast thou not said "Return"?

3 And shall my guilty fears prevail
To drive me from thy feet?
Oh, let not this dear refuge fail,
This only safe retreat.

4 Oh, shine on this benighted heart,
With beams of mercy shine,
And let thy healing voice impart
A taste of joy divine.

403

1 O GOD of mercy! hear my call,
My load of guilt remove;
Break down this separating wall
That bars me from thy love.

2 Give me the presence of thy grace;
Then my rejoicing tongue
Shall speak aloud thy righteousness,
And make thy praise my song.

3 No blood of goats, nor heifer slain,
For sin could e'er atone;
The death of Christ shall still remain
Sufficient and alone.

4 A soul oppressed with sin's desert
My God will ne'er despise;
An humble groan, a broken heart,
Is our best sacrifice.

404

1 How oft, alas! this wretched heart
Has wandered from the Lord!
How oft my roving thoughts depart,
Forgetful of his word!

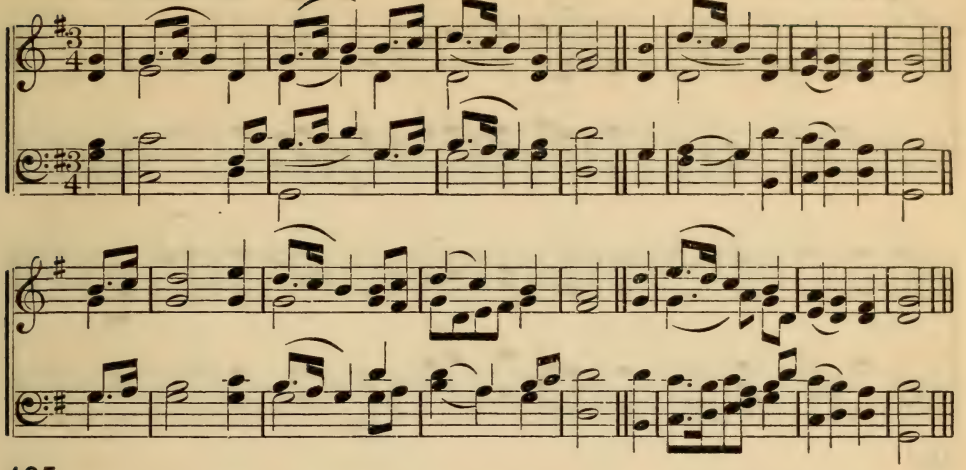
2 Yet sovereign mercy calls "Return!"
Dear Lord! and may I come
My vile ingratitude I mourn;
Oh, take the wanderer home.

3 And canst thou, wilt thou, yet forgive,
And bid my crimes remove?
And shall a pardoned rebel live
To speak thy wondrous love?

4 Almighty grace! thy healing power,
How glorious, how divine!
That can to life and bliss restore
So vile a heart as mine.

5 Thy pard'ning love, so free, so sweet,
Dear Saviour! I adore:
Oh, keep me at thy sacred feet,
And let me rove no more.

ST. MARTINS. C. M.



405

1 Out of the deeps of long distress,
The borders of despair,
I sent my cries to seek thy grace,
My groans to reach thine ear.

2 Great God! should thy severer eye
And thine impartial hand
Mark and revenge iniquity,
No mortal flesh could stand.

3 But there are pardons with my God
For crimes of high degree;
Thy Son hath bought them with his blood
To draw us near to thee.

4 I wait for thy salvation, Lord
With strong desires I wait;
My soul, invited by thy word,
Stands watching at thy gate.

5 Just as the guards that keep the night
Long for the morning skies,
Watch the first beams of breaking light,
And meet them with their eyes,

6 So waits my soul to see thy grace;
And more intent than they,
Meets the first openings of thy face,
And finds a brighter day.

7 Then in the Lord let Israel trust,
Let Israel seek his face;
The Lord is good as well as just,
And plenteous in his grace.

8 There's full redemption at his throne
For sinners long enslaved;
The great Redeemer is his Son,
And Israel shall be saved.

406

1 In thy great loving-kindness, Lord!
Be merciful to me;
In thy compassion great blot out
All my iniquity.

2 Do thou with hyssop sprinkle me,
And clean I then shall be;
I shall be whiter than the snow
When I am washed by thee.

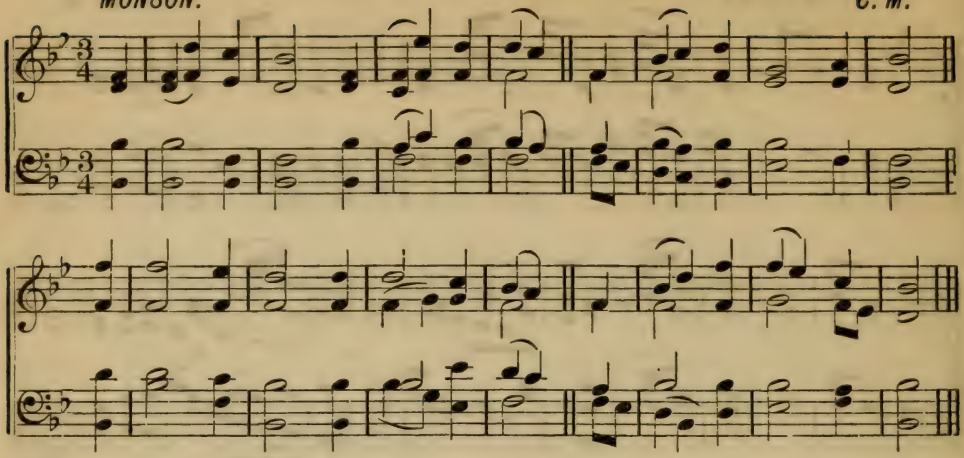
3 Of gladness and of joyfulness
Make me to hear the voice,
That so these very bones which thou
Hast broken may rejoice.

4 All my iniquities blot out,
My sin hide from thy view;
Create a clean heart, Lord! in me,
A spirit right renew.

5 And from thy gracious presence, Lord!
Oh, cast me not away;
Thy Holy Spirit utterly
Take not from me, I pray.

6 The joy which thy salvation brings
Again to me restore;
With thy free Spirit, oh, do thou
Uphold me evermore.

MONSON. C. M.



407

1 I WAITED patient for the Lord—
He bowed to hear my cry;
He saw me resting on his word,
And brought salvation nigh.

2 He raised me from a horrid pit,
Where mourning long I lay,
And from my bonds released my feet—
Deep bonds of miry clay.

3 Firm on a rock he made me stand,
And taught my cheerful tongue
To praise the wonders of his hand,
In a new thankful song.

4 I'll spread his works of grace abroad;
The saints with joy shall hear;
And sinners learn to make my God
Their only hope and fear.

5 How many are thy thoughts of love!
Thy mercies, Lord! how great!
We have not words nor hours enough
Their numbers to repeat.

408

1 WITH tears of anguish I lament,
Here at thy feet, my God!
My passion, pride and discontent,
And vile ingratitude.

2 Sure, there was ne'er a heart so base,
So false, as mine has been,
So faithless to its promises,
So prone to every sin.

3 How long, dear Saviour! shall I feel
These struggles in my breast?
When wilt thou bow my stubborn will,
And give my conscience rest?

4 Break, sovereign grace! oh, break the charm,
And set the captive free;
Reveal, Almighty God! thine arm,
And haste to rescue me.

409

1 ALL that I was—my sin, my guilt.
My death—was all my own;
All that I am, I owe to thee,
My gracious God! alone.

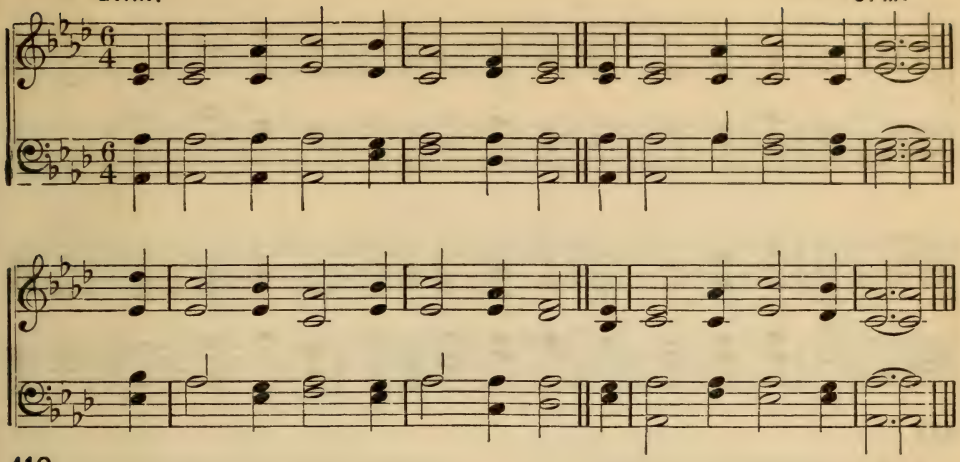
2 The evil of my former state
Was mine, and only mine;
The good in which I now rejoice
Is thine, and only thine.

3 The darkness of my former state,
The bondage, all was mine;
The light of life, in which I walk,
The liberty, is thine.

4 Thy grace first made me feel my sin,
It taught me to believe;
Then, in believing, peace I found,
And now I live, I live.

5 All that I am, e'en here on earth,
All that I hope to be,
When Jesus comes and glory dawns,
I owe it, Lord! to thee.

EVAN. C. M.



410

1 Oh, for a heart to praise my God!
A heart from sin set free;
A heart that always feels thy blood,
So freely shed for me;

2 A heart resigned, submissive, meek,
My great Redeemer's throne,
Where only Christ is heard to speak,
Where Jesus reigns alone.

3 An humble, lowly, contrite heart,
Believing, true and clean;
Which neither life nor death can part
From him that dwells within!

4 A heart in every thought renewed,
And filled with love divine;
Perfect and right and pure and good,
A copy, Lord! of thine.

411

1 Oh, greatly blessed the people are
The joyful sound that know;
In brightness of thy face, O Lord!
They ever on shall go.

2 They in thy name shall all the day
Rejoice exceedingly;
And in thy righteousness shall they
Exalted be on high;

3 Because the glory of their strength
Doth only stand in thee;
And in thy favor shall our horn
And pow'r exalted be.

4 For God is our defence; he will
To us salvation bring;
The holy One of Israel
Is our almighty King.

412

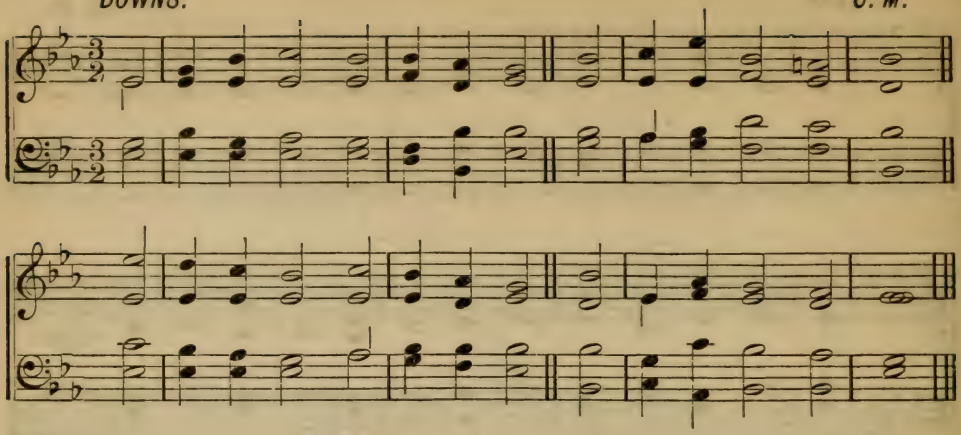
1 There is a safe and secret place,
Beneath the wings divine,
Reserved for all the heirs of grace;
Oh, be that refuge mine!

2 The least and feeblest there may bide,
Uninjured and unawed;
While thousands fall on every side,
He rests secure in God.

3 He feeds in pastures, large and fair,
Of love and truth divine;
O child of God! O glory's heir!
How rich a lot is thine!

4 A hand almighty to defend,
An ear for every call,
An honored life, a peaceful end,
And heaven to crown it all!

DOWNS. C. M.



413

1 Thou art my portion, O my God!
Soon as I know thy way,
My heart makes haste t' obey thy word,
And suffers no delay.

2 I choose the path of heavenly truth,
And glory in my choice;
Not all the riches of the earth
Could make me so rejoice.

3 The testimonies of thy grace
I set before mine eyes;
Thence I derive my daily strength,
And there my comfort lies.

4 If once I wander from thy path,
I think upon my ways;
And turn my feet to thy commands,
And trust thy pard'ning grace.

5 Now I am thine, for ever thine;
Oh, save thy servant, Lord!
Thou art my shield, my hiding-place,
My hope is in thy word.

414

1 Unshaken as the sacred hill,
And fixed as mountains be,
Firm as a rock the soul shall rest
That leans, O Lord! on thee.

2 Not walls nor hills could guard so well
Old Salem's happy ground;
As those eternal arms of love,
That every saint surround.

3 Deal gently, Lord! with souls sincere,
And lead them safely on
To the bright gates of paradise,
Where Christ, their Lord, is gone.

415

1 Oh, that the Lord would guide my ways
To keep his statutes still!
Oh, that my God would grant me grace
To know and do his will!

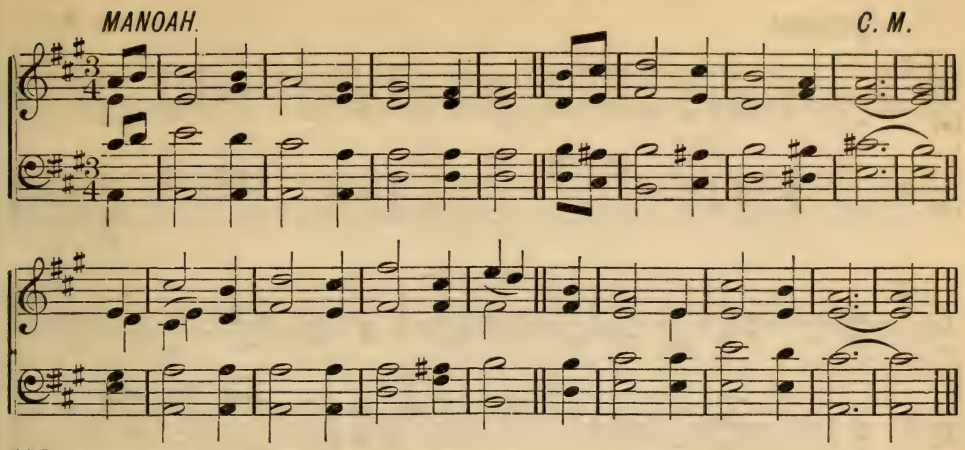
2 Oh, send thy Spirit down, to write
Thy law upon my heart;
Nor let my tongue indulge deceit,
Or act the liar's part.

3 From vanity turn off my eyes;
Let no corrupt design
Nor covetous desires arise
Within this soul of mine.

4 Order my footsteps by thy word,
And make my heart sincere;
Let sin have no dominion, Lord!
But keep my conscience clear.

5 My soul hath gone too far astray,
My feet too often slip;
Yet since I've not forgot thy way,
Restore thy wandering sheep.

6 Make me to walk in thy commands—
'T is a delightful road;
Nor let my head, or heart, or hands,
Offend against my God.



416

1 My God! my Father! blissful name!
Oh, may I call thee mine?
May I with sweet assurance claim
A portion so divine?

2 This only can my fears control,
And bid my sorrows fly:
What harm can ever reach my soul
Beneath my Father's eye?

3 Whate'er thy providence denies,
I calmly would resign;
For thou art just and good and wise;
Oh, bend my will to thine.

4 Whate'er thy sacred will ordains,
Oh, give me strength to bear;
And let me know my Father reigns,
And trust his tender care.

5 If pain and sickness rend this frame,
And life almost depart,
Is not thy mercy still the same,
To cheer my drooping heart?

6 My God! my Father! be thy name
My solace and my stay;
Oh, wilt thou seal my humble claim,
And drive my fears away?

417

1 My God! how wonderful thou art!
Thy majesty how bright!
How beautiful thy mercy seat,
In depths of burning light!

2 How dread are thine eternal years,
O everlasting Lord!
By prostrate spirits, day and night,
Incessantly adored.

3 How beautiful, how beautiful,
The sight of thee must be,
Thine endless wisdom, boundless power
And awful purity

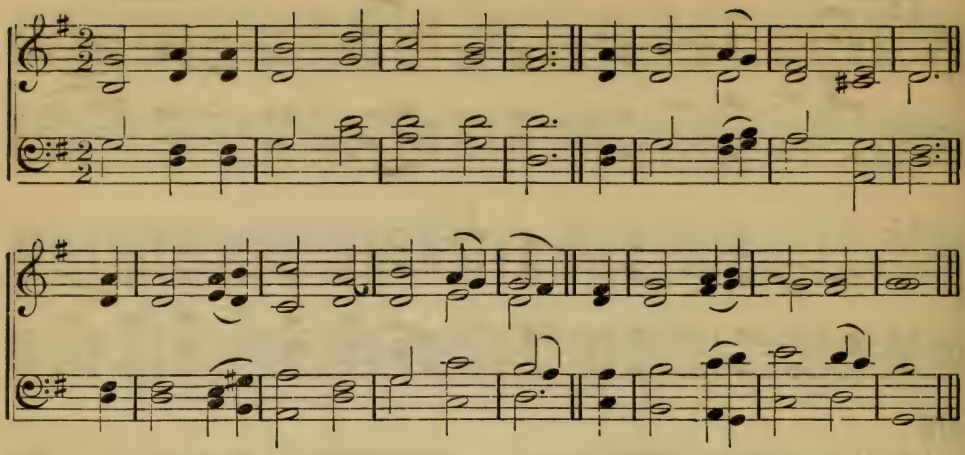
4 Oh, how I fear thee, living God!
With deepest, tenderest fears,
And worship thee with trembling hope
And penitential tears.

5 Yet I may love thee too, O Lord!
Almighty as thou art,
For thou hast stooped to ask of me
The love of my poor heart.

6 No earthly father loves like thee,
No mother half so mild
Bears and forbears as thou hast done
With me, thy sinful child.

7 Father of Jesus, love's reward!
What rapture will it be,
Prostrate before thy throne to lie,
And ever gaze on thee!

DEDHAM. C. M.



418

1 Soon as I heard my Father say,
"Ye children! seek my grace,"
My heart replied without delay,
"I 'll seek my Father's face."

2 Let not thy face be hid from me,
Nor frown my soul away;
God of my life! I fly to thee
In a distressing day.

3 Should friends and kindred near and dear
Leave me to want or die,
My God would make my life his care,
And all my need supply.

4 My fainting flesh had died with grief
Had not my soul believed,
To see thy grace provide relief;
Nor was my hope deceived.

5 Wait on the Lord, ye trembling saints
And keep your courage up;
He 'll raise your spirit when it faints,
And far exceed your hope.

419

1 Oh, could I find, from day to day,
A nearness to my God,
Then should my hours glide sweet away,
Nor sin nor fear intrude.

2 Lord! I desire with thee to live
Anew from day to day,
In joys the world can never give,
Nor ever take away.

3 O Jesus! come and rule my heart,
And make me wholly thine,
That I may nevermore depart,
Nor grieve thy love divine.

4 Thus till my last expiring breath,
Thy goodness I 'll adore;
And when my flesh dissolves in death,
My soul shall love thee more.

420

1 To heaven I lift my waiting eyes;
There all my hopes are laid;
The Lord who built the earth and skies
Is my perpetual aid.

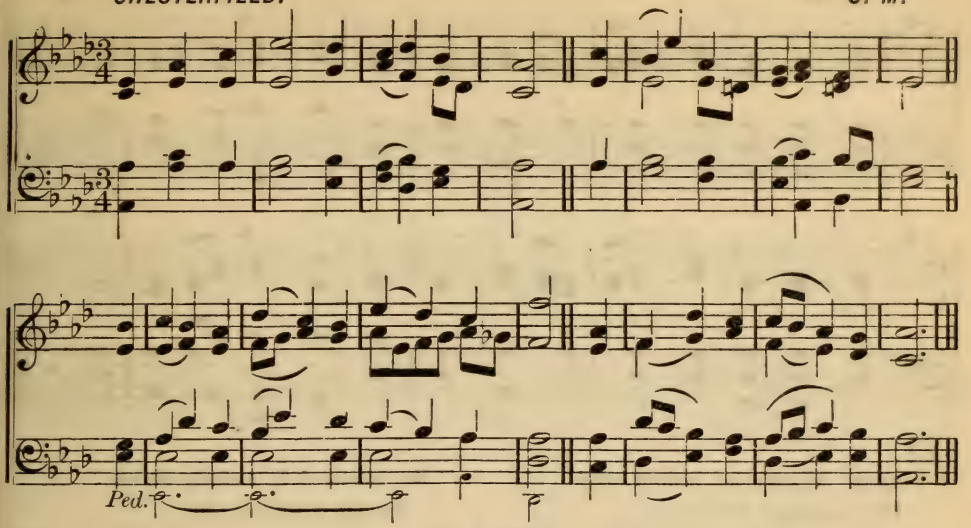
2 Their steadfast feet shall never fall
Whom he designs to keep;
His ear attends the softest call;
His eyes can never sleep.

3 Israel! rejoice, and rest secure;
Thy keeper is the Lord;
His wakeful eyes employ his power
For thine eternal guard.

4 No scorching sun nor sickly moon
Shall have his leave to smite;
He shields thy head from burning noon,
From blasting damps at night.

5 He guards thy soul, he keeps thy breath,
Where thickest dangers come;
Go and return, secure from death,
Till God commands thee home.

CHESTERFIELD. C. M.



421

1 Thou art my hiding-place, O Lord!
On thee I fix my trust,
Encouraged by thy holy word,
A feeble child of dust.

2 I have no argument beside,
I urge no other plea;
And 't is enough the Saviour died—
The Saviour died for me.

3 Mid trials heavy to be borne,
When mortal strength is vain,
A heart with grief and anguish torn,
A body racked with pain;

4 Ah! what could give the sufferer rest,
Bid every murmur flee,
But this the witness in my breast
That Jesus died for me?

5 And when thine awful voice commands
This body to decay,
And life, in its last lingering sands,
Is ebbing fast away,

6 Then, though it be in accents weak,
And faint and tremblingly,
Oh, give me strength in death to speak,
"My Saviour died for me."

422

1 My God! thy service well demands
The remnant of my days;
Why was this fleeting breath renewed
But to renew thy praise?

2 Thine arm of everlasting love
Did this weak frame sustain,
When life was hovering o'er the grave,
And nature sunk with pain.

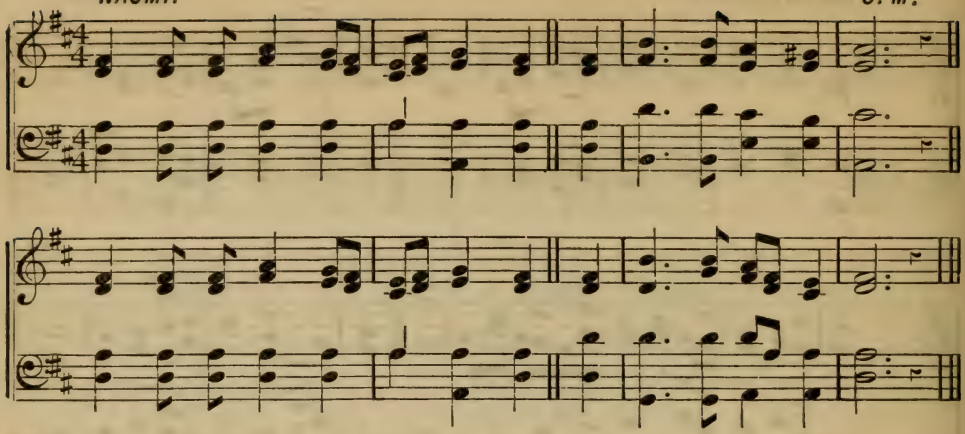
3 Calmly I bowed my fainting head
On thy dear faithful breast,
Pleased to obey my Father's call
To his eternal rest.

4 Into thy hands, my Saviour, God!
Did I my soul resign,
In firm dependence on that truth
Which made salvation mine.

5 Back from the borders of the grave
At thy command I come,
Nor would I urge a speedier flight
To my celestial home.

6 Where thou appointest my abode,
There would I choose to be,
For in thy presence, death is life,
And earth is heaven with thee.

NAOMI. C. M.



423

1 FATHER! whate'er of earthly bliss
Thy sovereign will denies,
Accepted at thy throne of grace,
Let this petition rise:

2 "Give me a calm, a thankful heart,
From every murmur free;
The blessings of thy grace impart,
And make me live to thee.

3 "Let the sweet hope that thou art mine
My life and death attend;
Thy presence through my journey shine,
And crown my journey's end."

424

1 UNITE, my roving thoughts, unite
In silence soft and sweet;
And thou, my soul, sit gently down
At thy great Sovereign's feet.

2 Jehovah's awful voice is heard,
Yet gladly I attend;
For, lo! the everlasting God
Proclaims himself my friend.

3 Harmonious accents to my soul
The sounds of peace convey;
The tempest at his word subsides,
And winds and seas obey.

4 By all its joys I charge my heart
To grieve his love no more,
But charmed by melody divine,
To give its follies o'er.

425

1 O LORD! my best desire fulfill,
And help me to resign
Life, health and comfort to thy will,
And make thy pleasure mine.

2 Why should I shrink at thy command
Whose love forbids my fears?
Or tremble at the gracious hand
That wipes away my tears?

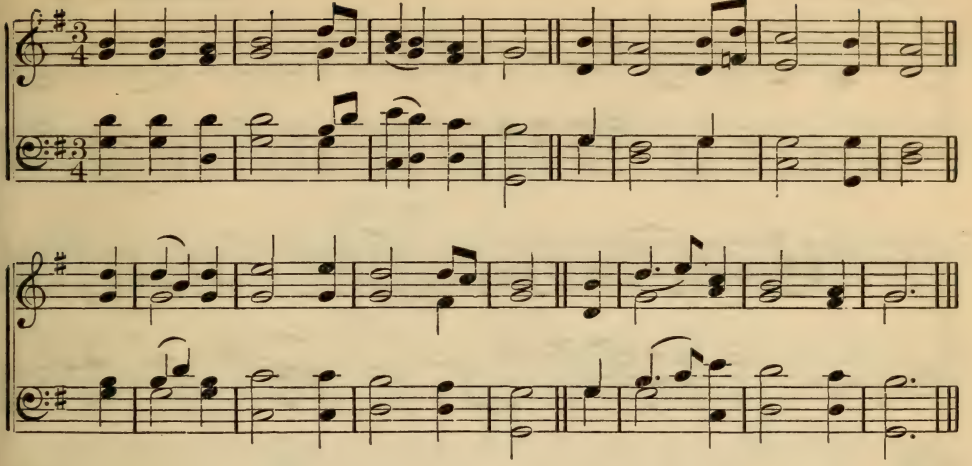
3 No; let me rather freely yield
What most I prize to thee,
Who never hast a good withheld,
Or wilt withhold, from me.

4 Thy favor all my journey through
Thou art engaged to grant;
What else I want, or think I do,
'T is better still to want.

5 Wisdom and mercy guide my way
Shall I resist them both?
A poor blind creature of a day,
And crushed before the moth.

6 But, ah! my inmost spirit cries,
Still bind me to thy sway;
Else the next cloud that veils my skies
Drives all these thoughts away.

ALEXANDRIA. C. M.



426

1 Oh, for a closer walk with God,
A calm and heavenly frame,
A light to shine upon the road
That leads me to the Lamb.

2 Where is the blessedness I knew
When first I saw the Lord?
Where is the soul-refreshing view
Of Jesus and his word?

3 What peaceful hours I once enjoyed!
How sweet their mem'ry still!
But they have left an aching void
The world can never fill.

4 Return, O holy Dove! return,
Sweet messenger of rest!
I hate the sins that made thee mourn
And drove thee from my breast.

5 The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from thy throne,
And worship only thee.

6 So shall my walk be close with God,
Calm and serene my frame;
So purer light shall mark the road
That leads me to the Lamb.

427

1 My God! 't is to thy mercy-seat
My soul for shelter flies;
'T is here I find a safe retreat
When storms and tempests rise.

2 My cheerful hope can never die
If thou, my God! art near;
Thy grace can raise my comfort high
And banish every fear.

3 My great Protector and my Lord!
Thy constant aid impart;
And let thy kind, thy gracious word
Sustain my trembling heart.

4 Oh, never let my soul remove
From this divine retreat;
Still let me trust thy power and love,
And dwell beneath thy feet.

428

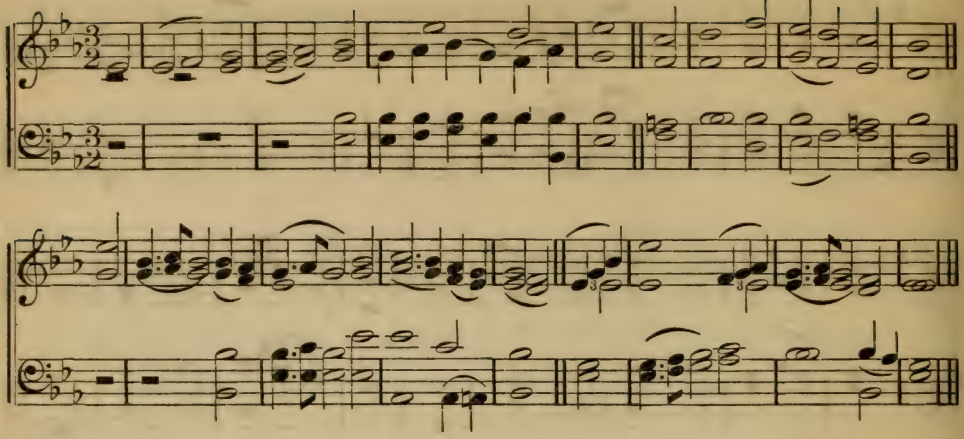
1 Alas! what hourly dangers rise,
What snares beset my way!
To heaven, oh, let me lift mine eyes,
And hourly watch and pray.

2 How oft my mournful thoughts complain,
And melt in flowing tears!
I strive against my foes in vain,
I sink amid my fears.

3 O Lord! increase my faith and hope
When foes and fears prevail,
And bear my fainting spirit up,
Or soon my strength will fail.

4 Oh, keep me in thy heavenly way,
And bid the tempter flee,
And never, never let me stray
From happiness and thee.

GENEVA. C. M.



429

1 When all thy mercies, O my God!
My rising soul surveys,
Transported with the view, I 'm lost
In wonder, love and praise.

2 Unnumbered comforts on my soul
Thy tender care bestowed,
Before my infant heart conceived
From whom those comforts flowed.

3 When in the slippery paths of youth
With heedless steps I ran,
Thine arm, unseen, conveyed me safe,
And led me up to man.

4 Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
My daily thanks employ;
Nor is the least a cheerful heart
That tastes those gifts with joy.

5 Through every period of my life
Thy goodness I 'll pursue,
And after death in distant worlds
That glorious theme renew.

6 Through all eternity to thee
A joyful song I 'll raise;
But oh, eternity 's too short
To utter all thy praise.

430

1 Lord! when my raptured thought surveys
Creation's beauties o'er,
All nature joins to teach thy praise,
And bid my soul adore.

2 Where'er I turn my gazing eyes
Thy radiant footsteps shine;
Ten thousand pleasing wonders rise,
And speak their source divine.

3 On me thy providence hath shone
With gentle, smiling rays;
Oh, let my lips and life make known
Thy goodness and thy praise.

4 All-bounteous Lord! thy grace impart:
Oh, teach me to improve
Thy gifts, with ever-grateful heart,
And crown them with thy love.

431

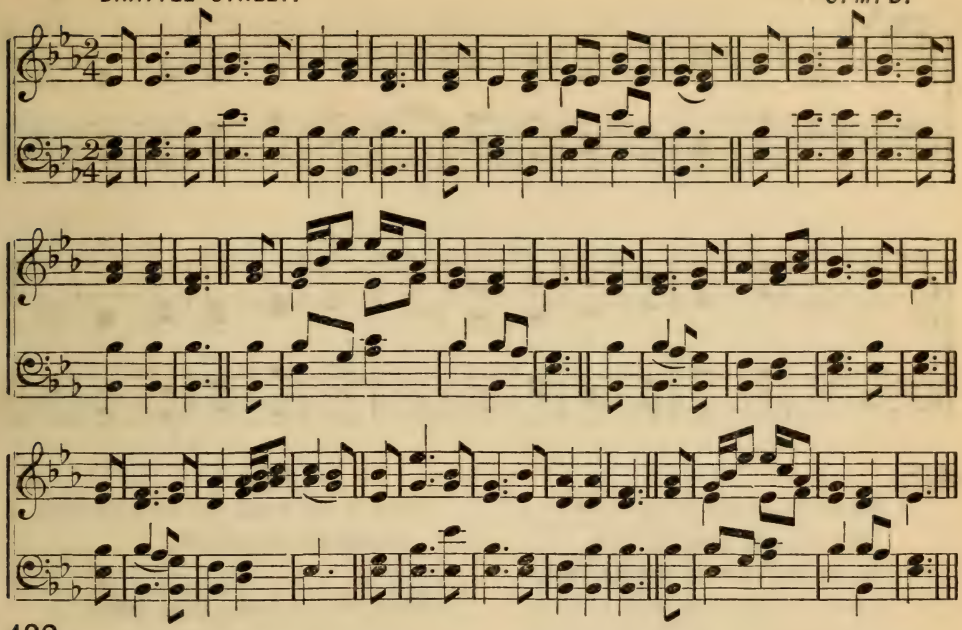
1 O thou whose bounty fills my cup
With every blessing meet!
I give thee thanks for every drop,
The bitter and the sweet.

2 I praise thee for the desert road,
And for the river-side,
For all thy goodness hath bestowed,
And all thy grace denied.

3 I thank thee both for smile and frown,
And for the gain and loss;
I praise thee for the future crown,
And for the present cross.

4 I bless thee for the glad increase,
And for the waning joy;
And for this strange, this settled peace,
Which nothing can destroy.

BRATTLE STREET. C. M. D.



432

1 WHILST thee I seek, protecting Power!
Be my vain wishes stilled;
And may this consecrated hour
With better hopes be filled.

2 Thy love the power of thought bestowed,
To thee my thoughts would soar;
Thy mercy o'er my life has flowed;
That mercy I adore.

3 In each event of life, how clear
Thy ruling hand I see!
Each blessing to my soul most dear
Because conferred by thee.

4 In every joy that crowns my days,
In every pain I bear,
My heart shall find delight in praise,
Or seek relief in prayer.

5 When gladness wings the favored hour,
Thy love my thoughts shall fill;
Resigned, when storms of sorrow lower,
My soul shall meet thy will.

6 My lifted eye without a tear
The gathering storm shall see;
My steadfast heart shall know no fear;
That heart will rest on thee.

433

1 As pants the hart for cooling streams
When heated in the chase,
So pants my soul, O Lord! for thee,
And thy refreshing grace.

2 For thee, my God, the living God!
My thirsty soul doth pine;
Oh, when shall I behold thy face,
Thou majesty divine!

3 I sigh to think of happier days,
When thou, O Lord! wast nigh,
When every heart was tuned to praise,
And none more blessed than I.

4 Why restless, why cast down, my soul?
Trust God, and thou shalt sing
His praise again, and find him still
Thy health's eternal spring.

434

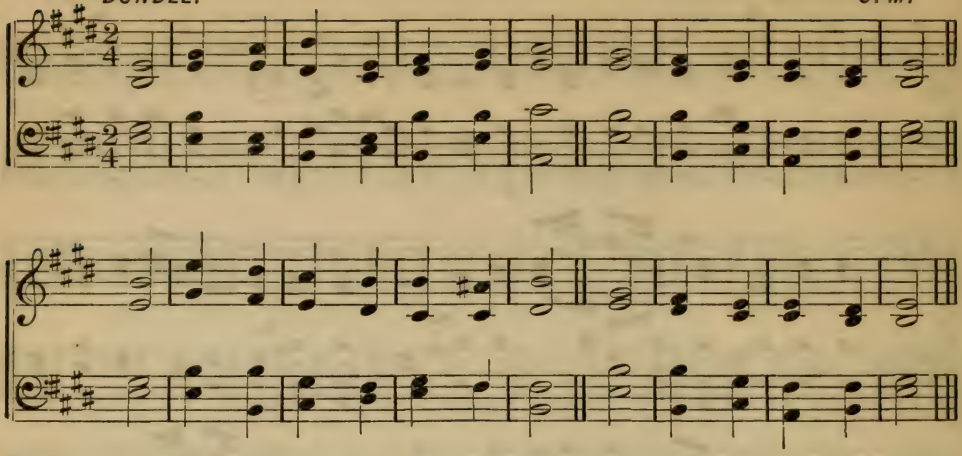
1 MY God! the covenant of thy love
Abides for ever sure,
And in its matchless grace I feel
My happiness secure.

2 Since thou, the everlasting God,
My Father art become,
Jesus my guardian and my friend,
And heaven my final home,

3 I welcome all thy sovereign will,
For all that will is love;
And when I know not what thou dost,
I wait the light above.

4 Thy covenant, in the darkest gloom,
Shall be my strength and stay,
Shall cheer my passage to the tomb,
And guide to endless day.

DUNDEE. C. M.



435

1 Our God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home!

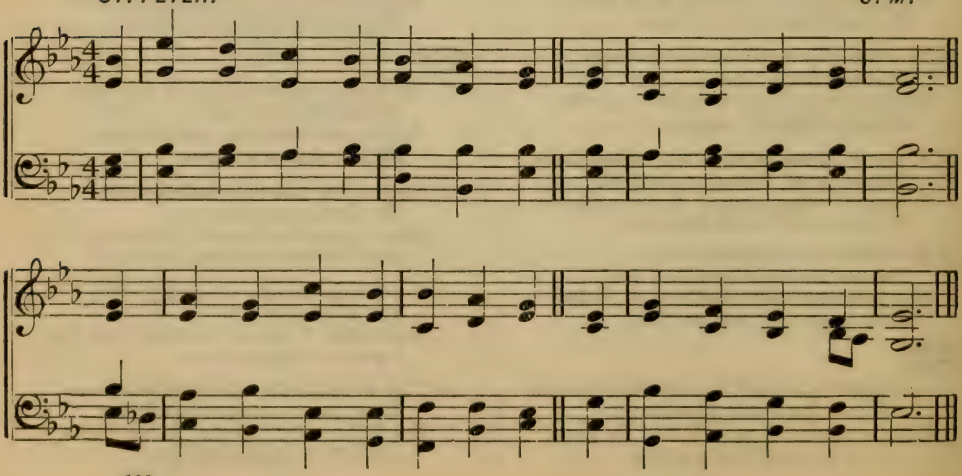
2 Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth received her frame,
From everlasting thou art God,
To endless years the same.

3 A thousand ages in thy sight
Are like an evening gone,
Short as the watch that ends the night
Before the rising dawn.

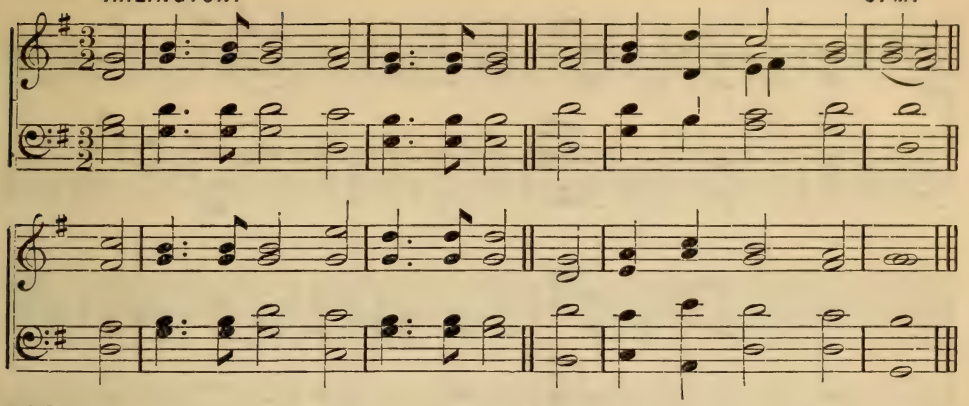
4 Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
Bears all its sons away;
They fly forgotten, as a dream
Dies at the opening day.

5 Our God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come!
Be thou our guard while troubles last,
And our eternal home.

ST. PETER. C. M.



ARLINGTON. C. M.



436

1 How are thy servants blessed, O Lord!
How sure is their defence!
Eternal wisdom is their guide,
Their help, Omnipotence.

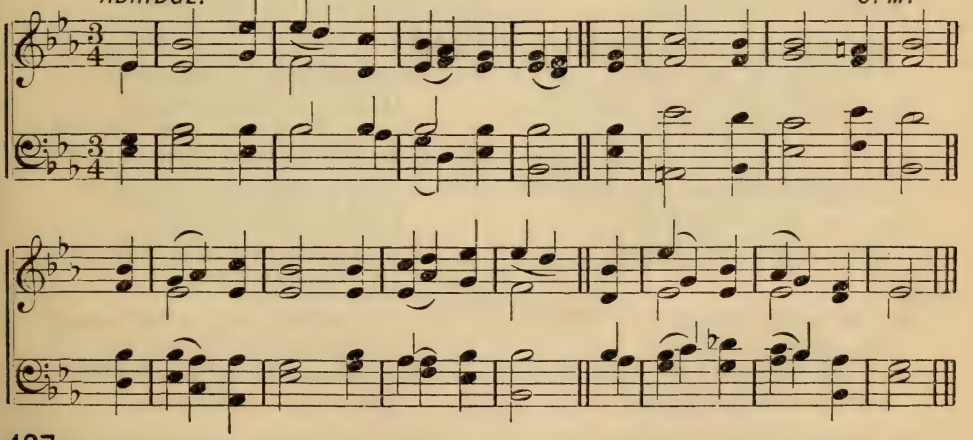
2 In foreign realms and lands remote,
Supported by thy care,
Through burning climes they pass unhurt,
And breathe untainted air.

3 When by the dreadful tempest borne
High on the broken wave,
They know thou art not slow to hear,
Nor impotent to save.

4 The storm is laid, the winds retire,
Obedient to thy will;
The sea, that roars at thy command,
At thy command is still.

5 In midst of dangers, fears and deaths
Thy goodness we'll adore;
We'll praise thee for thy mercies past,
And humbly hope for more.

ABRIDGE. C. M.



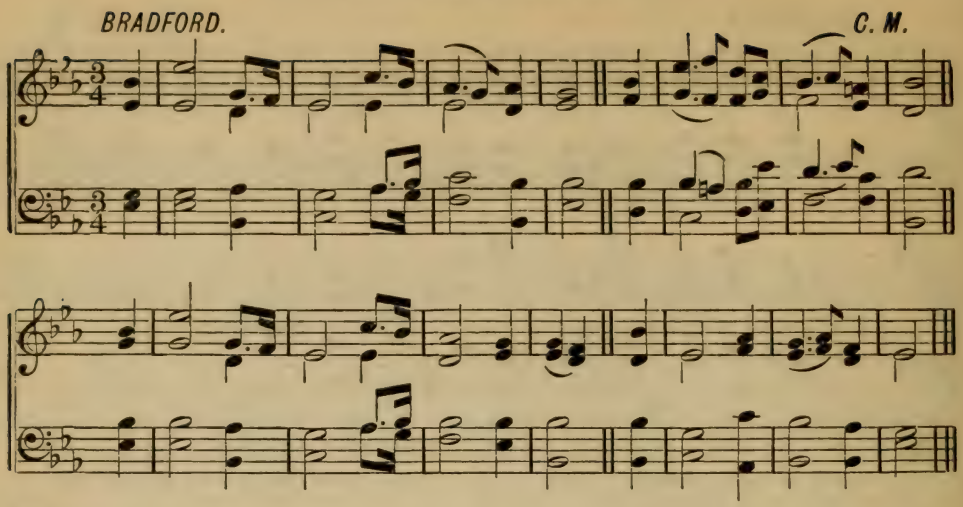
437

1 Sweet is the mem'ry of thy grace,
My God, my heavenly King!
Let age to age thy righteousness
In sounds of glory sing.

2 God reigns on high, but ne'er confines
His goodness to the skies;
Through the whole earth his bounty shines,
And every want supplies.

3 With longing eyes thy creatures wait
On thee for daily food;
Thy liberal hand provides their meat,
And fills their mouth with good.

4 Creatures with all their endless race
Thy power and praise proclaim;
But saints who taste thy richer grace
Delight to bless thy name.



438

1 God! my supporter and my hope,
My help for ever near,
Thine arm of mercy held me up
When sinking in despair.

2 Thy counsels, Lord! shall guide my feet
Through this dark wilderness,
Thy hand conduct me near thy seat,
To dwell before thy face.

3 Were I in heaven without my God,
'T would be no joy to me,
And while this earth is my abode
I long for none but thee.

4 What if the springs of life were broke,
And flesh and heart should faint?
God is my soul's eternal rock,
The strength of every saint.

439

1 To thee, my Shepherd and my Lord,
A grateful song I 'll raise;
Oh, let the feeblest of thy flock
Attempt to sing thy praise.

2 My life, my joy, my hope, I owe
To thy amazing love;
Ten thousand thousand comforts here,
And nobler bliss above.

3 To thee my trembling spirit flies,
With sin and grief oppressed;
Thy gentle voice dispels my fears,
And lulls my cares to rest.

4 Nay, should I walk through death's dark vale
With double horrors spread,
Thy rod would guide my doubtful steps
And guard my drooping head.

5 Lead on, dear Shepherd! led by thee,
No evil shall I fear;
Soon shall I reach thy fold above,
And praise thee better there.

440

1 Dear Refuge of my weary soul!
On thee, when sorrows rise,
On thee, when waves of trouble roll,
My fainting hope relies.

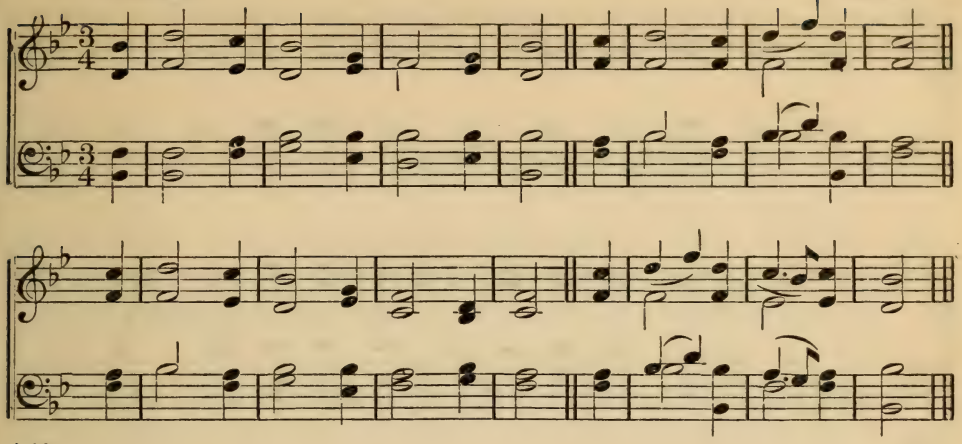
2 To thee I tell each rising grief,
For thou alone canst heal;
Thy word can bring a sweet relief
For every pain I feel.

3 But oh, when gloomy doubts prevail,
I fear to call thee mine;
The springs of comfort seem to fail,
And all my hopes decline.

4 Yet, gracious God! where shall I flee?
Thou art my only trust,
And still my soul would cleave to thee,
Though prostrate in the dust.

5 Thy mercy-seat is open still,
Here let my soul retreat;
With humble hope attend thy will,
And wait beneath thy feet.

BALERMA. C. M.



441

1 O God of Bethel! by whose hand
Thy people still are fed,
Who, through this weary pilgrimage,
Hast all our fathers led,

2 Our vows, our prayers, we now present
Before thy throne of grace;
God of our fathers! be the God
Of their succeeding race.

3 Through each perplexing path of life
Our wandering footsteps guide;
Give us each day our daily bread,
And raiment fit provide.

4 Oh, spread thy covering wings around
Till all our wanderings cease,
And at our Father's loved abode
Our souls arrive in peace.

5 Such blessings, from thy gracious hand,
Our humble prayers implore;
And thou shalt be our chosen God,
Our portion evermore.

442

1 The Lord's my Shepherd, I'll not want;
He makes me down to lie
In pastures green; he leadeth me
The quiet waters by.

2 My soul he doth restore again,
And me to walk doth make
Within the paths of righteousness,
E'en for his own name's sake.

3 Yea, though I walk in death's dark vale,
Yet will I fear no ill,
For thou art with me, and thy rod
And staff me comfort still.

4 Goodness and mercy all my life
Shall surely follow me,
And in God's house for evermore
My dwelling-place shall be.

443

1 The Lord himself, the mighty Lord,
Vouchsafes to be my guide,
The shepherd by whose constant care
My wants are all supplied.

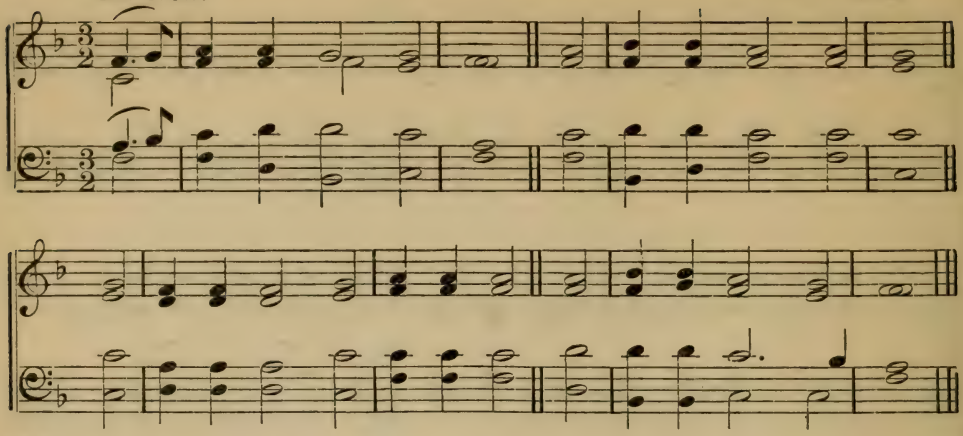
2 In tender grass he makes me feed,
And gently there repose;
Then leads to cooling shades, and where
Refreshing water flows.

3 He does my wandering soul reclaim,
And to his endless praise
Instruct with humble zeal to walk
In his most righteous ways.

4 I pass the gloomy vale of death,
From fear and danger free,
For there his aiding rod and staff
Defend and comfort me.

5 Since God doth thus his wondrous love
Through all my life extend,
That life to him I will devote,
And in his service spend.

BRALTON. S. M.



444

1 When, overwhelmed with grief,
My heart within me dies,
Helpless and far from all relief,
To heaven I lift mine eyes.

2 Oh, lead me to the rock
That's high above my head,
And make the covert of thy wings
My shelter and my shade.

3 Within thy presence, Lord!
For ever I'll abide;
Thou art the tower of my defence,
The refuge where I hide.

4 Thou givest me the lot
Of those that fear thy name;
If endless life be their reward,
I shall possess the same.

445

1 Let sinners take their course,
And choose the road to death,
But in the worship of my God
I'll spend my daily breath.

2 My thoughts address his throne
When morning brings the light,
I seek his blessing every noon,
And pay my vows at night.

3 Thou wilt regard my cries,
O my eternal God!
While sinners perish in surprise,
Beneath thine angry rod.

4 Because they dwell at ease,
And no sad changes feel,
They neither fear nor trust thy name,
Nor learn to do thy will.

5 But I, with all my cares,
Will lean upon the Lord;
I'll cast my burden on his arm,
And rest upon his word.

6 His arm shall well sustain
The children of his love;
The ground on which their safety stands
No earthly power can move.

446

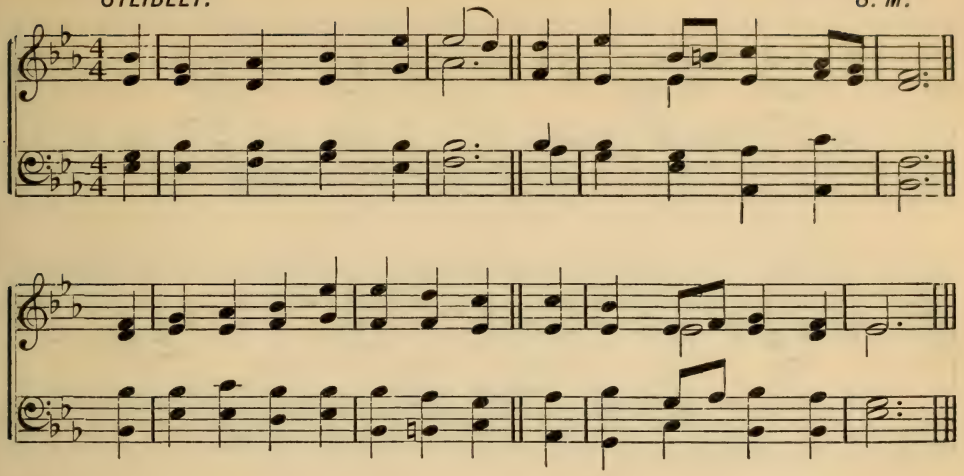
1 Give to the winds thy fears;
Hope, and be undismay'd;
God hears thy sighs and counts thy tears,
God shall lift up thy head.

2 Through waves, through clouds and storms,
He gently clears thy way;
Wait thou his time; so shall this night
Soon end in joyous day.

3 Still heavy is thy heart?
Still sink thy spirits down?
Cast off the weight, let fear depart,
Bid every care be gone.

4 What though thou rulest not?
Yet heaven and earth and hell
Proclaim God sitteth on the throne
And ruleth all things well.

STEIBELT. S. M.



447

1 Have mercy, Lord! on me,
As thou wert ever kind;
Let me, oppress'd with loads of guilt,
Thy wonted mercy find.

2 Against thee, Lord! alone,
And only in thy sight,
Have I transgressed, and though condemn'd
Must own thy judgment right.

3 Blot out my crying sins,
Nor me in anger view;
Create in me a heart that 's clean,
An upright mind renew.

4 Withdraw not thou thy help,
Nor cast me from thy sight;
Nor let thy Holy Spirit take
His everlasting flight.

5 The joy thy favor gives
Let me, O Lord! regain,
And thy free Spirit's firm support
My fainting soul sustain.

448

1 And shall I sit alone,
Oppressed with grief and fear,
To God my Father make my moan
And he refuse to hear?

2 If he my Father be,
His pity he will show,
From cruel bondage set me free,
And inward peace bestow.

3 If still he silence keep,
'T is but my faith to try;
He knows and feels whene'er I weep,
And softens every sigh.

4 Then will I humbly wait,
Nor once indulge despair;
My sins are great, but not so great
As his compassions are.

449

1 Commit thou all thy griefs
And ways into his hands,
To his sure truth and tender care,
Who earth and heaven commands.

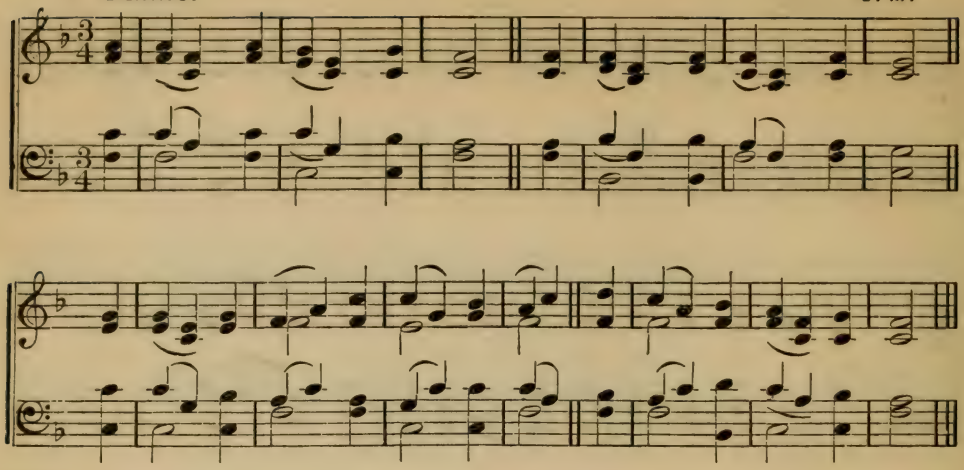
2 Who points the clouds their course,
Whom winds and seas obey,
He shall direct thy wandering feet,
He shall prepare thy way.

3 Thou on the Lord rely;
So safe shalt thou go on;
Fix on his work thy steadfast eye,
So shall thy work be done.

4 No profit canst thou gain
By self-consuming care;
To him commend thy cause; his ear
Attends the softest prayer.

5 Leave to his sovereign sway
To choose and to command;
So shalt thou wondering own his way,
How wise, how strong his hand.

DENNIS. S. M.



450

1 My God, my life, my love!
To thee, to thee I call;
I cannot live if thou remove,
For thou art all in all.

2 To thee, and thee alone,
The angels owe their bliss;
They sit around thy gracious throne,
And dwell where Jesus is.

3 Not all the harps above
Can make a heavenly place
If God his residence remove,
Or but conceal his face.

4 Nor earth nor all the sky
Can one delight afford,
No, not a drop of real joy,
Without thy presence, Lord!

5 Thou art the sea of love
Where all my pleasures roll,
The circle where my passions move,
And centre of my soul.

451

1 I lift my soul to God,
My trust is in his name!
Let not my foes that seek my blood
Still triumph in my shame.

2 From the first dawning light
Till the dark evening rise,
For thy salvation, Lord! I wait
With ever-longing eyes.

3 Remember all thy grace,
And lead me in thy truth;
Forgive the sins of riper days,
And follies of my youth.

4 The Lord is just and kind;
The meek shall learn his ways,
And every humble sinner find
The methods of his grace.

5 For his own goodness' sake
He saves my soul from shame;
He pardons, though my guilt be great,
Through my Redeemer's name.

452

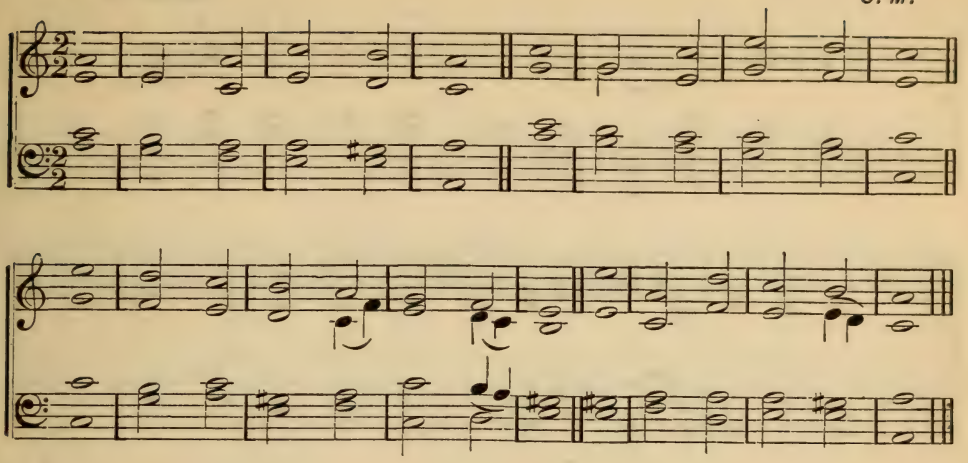
1 How gentle God's commands,
How kind his precepts are!
Come, cast your burdens on the Lord,
And trust his constant care.

2 Beneath his powerful sway
His saints securely dwell;
That hand which bears all nature up
Will guide his children well.

3 Why should this anxious load
Press down your weary mind?
Haste to your heavenly Father's throne,
And sweet refreshment find.

4 His goodness stands approved,
Unchanged from day to day;
I'll drop my burden at his feet,
And bear a song away.

ST. BRIDE. S. M.



453

1 It is thy hand, my God!
My sorrow comes from thee;
I bow beneath thy chastening rod,
'T is love that bruises me.

2 I would not murmur, Lord!
Before thee I am dumb;
Lest I should breathe one murm'ring word,
To thee for help I come.

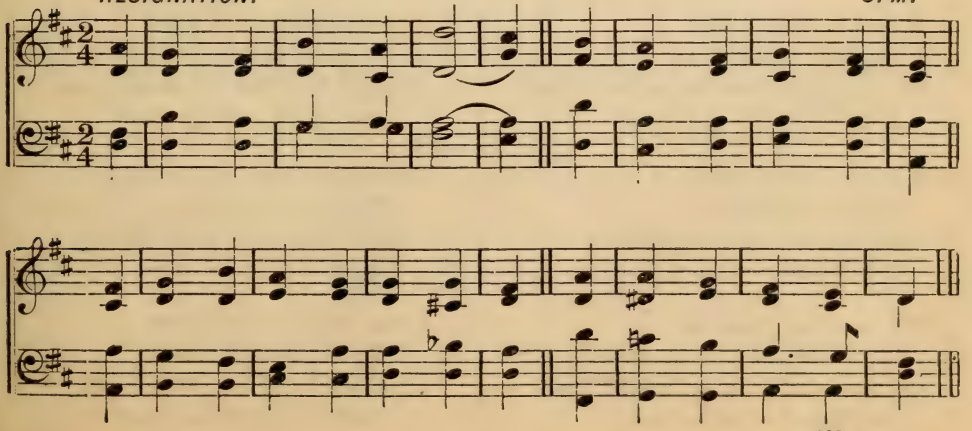
3 My God! thy name is Love:
A Father's hand is thine;
With tearful eyes I look above,
And cry, "Thy will be mine!"

4 I know thy will is right,
Though it may seem severe;
Thy path is still unsullied light,
Though dark it may appear.

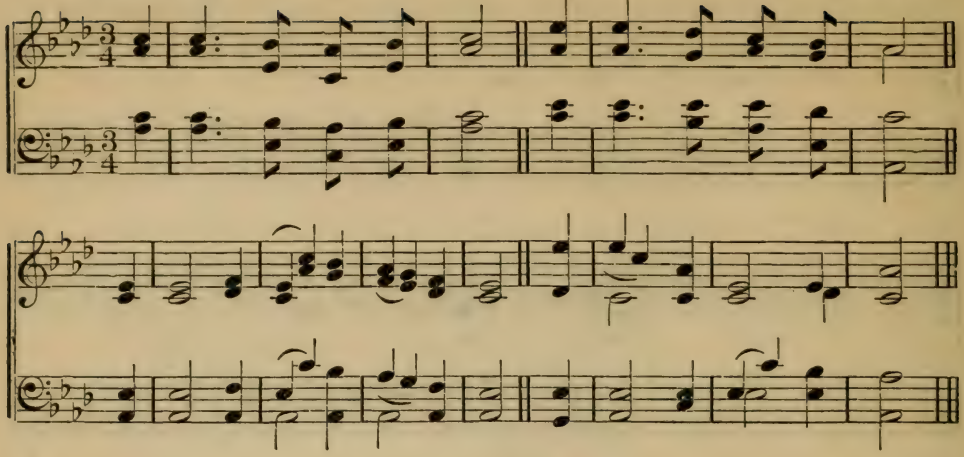
5 Jesus for me hath died;
Thy Son thou didst not spare;
His piercèd hands, his bleeding side,
Thy love for me declare.

6 Here my poor heart can rest;
My God! it cleaves to thee;
Thy will is love; thine end is blest;
All work for good to me.

RESIGNATION. S. M.



LEIGHTON. S. M.



454

1 Behold what wondrous grace
The Father hath bestowed
On sinners of a mortal race,
To call them sons of God!

2 'T is no surprising thing
That we should be unknown;
The Jewish world knew not their King,
God's everlasting Son.

3 Nor doth it yet appear
How great we must be made;
But when we see our Saviour here,
We shall be like our Head.

4 A hope so much divine
May trials well endure,
May purge our souls from sense and sin,
As Christ, the Lord, is pure.

5 If in my Father's love
I share a filial part,
Send down thy Spirit like a dove
To rest upon my heart.

6 We would no longer lie
Like slaves beneath thy throne;
Our faith shall "Abba, Father!" cry,
And thou the kindred own.

455

1 My God! permit my tongue
This joy, to call thee mine,
And let my early cries prevail
To taste thy love divine.

2 My thirsty, fainting soul
Thy mercy doth implore;
Not travelers in desert lands
Can pant for water more.

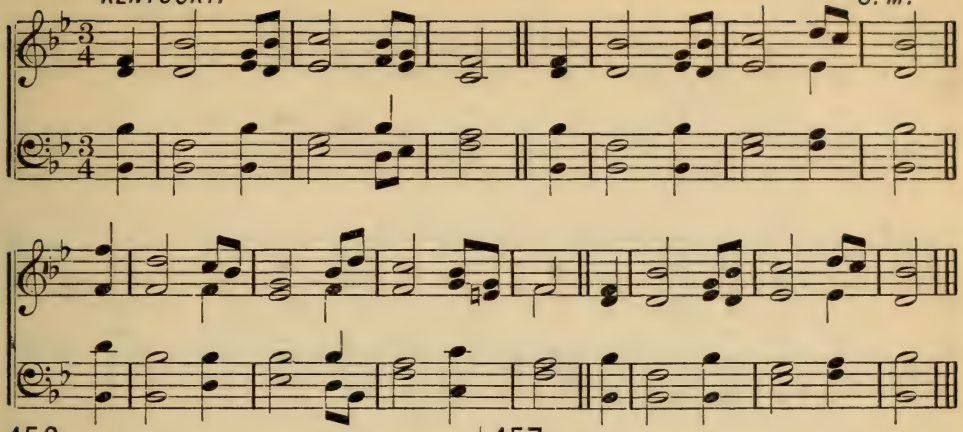
3 For life, without thy love,
No relish can afford;
No joy can be compared to this,
To serve and please the Lord.

4 In wakeful hours at night
I call my God to mind;
I think how wise thy counsels are,
And all thy dealings kind!

5 Since thou hast been my help,
To thee my spirit flies,
And on thy watchful providence
My cheerful hope relies.

6 The shadow of thy wings
My soul in safety keeps;
I follow where my Father leads,
And he supports my steps.

KENTUCKY. S. M.



456

1 A CHARGE to keep I have,
A God to glorify,
A never-dying soul to save,
And fit it for the sky.

2 To serve the present age,
My calling to fulfill,
Oh, may it all my powers engage,
To do my Master's will.

3 Arm me with jealous care,
As in thy sight to live;
And oh, thy servant, Lord! prepare
A strict account to give.

4 Help me to watch and pray,
And on thyself rely,
Assured, if I my trust betray,
I shall for ever die.

457

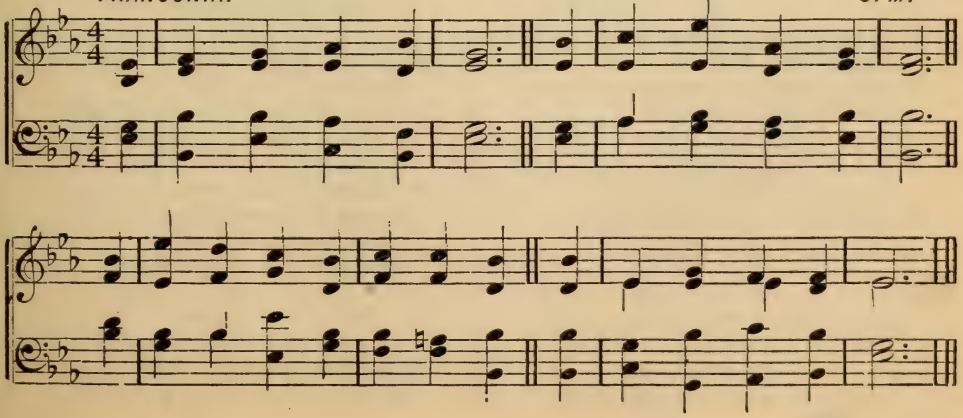
1 Is this the kind return,
Are these the thanks we owe,
Thus to abuse eternal love,
Whence all our blessings flow?

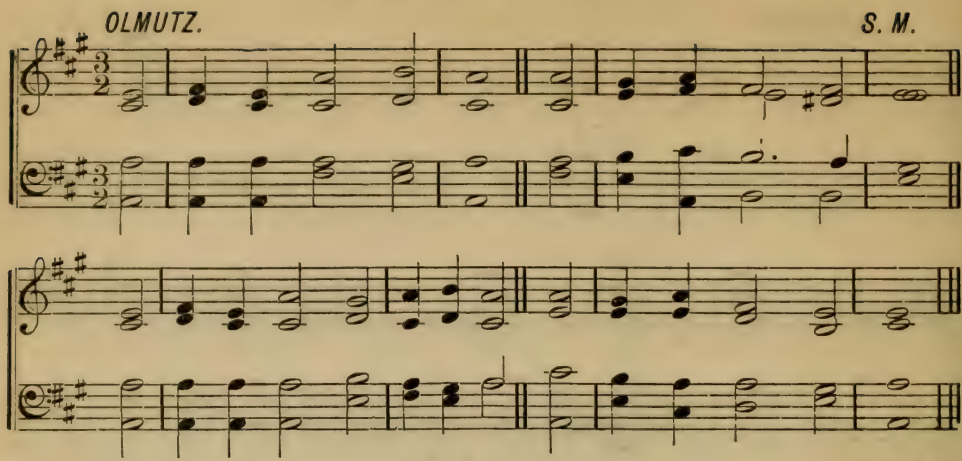
2 To what a stubborn frame
Hath sin reduced our mind!
What strange, rebellious wretches we,
And God as strangely kind!

3 Turn, turn us, mighty God!
And mould our souls afresh;
Break, sovereign grace! these hearts of stone,
And give us hearts of flesh.

4 Let past ingratitude
Provoke our weeping eyes,
And hourly, as new mercies fall,
Let hourly thanks arise.

FRANCONIA. S. M.





458

1 Your harps, ye trembling saints,
Down from the willows take;
Loud to the praise of love divine
Bid every string awake.

2 Though in a foreign land,
We are not far from home,
And nearer to our house above
We every moment come.

3 His grace will to the end
Stronger and brighter shine;
Nor present things nor things to come
Shall quench the spark divine.

4 When we in darkness walk,
Nor feel the heavenly flame,
Then is the time to trust our God,
And rest upon his name.

5 Soon shall our doubts and fears
Subside at his control;
His loving-kindness shall break through
The midnight of the soul.

6 Blest is the man, O God!
That stays himself on thee;
Who wait for thy salvation, Lord!
Shall thy salvation see.

459

1 Mine eyes and my desire
Are ever to the Lord;
I love to plead his promises
And rest upon his word.

2 Turn, turn thee to my soul,
Bring thy salvation near;
When will thy hand release my feet
Out of the deadly snare?

3 When shall the sovereign grace
Of my forgiving God
Restore me from those dangerous ways
My wandering feet have trod?

4 Oh, keep my soul from death,
Nor put my hope to shame;
For I have placed my only trust
In my Redeemer's name.

460

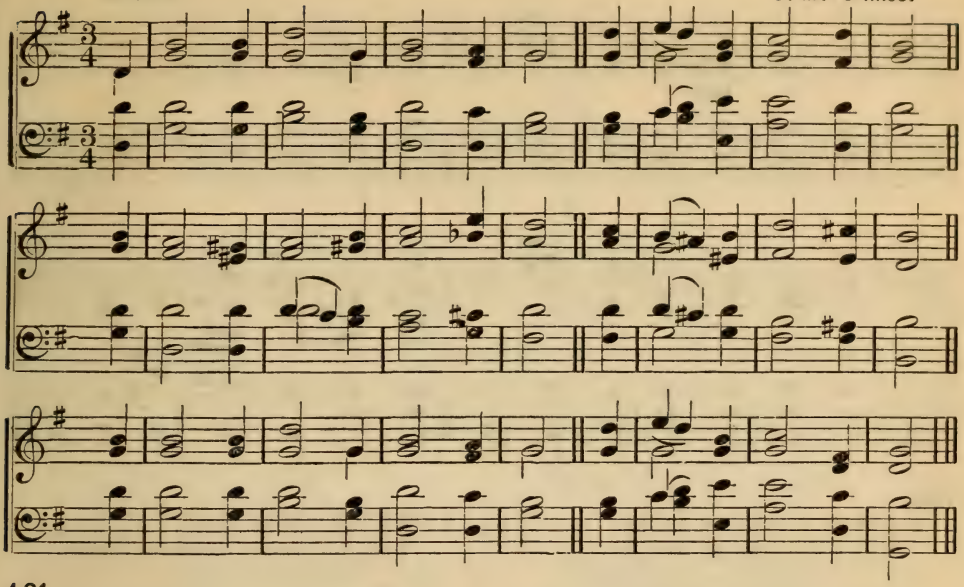
1 With humble heart and tongue,
My God! to thee I pray;
Oh, bring me now, while I am young,
To thee, the living way.

2 Make an unguarded youth
The object of thy care;
Help me to choose the way of truth
And flee from every snare.

3 My heart, to folly prone,
Renew by power divine;
Unite it to thyself alone,
And make me wholly thine.

4 Oh, let thy word of grace
My warmest thoughts employ;
Be this through all my foll'wing days
My treasure and my joy.

SPOHR. C. M. 6 lines.



461

1 Father! I know that all my life
Is portioned out for me:
The changes that will surely come
I do not fear to see;
I ask thee for a present mind,
Intent on pleasing thee.

2 I ask thee for a thoughtful love,
Through constant watching wise,
To meet the glad with joyful smiles,
And wipe the weeping eyes;
A heart at leisure from itself
To soothe and sympathize.

3 I ask thee for the daily strength
To none that ask denied,
A mind to blend with outward life
While keeping at thy side,
Content to fill a little space,
If thou be glorified.

4 And if some things I do not ask
Among my blessings be,
I'd have my spirit filled the more
With grateful love to thee;
More careful not to serve thee much,
But please thee perfectly.

462

1 Beyond, beyond that boundless sea,
Above that dome of sky,
Farther than thought itself can flee,
Thy dwelling is on high;
Yet dear the awful thought to me
That thou, my God! art nigh—

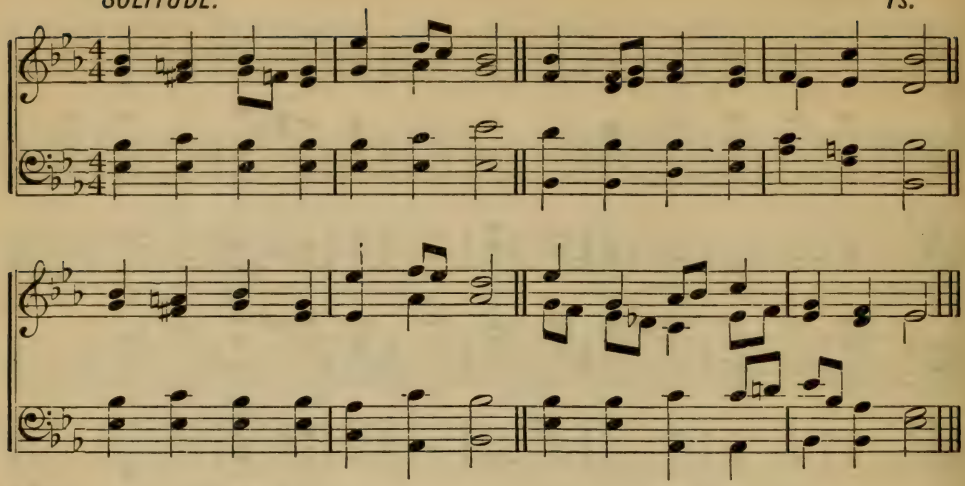
2 Art nigh, and yet my lab'ring mind
Feels after thee in vain,
Thee in these works of power to find
Or to thy seat attain;
Thy messenger, the stormy wind,
Thy path, the trackless main.

3 These speak of thee with loud acclaim;
They thunder forth thy praise,
The glorious honor of thy name,
The wonders of thy ways;
But thou art not in tempest-flame,
Nor in the solar blaze.

4 We hear thy voice when thunders roll
Through the wild fields of air;
The waves obey thy dread control;
Yet still thou art not there:
Where shall I find him, O my soul!
Who yet is everywhere?

5 Oh, not in circling depth or height,
But in the conscious breast,
Present to faith, though veiled from sight,
There does his Spirit rest;
Oh, come, thou Presence infinite!
And make thy creature blest.

SOLITUDE. 7s.



463

1 Gently, gently, lay thy rod
On my sinful head, O God!
Stay thy wrath, in mercy stay,
Lest I sink before its sway.

2 Heal me, for my flesh is weak;
Heal me, for thy grace I seek;
This my only plea I make,
Heal me for thy mercy's sake.

3 Who, within the silent grave,
Shall proclaim thy power to save?
Lord! my sinking soul reprieve;
Speak, and I shall rise and live.

4 Lo! he comes, he heeds my plea;
Lo! he comes, the shadows flee;
Glory round me dawns once more;
Rise, my spirit, and adore.

464

1 Lord! for ever at thy side
Let my place and portion be;
Strip me of the robe of pride;
Clothe me with humility.

2 Meekly may my soul receive
All thy Spirit hath revealed;
Thou hast spoken—I believe,
Though the prophecy were sealed.

3 Quiet as a weanèd child,
Weanèd from the mother's breast,
By no subtlety beguiled,
On thy faithful word I rest.

4 Saints! rejoicing evermore,
In the Lord Jehovah trust;
Him in all his ways adore,
Wise and wonderful and just.

465

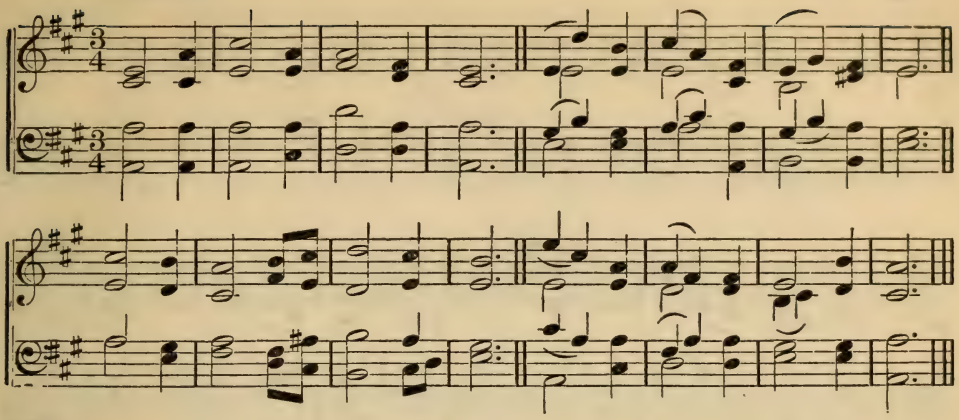
1 Father of eternal grace!
Glorify thyself in me;
Meekly beaming in my face
May the world thine image see.

2 Happy only in thy love,
Poor, unfriended or unknown;
Fix my thoughts on things above,
Stay my heart on thee alone.

3 Humble, holy, all resigned
To thy will—thy will be done!
Give me, Lord! the perfect mind
Of thy well-beloved Son.

4 Counting gain and glory loss,
May I tread the path he trod;
Die with Jesus on the cross,
Rise, with him, to thee, my God!

HORTON. 7s.



466

1 Heavenly Father! to whose eye
Future things unfolded lie,
Through the desert where I stray,
Let thy counsels guide my way.

2 Lord! uphold me day by day,
Shed a light upon my way;
Guide me through perplexing snares,
Care for me in all my cares.

3 All I ask for is enough;
Only when the way is rough
Let thy rod and staff impart
Strength and courage to my heart.

4 Should thy wisdom, Lord! decree
Trials long and sharp for me,
Pain or sorrow, care or shame,
Father! glorify thy name.

5 Let me neither faint nor fear,
Feeling still that thou art near;
In the course my Saviour trod,
Tending still to thee, my God!

467

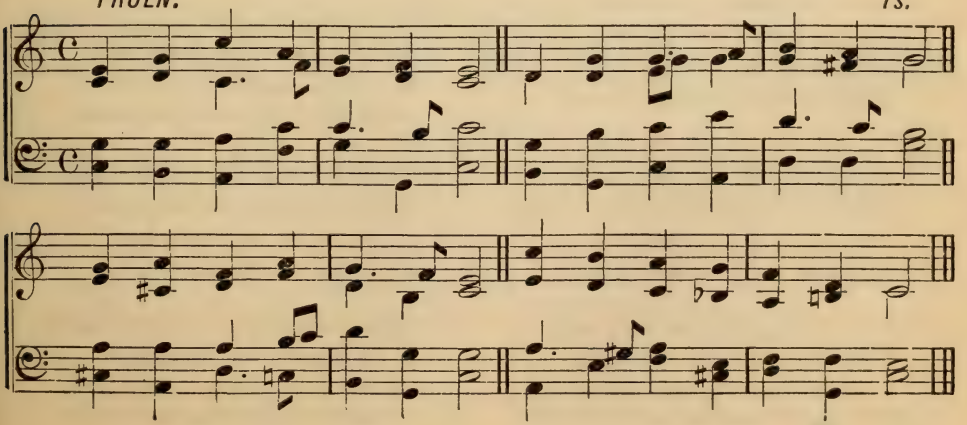
1 Lord! I cannot let thee go
Till a blessing thou bestow;
Do not turn away thy face,
Mine's an urgent, pressing case.

2 Once a sinner near despair
Sought thy mercy-seat by prayer;
Mercy heard, and set him free;
Lord! that mercy came to me.

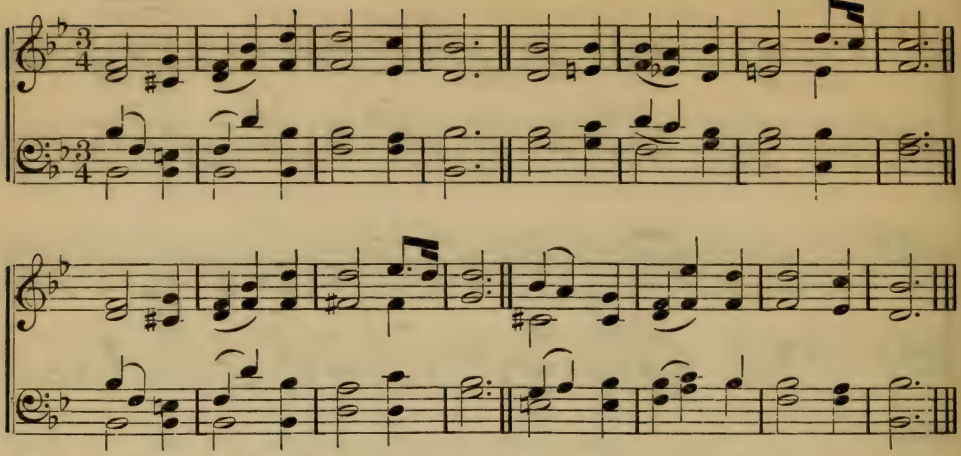
3 Thou hast helped in every need;
This emboldens me to plead;
After so much mercy past,
Canst thou let me sink at last?

4 No; I must maintain my hold;
'T is thy goodness makes me bold;
I can no denial take
When I plead for Jesus' sake.

PRUEN. 7s.



MERCY. 7s.



468

1 Cast thy burden on the Lord,
Only lean upon his word;
Thou wilt soon have cause to bless
His eternal faithfulness.

2 He sustains thee by his hand,
He enables thee to stand;
Those whom Jesus once hath loved
From his grace are never moved.

3 Heaven and earth may pass away,
God's free grace shall not decay;
He hath promised to fulfill
All the pleasure of his will.

4 Jesus! Guardian of thy flock,
Be thyself our constant Rock;
Make us, by thy powerful hand,
Strong as Sion's mountain stand.

469

1 To thy pastures, fair and large,
Heavenly Shepherd! lead thy charge;
And my couch with tenderest care
'Midst the springing grass prepare.

2 When I faint with summer's heat,
Thou shalt guide my weary feet
To the streams that, still and slow,
Through the verdant meadows flow.

3 Safe the dreary vale I tread,
By the shades of death o'erspread;
By thy rod and staff supplied,
This my guard, and that my guide.

4 Constant, to my latest end,
Thou my footsteps shalt attend,
And shalt bid thy hallowed dome
Yield me an eternal home.

470

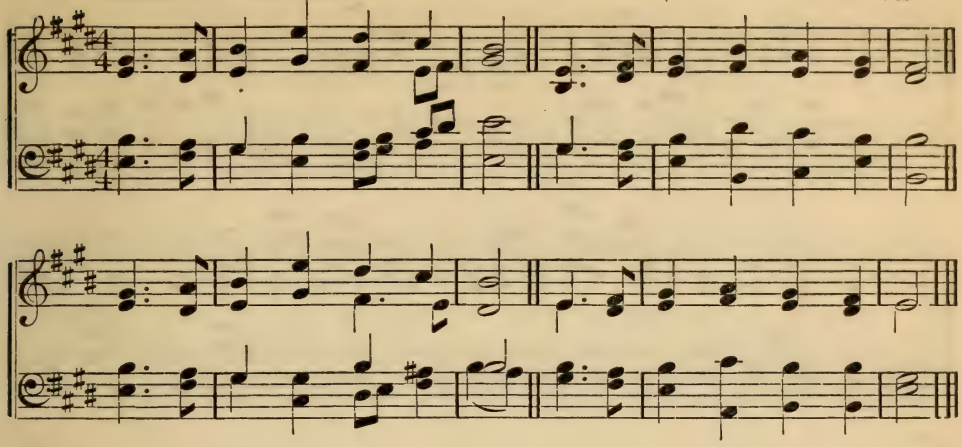
1 Praise the Lord, his glories show,
Saints within his courts below,
Angels round his throne above,
All that see and share his love!

2 Earth to heaven, and heaven to earth,
Tell his wonders, sing his worth;
Age to age, and shore to shore,
Praise him, praise him, evermore!

3 Praise the Lord, his mercies trace;
Praise his providence and grace—
All that he for man hath done,
All he sends us through his Son.

4 Strings and voices, hands and hearts,
In the concert bear your parts;
All that breathe, your Lord adore;
Praise him, praise him, evermore!

INNOCENTS (Durham). 7s.



471

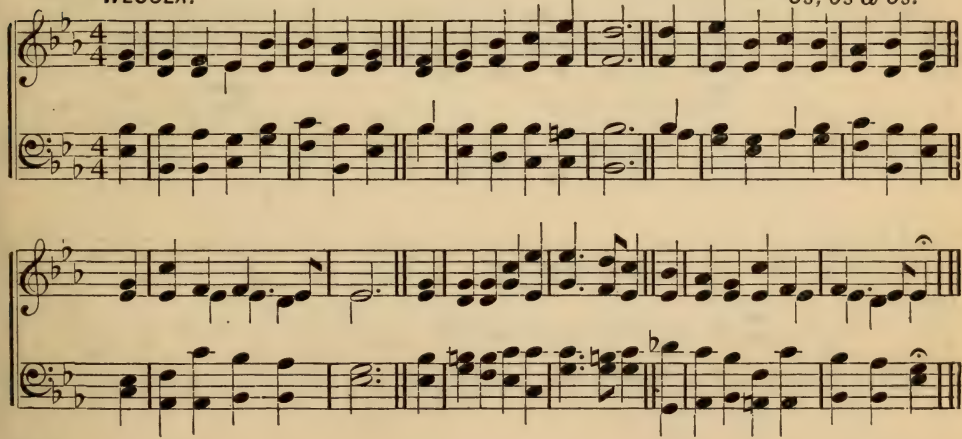
1 WAIT, my soul upon the Lord,
To his gracious promise flee,
Laying hold upon his word:
"As thy days thy strength shall be."

2 If the sorrows of thy case
Seem peculiar still to thee,
God has promised needful grace:
"As thy days thy strength shall be."

3 Days of trial, days of grief,
In succession thou mayst see;
This is still thy sweet relief:
"As thy days thy strength shall be."

4 Rock of ages! I 'm secure,
With thy promise, full and free,
Ever faithful, ever sure:
"As thy days thy strength shall be."

WESSEX. 8s, 6s & 8s.

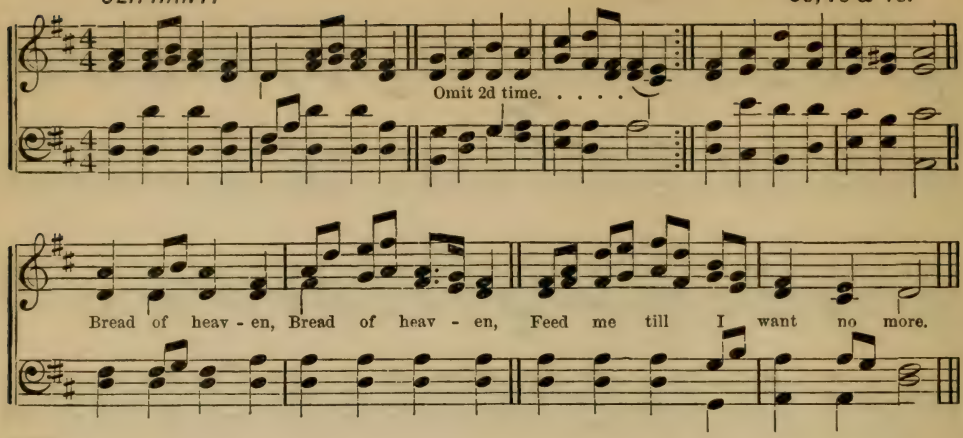


472

1 WHEN I can trust my all with God
In trial's fearful hour,
Bow, all-resigned, beneath his rod,
And bless his sparing power,
A joy springs up amid distress,
A fountain in the wilderness.

2 Then blessed be the hand that gave;
Still blessed when it takes;
Blessed be he who smites to save,
Who heals the heart he breaks;
Perfect and true are all his ways
Whom heaven adores and death obeys.

OLIPHANT. *8s, 7s & 4s.*



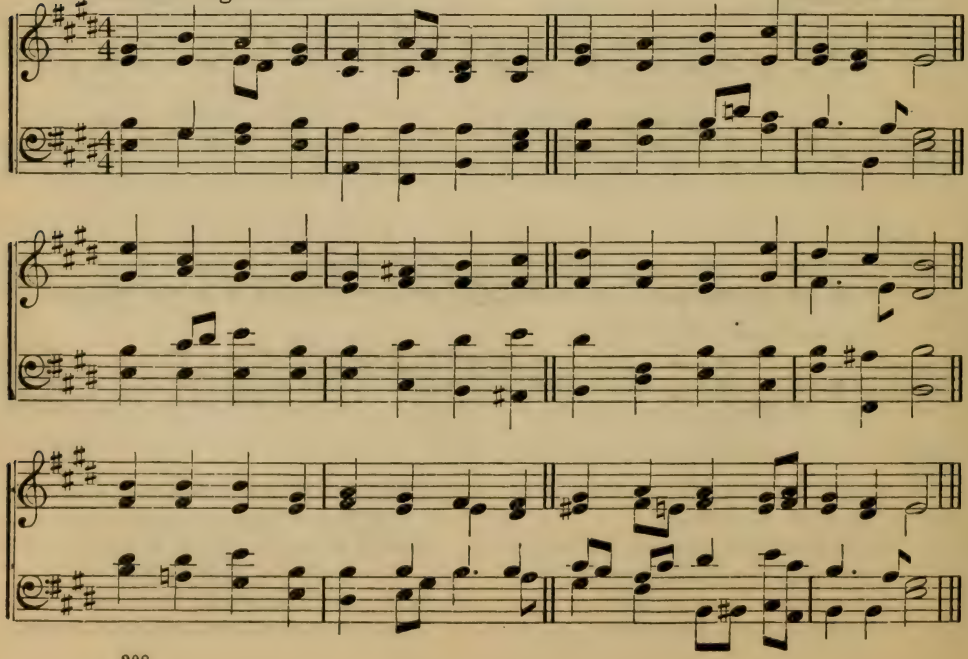
473

1 Guide me, O thou great Jehovah!
Pilgrim through this barren land;
I am weak, but thou art mighty,
Hold me with thy powerful hand;
Bread of heaven,
Feed me till I want no more.

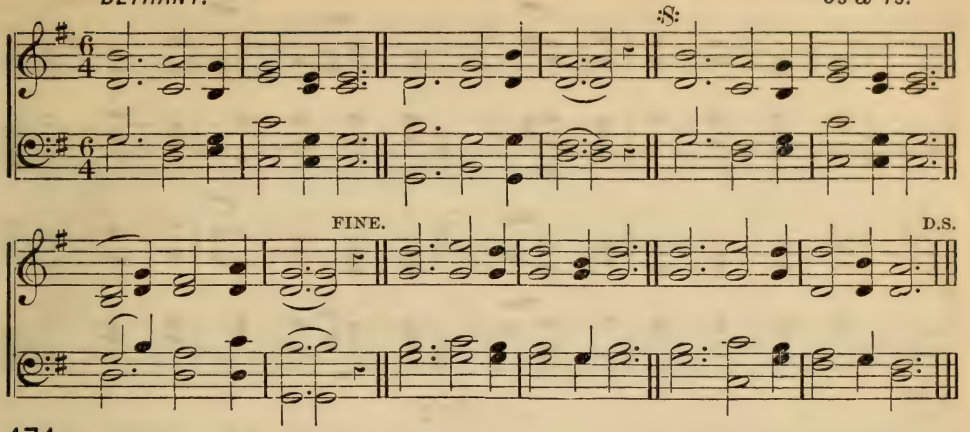
2 Open now the crystal fountain
Whence the healing streams do flow:
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar
Lead me all my journey through;
Strong Deliv'rer,
Be thou still my strength and shield.

3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside;
Death of death, and hell's destruction,
Land me safe on Canaan's side;
Songs of praises
I will ever give to thee.

ARABIA (Nightshade). *8s, 7s & 4s.*



BETHANY. 6s & 4s.



474

1 NEARER, my God! to thee,
Nearer to thee!
E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me!
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God! to thee,
Nearer to thee!

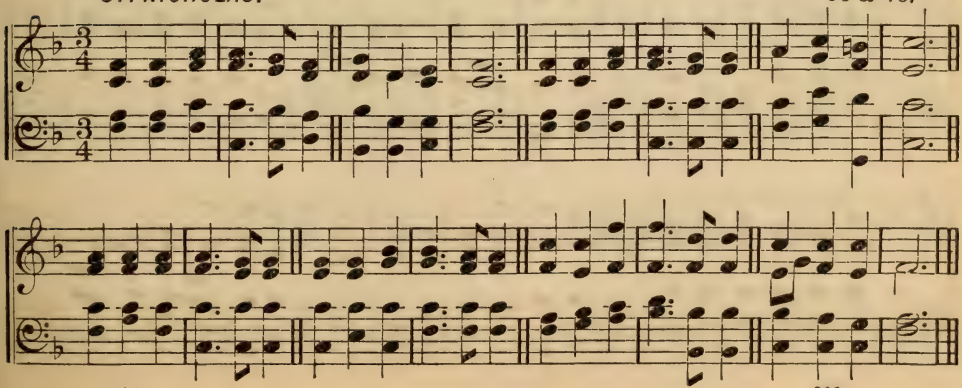
2 Though like the wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone,
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God! to thee,
Nearer to thee!

3 There let the way appear,
Steps unto heaven!
All that thou sendest me,
In mercy given;
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God! to thee,
Nearer to thee!

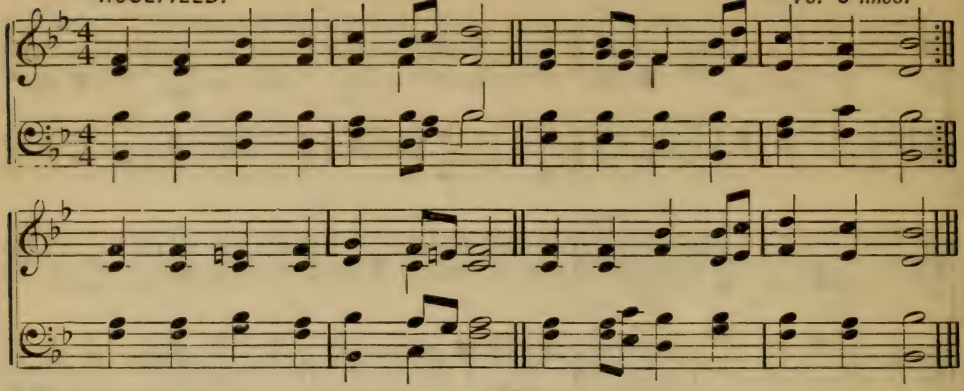
4 Then, with my waking thoughts
Bright with thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs
Bethel I'll raise;
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God! to thee,
Nearer to thee!

5 Or if, on joyful wing
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon and stars forgot,
Upward I fly,
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God! to thee,
Nearer to thee!

ST. NICHOLAS. 6s & 4s.



ROSEFIELD. 7s. 6 lines.



475

1 Blessèd are the sons of God,
They are bought with Christ's own blood;
They are ransomed from the grave;
Life eternal they shall have;
With them numbered may we be
Here and in eternity.

2 They are justified by grace,
They enjoy the Saviour's peace;
All their sins are washed away;
They shall stand in God's great day;
With them numbered may we be
Here and in eternity.

3 They are lights upon the earth,
Children of a heavenly birth,
One with God, with Jesus one;
Glory is in them begun;
With them numbered may we be
Here and in eternity.

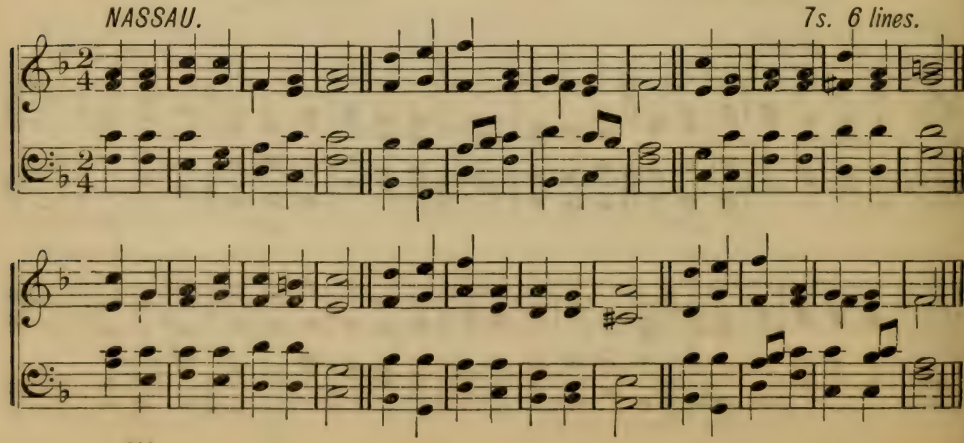
476

1 Quiet, Lord! my froward heart,
Make me teachable and mild,
Upright simple, free from art,
Make me as a weanèd child;
From distrust and envy free,
Pleased with all that pleases thee.

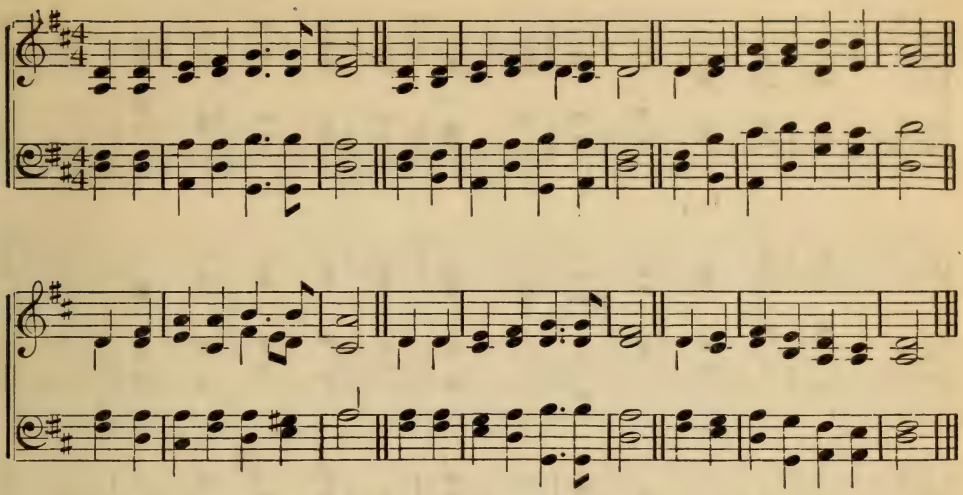
2 What thou shalt to-day provide
Let me as a child receive;
What to-morrow may betide
Calmly to thy wisdom leave;
'T is enough that thou wilt care;
Why should I the burden bear?

3 As a little child relies
On a care beyond his own,
Knows he 's neither strong nor wise,
Fears to move a step alone,
Let me thus with thee abide,
As my Father, Guard and Guide.

NASSAU. 7s. 6 lines.



GETHSEMANE. 7s. 6 lines.



477

1 Chosen not for good in me,
Wakened up from wrath to flee,
Hidden in the Saviour's side,
By the Spirit sanctified,
Teach me, Lord! on earth to show
By my love how much I owe.

2 Oft I walk beneath the cloud,
Dark as midnight's gloomy shroud;
But when fear is at the height,
Jesus comes, and all is light;
Blessed Jesus! bid me show
Doubting saints how much I owe.

3 Oft the nights of sorrow reign,
Weeping, sickness, sighing, pain;
But a night thine anger burns,
Morning comes, and joy returns;
God of comforts! bid me show
To thy poor how much I owe.

4 When in flowery paths I tread,
Oft by sin I 'm captive led;
Oft I fall, but still arise,
Jesus comes, the tempter flies;
Blessèd Jesus! bid me show
Weary sinners all I owe.

478

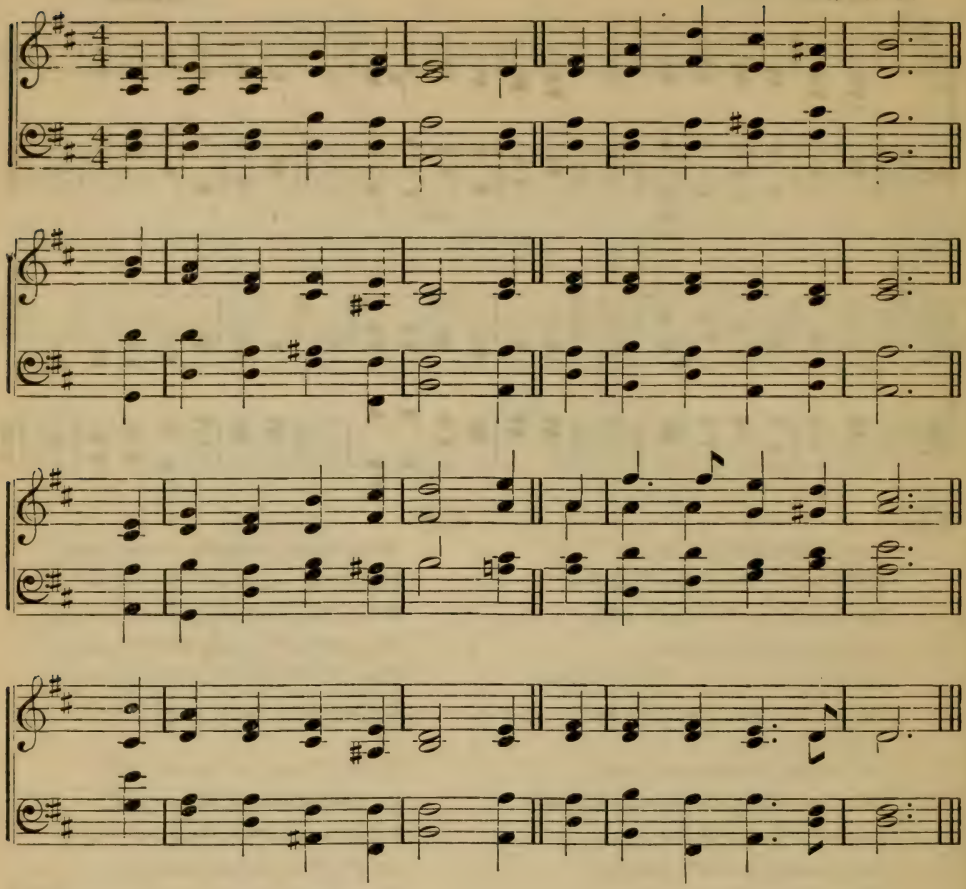
1 When this passing world is done,
When has sunk yon glorious sun,
When, from off the mount of God,
We review the path we 've trod,
Then, Lord! shall I fully know—
Not till then—how much I owe!

2 When I hear the wicked call
On the rocks and hills to fall,
When I see them start and shrink
On the fiery deluge brink,
Then, Lord! shall I fully know—
Not till then—how much I owe!

3 When I stand before the throne
Clothed in beauty not my own,
When I see thee as thou art,
Love thee with unsinning heart,
Then, Lord! shall I fully know—
Not till then –how much I owe!

4 When the praise of heaven I hear,
Loud as thunders to the ear,
Loud as many waters' noise,
Sweet as harps' melodious voice,
Then, Lord! shall I fully know—
Not till then—how much I owe!

EWING. 7s & 6s. D.



479

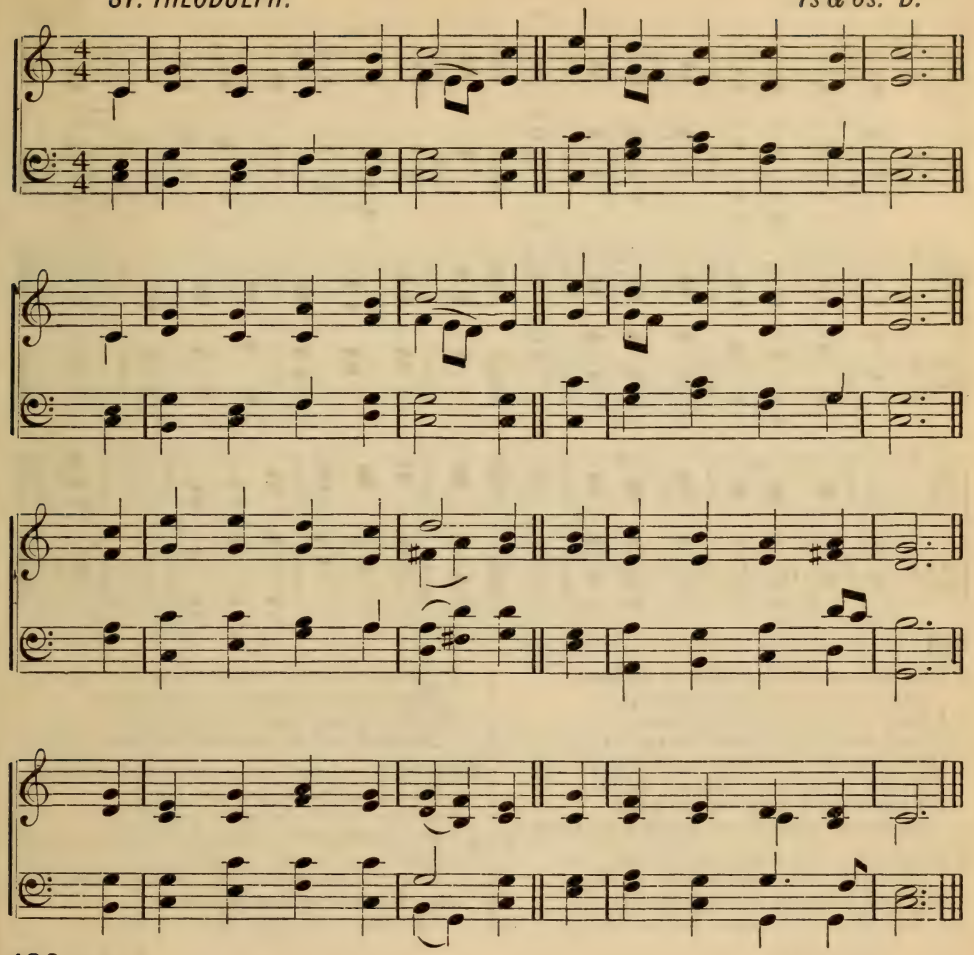
1 Sometimes a light surprises
The Christian while he sings;
It is the Lord, who rises
With healing in his wings;
When comforts are declining,
He grants the soul again
A season of clear shining
To cheer it after rain.

2 In holy contemplation
We sweetly then pursue
The theme of God's salvation,
And find it ever new;
Set free from present so row,
We cheerfully can say,
Let the unknown to-morrow
Bring with it what it may,

3 It can bring with it nothing
But he will bear us through;
Who gives the lilies clothing
Will clothe his people too;
Beneath the spreading heavens
No creature but is fed;
And he who feeds the ravens
Will give his children bread.

4 Though vine nor fig tree neither
Their wonted fruit should bear,
Though all the fields should wither,
Nor flocks nor herds be there;
Yet God the same abiding,
His praise shall tune my voice
For while in him confiding
I cannot but rejoice.

ST. THEODULPH. 7s & 6s. D.



480

1 I know no life divided,
O Lord of life! from thee;
In thee is life provided
For all mankind, for me;
I know no death, O Jesus!
Because I live in thee;
Thy death it is which frees us
From death eternally.

2 I fear no tribulation,
Since, whatsoe'er it be,
It makes no separation
Between my Lord and me;
If thou, my God and Teacher!
Vouchsafe to be my own,
Though poor, I shall be richer
Than monarch on his throne.

3 Lord! with this truth impress me,
And write it on my heart,
To comfort, cheer and bless me,
That thou my Saviour art;
Without thy love to guide me
I should be wholly lost;
The floods would quickly hide me,
On life's wide ocean tossed.

VERNON. 8s. D.

FINE.

D.C.

481

1 Encompassed with clouds of distress,
Just ready all hope to resign,
I pant for the light of thy face,
And fear it will never be mine;
Disheartened with waiting so long,
I sink at thy feet with my load;
All plaintive I pour out my song,
And stretch forth my hands unto God.

2 If sometimes I strive as I mourn
My hold on thy promise to keep,
The billows more fiercely return,
And plunge me again in the deep;
O'erwhelmed and cast out from thy sight,
The tempter suggests in that hour
The Lord has forgotten me quite,
My God will be gracious no more.

3 Shine, Lord! and my terrors shall cease;
The blood of atonement apply;
And lead me to Jesus for peace,
The Rock that is higher than I.
Almighty to rescue thou art;
Thy grace is my shield and my tower;
Oh, gladden my desolate heart;
Let this be the day of thy power.

ELLIOTT. 8s & 4s.

482

1 My God, my Father! while I stray
Far from my home on life's rough way,
O, teach me from my heart to say,
Thy will be done!

2 What though in lonely grief I sigh
For friends beloved, no longer nigh?
Submissive still would I reply,
Thy will be done!

3 Though thou hast called me to resign
What most I prized, it ne'er was mine;
I have but yielded what was thine;
Thy will be done!

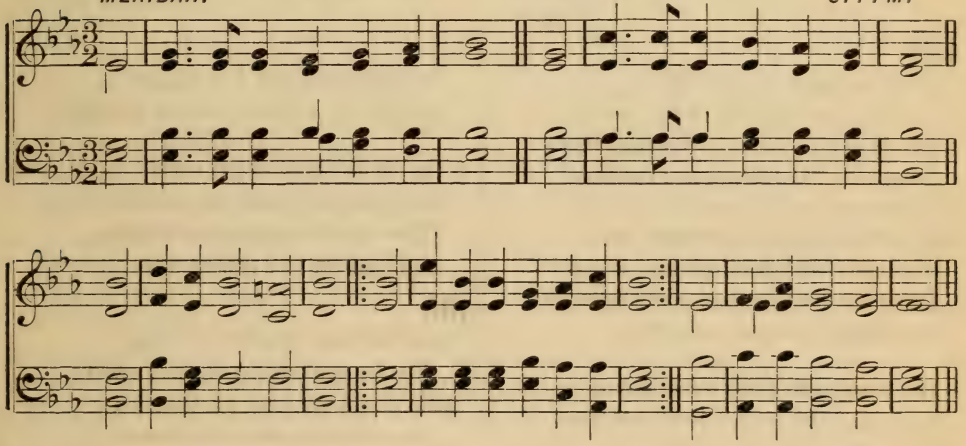
4 Should grief or sickness waste away
My life in premature decay,
My Father! still I strive to say,
Thy will be done!

5 Let but my fainting heart be blest
With thy sweet Spirit for its guest;
My God! to thee I leave the rest;
Thy will be done!

6 Renew my will from day to day;
Blend it with thine, and take away
All that now makes it hard to say,
Thy will be done!

7 Then when on earth I breathe no more
The prayer oft mixed with tears before,
I 'll sing upon a happier shore,
Thy will be done!

MERIBAH. C. P. M.



483

1 Lo! on a narrow neck of land
'Twixt two unbounded seas I stand,
Yet how insensible!
A point of time, a moment's space,
Removes me to yon heavenly place,
Or shuts me up in hell.

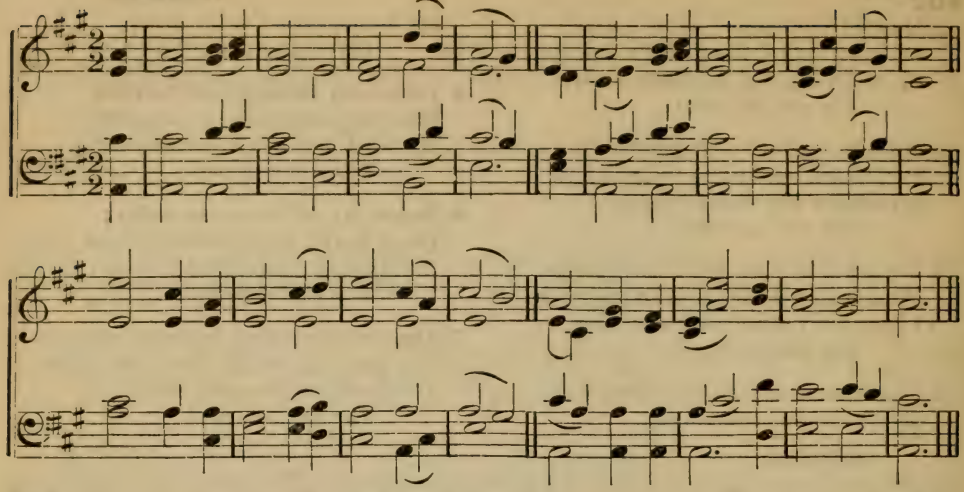
2 O God! my inmost soul convert,
And deeply on my thoughtless heart
Eternal things impress;
Give me to feel their solemn weight,
And save me ere it be too late,
Wake me to righteousness.

3 Before me place in bright array
The pomp of that tremendous day,
When thou with clouds shalt come
To judge the nations at thy bar;
And tell me, Lord! shall I be there
To meet a joyful doom?

4 Be this my one great business here,
With holy trembling, holy fear,
To make my calling sure;
Thine utmost counsel to fulfill,
And suffer all thy righteous will,
And to the end endure.

5 Then, Saviour! then my soul receive,
Transported from this vale, to live
And reign with thee above;
Where faith is sweetly lost in sight,
And hope in full, supreme delight,
And everlasting love.

WIMBORNE. L. M.



484

1 Eternal Spirit! we confess
And sing the wonders of thy grace;
Thy power conveys our blessings down
From God, the Father, and the Son.

2 Enlightened by thy heavenly ray,
Our shades and darkness turn to day;
Thine inward teachings make us know
Our danger, and our refuge too.

3 Thy power and glory work within,
And break the chains of reigning sin,
Do our imperious lusts subdue,
And form our wretched hearts anew.

4 The troubled conscience knows thy voice,
Thy cheering words awake our joys;
Thy words allay the stormy wind,
And calm the surges of the mind.

485

1 Father of mercies, God of love!
Send down thy Spirit from above;
Let me his sacred influence feel,
To quicken, purify and heal.

2 He is the source of every grace,
Of light and life and holiness;
By him alone may I be taught
And all my works in him be wrought.

3 Oh, let thy Holy Spirit come
And make my heart his constant home;
There his abundant grace display,
And lead me in a perfect way.

486

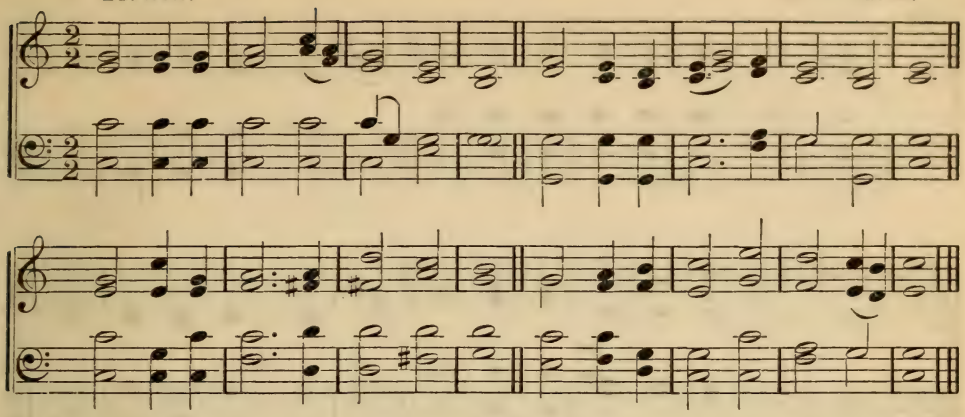
1 Sure the blest Comforter is nigh;
'T is he sustains my fainting heart;
Else would my hope for ever die,
And every cheering ray depart.

2 Whene'er to call the Saviour mine
With ardent wish my heart aspires,
Can it be less than power divine
That animates these strong desires?

3 And when my cheerful hope can say,
I love my God and taste his grace,
Lord! is it not thy blissful ray
That brings this dawn of sacred peace?

4 Let thy good Spirit in my heart
For ever dwell, O God of love
And light and heavenly peace impart,
Sweet earnest of the joys above.

ZEPHYR. L. M.



487

1 Come, sacred Spirit! from above,
And fill the coldest heart with love;
Soften to flesh the flinty stone,
And let thy Godlike power be known.

2 Speak thou, and from the haughtiest eyes
Shall floods of pious sorrow rise,
While all their glowing souls are borne
To seek that grace which now they scorn.

3 Oh, let a holy flock await
Numerous around thy temple gate,
Each pressing on with zeal to be
A living sacrifice to thee.

4 In answer to our fervent cries
Give us to see thy church arise;
Or if that blessing seem too great,
Give us to mourn its low estate.

488

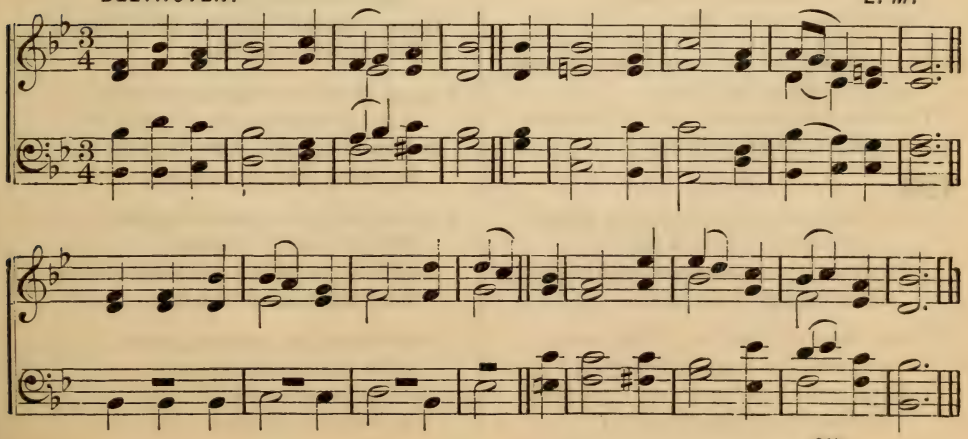
1 Stay, thou insulted Spirit! stay,
Though I have done thee such despite;
Cast not the sinner quite away,
Nor take thine everlasting flight.

2 Though I have most unfaithful been
Of all who e'er thy grace received,
Ten thousand times thy goodness seen,
Ten thousand times thy goodness grieved,

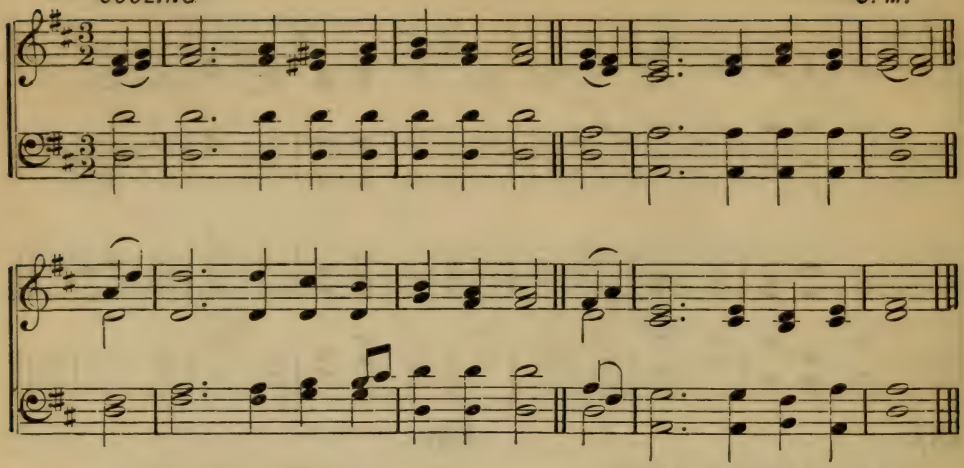
3 Yet oh, the chief of sinners spare,
In honor of my great High Priest;
Nor in thy righteous anger swear
I shall not see thy people's rest.

4 Now, Lord! my weary soul release,
Uphold me with thy gracious hand;
Guide me into thy perfect peace,
And bring me to the promised land.

BEETHOVEN. L. M.



COOLING C. M.



489

1 How helpless guilty nature lies,
Unconscious of its load!
The heart, unchanged, can never rise
To happiness and God.

2 Can aught beneath a power divine
The stubborn will subdue?
'T is thine, eternal Spirit! thine,
To form the heart anew.

3 'T is thine the passions to recall,
And upward bid them rise;
To make the scales of error fall
From reason's darkened eyes;

4 To chase the shades of death away,
And bid the sinner live;
A beam of heaven, a vital ray,
'T is thine alone to give.

5 Oh, change these wretched hearts of ours,
And give them life divine;
Then shall our passions and our powers,
Almighty Lord! be thine.

490

1 Why should the children of a King
Go mourning all their days?
Great Comforter! descend and bring
Some tokens of thy grace.

2 Dost thou not dwell in all the saints
And seal the heirs of heaven?
When wilt thou banish my complaints
And show my sins forgiven?

3 Assure my conscience of her part
In the Redeemer's blood;
And bear thy witness with my heart
That I am born of God.

4 Thou art the earnest of his love,
The pledge of joys to come;
And thy soft wings, celestial Dove!
Will safe convey me home.

491

1 Enthroned on high, almighty Lord!
The Holy Ghost send down;
Fulfill in us thy faithful word,
And all thy mercies crown.

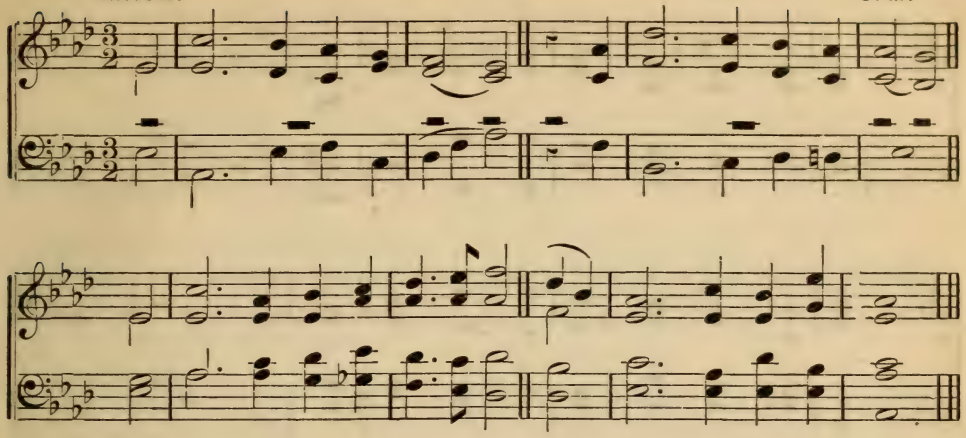
2 Though on our heads no tongues of fire
Their wondrous powers impart,
Grant, Saviour! what we more desire,
Thy Spirit in our heart.

3 Spirit of life and light and love!
Thy heavenly influence give;
Quicken our souls, born from above,
In Christ that we may live.

4 To our benighted minds reveal
The glories of his grace,
And bring us where no clouds conceal
The brightness of his face.

5 His love within us shed abroad,
Life's ever springing well,
Till God in us and we in God
In love eternal dwell.

HAYDN. S. M.



492

1 Blest Comforter divine!
Let rays of heavenly love
Amid our gloom and darkness shine,
And guide our souls above!

2 Draw with thy "still small voice"
From every sinful way,
And bid the mourning saint rejoice,
Though earthly joys decay;

3 By thine inspiring breath
Make every cloud of care,
And e'en the gloomy vale of death,
A smile of glory wear.

4 Thou who dost fill the heart
With love to all our race,
Blest Comforter! to us impart
These blessings of thy grace.

493

1 O Holy Spirit! come,
And Jesus' love declare;
Oh, tell us of our heavenly home,
And guide us safely there.

2 Our unbelief remove
By thine almighty breath;
Oh, work the wondrous work of love,
The mighty work of faith.

3 Come with resistless power,
Come with almighty grace,
Come with the long-expected shower,
And fall upon this place.

4 We know thou hast the power;
Oh, let that power be shown;
We know that this is mercy's hour;
Oh, make thy mercy known.

5 Thy sceptre, Lord! extend,
Pity our deep distress;
Thou art the contrite sinner's Friend;
Thy waiting servants bless.

6 We bless thee for thy grace
And thine almighty power;
We bless thee for thy holy place
And this accepted hour.

494

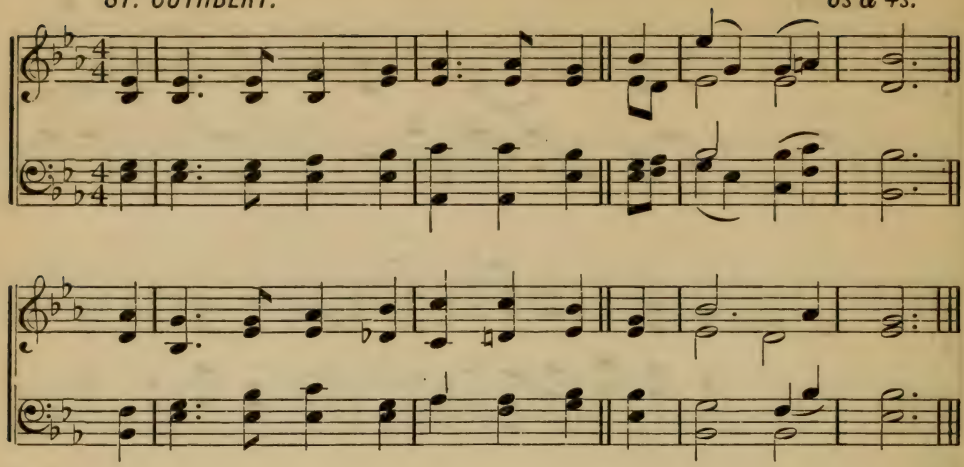
1 Lord God, the Holy Ghost!
In this accepted hour,
As on the day of Pentecost,
Descend in all thy power.

2 We meet with one accord
In our appointed place,
And wait the promise of our Lord,
The Spirit of all grace.

3 Like mighty rushing wind
Upon the waves beneath,
Move with one impulse every mind,
One soul, one feeling, breathe.

4 The young, the old, inspire
With wisdom from above,
And give us hearts and tongues of fire,
To pray and praise and love.

ST. CUTHBERT. 8s & 4s.



495

1 Our blest Redeemer, ere he breathed
His last farewell,
A guide, a Comforter, bequeathed
With us to dwell.

2 He came in tongues of living flame,
To teach, subdue;
All-powerful as the wind he came,
As viewless too.

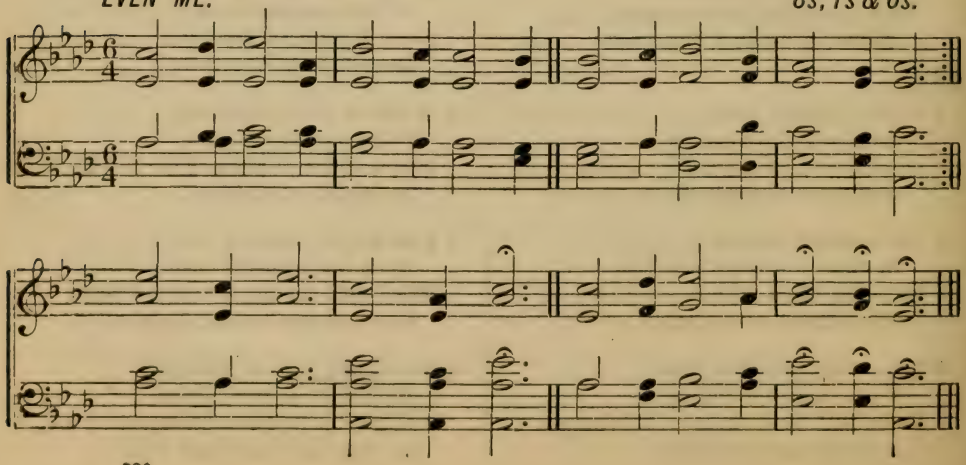
3 He comes his graces to impart,
A willing guest,
While he can find one humble heart
Wherein to rest.

4 He breathes that gentle voice we hear
As breeze of even,
That checks each fault, and calms each fear,
And speaks of heaven.

5 And all the good that we possess,
His gift we own;
Yea, every thought of holiness,
And victory won.

6 Spirit of purity and grace!
Our weakness see;
Oh, make our hearts thy dwelling-place,
And worthier thee!

EVEN ME. 8s, 7s & 6s.



496

1 LORD! I hear of showers of blessing
Thou art scattering full and free—
Showers the thirsty land refreshing;
Let some droppings fall on me,
Even me, even me!
Let some droppings fall on me.

2 Pass me not, O gracious Father!
Sinful though my heart may be;
Thou might'st pass me, but the rather
Let thy mercy light on me,
Even me, etc.

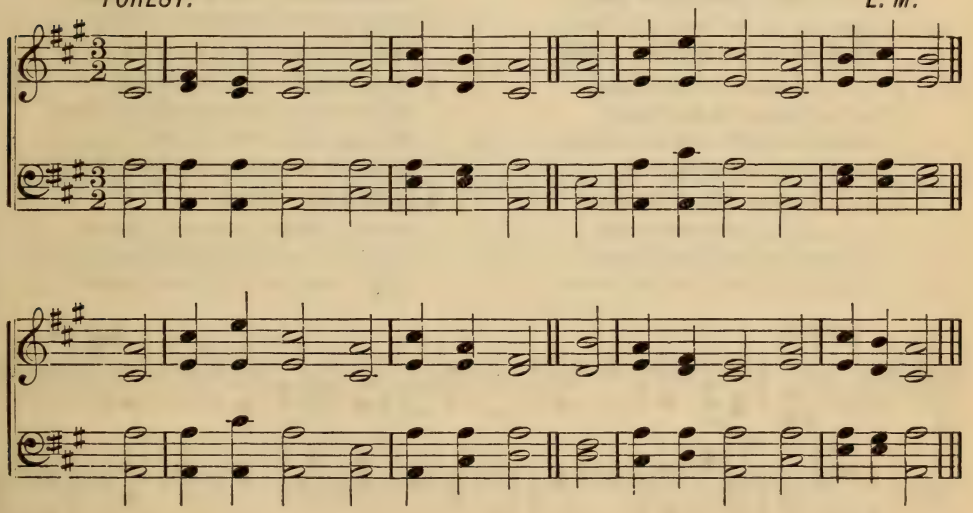
3 Pass me not, O tender Saviour!
Let me love and cling to thee;
I am longing for thy favor;
When thou comest, call for me,
Even me, etc.

4 Pass me not, O mighty Spirit!
Thou canst make the blind to see
Witnesser of Jesus' merit,
Speak the word of power to me,
Even me, etc.

5 Have I long in sin been sleeping,
Long been slighting, grieving thee?
Has the world my heart been keeping?
Oh, forgive and rescue me,
Even me, etc.

6 Love of God, so pure and changeless,
Blood of God, so rich and free,
Grace of God, so strong and boundless,
Magnify them all in me,
Even me, etc.

FOREST. L. M.



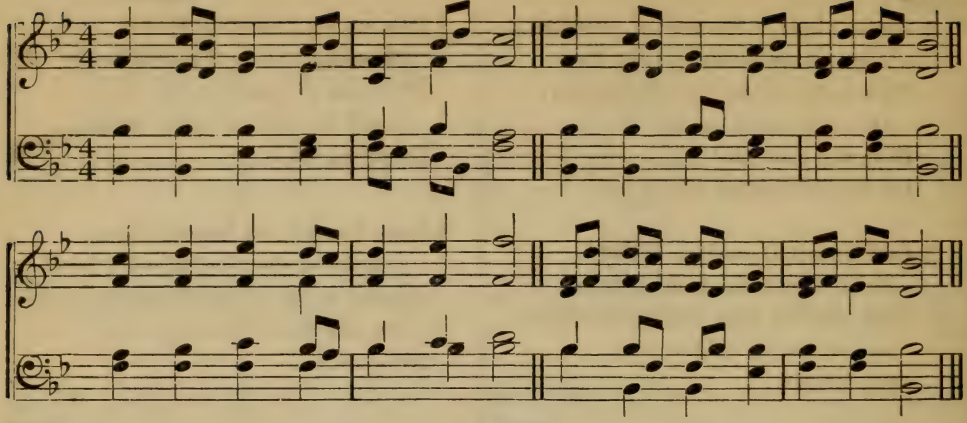
497

1 O LORD! thy heavenly grace impart,
And fix my frail, inconstant heart;
Henceforth my chief desire shall be
To dedicate myself to thee.

2 Whate'er pursuits my time employ,
One thought shall fill my soul with joy;
That silent, secret thought shall be
That all my hopes are fixed on thee.

3 Renouncing every worldly thing,
And safe beneath thy spreading wing,
My sweetest thought henceforth shall be
That all I want I find in thee.

FULTON. 7s.



498

1 Gracious Spirit! Love divine!
Let thy light within me shine;
All my guilty fears remove,
Fill me with thy heavenly love.

2 Speak thy pard'ning grace to me,
Set the burdened sinner free;
Lead me to the Lamb of God,
Wash me in his precious blood.

3 Life and peace to me impart,
Seal salvation on my heart;
Breathe thyself into my breast,
Earnest of immortal rest.

4 Let me never from thee stray,
Keep me in the narrow way;
Fill my soul with joy divine,
Keep me, Lord! for ever thine.

499

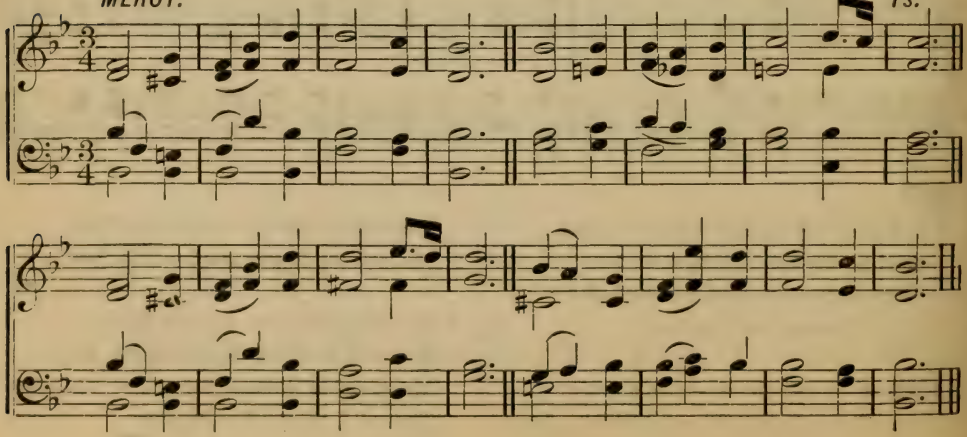
1 Holy Ghost! with light divine,
Shine upon this heart of mine;
Chase the shades of night away,
Turn my darkness into day.

2 Holy Ghost! with power divine,
Cleanse this guilty heart of mine;
Long hath sin, without control,
Held dominion o'er my soul.

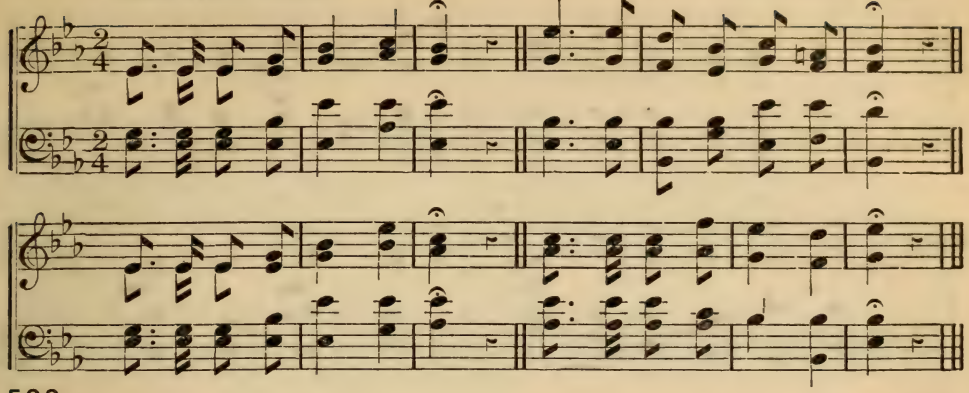
3 Holy Ghost! with joy divine,
Cheer this saddened heart of mine;
Bid my many woes depart,
Heal my wounded, bleeding heart.

4 Holy Spirit! all-divine,
Dwell within this heart of mine;
Cast down every idol-throne,
Reign supreme, and reign alone.

MERCY. 7s.



TELEMANN'S CHANT. 7s.



500

1 Oft in danger, oft in woe,
Onward, Christian, onward go!
Fight the fight, maintain the strife,
Strengthened with the bread of life.

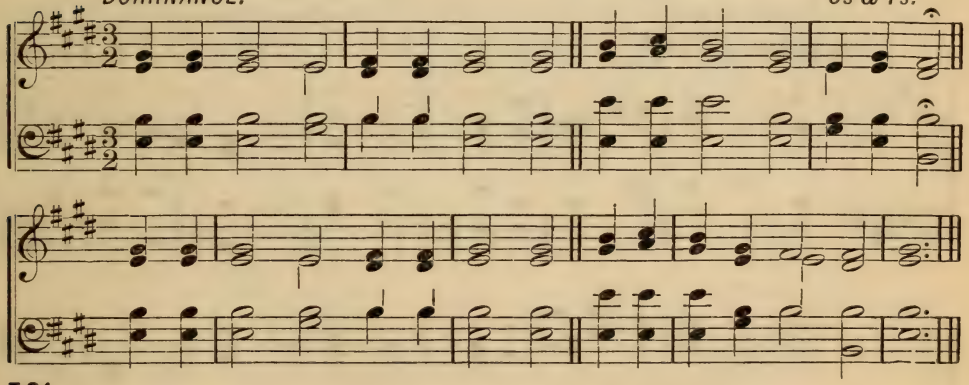
2 Onward, Christian, onward go!
Join the war and face the foe;
Will you flee in danger's hour?
Know you not your Captain's power?

3 Let your drooping hearts be glad;
March, in heavenly armor clad;
Fight, nor think the battle long;
Victory soon shall tune your song.

4 Let not sorrow dim your eye;
Soon shall every tear be dry;
Let not woe your course impede;
Great your strength if great your need.

5 Onward, then, to battle move!
More than conquerors you shall prove;
Though opposed by many a foe,
Christian soldiers, onward go!

DORRNANCE. 8s & 7s.



501

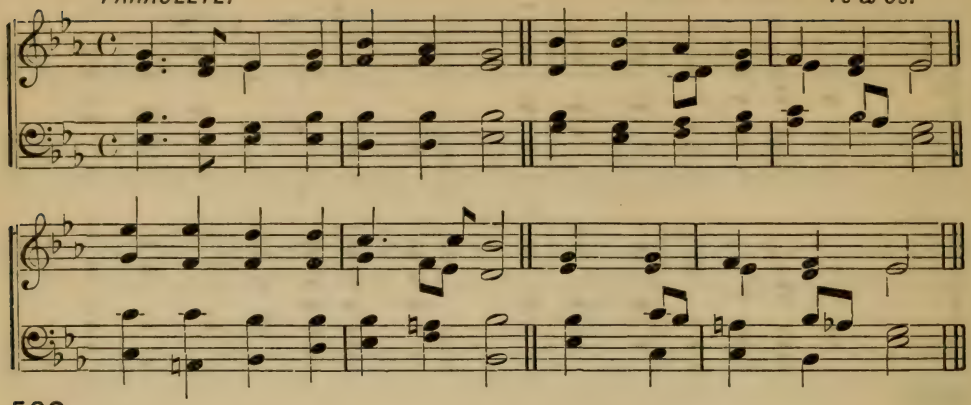
1 Humble, Lord! my haughty spirit,
Bid my swelling thoughts subside;
Strip me of my fancied merit;
What have I to do with pride?

2 Was my Saviour meek and lowly?
And shall such a worm as I,
Weak and earthly and unholy,
Dare to lift my head on high?

3 Teach me, Lord! my true condition
Bring me childlike to thy knee;
Stripped of every low ambition,
Willing to be led by thee.

4 Guide me by thy Holy Spirit;
Feed me from thy blessed word;
All my wisdom, all my merit,
Borrowed from thyself, O Lord!

PARACLETE. 7s & 5s.



502

1 Holy Ghost, the Infinite!
Shine upon our nature's night
With thy blessèd inward light,
Comforter divine!

2 We are sinful; cleanse us, Lord!
We are faint; thy strength afford;
Lost, until by thee restored,
Comforter divine!

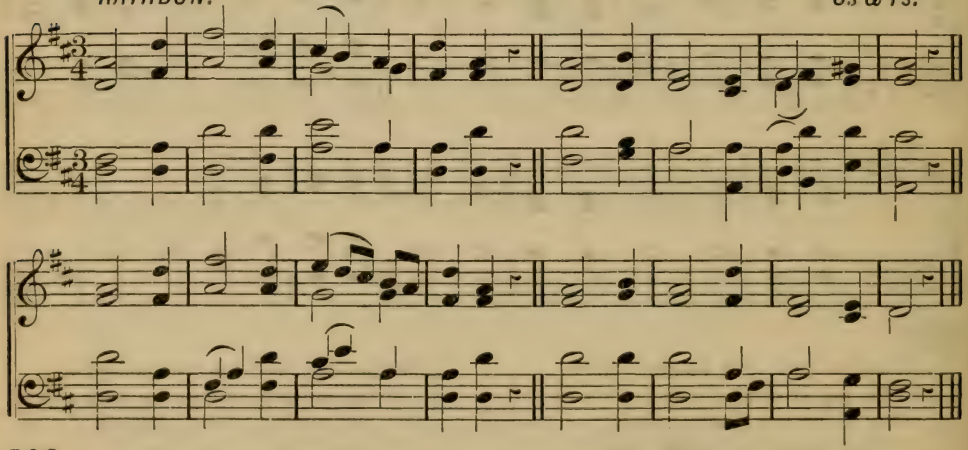
3 Like the dew thy peace distill;
Guide, subdue our wayward will,
Things of Christ unfolding still,
Comforter divine!

4 In us, for us, intercede,
And with voiceless groanings plead
Our unutterable need,
Comforter divine!

5 In us "Abba, Father!" cry,
Earnest of our bliss on high,
Seal of immortality,
Comforter divine!

6 Search for us the depths of God,
Bear us up the starry road
To the height of thine abode,
Comforter divine!

RATHBUN. 8s & 7s.



503

1 Holy Ghost! dispel our sadness,
Pierce the clouds of sinful night;
Come, thou source of joy and gladness!
Breathe thy life and spread thy light.

2 Come, thou best of all donations
God doth give when men implore!
Having thy sweet consolations,
We need wish for nothing more.

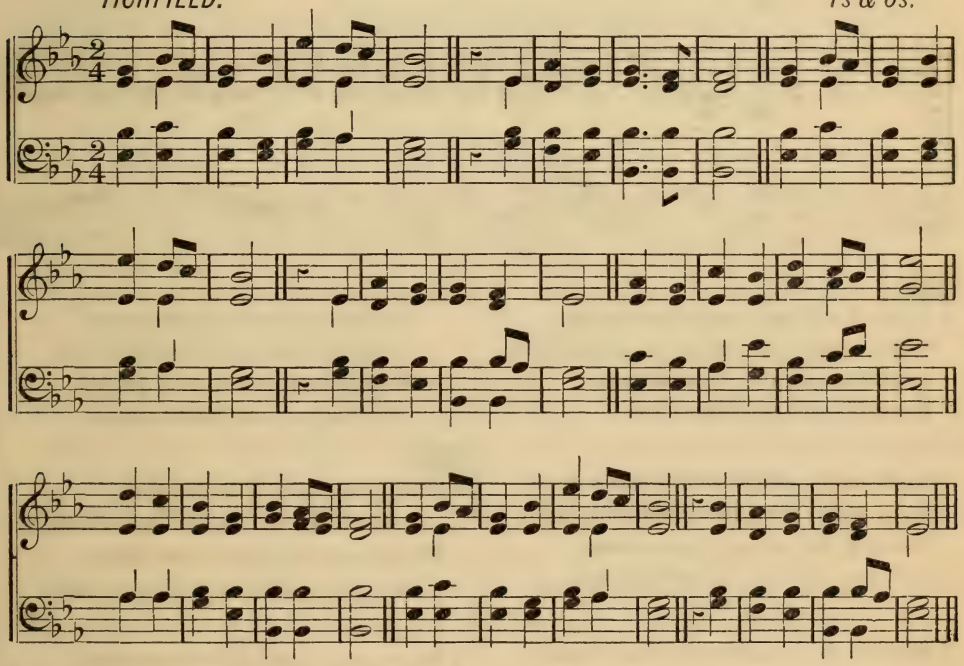
3 Author of the new creation!
Let us now thine influence prove;
Make our hearts thy habitation,
Shed abroad a Saviour's love.

4 From that height that knows no measure
As a gracious rain descend,
Bringing down the richest treasure
We can ask or God can send.

5 Manifest thy love for ever,
Fence us in on every side;
In distress be our Reliever,
Guard and teach, support and guide

6 Hear, oh hear our supplication,
Blessed Spirit! God of peace!
Rest upon this congregation
With the fullness of thy grace.

TICHFIELD. *7s & 6s.*



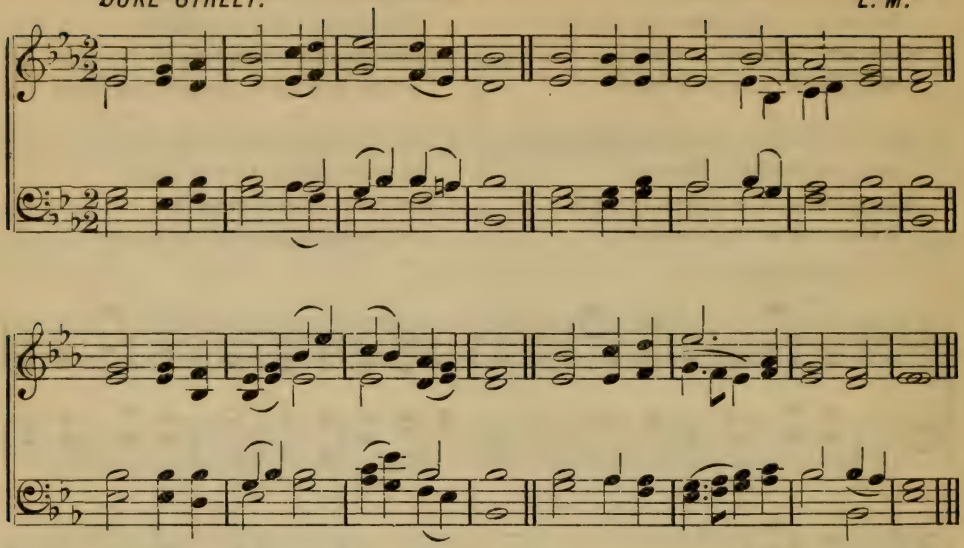
504

1 Saviour! I thy word believe,
My unbelief remove;
Now thy quickening Spirit give,
The unction from above.
Show me, Lord! how good thou art;
Now thy gracious word fulfill;
Send the witness in my heart,
The Holy Ghost reveal.

2 Blessèd Comforter! come down,
And live and move in me;
Make my every deed thine own,
In all things led by thee;
Bid my sin and fear depart,
And within, oh deign to dwell;
Faithful Witness! in my heart
Thy perfect light reveal.

3 Whom the world cannot receive,
O Lord! reveal in me;
Son of God! I cease to live,
Unless I live to thee:
Make me choose the better part;
Oh, do thou my pardon seal;
Send the witness to my heart,
The Holy Ghost reveal.

DUKE STREET. L. M.



505

1 Faith is a living power from heaven
Which grasps the promise God has given;
A trust that cannot be o'erthrown,
Securely fixed on Christ alone.

2 Faith finds in Christ whate'er we need
To save and strengthen, guide and feed;
Strong in his grace, it joys to share
His cross, in hope his crown to wear.

3 Faith to the conscience whispers peace,
And bids the mourner's sighing cease;
By faith the children's right we claim,
And call upon our Father's name.

4 Faith feels the Spirit's kindling breath
In love and hope that conquer death;
Faith brings us to delight in God,
And blesses e'en his smiting rod.

5 Such faith in us, O God! implant,
And to our prayers thy favor grant
In Jesus Christ, thy saving Son,
Who is our fount of health alone.

6 In him may every trusting soul
Press onward to the heavenly goal,
The blessedness no foes destroy,
Eternal love and light and joy.

506

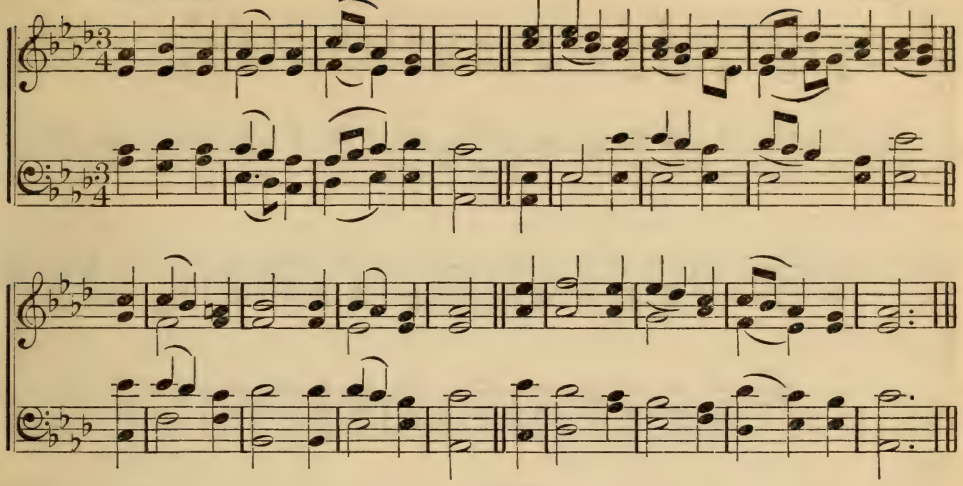
1 'T is by the faith of joys to come
We walk through deserts dark as night;
Till we arrive at heaven, our home,
Faith is our guide and faith our light.

2 The want of sight she well supplies;
She makes the pearly gates appear;
Far into distant worlds she pries,
And brings eternal glories near.

3 Cheerful we tread the desert through,
While faith inspires a heavenly ray,
Though lions roar and tempests blow,
And rocks and dangers fill the way.

4 So Abram, by divine command,
Left his own home to walk with God;
His faith beheld the promised land,
And fired his zeal along the road.

WHITELAND. L. M.



507

1 Author of faith, eternal Word,
Whose Spirit breathes the active flame!
Faith, like its finisher and Lord,
To-day, as yesterday, the same,

2 To thee our humble hearts aspire,
And ask the gift unspeakable;
Increase in us the kindled fire,
In us the work of faith fulfill.

3 By faith we know thee strong to save;
Save us, a present Saviour thou!
Whate'er we hope by faith we have;
Future and past subsisting now.

4 To him that in thy name believes
Eternal life with thee is given;
Into himself he all receives,
Pardon and holiness and heaven.

5 The things unknown to feeble sense,
Unseen by reason's glimm'ring ray,
With strong commanding evidence,
Their heavenly origin display.

6 Faith lends its realizing light;
The clouds disperse, the shadows fly;
Th' Invisible appears in sight,
And God is seen by mortal eye.

508

1 By faith in Christ I walk with God,
With heaven, my journey's end, in view;
Supported by his staff and rod,
My road is safe and pleasant too.

2 Though snares and dangers throng my path,
And earth and hell my course withstand
I triumph over all by faith,
Guarded by his almighty hand.

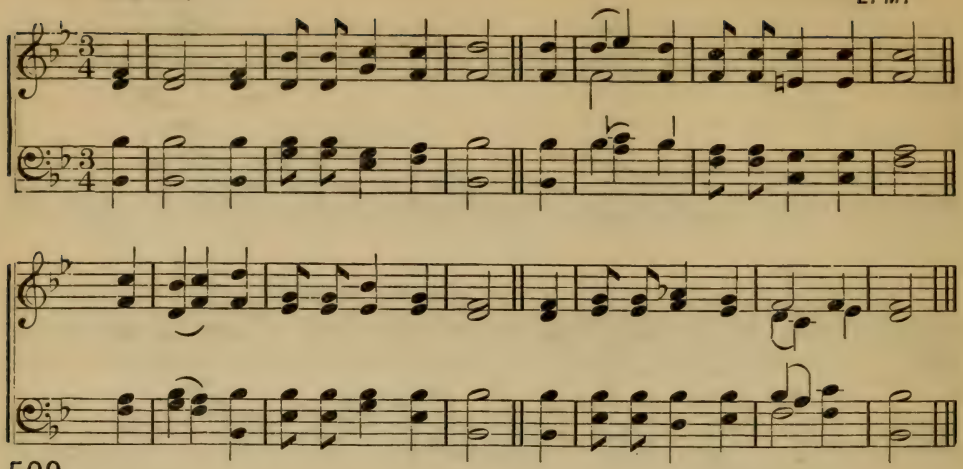
3 The wilderness affords no food,
But God for my support prepares,
Provides me every needful good,
And frees my soul from wants and cares.

4 With him sweet converse I maintain;
Great as he is, I dare be free;
I tell him all my grief and pain,
And he reveals his love to me.

5 Some cordial from his word he brings,
Whene'er my feeble spirit faints;
At once my soul revives and sings,
And yields no more to sad complaints.

6 I pity all that worldlings talk
Of pleasures that will quickly end;
Be this my choice, O Lord! to walk [Friend.
With thee, my Guide, my Guard, my

TEMPLE. L. M.



509

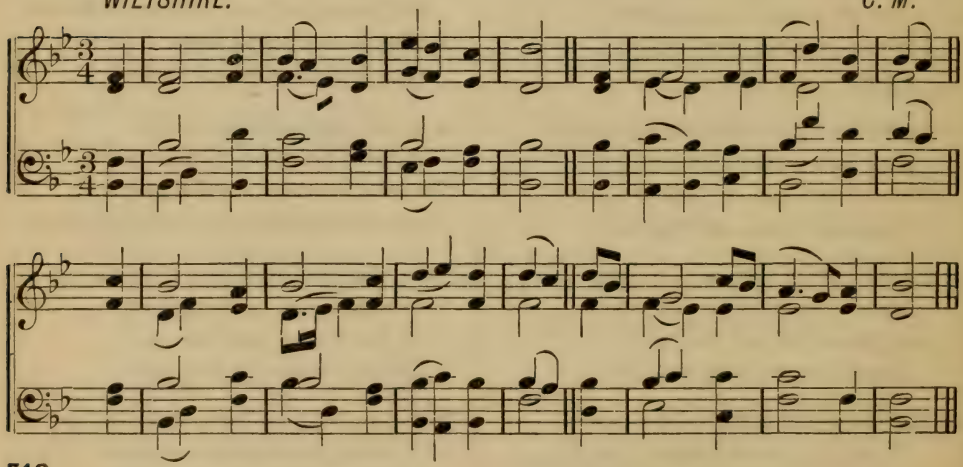
1 Had I the tongues of Greeks and Jews,
And nobler speech than angels use,
If love be absent, I am found,
Like tinkling brass, an empty sound.

2 Were I inspired to preach, and tell
All that is done in heaven and hell,
Or could my faith the world remove,
Still I am nothing without love.

3 Should I distribute all my store
To feed the hungry, clothe the poor,
Or give my body to the flame,
To gain a martyr's glorious name,

4 If love to God and love to men
Be absent, all my hopes are vain;
Nor tongues, nor gifts, nor fiery zeal
The work of love can e'er fulfill.

WILTSHIRE. C. M.



510

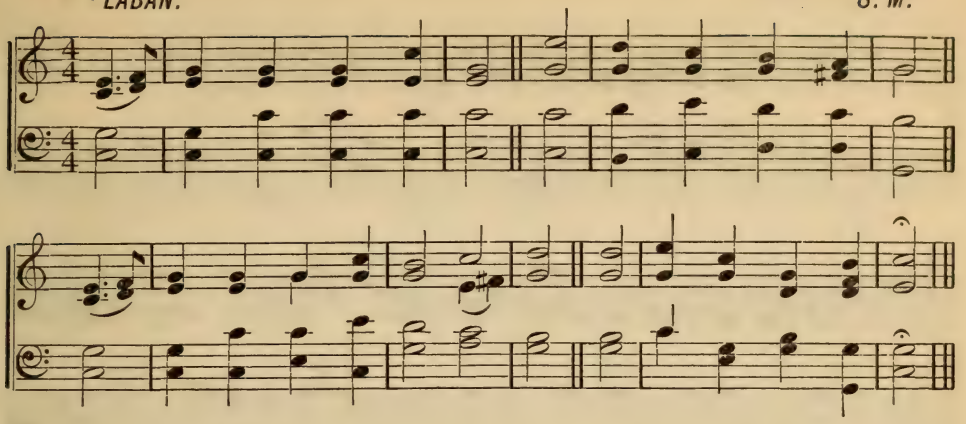
1 Happy the heart where graces reign,
Where love inspires the breast;
Love is the brightest of the train,
And strengthens all the rest.

2 Knowledge, alas! 't is all in vain,
And all in vain our fear;
Our stubborn sins will fight and reign
If love be absent there.

3 'T is love that makes our cheerful feet
In swift obedience move;
The devils know and tremble too,
But Satan cannot love.

4 This is the grace that lives and sings
When faith and hope shall cease;
'T is this shall strike our joyful strings
In the sweet realms of bliss.

LABAN. S. M.



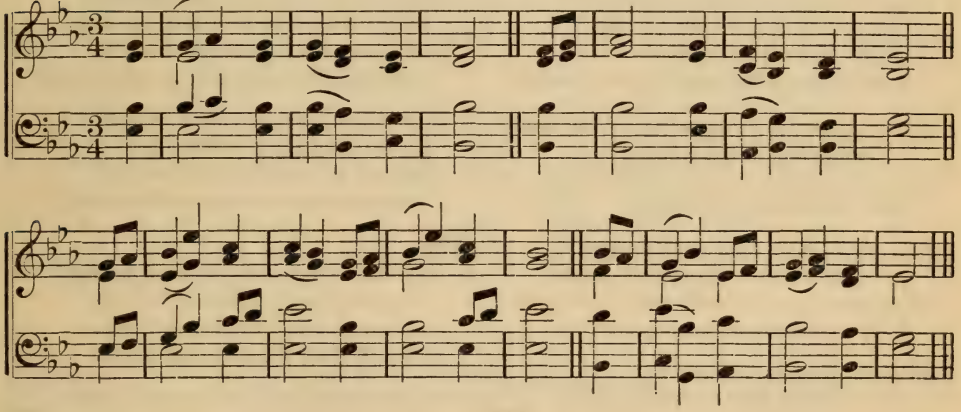
511

1 My soul, be on thy guard,
Ten thousand foes arise,
And hosts of sins are pressing hard
To draw thee from the skies.

2 Oh, watch and fight and pray;
The battle ne'er give o'er;
Renew it boldly every day,
And help divine implore.

3 Ne'er think the vict'ry won,
Nor lay thine armor down;
Thine arduous work will not be done
Till thou obtain thy crown.

TUCKER. S. M.



512

1 In true and patient hope,
My soul, on God attend,
And calmly, confidently, look
Till he salvation send.

2 I shall his goodness see,
While on his name I call;
He will defend and strengthen me,
And I shall never fall.

3 Jesus! to thee I fly,
My refuge and my tower,
Upon thy faithful love rely,
And find thy saving power.

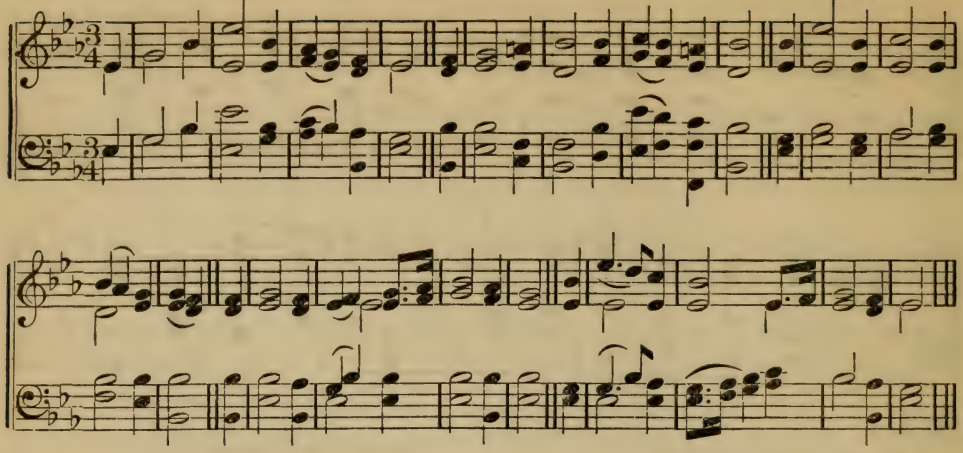
513

1 Blest are the pure in heart,
For they shall see their God;
The secret of the Lord is theirs;
Their soul is Christ's abode.

2 He to the lowly soul
Doth still himself impart,
And for his dwelling and his throne
Chooseth the pure in heart.

3 Lord! we thy presence seek;
May ours this blessing be;
Oh, give the pure and lowly heart,
A temple meet for thee.

ROTHWELL. L: M.



514

1 Awake, our souls! away, our fears!
Let every trembling thought be gone;
Awake, and run the heavenly race,
And put a cheerful courage on.

2 True, 't is a strait and thorny road,
And mortal spirits tire and faint;
But they forget the mighty God
Who feeds the strength of every saint—

3 Thee, mighty God! whose matchless power
Is ever new and ever young,
And firm endures while endless years
Their everlasting circles run.

4 From thee, the overflowing Spring,
Our souls shall drink a fresh supply;
While such as trust their native strength
Shall melt away and droop and die.

5 Swift as an eagle cuts the air
We 'll mount aloft to thine abode;
On wings of love our souls shall fly,
Nor tire amid the heavenly road.

515

Stand up, my soul! shake off thy fears,
And gird the gospel armor on;
March to the gates of endless joy,
Where Jesus thy great Captain 's gone.

2 Hell and thy sins resist thy course,
But hell and sin are vanquished foes;
Thy Jesus nailed them to the cross,
And sung the triumph when he rose.

3 What though thy inward lusts rebel?
'T is but a struggling gasp for life;
The weapons of victorious grace
Shall slay thy sins and end the strife.

4 Then let my soul march boldly on,
Press forward to the heavenly gate;
There peace and joy eternal reign,
And glitt'ring robes for conqu'rors wait.

5 There shall I wear a starry crown,
And triumph in almighty grace;
While all the armies of the skies
Join in my glorious Leader's praise.

516

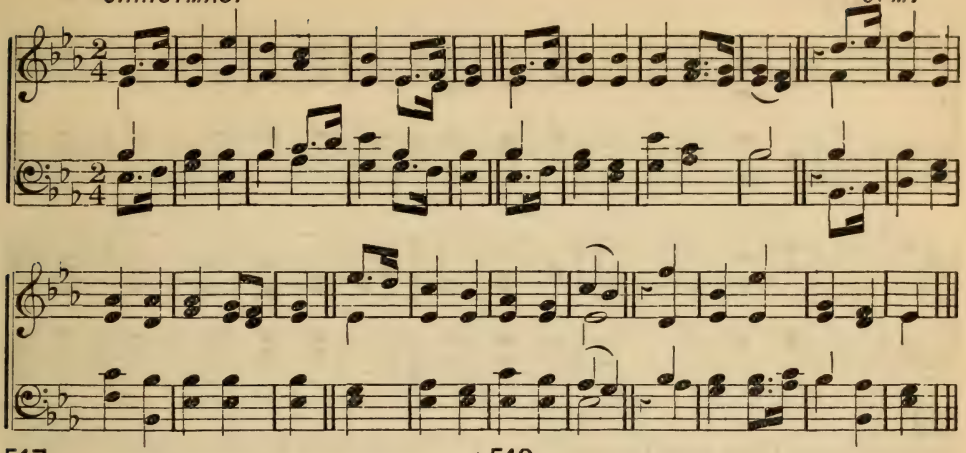
1 Who shall the Lord's elect condemn?
'T is God that justifies their souls;
And mercy, like a mighty stream,
O'er all their sins divinely rolls.

2 Who shall adjudge the saints to hell?
'T is Christ who suffered in their stead,
And the salvation to fulfill
Behold him rising from the dead.

3 He lives! he lives, and reigns above,
For ever interceding there;
Who shall divide us from his love,
Or what shall tempt us to despair?

4 Not all that men on earth can do,
Nor powers on high nor powers below,
Shall cause his mercy to remove,
Or wean our hearts from Christ, our love.

CHRISTMAS. C. M.



517

1 Awake, my soul! stretch every nerve,
And press with vigor on;
A heavenly race demands thy zeal,
And an immortal crown.

2 A cloud of witnesses around
Hold thee in full survey;
Forget the steps already trod,
And onward urge thy way.

3 'T is God's all-animating voice
That calls thee from on high;
'T is his own hand presents the prize
To thine aspiring eye.

4 Blest Saviour! introduced by thee,
Have I my race begun;
And crowned with victory, at thy feet
I 'll lay my laurels down.

518

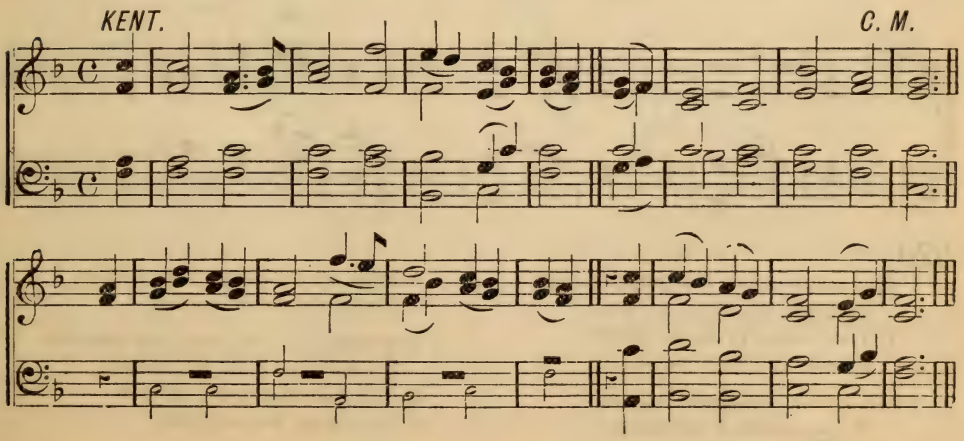
1 Am I a soldier of the cross,
A follower of the Lamb,
And shall I fear to own his cause
Or blush to speak his name?

2 Must I be carried to the skies
On flowery beds of ease,
While others fought to win the prize,
And sailed through bloody seas?

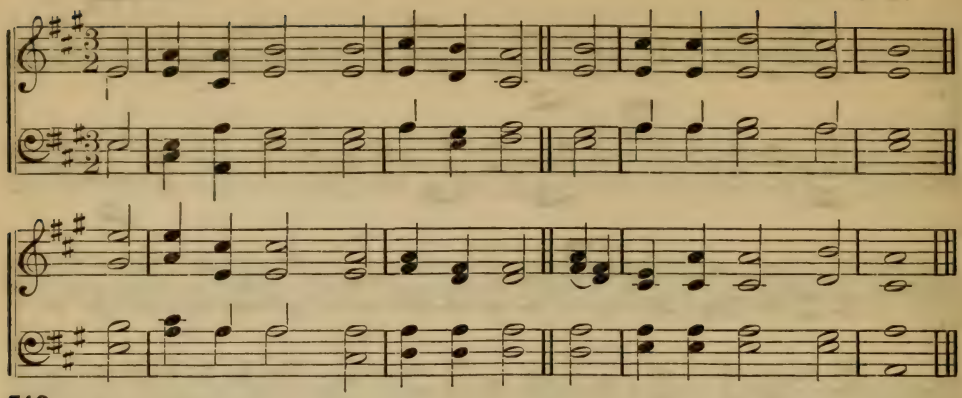
3 Are there no foes for me to face?
Must I not stem the flood?
Is this dark world a friend to grace,
To help me on to God?

4 Sure I must fight if I would reign;
Increase my courage, Lord!
I 'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by thy word.

KENT. C. M.



AZMON. C. M.



519

1 Amazing grace! how sweet the sound
That saved a wretch like me!
I once was lost, but now am found,
Was blind, but now I see.

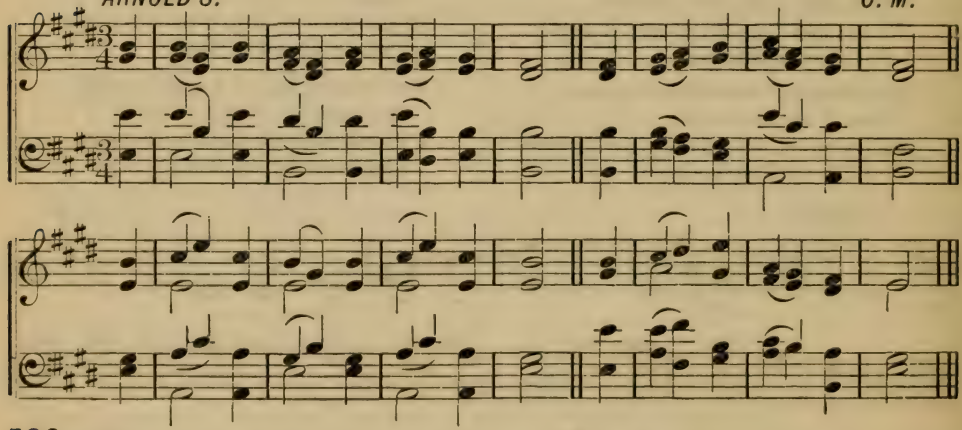
2 'T was grace that taught my heart to fear,
And grace my fears relieved;
How precious did that grace appear
The hour I first believed!

3 Through many dangers, toils and snares
I have already come;
'T is grace has brought me safe thus far,
And grace will lead me home.

4 The Lord has promised good to me,
His word my hope secures;
He will my shield and portion be
As long as life endures.

5 And when this flesh and heart shall fail,
And mortal life shall cease,
I shall possess, within the veil,
A life of joy and peace.

ARNOLD'S. C. M.

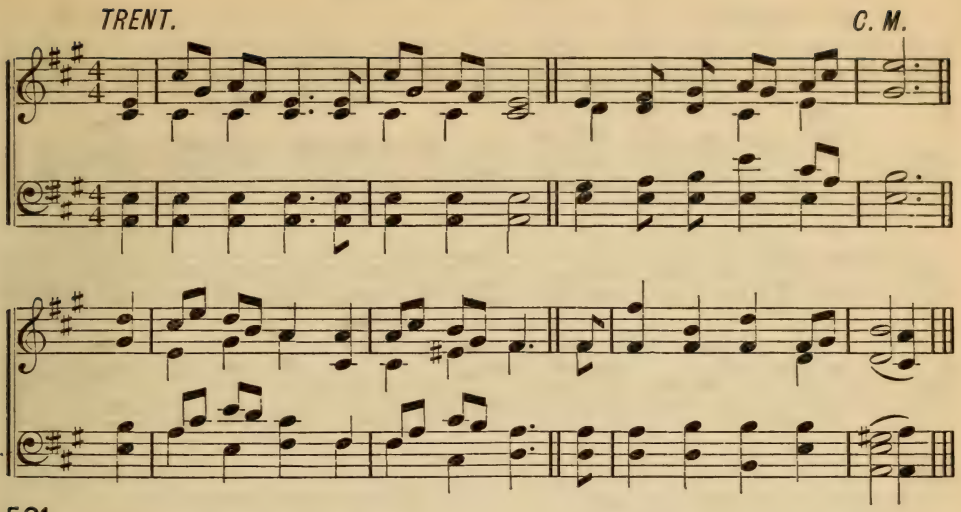


520

1 Firm as the earth thy gospel stands,
My Lord, my hope, my trust!
If I am found in Jesus' hands,
My soul can ne'er be lost.

2 His honor is engaged to save
The meanest of his sheep;
All that his heavenly Father gave,
His hands securely keep.

3 Nor death nor hell shall e'er remove
His favorites from his breast;
In the dear bosom of his love
They must for ever rest.



521

1 Lord! when I all things would possess,
I crave but to be thine;
Oh, lowly is the loftiness
Of these desires divine.

2 Each gift but helps my soul to learn
How boundless is thy store;
I go from strength to strength, and yearn
For thee, my Helper, more.

3 How can my soul divinely soar,
How keep the shining way,
And not more tremblingly adore,
And not more humbly pray?

4 The more I triumph in thy gifts,
The more I wait on thee;
The grace that mightily uplifts
Most sweetly humbleth me.

5 The heaven where I would stand complete
My lowly love shall see,
And stronger grow the yearning sweet,
My holy One! for thee.

522

1 Oh, for a heart of calm repose
Amid the world's loud roar,
A life that like a river flows
Along a peaceful shore!

2 Come, Holy Spirit! still my heart
With gentleness divine;
Indwelling peace thou canst impart;
Oh, make that blessing mine!

3 Above these scenes of storm and strife
There spreads a region fair;
Give me to live that higher life,
And breathe that heavenly air.

4 Come, Holy Spirit! breathe that peace,
That victory make me win!
Then shall my soul her conflict cease,
And find a heaven within.

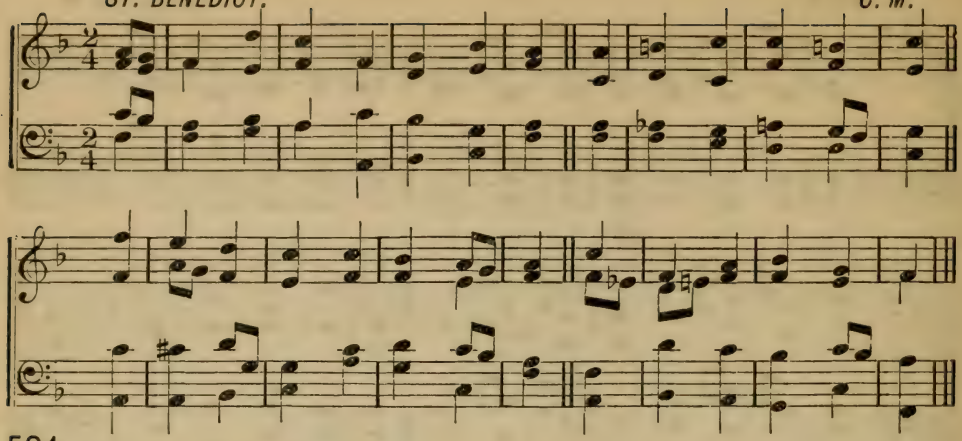
523

1 Thy home is with the humble, Lord!
The simple are the blest;
Thy lodging is in child-like hearts;
Thou makest there thy rest.

2 Dear Comforter! eternal Love!
If thou wilt stay with me,
Of lowly thoughts and simple ways
I'll build a house for thee.

3 Who made this breathing heart of mine
But thou, my heavenly Guest?
Let no one have it, then, but thee,
And let it be thy rest.

ST. BENEDICT. C. M.



524

1 To God be glory, peace on earth,
To all mankind good will;
We bless, we praise, we worship thee,
And glorify thee still.

2 And thanks for thy great glory give
That fills our souls with light!
O Lord our heavenly King, the God
And Father of all might!

3 And thou, begotten Son of God,
Before all time begun,
O Jesus Christ, thou Lamb of God,
The Father's only Son!

4 Thou who the sins of all the world
Dost fully take away,
Have mercy, Saviour of mankind!
And hear us when we pray.

5 O thou who sitt'st at God's right hand
Upon the Father's throne,
Have mercy on us, thou, O Christ!
Who art the Holy One!

6 Thou only, with the Holy Ghost,
Whom earth and heaven adore,
In glory of the Father art,
Most high for ever more.

525

1 Most ancient of all mysteries!
Before thy throne we lie;
Have mercy now, most merciful,
Most Holy Trinity!

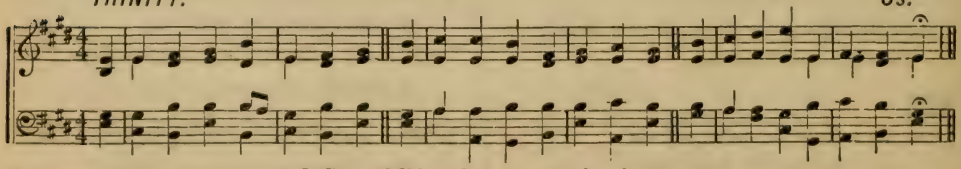
2 When heaven and earth were yet unmade,
When time was yet unknown,
Thou in thy bliss and majesty
Didst live and love alone.

3 Thou wert not born, there was no fount
From which thy being flowed;
There is no end which thou canst reach,
But thou art simply God.

4 How wonderful creation is,
The work that thou didst bless!
And oh, what then must thou be like,
Eternal loveliness?

5 Most ancient of all mysteries,
Still at thy throne we lie;
Have mercy now, most merciful,
Most Holy Trinity!

TRINITY. 8s.



526

1 O God of life, whose power benign
Doth o'er the world in mercy shine!
Accept our praise, for we are thine.

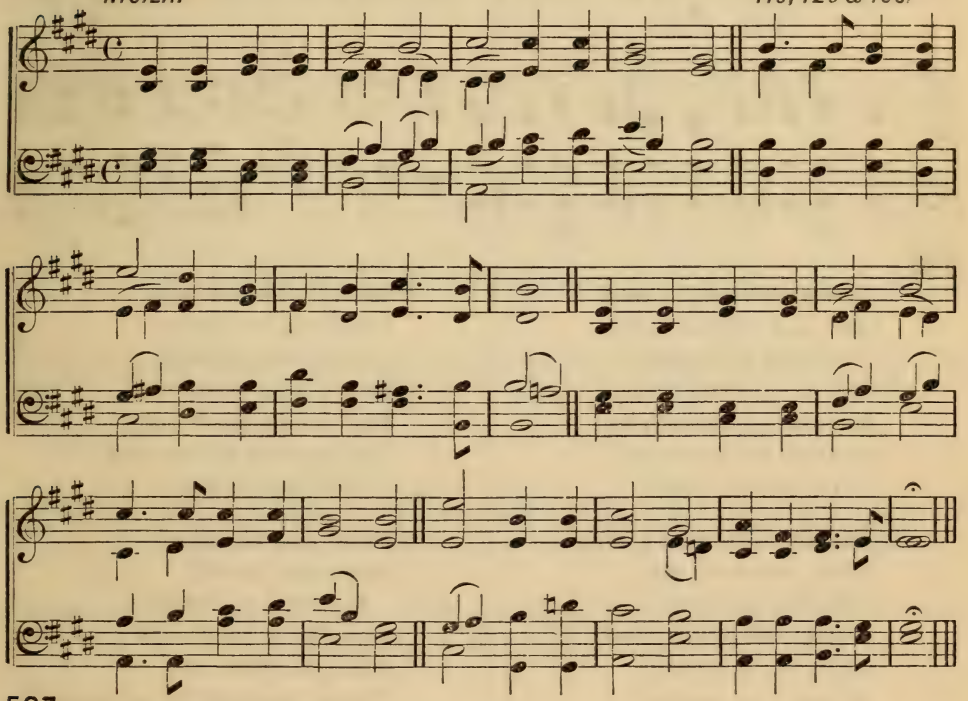
2 O Father, uncreated Lord!
Be thou in every land adored,
Be thou by all with faith implored.

3 O Son of God! for sinners slain,
We bless thee, Lord! whose dying pain
For us did endless life regain.

4 O Holy Ghost! whose guardian care
Doth us for heavenly joys prepare,
May we in thy communion share.

5 O holy blessed Trinity.
With faith we sinners bow to thee;
In us, O God! exalted be.

NICÆA. *11s, 12s & 10s.*



527

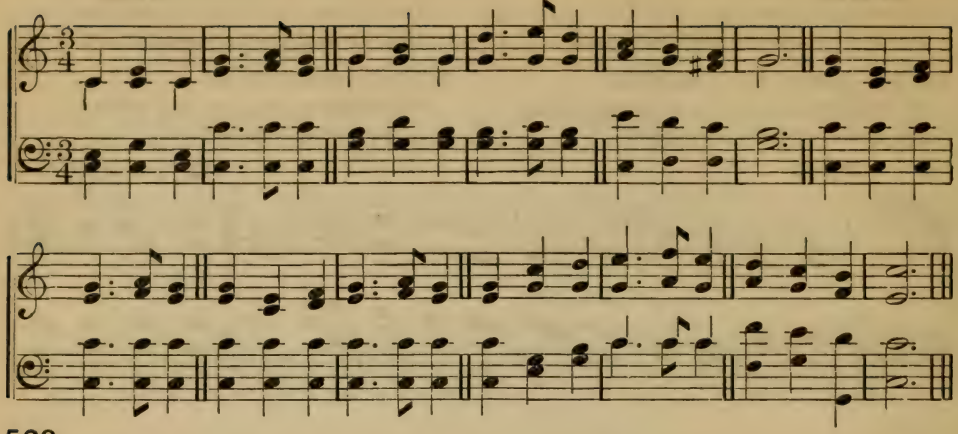
1 Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty!
Early in the morning our song shall rise to thee;
Holy, holy, holy, merciful and mighty,
God in three persons, blessed Trinity!

2 Holy, holy, holy! all the saints adore thee,
Casting down their golden crowns around the glassy sea;
Cherubim and seraphim falling down before thee
Which wert and art and evermore shalt be.

3 Holy, holy, holy! though the darkness hide thee,
Though the eye of sinful man thy glory may not see;
Only thou art holy; there is none beside thee,
Perfect in power, in love and purity.

4 Holy, holy, holy! Lord God Almighty!
All thy works shall praise thy name, in earth and sky and sea;
Holy, holy, holy! merciful and mighty,
God in three persons, blessed Trinity!

DORT. 6s & 4s.



528

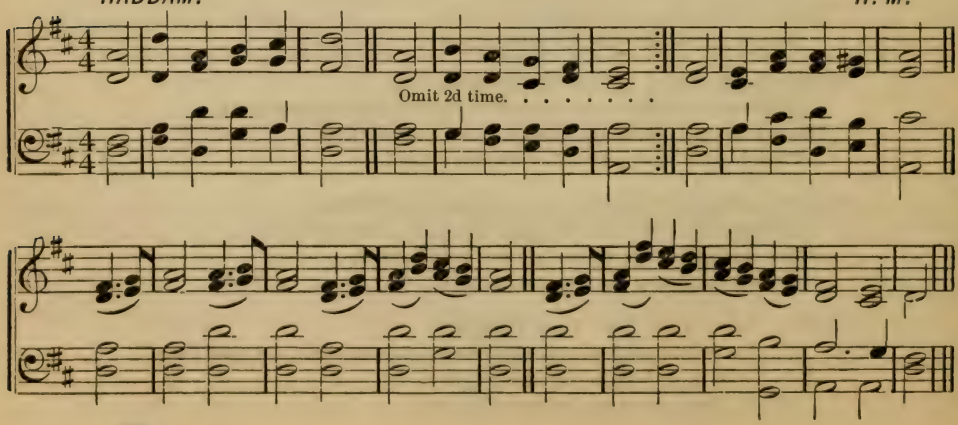
1 Thou whose almighty word
Chaos and darkness heard,
And took their flight!
Hear us, we humbly pray,
And where the gospel's day
Sheds not its glorious ray
"Let there be light!"

2 Thou who didst come to bring
On thy redeeming wing
Healing and sight,
Health to the sick in mind,
Sight to the inly blind!
Oh, now to all mankind
"Let there be light!"

3 Spirit of truth and love,
Life-giving holy Dove!
Speed forth thy flight;
Move o'er the waters' face,
Bearing the lamp of grace,
And in earth's darkest place
"Let there be light!"

4 Blessed and holy three,
All-glorious Trinity,
Wisdom, love, might!
Boundless as ocean's tide
Rolling in fullest pride
Through the world, far and wide,
"Let there be light!"

HADDAM. H. M.



529

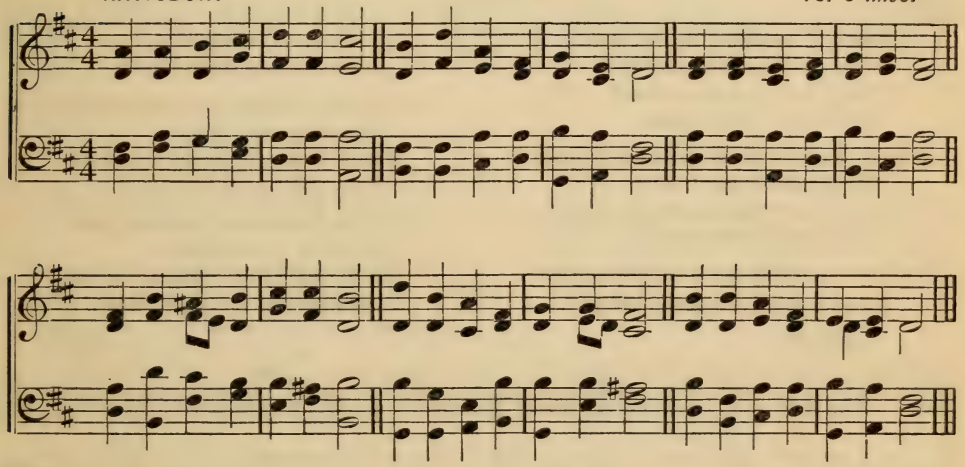
1 I GIVE immortal praise
To God the Father's love
For all my comforts here
And better hopes above;
He sent his own eternal Son
To die for sins that man had done.

2 To God the Son belongs
Immortal glory too,
Who bought us with his blood
From everlasting woe;
And now he lives, and now he reigns,
And sees the fruit of all his pains.

3 To God the Spirit's name
Immortal worship give,
Whose new-creating power
Makes the dead sinner live;
His work completes the great design
And fills the soul with joy divine.

4 Almighty God! to thee
Be endless honors done,
The undivided three,
And the mysterious One!
Where reason fails with all her powers,
There faith prevails, and love adores.

RATISBON. *7s. 6 lines.*



530

1 HOLY, holy, holy! Lord,
God of hosts, eternal King!
By the heavens and earth adored,
Angels and archangels sing,
Chanting everlastingly
To the blessed Trinity.

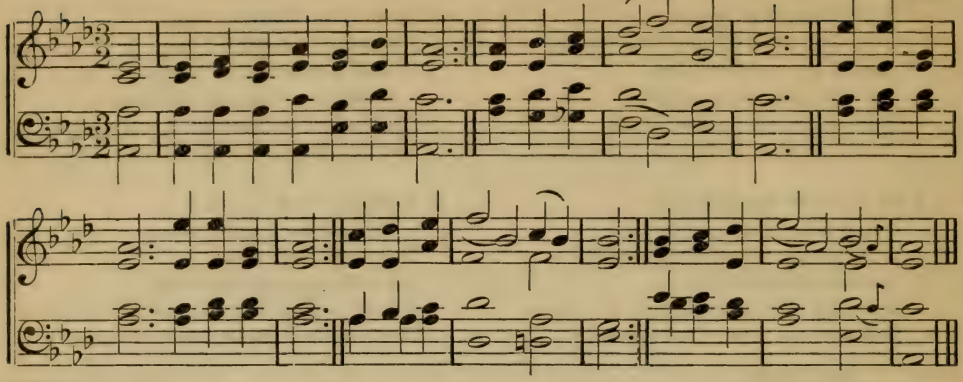
2 Thousands, tens of thousands, stand,
Spirits blest, before thy throne,
Speeding thence at thy command;
And when thy command is done,
Singing everlastingly
To the blessed Trinity.

3 Cherubim and seraphim
Veil their faces with their wings;
Eyes of angels are too dim
To behold the King of kings,
While they sing eternally
To the blessed Trinity.

4 Thee, apostles, prophets, thee,
Thee, the noble martyr band,
Praise with solemn jubilee;
Thee the church in every land;
Singing everlastingly
To the blessed Trinity.

5 Alleluia, Lord! to thee,
Father, Son and Holy Ghost,
Three in one, and one in three!
Join we with the heavenly host,
Singing everlastingly
To the blessed Trinity.

NEWBOLD. C. M.



531

1 Father of mercies! in thy word
What endless glory shines!
For ever be thy name adored
For these celestial lines.

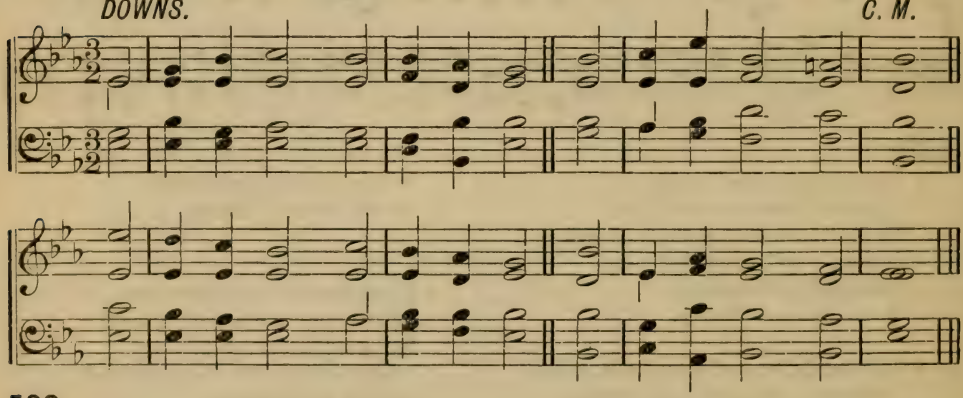
2 Here may the wretched sons of want
Exhaustless riches find—
Riches above what earth can grant,
And lasting as the mind.

3 Here the Redeemer's welcome voice
Spreads heavenly peace around,
And life and everlasting joys
Attend the blissful sound.

4 Oh, may these heavenly pages be
My ever dear delight,
And still new beauties may I see,
And still increasing light.

5 Divine Instructor, gracious Lord
Be thou for ever near;
Teach me to love thy sacred word,
And view my Saviour there.

DOWNS. C. M.



532

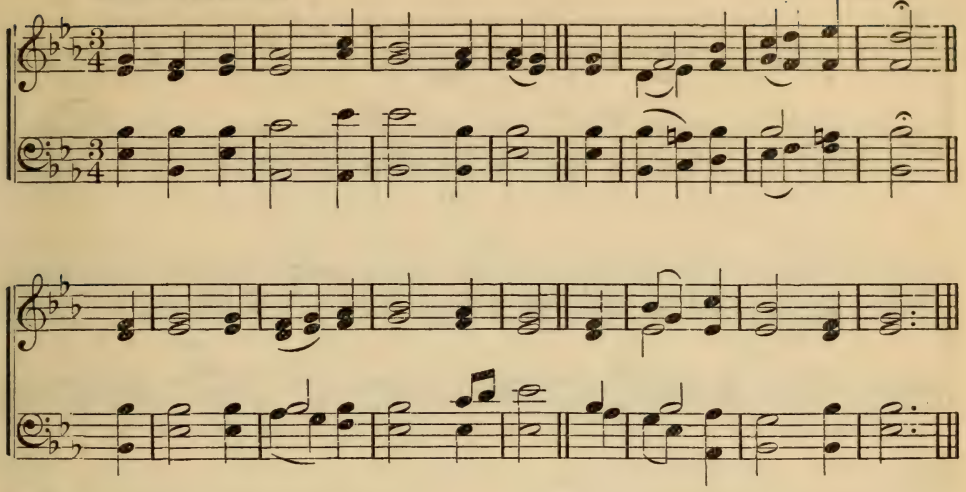
1 Blessed are the undefiled in heart,
Whose ways are right and clean,
Who never from thy law depart,
But fly from every sin.

2 Blest are the men who keep thy word,
And practice thy commands;
With their whole heart they seek the Lord,
And serve thee with their hands.

3 Great is their peace who love thy law;
How firm their souls abide!
Nor can a bold temptation draw
Their steady feet aside.

4 Then shall my heart have inward joy,
And keep my face from shame,
When all thy statutes I obey,
And honor all thy name.

ECKHARDTSHEIM. C. M.



533

1 Behold thy waiting servant, Lord!
Devoted to thy fear;
Remember and confirm thy word,
For all my hopes are there.

2 Hast thou not sent salvation down,
And promised quickening grace?
Does not my heart address thy throne?
And yet thy love delays.

3 Mine eyes for thy salvation fail;
Oh, bear thy servant up;
Nor let the scoffing lips prevail
That dare reproach my hope.

4 Didst thou not raise my faith, O Lord?
Then let thy truth appear;
Saints shall rejoice in my reward,
And trust as well as fear.

534

1 Oh, that thy statutes every hour
Might dwell upon my mind;
Thence I derive a quickening power,
And daily peace I find.

2 To meditate thy precepts, Lord!
Shall be my sweet employ;
My soul shall ne'er forget thy word;
Thy word is all my joy.

3 How would I run in thy commands
If thou my heart discharge
From sin and Satan's hateful chains,
And set my feet at large!

4 My lips with courage shall declare
Thy statutes and thy name; [hear,
I'll speak thy word, though kings should
Nor yield to sinful shame.

535

1 The Spirit breathes upon the word,
And brings the truth to sight;
Precepts and promises afford
A sanctifying light.

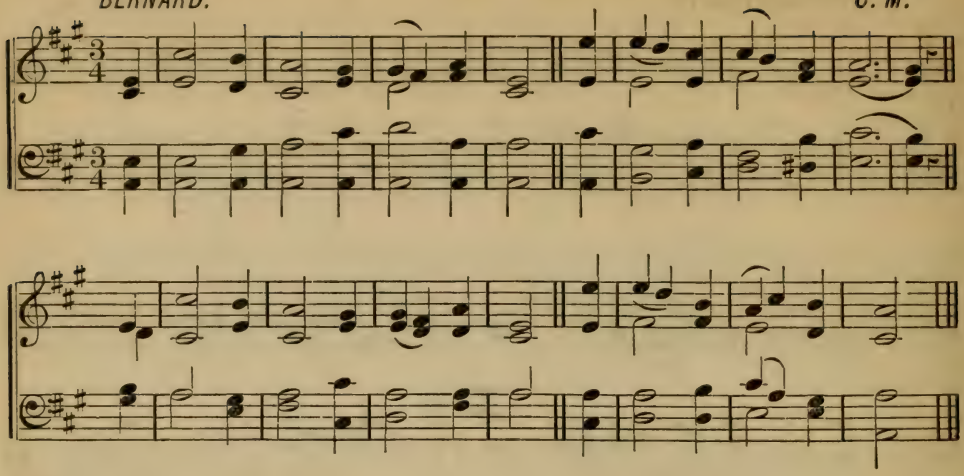
2 A glory gilds the sacred page,
Majestic, like the sun;
It gives a light to every age—
It gives, but borrows none.

3 The hand that gave it still supplies
The gracious light and heat;
His truths upon the nations rise—
They rise, but never set.

4 Let everlasting thanks be thine
For such a bright display
As makes a world of darkness shine
With beams of heavenly day.

5 My soul rejoices to pursue
The steps of him I love,
Till glory breaks upon my view
In brighter worlds above.

BERNARD. C. M.



536

1 Blessed are the souls that hear and know
The gospel's joyful sound;
Peace shall attend the path they go,
And light their steps surround.

2 Their joy shall bear their spirits up
Through their Redeemer's name;
His righteousness exalts their hope,
Nor Satan dares condemn.

3 The Lord, our glory and defence,
Strength and salvation gives;
Israel! thy King for ever reigns,
Thy God for ever lives.

537

1 Lord! I have made thy word my choice,
My lasting heritage;
There shall my noblest powers rejoice,
My warmest thoughts engage.

2 I 'll read the hist'ries of thy love,
And keep thy laws in sight,
While through the promises I rove
With ever-fresh delight.

3 'T is a broad land of wealth unknown,
Where springs of life arise;
Seeds of immortal bliss are sown,
And hidden glory lies;

4 The best relief that mourners have,
It makes our sorrows blest;
Our fairest hope beyond the grave,
And our eternal rest.

538

1 Oh, how I love thy holy law!
'T is daily my delight;
And thence my meditations draw
Divine advice by night.

2 My waking eyes prevent the day
To meditate thy word;
My soul with longing melts away
To hear thy gospel, Lord!

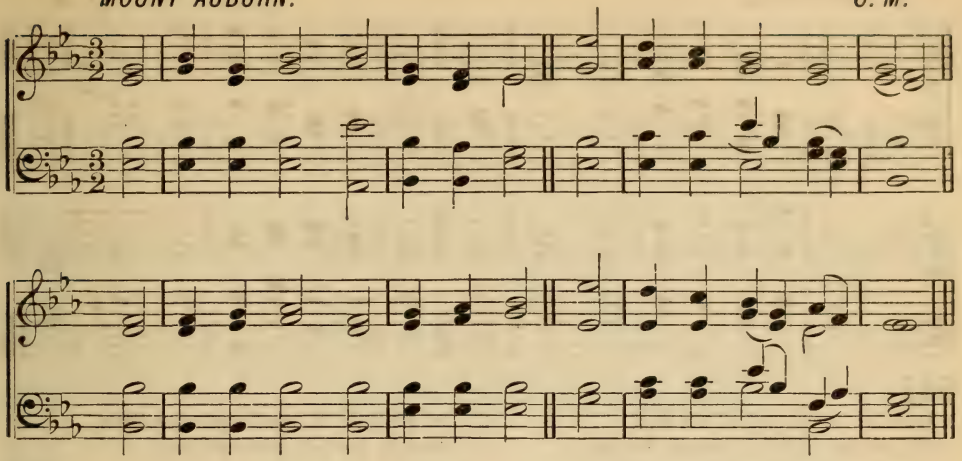
3 How doth thy word my heart engage!
How well employ my tongue!
And in my tiresome pilgrimage
Yields me a heavenly song.

4 Am I a stranger or at home?
'T is my perpetual feast;
Not honey dropping from the comb
So much allures the taste.

5 No treasures so enrich the mind,
Nor shall thy word be sold
For loads of silver well refined,
Nor heaps of choicest gold.

6 When nature sinks and spirits droop,
Thy promises of grace
Are pillars to support my hope,
And there I write thy praise.

MOUNT AUBURN. C. M.



539

1 How precious is the book divine
By inspiration given!
Bright as a lamp its doctrines shine
To guide our souls to heaven.

2 It sweetly cheers our drooping hearts
In this dark vale of tears;
Life, light and joy it still imparts,
And quells our rising fears.

3 This lamp through all the tedious night
Of life shall guide our way,
Till we behold the clearer light
Of an eternal day.

540

1 How shall the young secure their hearts
And guard their lives from sin?
Thy word the choicest rules imparts
To keep the conscience clean.

2 When once it enters to the mind,
It spreads such light abroad
The meanest souls instruction find,
And raise their thoughts to God.

3 'T is, like the sun, a heavenly light,
That guides us all the day,
And through the dangers of the night
A lamp to lead our way.

4 Thy precepts make me truly wise;
I hate the sinner's road;
I hate my own vain thoughts that rise,
But love thy law, my God!

5 Thy word is everlasting truth;
How pure is every page!
That holy book shall guide our youth
And well support our age.

541

1 Laden with guilt and full of fears,
I fly to thee, my Lord!
And not a glimpse of hope appears
But in thy written word.

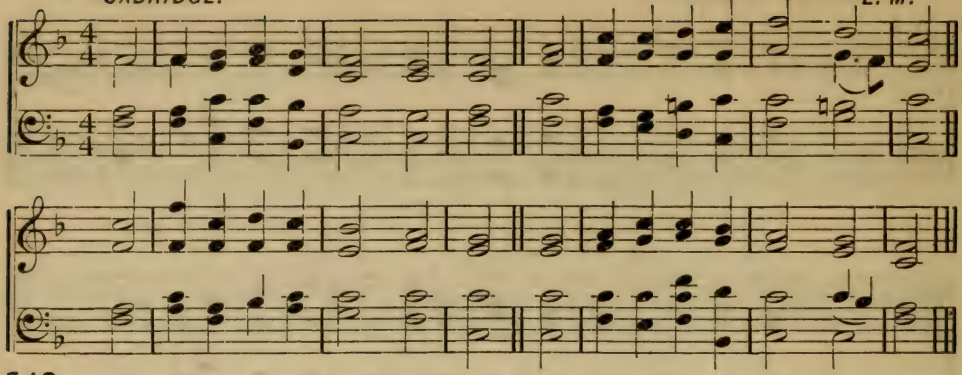
2 The volume of my Father's grace
Does all my grief assuage;
Here I behold my Saviour's face
Almost in every page.

3 Here consecrated water flows
To quench my thirst of sin;
Here the fair tree of knowledge grows;
No danger dwells therein.

4 This is the judge that ends the strife
Where wit and reason fail;
My guide to everlasting life
Through all this gloomy vale.

5 Oh, may thy counsels, mighty God!
My roving feet command,
Nor I forsake the happy road
That leads to thy right hand.

UXBRIDGE. L. M.



542

1 God, in the gospel of his Son,
Makes his eternal counsels known;
'T is here his richest mercy shines,
And truth is drawn in fairest lines.

2 Here sinners of a humble frame
May taste his grace and learn his name,
May read in characters of blood
The wisdom, power and grace of God.

3 The prisoner here may break his chains;
The weary rest from all his pains;
The captive feel his bondage cease;
The mourner find the way of peace.

4 Here faith reveals to mortal eyes
A brighter world beyond the skies;
Here shines the light which guides our way
From earth to realms of endless day.

5 Oh, grant us grace, almighty Lord!
To read and mark thy holy word;
Its truth with meekness to receive,
And by its holy precepts live.

543

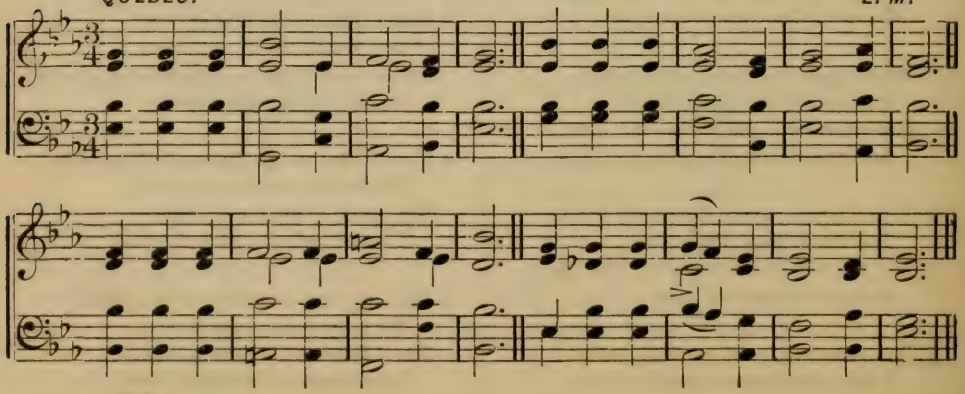
1 Let everlasting glories crown
Thy head, my Saviour and my Lord!
Thy hands have brought salvation down,
And writ the blessings in thy word.

2 In vain the trembling conscience seeks
Some solid ground to rest upon;
With long despair the spirit breaks
Till we apply to Christ alone.

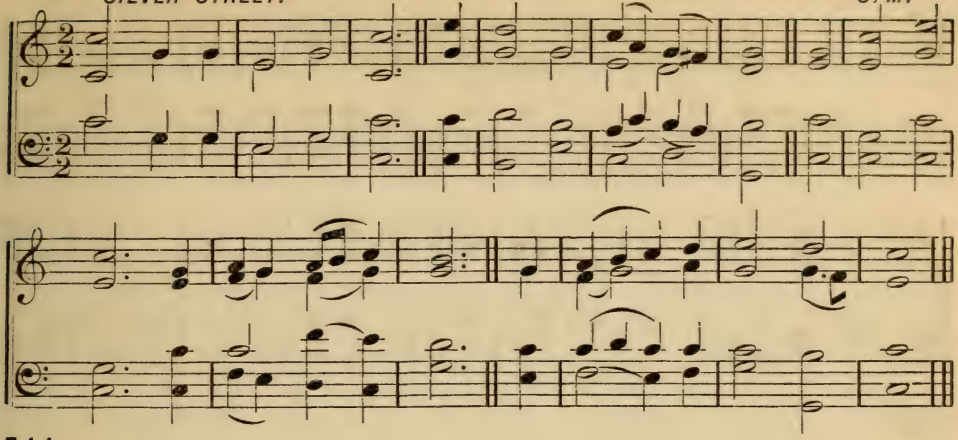
3 How well thy blessed truths agree!
How wise and holy thy commands!
Thy promises, how firm they be!
How firm our hope, our comfort stands!

4 Should all the forms that men devise
Assault my faith with treacherous art,
I 'd call them vanity and lies,
And bind the gospel to my heart.

QUEBEC. L. M.



SILVER STREET. S. M.



544

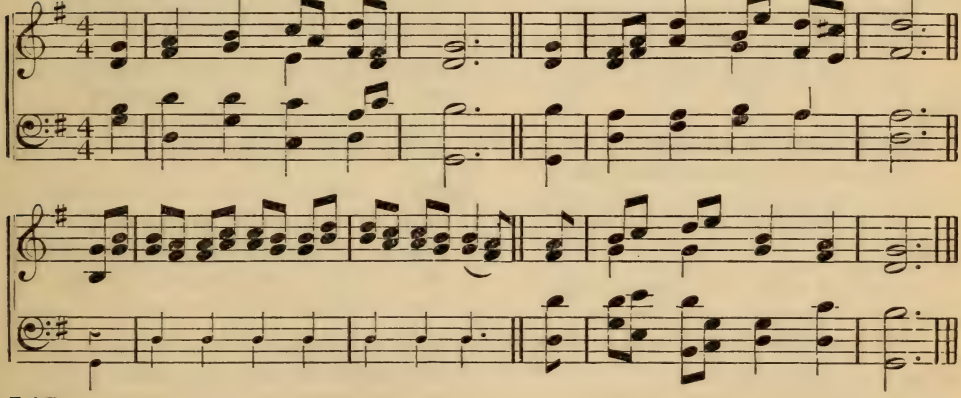
1 Grace! 't is a charming sound,
Harmonious to mine ear;
Heaven with the echo shall resound,
And all the earth shall hear.

2 Grace first contrived the way
To save rebellious man,
And all the steps *that* grace display
Which drew the wondrous plan.

3 Grace led my wandering feet
To tread the heavenly road,
And new supplies each hour I meet
While pressing on to God.

4 Grace all the work shall crown
Through everlasting days;
It lays in heaven the topmost stone,
And well deserves the praise.

SHIRLAND. S. M.



545

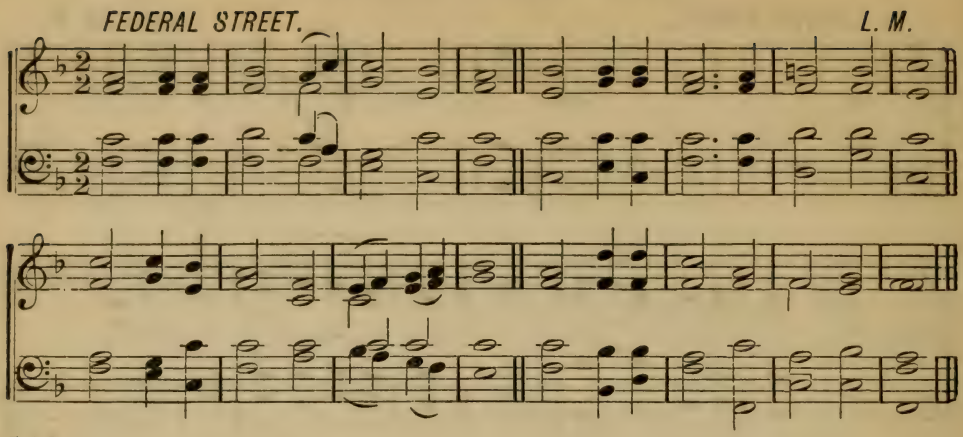
1 Behold, the morning sun
Begins his glorious way;
His beams through all the nations run,
And life and light convey.

2 But where the gospel comes
It spreads diviner light;
It calls dead sinners from their tombs,
And gives the blind their sight.

3 How perfect is thy word,
And all thy judgments just!
For ever sure thy promise, Lord!
And men securely trust.

4 My gracious God! how plain
Are thy directions given!
Oh, may I never read in vain,
But find the path to heaven.

5 I hear thy word with love,
And I would fain obey;
Send thy good Spirit from above
To guide me, lest I stray.



546

1 Ho, every one that thirsts! draw nigh;
'T is God invites the fallen race;
Mercy and free salvation buy,
Buy wine and milk and gospel grace.

2 Nothing ye in exchange shall give,
Leave all you have and are behind;
Freely the gift of God receive,
Pardon and peace in Jesus find.

3 Come to the living waters, come;
Sinners, obey your Maker's call;
Return, ye weary wanderers, home,
And find my grace is free for all.

547

1 Return, O wanderer, return,
And seek an injured Father's face;
Those warm desires that in thee burn
Were kindled by reclaiming grace.

2 Return, O wanderer, return,
And seek a Father's melting heart;
His pitying eyes thy grief discern,
His hand shall heal thine inward smart.

3 Return, O wanderer, return,
Thy Saviour bids thy spirit live;
Go to his bleeding feet, and learn
How freely Jesus can forgive.

4 Return, O wanderer, return,
And wipe away the falling tear;
'T is God who says, "No longer mourn,"
'T is mercy's voice invites thee near.

548

1 Come, weary souls with sin distressed,
The Saviour offers heavenly rest;
The kind, the gracious call obey,
And cast your gloomy fears away.

2 Here mercy's boundless ocean flows
To cleanse your guilt and heal your woes;
Pardon and life and endless peace;
How rich the gift, how free the grace!

3 Lord! we accept with thankful heart
The hope thy gracious words impart;
We come, with trembling, yet rejoice,
And bless the kind inviting voice.

4 Dear Saviour! let thy powerful love
Confirm our faith, our fears remove;
Oh, sweetly reign in every breast,
And guide us to eternal rest.

549

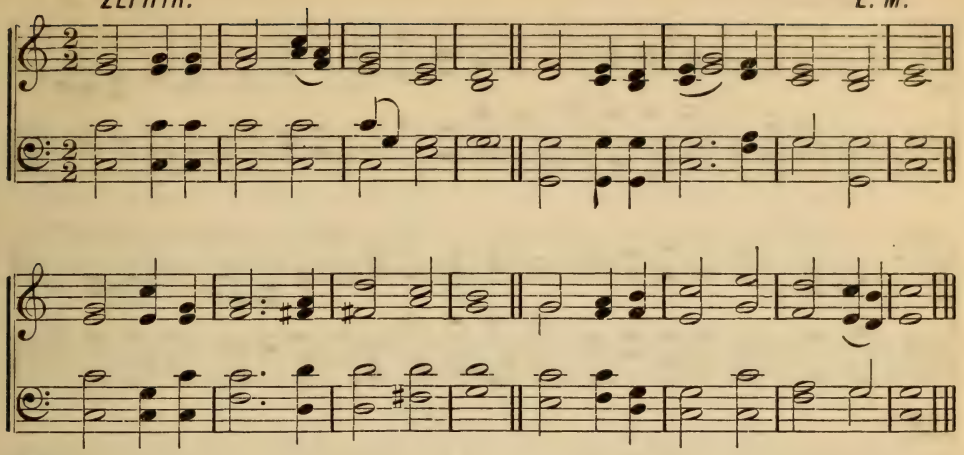
1 Why will ye waste on trifling cares
That life which God's compassion spares,
While in the various range of thought
The one thing needful is forgot?

2 Shall God invite you from above?
Shall Jesus urge his dying love?
Shall troubled conscience give you pain,
And all these pleas unite in vain?

3 Not so your eyes will always view
Those objects which you now pursue;
Not so will heaven and hell appear
When death's decisive hour is near.

4 Almighty God! thy grace impart;
Fix deep conviction on each heart;
Nor let us waste on trifling cares
That life which thy compassion spares.

ZEPHYR. L. M.



550

1 Come hither, all ye weary souls,
Ye heavy-laden sinners, come;
I 'll give you rest from all your toils,
And raise you to my heavenly home.

2 They shall find rest that learn of me;
I 'm of a meek and lowly mind;
But passion rages like the sea,
And pride is restless as the wind.

3 Blessed is the man whose shoulders take
My yoke, and bear it with delight;
My yoke is easy to his neck,
My grace shall make the burden light

4 Jesus! we come at thy command,
With faith and hope and humble zeal,
Resign our spirits to thy hand,
To mould and guide us at thy will.

551

1 Behold a Stranger at the door!
He gently knocks, has knocked before,
Has waited long, is waiting still;
You treat no other friend so ill.

2 Oh, lovely attitude! he stands
With melting heart and laden hands;
Oh, matchless kindness! and he shows
This matchless kindness to his foes.

3 But will he prove a friend indeed?
He will, the very friend you need—
The Friend of sinners; yes, 't is he,
With garments dyed on Calvary.

4 Rise, touched with gratitude divine,
Turn out his enemy and thine,
That soul destroying monster sin,
And let the heavenly Stranger in.

5 Admit him ere his anger burn,
His feet, departed, ne'er return;
Admit him, or the hour 's at hand
When at his door denied you 'll stand.

552

1 Life is the time to serve the Lord,
The time t' ensure the great reward;
And while the light holds out to burn
The vilest sinner may return.

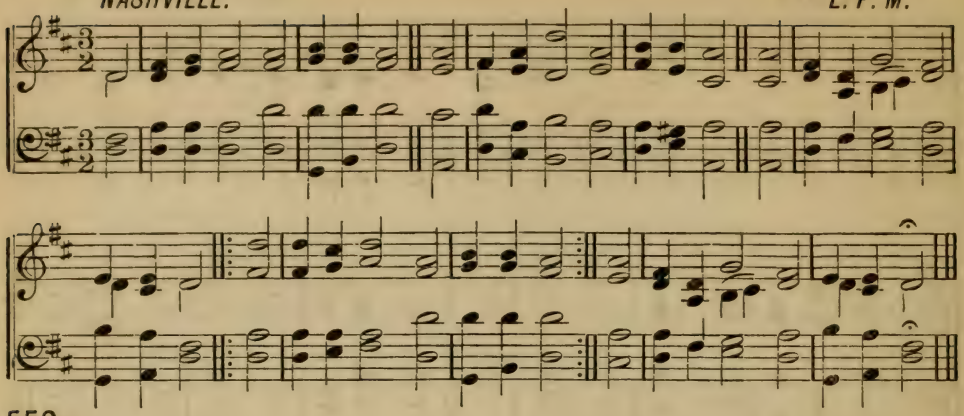
2 Life is the hour that God hath given
T' escape from hell and fly to heaven,
The day of grace; and mortals may
Secure the blessings of the day.

3 The living know that they must die,
But all the dead forgotten lie;
Their memory and their sense are gone,
Alike unknowing and unknown.

4 Then what my thoughts design to do,
My hands, with all your might pursue;
Since no device nor work is found,
Nor faith nor hope, beneath the ground.

5 There are no acts of pardon passed
In the cold grave to which we haste,
But darkness, death and long despair
Reign in eternal silence there.

NASHVILLE. L. P. M.



553

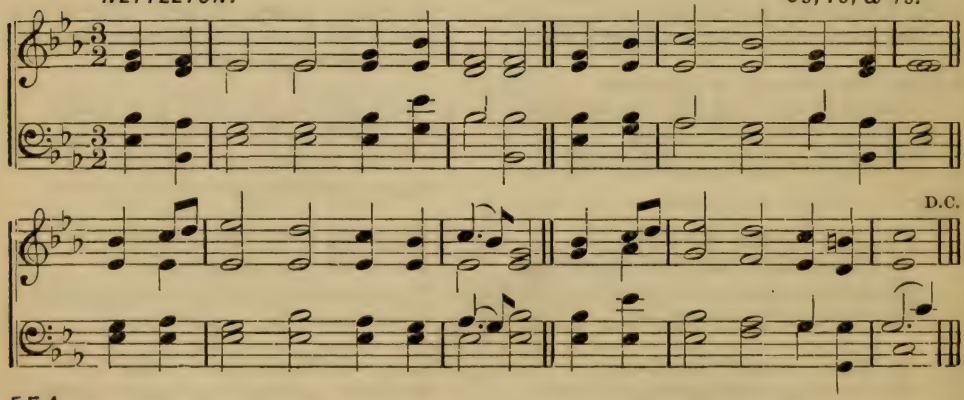
1 I LOVE the volumes of thy word;
What light and joy those leaves afford
To souls benighted and distressed!
Thy precepts guide my doubtful way,
Thy fear forbids my feet to stray,
Thy promise leads my heart to rest.

2 From the discoveries of thy law
The perfect rules of life I draw;
These are my study and delight;
Not honey so invites the taste,
Nor gold that hath the furnace passed
Appears so pleasing to the sight.

3 Thy threatenings wake my slumbering eyes,
And warn me where my danger lies,
But 't is thy blessed gospel, Lord!
That makes my guilty conscience clean,
Converts my soul, subdues my sin,
And gives a free but large reward.

4 Who knows the errors of his thoughts?
My God! forgive my secret faults,
And from presumptuous sins restrain;
Accept my poor attempts of praise,
That I have read thy book of grace,
And book of nature, not in vain.

NETTLETON. 8s, 7s, & 4s.



554

1 SINNERS! will ye scorn the message
Sent in mercy from above?
Every sentence, oh how tender!
Every line is full of love;
Listen to it—
Every line is full of love.

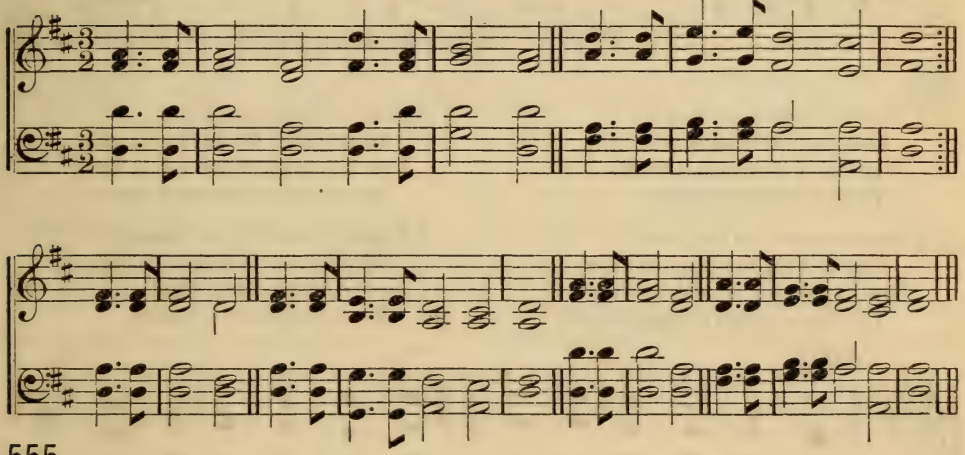
2 Hear the heralds of the gospel
News from Sion's King proclaim
To each rebel sinner: "Pardon,
Free forgiveness in his name;"
How important!—
Free forgiveness in his name.

3 Tempted souls, they bring you succor,
Fearful hearts, they quell your fears,
And with news of consolation
Chase away the falling tears;
Tender heralds!—
Chase away the falling tears.

4 False professors, groveling worldlings,
Callous hearers of the word,
While the messengers address you,
Take the warnings they afford;
We entreat you—
Take the warnings they afford.

5 Who hath our reports believèd?
Who received the joyful word?
Who embraced the news of pardon
Offered to you by the Lord?
Can you slight it—
Offered to you by the Lord?

ZION. *8s, 7s & 4s.*



555

1 Ho! ye needy, come and welcome,
God's free bounty glorify;
True belief and true repentance,
Every grace that brings us nigh,
Without money,
Come to Jesus Christ and buy.

2 Let not conscience make you linger,
Nor of fitness fondly dream;
All the fitness he requireth
Is to feel your need of him;
This he gives you;
'T is the Spirit's rising beam.

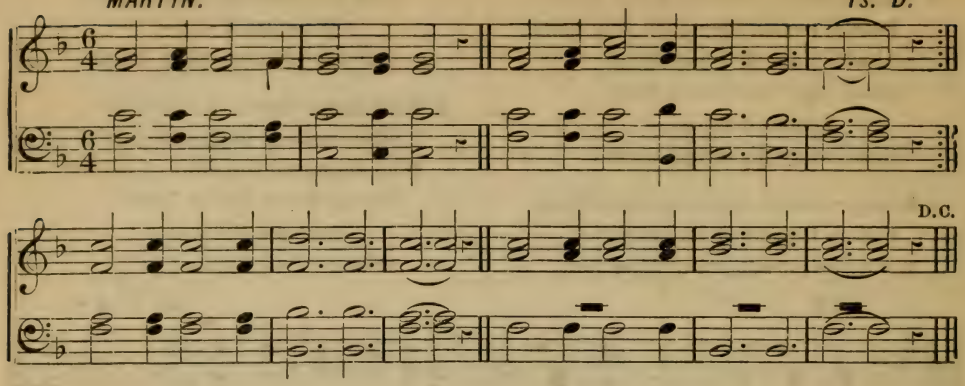
3 Come, ye weary, heavy-laden,
Lost and ruined by the fall;
If you tarry till you 're better,
You will never come at all.
Not the righteous,
Sinners, Jesus came to call.

4 View him prostrate in the garden,
Lo! your Maker prostrate lies;
On the bloody tree behold him;
Hear him cry, before he dies:
"It is finished!"
Sinner, will not this suffice?

5 Lo! the incarnate God ascended
Pleads the merits of his blood;
Venture on him, venture wholly
Let no other trust intrude;
None but Jesus
Can do helpless sinners good.

6 Saints and angels joined in concert
Sing the praises of the Lamb,
While the blissful seats of heaven
Sweetly echo with his name;
Hallelujah!
Sinners here may sing the same.

MARTYN. 7s. D.



556

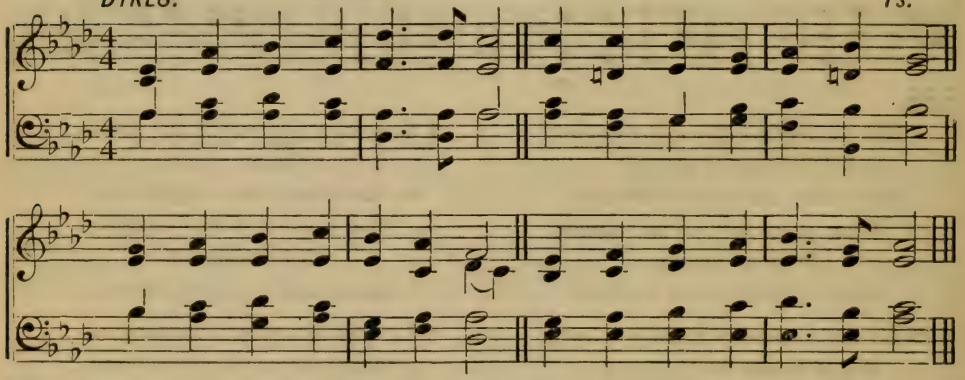
1 Hasten, sinner, to be wise,
Stay not for to-morrow's sun;
Wisdom if thou still despise,
Harder is it to be won.

2 Hasten mercy to implore,
Stay not for the morrow's sun,
Lest thy season should be o'er
Ere this evening's stage be run.

3 Hasten, sinner, to return,
Stay not for the morrow's sun,
Lest thy lamp should fail to burn
Ere salvation's work is done.

4 Hasten, sinner, to be blessed,
Stay not for to-morrow's sun,
Lest perdition thee arrest
Ere the morrow is begun.

DYKES. 7s.



557

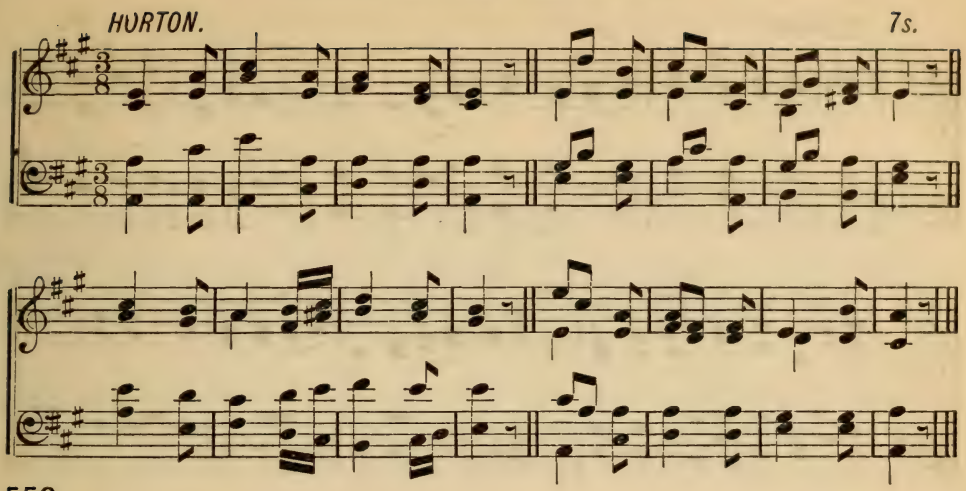
1 Sinners, turn; why will you die?
God, your Maker, asks you why;
God, who did your being give,
Made you with himself to live.

2 Sinners, turn; why will you die?
God, your Saviour, asks you why;
God, who did your souls retrieve,
Died himself that you might live.

3 Will you let him die in vain?
Crucify your Lord again?
Why, you ransomed sinners, why
Will you slight his grace, and die?

4 Sinners, turn; why will you die?
God, the Spirit, asks you why;
He who all your lives has strove,
Wooed you to embrace his love.

5 Will you not his grace receive?
Will you still refuse to live?
Oh, you long-sought sinners, why
Will you grieve your God to die?

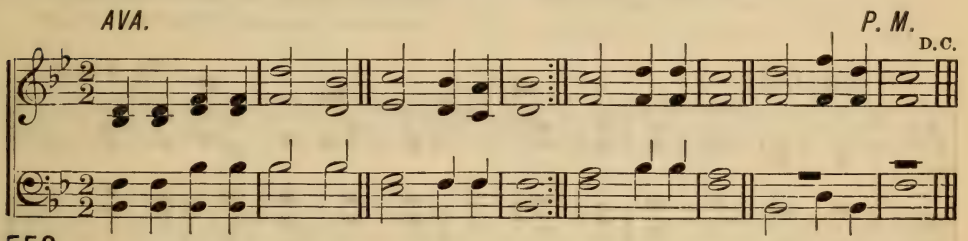


558

1 Come, says Jesus' sacred voice,
Come, and make my paths your choice;
I will guide you to your home;
Weary pilgrim, hither come.

2 Thou who, homeless and forlorn,
Long hast borne the proud world's scorn,
Long hast roamed this barren waste,
Weary pilgrim, hither haste.

3 Hither come, for here is found
Balm that flows for every wound,
Peace that ever shall endure,
Rest eternal, sacred, sure.

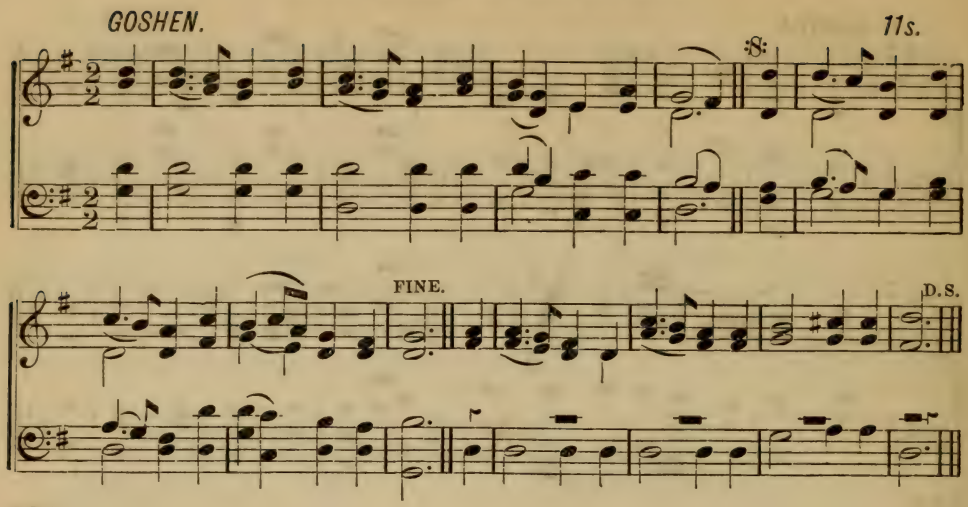


559

1 Child of sin and sorrow,
Filled with dismay,
Wait not for to-morrow,
Yield thee to-day;
Heaven bids thee come
While yet there 's room.
Child of sin and sorrow,
Hear and obey.

2 Child of sin and sorrow,
Why wilt thou die?
Come whilst thou canst borrow
Help from on high:
Grieve not that love
Which from above,
Child of sin and sorrow,
Would bring thee nigh.

3 Child of sin and sorrow,
Thy moments glide
Like the flitting arrow
Or the rushing tide;
Ere time is o'er
Heaven's grace implore;
Child of sin and sorrow,
In Christ confide.

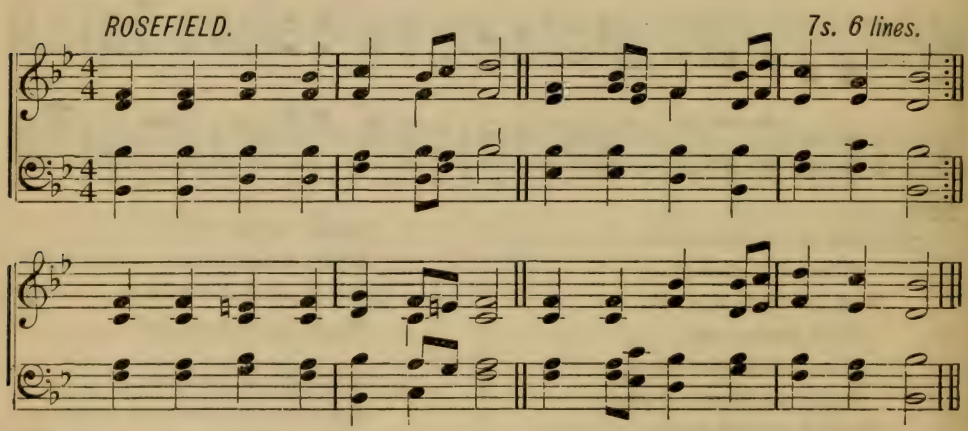


560

1 Delay not, delay not, O sinner, draw near,
The waters of life are now flowing for thee;
No price is demanded, the Saviour is here;
Redemption is purchased, salvation is free.

2 Delay not, delay not; why longer abuse
The love and compassion of Jesus thy God?
A fountain is opened; how canst thou refuse
To wash and be cleansed in his pardoning blood?

3 Delay not, delay not; the Spirit of grace,
Long grieved and resisted, may take its sad flight,
And leave thee in darkness to finish thy race,
To sink in the vale of eternity's night.



561

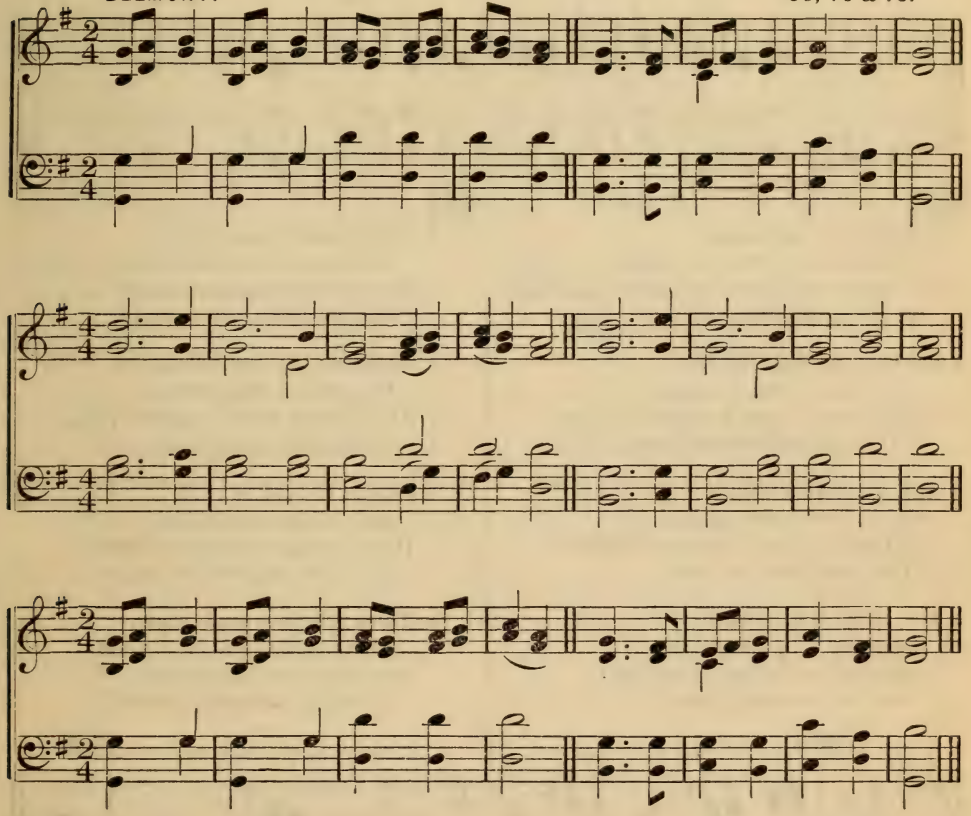
1 From the cross uplifted high
Where the Saviour deigns to die,
What melodious sounds I hear,
Bursting on my ravished ear!
Love's redeeming work is done;
Come and welcome, sinner, come.

2 Sprinkled now with blood the throne,
Why beneath thy burdens groan?
On my piercèd body laid,
Justice owns the ransom paid;
Bow the knee and kiss the Son;
Come and welcome, sinner, come.

3 Spread for thee the festal board,
See with richest dainties stored;
To thy Father's bosom pressed,
Yet again a child confessed,
Never from his house to roam;
Come and welcome, sinner, come.

4 Soon the days of life shall end;
Lo! I come, your Saviour, Friend,
Safe your spirits to convey
To the realms of endless day;
Up to my eternal home,
Come and welcome, sinner, come.

BELMONT. *8s, 7s & 7s.*



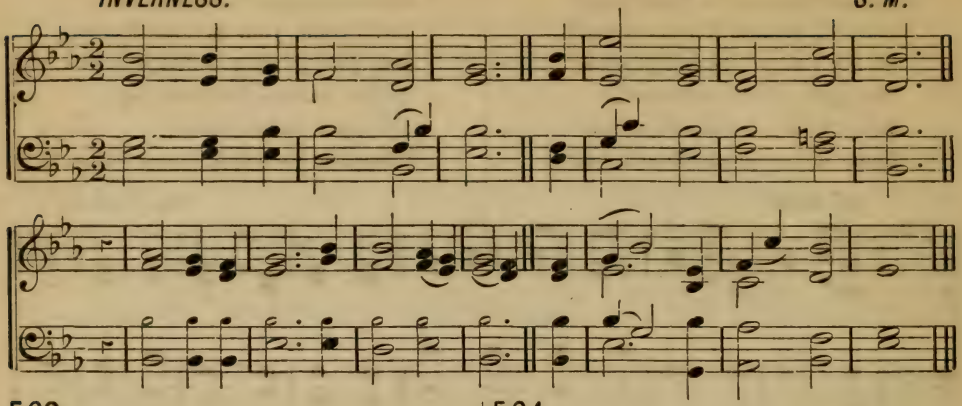
562

1 Come to Calv'ry's holy mountain,
Sinners, ruined by the fall;
Here a pure and healing fountain
Flows to you, to me, to all,
In a full perpetual tide,
Opened when our Saviour died.

2 Come, in sorrow and contrition,
Wounded, impotent and blind;
Here the guilty free remission,
Here the troubled peace, may find;
Health this fountain will restore;
He that drinks shall thirst no more;

3 He that drinks shall live for ever;
'T is a soul-renewing flood;
God is faithful; God will never
Break his covenant in blood,
Signed when our Redeemer died,
Sealed when he was glorified.

INVERNESS. S. M.



563

1 The Spirit in our hearts
Is whispering, "Sinner, come!"
The bride, the church of Christ, proclaims,
To all his children, "Come!"

2 Let him that heareth say
To all about him, "Come!"
Let him that thirsts for righteousness
To Christ, the fountain, come.

3 Yes, whosoever will,
Oh, let him freely come,
And freely drink the stream of life;
'T is Jesus bids him come.

4 Lo! Jesus, who invites,
Declares, "I quickly come;"
Lord! even so; I wait thine hour;
Jesus, my Saviour! come.

564

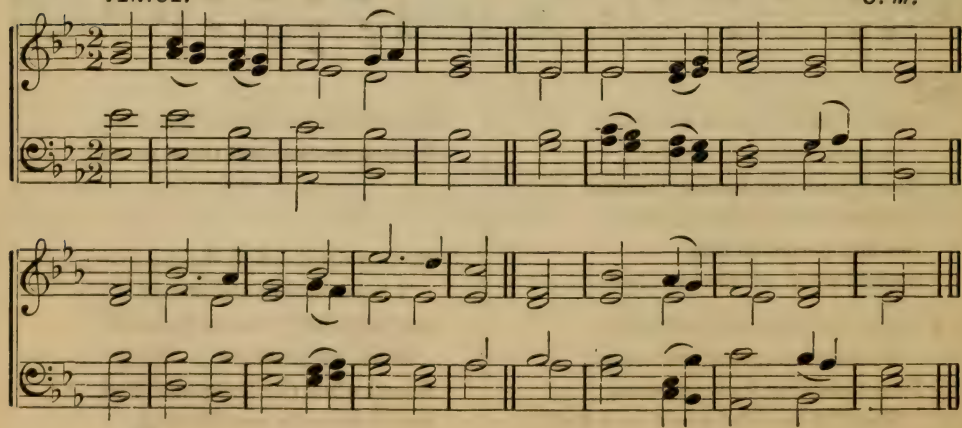
1 Like Noah's weary dove
That soared the earth around,
But not a resting-place above
The cheerless waters found,

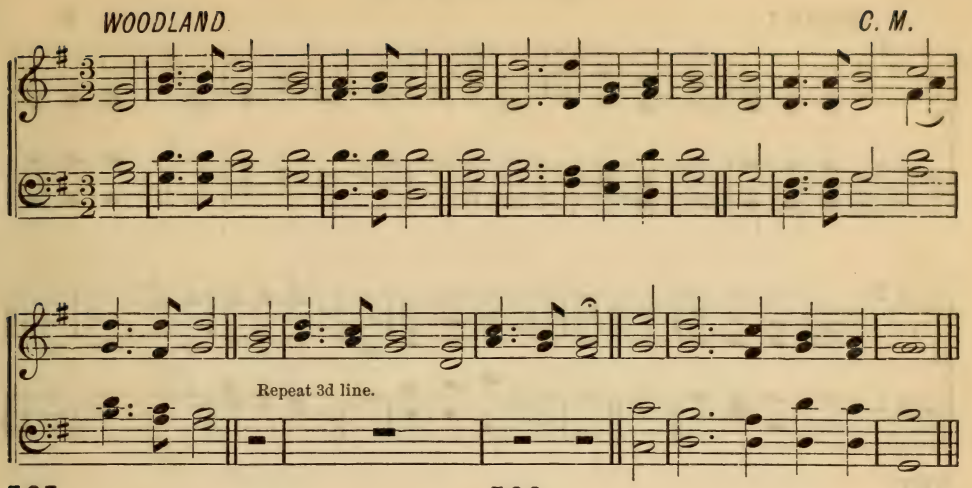
2 Oh, cease, my wandering soul,
On restless wing to roam;
All the wide world, to either pole,
Has not for thee a home.

3 Behold the ark of God,
Behold the open door;
Hasten to gain that dear abode,
And rove, my soul, no more.

4 There safe thou shalt abide,
There sweet shall be thy rest,
And every longing satisfied,
With full salvation blessed.

VENICE. S. M.





565

1 Come, humble sinner, in whose breast
A thousand thoughts revolve;
Come, with your guilt and fear oppressed
And make this last resolve:

2 "I 'll go to Jesus, though my sin
Hath like a mountain rose;
I know his courts; I 'll enter in,
Whatever may oppose.

3 "Prostrate I 'll lie before his throne,
And there my guilt confess;
I 'll tell him I 'm a wretch undone
Without his sovereign grace.

4 "I 'll to the gracious King approach
Whose sceptre pardon gives;
Perhaps he may command my touch,
And then the suppliant lives.

5 "Perhaps he will admit my plea,
Perhaps will hear my prayer;
But if I perish, I will pray,
And perish only there.

6 "I can but perish if I go,
I am resolved to try;
For if I stay away, I know
I must for ever die."

566

1 Ye wretched, hungry, starving poor,
Behold a royal feast,
Where mercy spreads her bounteous store
For every humble guest.

2 See, Jesus stands with open arms,
He calls, he bids you come;
Guilt holds you back, and fear alarms;
But see, there yet is room—

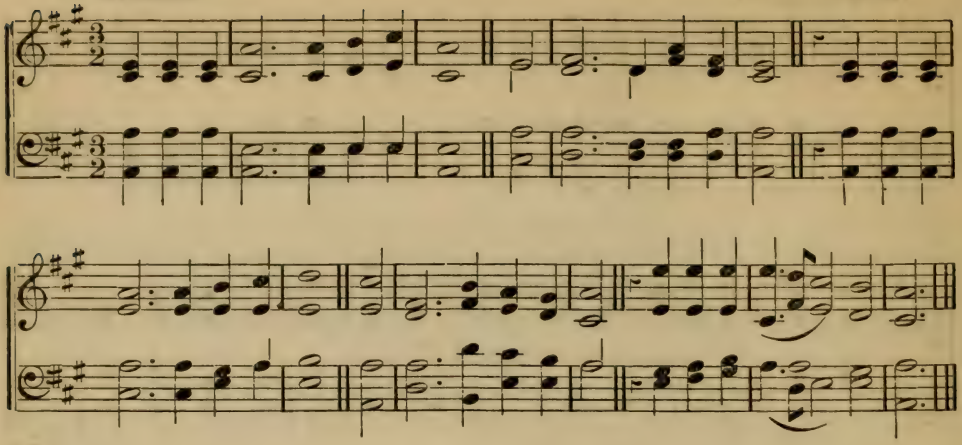
3 Room in the Saviour's bleeding heart;
There love and pity meet;
Nor will he bid the soul depart
That trembles at his feet.

4 Oh, come, and with his children taste
The blessings of his love,
While hope attends the sweet repast
Of nobler joys above.

5 There, with united heart and voice,
Before the eternal throne,
Ten thousand thousand souls rejoice
In ecstasies unknown.

6 And yet ten thousand thousand more
Are welcome still to come;
Ye longing souls, the grace adore,
Approach, there yet is room.

ARCADIA. C. M.



567

1 Praise waits in Zion, Lord! for thee;
There shall our vows be paid;
Thou hast an ear when sinners pray;
All flesh shall seek thine aid.

2 Lord! our iniquities prevail,
But pard'ning grace is thine,
And thou wilt grant us power and skill
To conquer every sin.

3 Blest are the men whom thou wilt choose
To bring them near thy face,
Give them a dwelling in thy house
To feast upon thy grace.

4 In answering what thy church requests
Thy truth and terror shine,
And works of dreadful righteousness
Fulfill thy kind design.

5 Thus shall the wondering nations see
The Lord is good and just,
And distant islands fly to thee,
And make thy name their trust.

568

1 Arise, O King of grace! arise,
And enter to thy rest;
Lo! thy church waits with longing eyes
Thus to be owned and blest.

2 Enter with all thy glorious train,
Thy Spirit and thy word;
All that the ark did once contain
Could no such grace afford.

3 Here, mighty God! accept our vows;
Here let thy praise be spread;
Bless the provisions of thy house,
And fill thy poor with bread.

4 Here let the Son of David reign,
Let God's Anointed shine;
Justice and truth his court maintain
With love and power divine.

5 Here let him hold a lasting throne;
And as his kingdom grows,
Fresh honors shall adorn his crown,
And shame confound his foes.

569

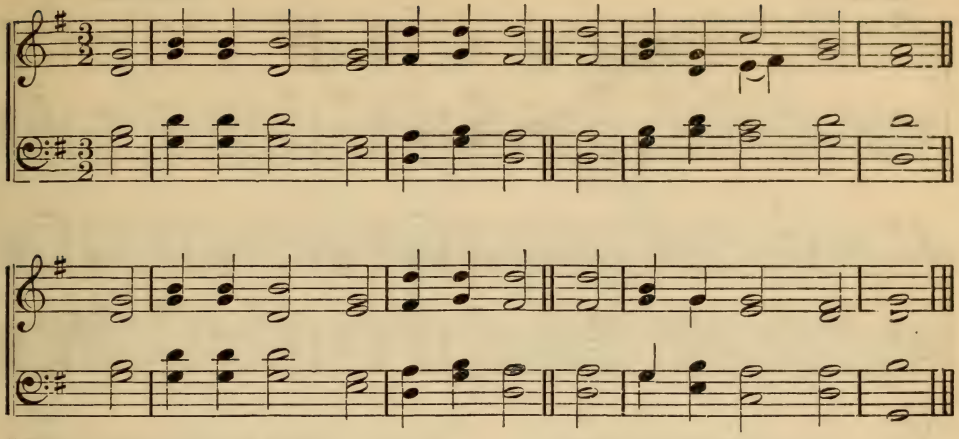
1 Oh, where are kings and empires now
Of old that went and came?
But, Lord! thy church is praying yet,
A thousand years the same.

2 We mark her goodly battlements
And her foundations strong;
We hear within the solemn voice
Of her unending song.

3 For not like kingdoms of the world
Thy holy church, O God!
Though earthquake shocks are threatening her
And tempests are abroad,

4 Unshaken as eternal hills,
Immovable she stands,
A mountain that shall fill the earth,
A house not made by hands.

MARLOW. C. M.



570

1 O Lord of hosts! how lovely is
The place where thou dost dwell!
The tabernacles of thy grace
In pleasantness excel.

2 My soul doth long, yea, even faint,
Jehovah's courts to see;
My heart and flesh are crying out,
O living God! for thee.

3 Blest all who dwell within thy house;
They ever give thee praise;
And blest the man whose strength thou art,
In whose heart are thy ways;

4 Who, passing on through Baca's vale,
Do make of it a well;
And copious rains descending there
The pools with water fill.

5 So they from strength unwearied go
Still forward unto strength;
And they in Zion shall appear
Before the Lord at length.

571

1 The Lord of glory is my light,
And my salvation too;
God is my strength, nor will I fear
What all my foes can do.

2 One privilege my heart desires;
Oh, grant me an abode
Among the churches of thy saints,
The temples of my God.

3 There shall I offer my requests,
And see thy beauty still,
Shall hear thy messages of love,
And there inquire thy will.

4 When troubles rise and storms appear,
There may his children hide;
God has a strong pavilion where
He makes my soul abide.

5 Now shall my head be lifted high
Above my foes around,
And songs of joy and victory
Within thy temple sound.

572

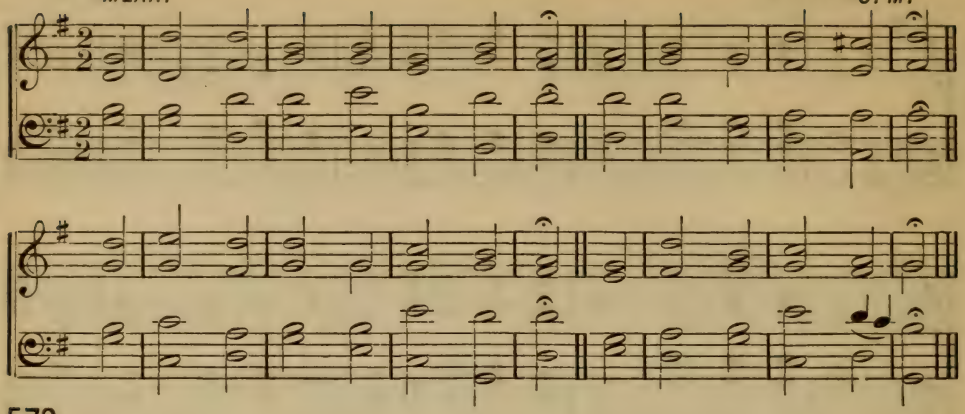
1 My soul, how lovely is the place
To which thy God resorts!
'T is heaven to see his smiling face,
Though in his earthly courts.

2 There the great Monarch of the skies
His saving power displays,
And light breaks in upon our eyes
With kind and quickening rays.

3 With his rich gifts the heavenly Dove
Descends and fills the place,
While Christ reveals his wondrous love
And sheds abroad his grace.

4 There, mighty God! thy words declare
The secrets of thy will,
And still we seek thy mercy there,
And sing thy praises still.

MEAR. C. M.



573

1 How did my heart rejoice to hear
My friends devoutly say,
"In Zion let us all appear,
And keep the solemn day"!

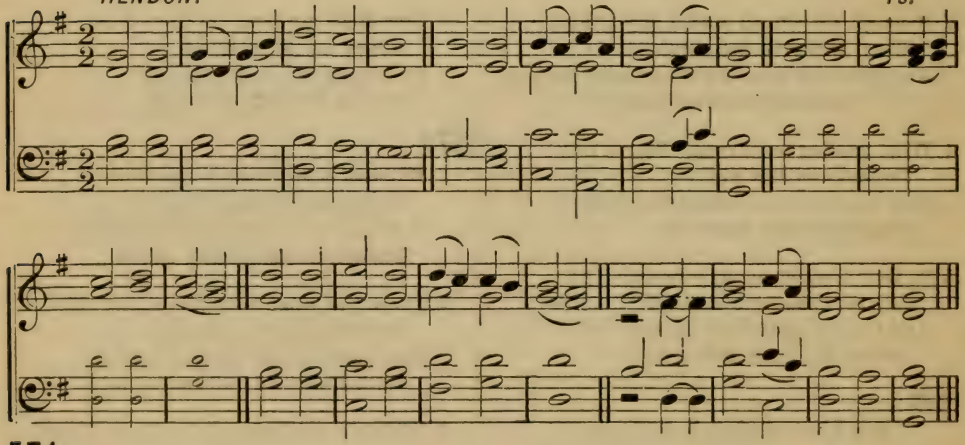
2 I love her gates, I love the road,
The church, adorned with grace,
Stands like a palace built for God
To show his milder face.

3 Up to her courts with joys unknown
The holy tribes repair;
The Son of David holds his throne
And sits in judgment there.

4 Peace be within this sacred place,
And joy a constant guest;
With holy gifts and heavenly grace
Be her attendants blest

5 My soul shall pray for Zion still
While life or breath remains;
There my best friends, my kindred dwell,
There God, my Saviour, reigns.

HENDON. 7s.



574

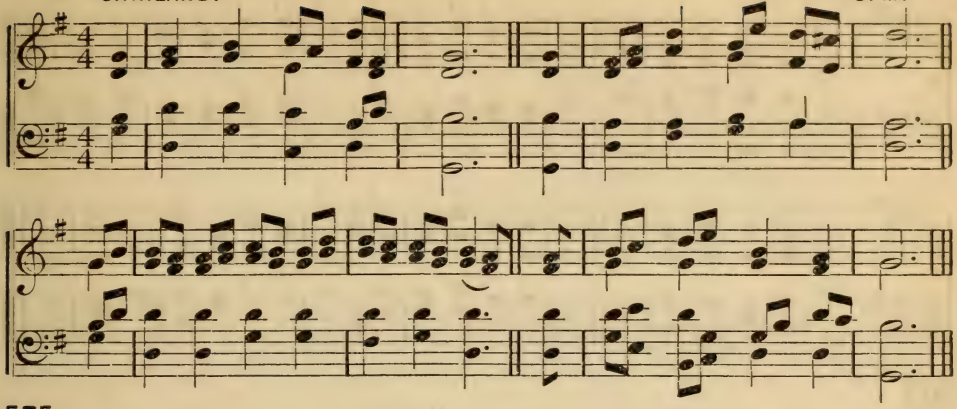
1 To thy temple I repair;
Lord! I love to worship there,
When within the veil I meet
Christ before the mercy-seat.

2 While thy glorious praise is sung
Touch my lips, unloose my tongue,
That my joyful soul may bless
Thee, the Lord, my righteousness.

3 While the prayers of saints ascend,
God of love! to mine attend;
Hear me, for thy Spirit pleads,
Hear, for Jesus intercedes.

4 While I hearken to thy law
Fill my soul with humble awe,
Till thy gospel bring to me
Life and immortality.

SHIRLAND. S. M.



575

1 I LOVE thy kingdom, Lord!
The house of thine abode,
The church our blest Redeemer saved
With his own precious blood.

2 I love thy church, O God!
Her walls before thee stand,
Dear as the apple of thine eye,
And graven on thy hand.

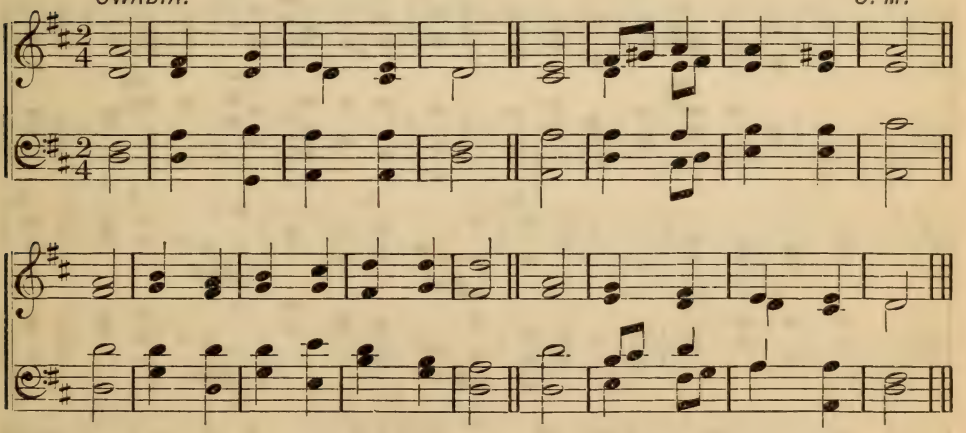
3 If e'er to bless thy sons
My voice or hands deny,
These hands let useful skill forsake,
This voice in silence die.

4 For her my tears shall fall;
For her my prayers ascend;
To her my cares and toils be given
Till toils and cares shall end.

5 Beyond my highest joy
I prize her heavenly ways,
Her sweet communion, solemn vows,
Her hymns of love and praise.

6 Sure as thy truth shall last,
To Zion shall be given
The brightest glories earth can yield,
And brighter bliss of heaven.

SWABIA. S. M.

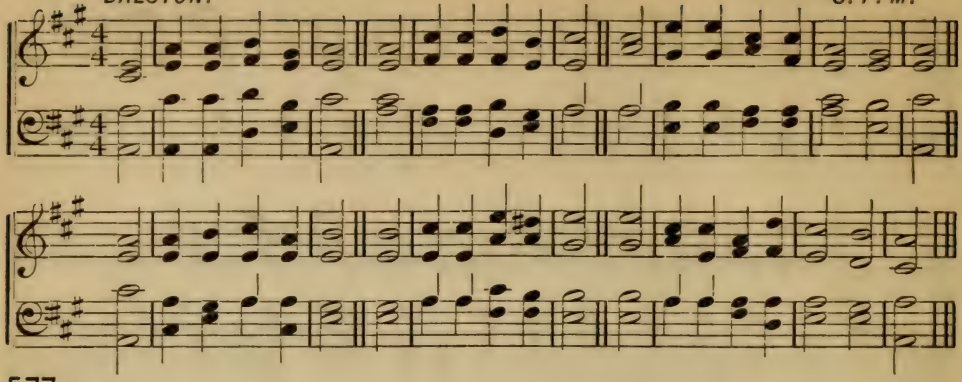


576

1 THE Lord Jehovah reigns;
Let all the nations fear;
Let sinners tremble at his throne,
And saints be humble there.

2 In Zion is his throne;
His honors are divine;
His church shall make his wonders known
For there his glories shine.

DALSTON. S. P. M.



577

1 How pleased and blessed was I
To hear the people cry,
"Come, let us seek our God to-day."
Yes, with a cheerful zeal,
We 'll haste to Zion's hill,
And there our vows and honors pay.

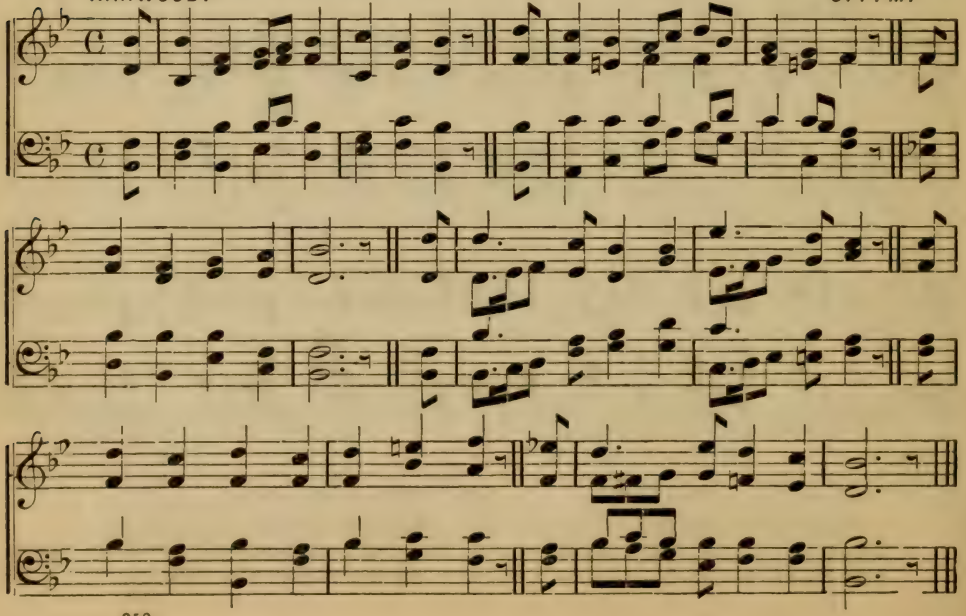
2 Zion! thrice happy place,
Adorned with wondrous grace,
And walls of strength embrace thee round;
In thee our tribes appear
To pray, to praise and hear
The sacred gospel's joyful sound.

3 There David's greater Son
Has fixed his royal throne;
He sits for grace and judgment there;
He bids the saint be glad,
He makes the sinner sad
And humble souls rejoice with fear.

4 May peace attend thy gate,
And joy within thee wait,
To bless the soul of every guest;
The man that seeks thy peace,
And wishes thine increase,
A thousand blessings on him rest!

5 My tongue repeats her vows:
"Peace to this sacred house!"
For there my friends and kindred dwell;
And since my glorious God
Makes thee his blest abode,
My soul shall ever love thee well.

HARWOOD. C. P. M.



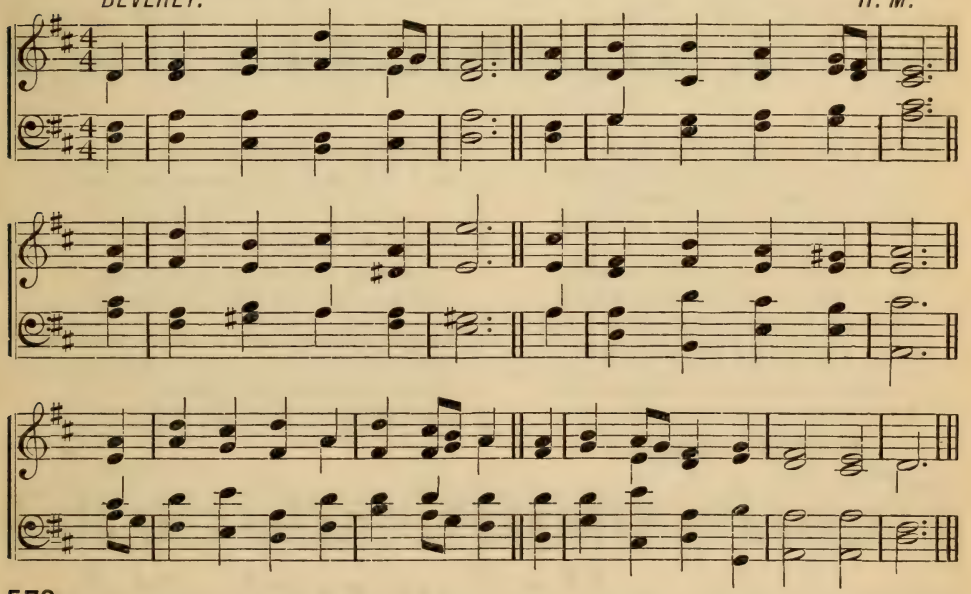
578

1 Before thee, Lord! a people waits
To praise thy name in Zion's gates;
To thee shall vows be paid.
Thou Hearer of the suppliant's prayer!
All flesh shall unto thee repair
To seek thy gracious aid.

2 How great my trespasses appear!
But from all guilt thou wilt me clear,
And my transgressions hide.
How blest thy chosen, who by grace
Are brought within thy dwelling-place,
That they may there abide!

3 The goodness of thy house, O Lord!
The joys thy holy courts afford,
Our souls shall satisfy.
By fearful deeds, in justice wrought,
The Lord will grant us what we sought,
Our Saviour, God most high.

BEVERLY. H. M.



579

1 Lord of the worlds above!
How pleasant and how fair
The dwellings of thy love,
Thine earthly temples, are!
To thine abode my heart aspires,
With warm desires to see my God.

2 Oh, happy souls who pray
Where God appoints to hear!
Oh, happy men who pay
Their constant service there!
They praise thee still; and happy they
Who love the way to Zion's hill.

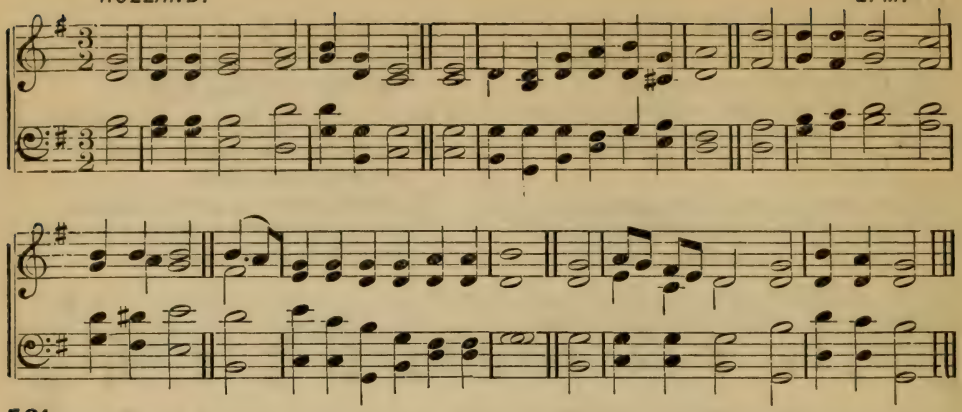
3 They go from strength to strength
Through this dark vale of tears,
Till each arrives at length,
Till each in heaven appears;
Oh, glorious seat, when God, our King,
Shall thither bring our willing feet!

580

1 Rise, gracious God! and shine
In all thy saving might,
And prosper each design
To spread thy glorious light;
Let healing streams of mercy flow,
That all the earth thy truth may know.

2 Put forth thy glorious power;
The nations then will see,
And earth present her store
In converts born of thee;
God, our own God, his church will bless.
And earth shall yield her full increase.

ROLLAND. L. M.



581

1 How pleasant, how divinely fair,
O Lord of hosts! thy dwellings are!
With long desire my spirit faints
To meet th' assemblies of thy saints.

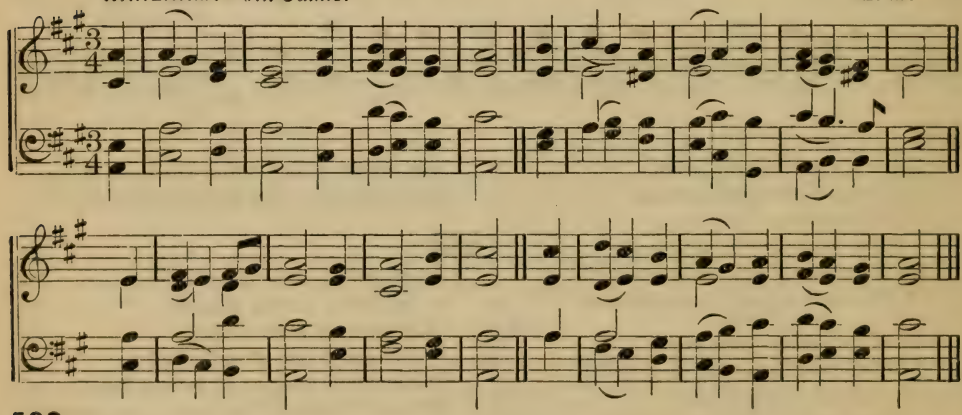
2 My flesh would rest in thine abode,
My panting heart cries out for God;
My God! my King! why should I be
So far from all my joys and thee?

3 Blest are the saints who sit on high
Around thy throne of majesty;
Thy brightest glories shine above,
And all their work is praise and love.

4 Blest are the souls who find a place
Within the temple of thy grace;
There they behold thy gentler rays,
And seek thy face and learn thy praise.

5 Cheerful they walk with growing strength
Till all shall meet in heaven at length,
Till all before thy face appear,
And join in nobler worship there.

WAREHAM. (All Saints.) L. M.



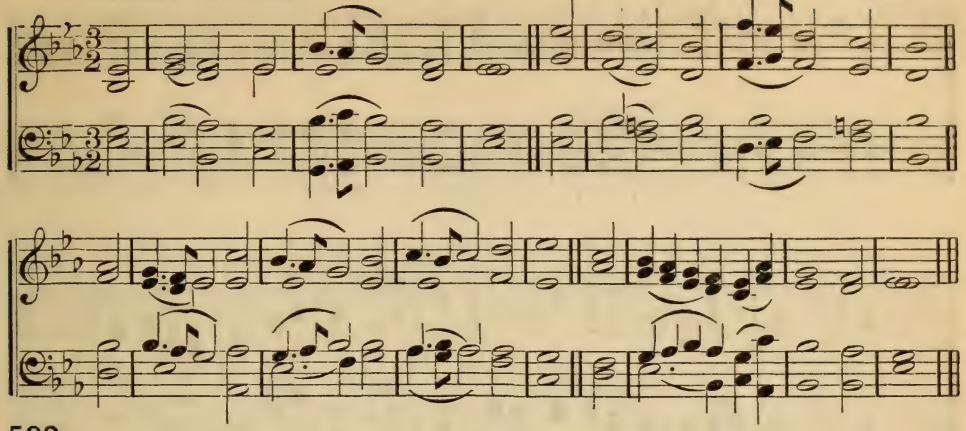
582

1 Lo! God is here; let us adore,
And own how dreadful is this place;
Let all within us feel his power,
And silent bow before his face.

2 Lo! God is here; him day and night
United choirs of angels sing;
To him, enthroned above all height,
Let saints their humble worship bring.

3 Lord God of hosts! oh, may our praise
Thy courts with grateful incense fill;
Still may we stand before thy face,
Still hear and do thy sovereign will.

MOUNT EPHRAIM. S. M.



583

1 How beauteous are their feet
Who stand on Zion's hill,
Who bring salvation on their tongues,
And words of peace reveal!

2 How charming is their voice!
How sweet the tidings are!
"Zion! behold thy Saviour King;
He reigns and triumphs here.

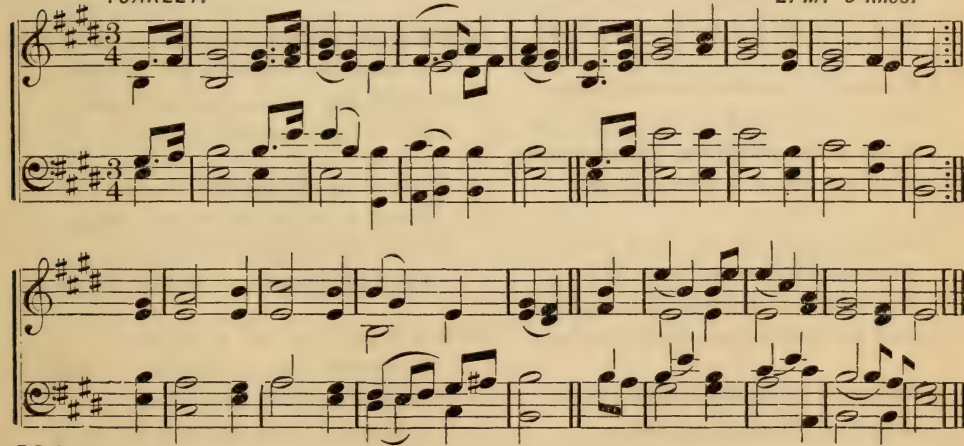
3 How happy are our ears,
That hear this joyful sound,
Which kings and prophets waited for,
And sought, but never found!

4 How blessed are our eyes,
That see this heavenly light!
Prophets and kings desired it long,
But died without the sight.

5 The watchmen join their voice,
And tuneful notes employ;
Jerusalem breaks forth in songs,
And deserts learn the joy.

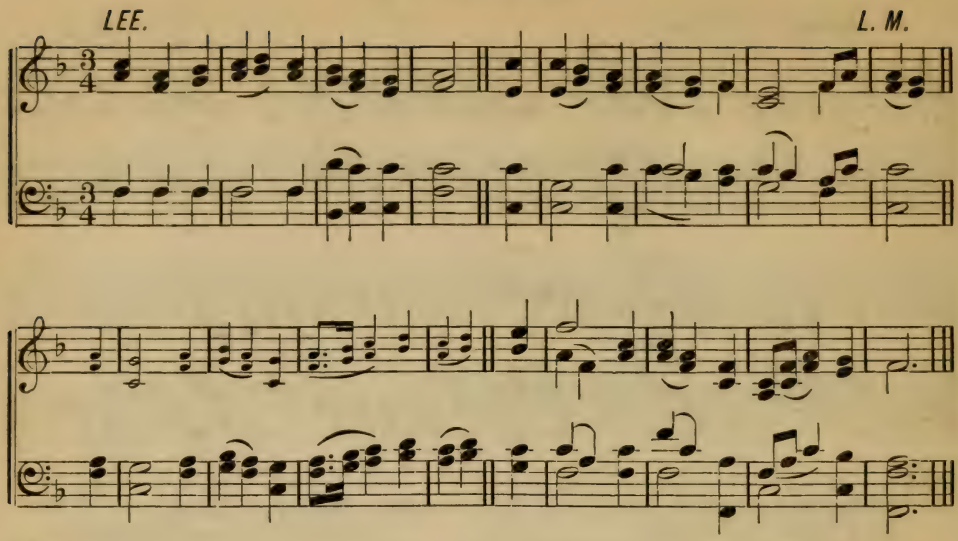
6 The Lord makes bare his arm
Through all the earth abroad;
Let all the nations now behold
Their Saviour and their God.

YOAKLEY. L. M. 6 lines.



584

Lord of the gospel harvest! send
More laborers forth into thy field;
More pastors teach thy flock to tend;
More workmen raise thy house to build;
His work and place to each assign,
And clothe their word with power divine.



585

1 Great Lord of all thy churches! hear
Thy ministers' and people's prayer;
Perfumed by thee, oh may it rise
Like fragrant incense to the skies.

2 May every pastor from above
Be new inspired with zeal and love
To watch thy flock, thy flock to feed,
And sow with care the precious seed.

3 Revive thy churches with thy grace;
Heal all our breaches, grant us peace;
Rouse us from sloth, our hearts inflame
With ardent zeal for Jesus' name.

4 May young and old thy word receive,
Dead sinners hear thy voice and live,
The wounded conscience healing find,
And joy refresh each drooping mind.

5 May aged saints matured with grace
Abound in fruits of holiness;
And when transplanted to the skies,
May younger in their stead arise.

6 Thus we our suppliant voices raise,
And, weeping, sow the seed of praise,
In humble hope that thou wilt hear
Thy ministers' and people's prayer.

586

1 Lord! pour thy spirit from on high,
And thine ordainèd servants bless;
Graces and gifts to each supply,
And clothe thy priests with righteousness.

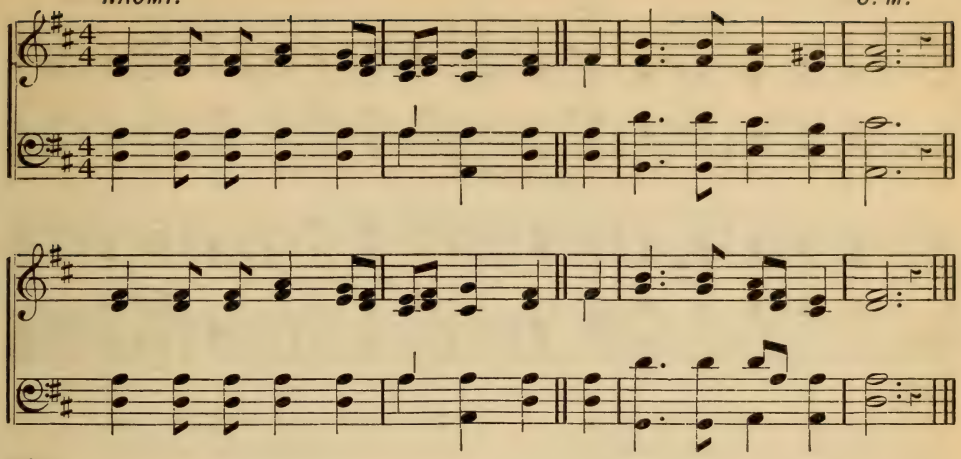
2 Within thy temple when they stand
To teach the truth as taught by thee,
Saviour! like stars in thy right hand
Let all thy church's pastors be.

3 Wisdom and zeal and love impart,
Firmness and meekness from above,
To bear thy people in their heart,
And love the souls whom thou dost love;

4 To love and pray and never faint,
By day and night their guard to keep,
To warn the sinner, form the saint,
To feed thy lambs and tend thy sheep.

5 So, when their work is finished here,
They may in hope their charge resign;
So, when their Master shall appear,
They may with crowns of glory shine.

NAOMI. C. M.



587

1 What though the arm of conqu'ring death
Does God's own house invade?
What though the prophet and the priest
Be numbered with the dead?

2 Though earthly shepherds dwell in dust,
The aged and the young,
The watchful eye in darkness closed,
And mute th' instructive tongue,

3 Th' eternal Shepherd still survives,
New comfort to impart;
His eye still guides us, and his voice
Still animates our heart.

4 "Lo, I am with you!" saith the Lord;
Thy church shall safe abide,
For thou wilt ne'er forsake thine own
Whose souls in thee confide.

5 Through every scene of life and death
This promise is our trust,
And this shall be our children's song
When we are cold in dust.

588

1 Christ and his cross is all our theme;
The mysteries that we speak
Are scandal in the Jews' esteem,
And folly to the Greek.

2 But souls enlightened from above
With joy receive the word;
They see what wisdom, power and love
Shine in their dying Lord.

3 The vital savor of his name
Restores their fainting breath,
But unbelief perverts the same
To guilt, despair and death.

4 Till God diffuse his graces down
Like showers of heavenly rain,
In vain Apollos sows the ground,
And Paul may plant in vain.

589

1 Let Zion's watchmen all awake
And take th' alarm they give,
Now let them from the mouth of God
Their solemn charge receive.

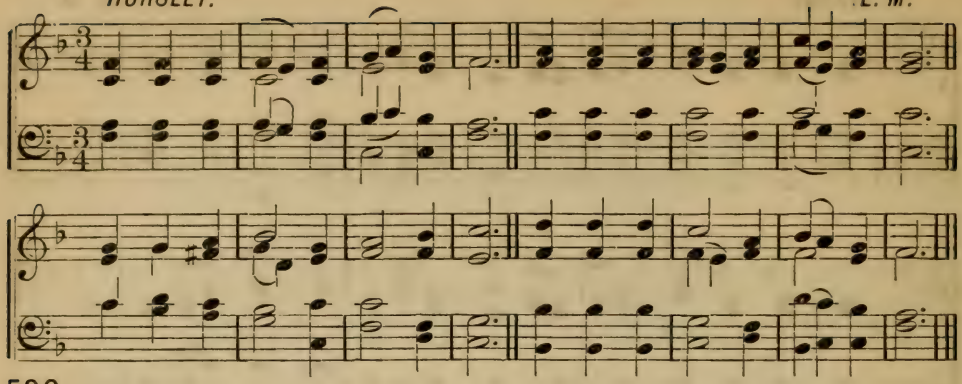
2 'T is not a cause of small import
The pastor's care demands,
But what might fill an angel's heart,
And filled a Saviour's hands.

3 They watch for souls for whom the Lord
Did heavenly bliss forego—
For souls that must for ever live
In rapture or in woe.

4 All to the great tribunal haste,
Th' account to render there;
And shouldst thou strictly mark our faults,
Lord! how should we appear?

5 May they that Jesus whom they preach,
Their own Redeemer, see,
And watch thou daily o'er their souls,
That they may watch for thee.

HURSLEY. L. M.



590

1 How blest the sacred tie that binds
In union sweet according minds!
How swift the heavenly course they run
Whose hearts, whose faith, whose hopes, are one!

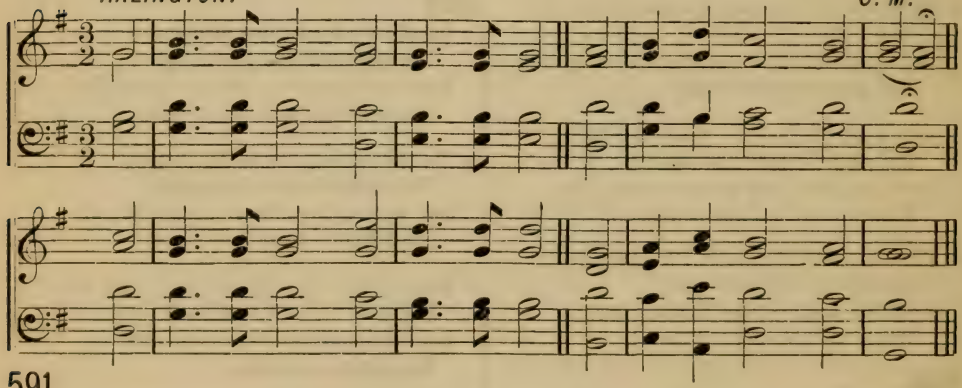
2 To each the soul of each how dear!
What jealous love, what holy fear!
How doth the generous flame within
Refine from earth and cleanse from sin!

3 Their streaming tears together flow
For human guilt and mortal woe;
Their ardent prayers together rise,
Like mingling flames in sacrifice.

4 Together oft they seek the place
Where God reveals his awful face;
How high, how strong, their raptures swell
There 's none but kindred souls can tell.

5 Nor shall the glowing flame expire
When nature droops her sickening fire;
Then shall they meet in realms above,
A heaven of joy, a heaven of love.

ARLINGTON. C. M.



591

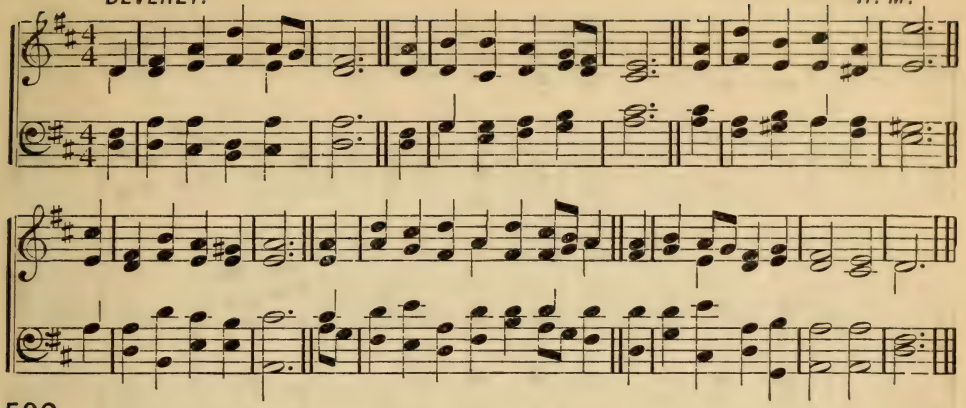
1 Rise, O my soul! pursue the path
By ancient worthies trod;
Aspiring, view those holy men
Who lived and walked with God.

2 Though dead, they speak in reason's ear
And in example live;
Their faith and hope and mighty deeds
Still fresh instruction give.

3 'T was through the Lamb's most precious [blood
They conquered every foe,
And to his power and matchless grace
Their crowns of life they owe.

4 Lord! may I ever keep in view
The patterns thou hast given,
And ne'er forsake the blessed path
Which led them safe to heaven.

BEVERLY. H. M.



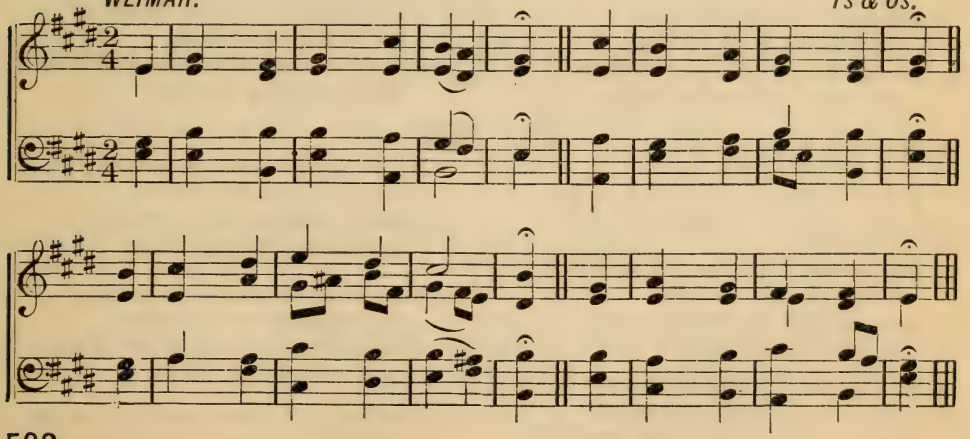
592

1 One sole baptismal sign,
One Lord below, above,
One faith, one hope divine,
One only watchword, love;
From diff'rent temples though it rise,
One song ascendeth to the skies.

2 Our sacrifice is one,
One Priest before the throne,
The slain, the risen Son,
Redeemer, Lord alone;
And sighs from contrite hearts that spring
Our chief, our choicest offering.

3 Head of thy church beneath,
The catholic, the true,
On all her members breathe,
Her broken frame renew;
Then shall thy perfect will be done
When Christians love and live as one.

WEIMAR. 7s & 6s.



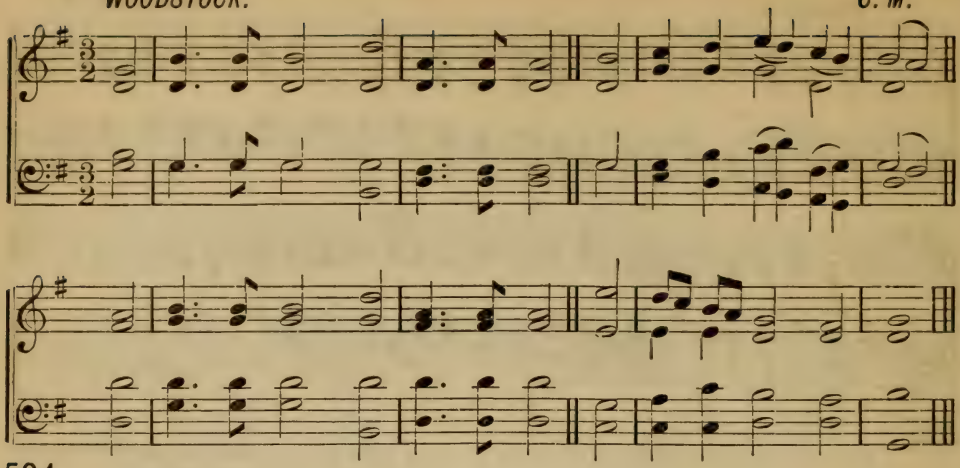
593

1 Behold, how good and pleasant,
And how becoming well,
Where brethren all united
In peace together dwell!

2 'T is like the precious ointment
That on the head did flow,
Which down the beard of Aaron
Did o'er his vesture go.

3 Like dews which on Mount Hermon
And Zion's hill descend;
There God commands the blessing,
Life that shall never end.

WOODSTOCK. C. M.



594

1 Come, let us join our friends above
That have obtained the prize,
And on the eagle wings of love
To joys celestial rise.

2 Let all the saints terrestrial sing
With those to glory gone,
For all the servants of our King,
In earth and heaven, are one.

3 One family we dwell in him,
One church above, beneath,
Though now divided by the stream,
The narrow stream, of death.

4 One army of the living God,
To his command we bow;
Part of his host have crossed the flood,
And part are crossing now.

5 Ten thousand to their endless home
This solemn moment fly,
And we are to the margin come,
And we expect to die.

6 Oh, that we now might grasp our Guide!
Oh, that the word were given!
Come, Lord of hosts! the waves divide,
And land us all in heaven.

595

1 How sweet, how heavenly, is the sight
When those that love the Lord
In one another's peace delight,
And so fulfill his word!

2 When each can feel his brother's sigh,
And with him bear a part,
When sorrow flows from eye to eye,
And joy from heart to heart.

3 When love, in one delightful stream,
Through every bosom flows,
When union sweet and dear esteem
In every action glows.

4 Love is the golden chain that binds
The happy souls above,
And he 's an heir of heaven that finds
His bosom glow with love.

596

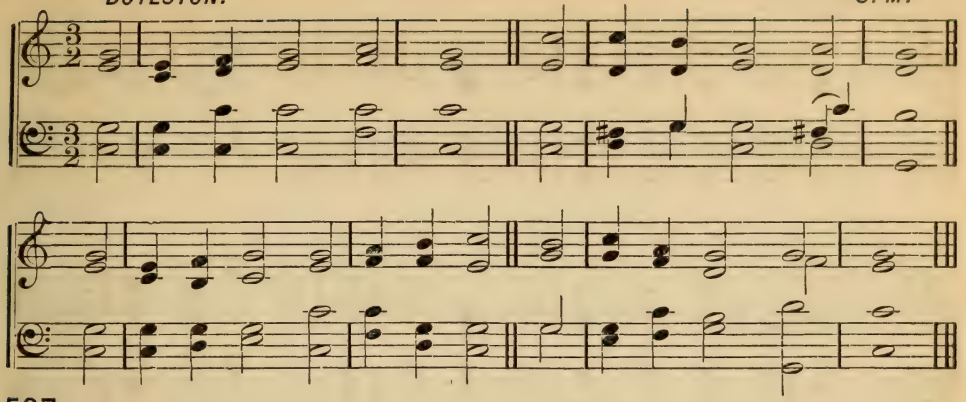
1 Happy the souls to Jesus joined,
And saved by grace alone;
Walking in all thy ways, we find
Our heaven on earth begun.

2 The church triumphant in thy love,
Their mighty joys we know;
They sing the Lamb in hymns above,
And we in hymns below.

3 Thee in thy glorious realm they praise,
And bow before thy throne;
We in the kingdom of thy grace;
The kingdoms are but one.

4 The holy to the holiest leads;
From thence our spirits rise,
And he that in thy statutes treads
Shall meet thee in the skies.

BOYLSTON. S. M.



597

1 Blest be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love;
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above.

2 Before our Father's throne
We pour our ardent prayers;
Our fears, our hopes, our aims, are one,
Our comforts and our cares.

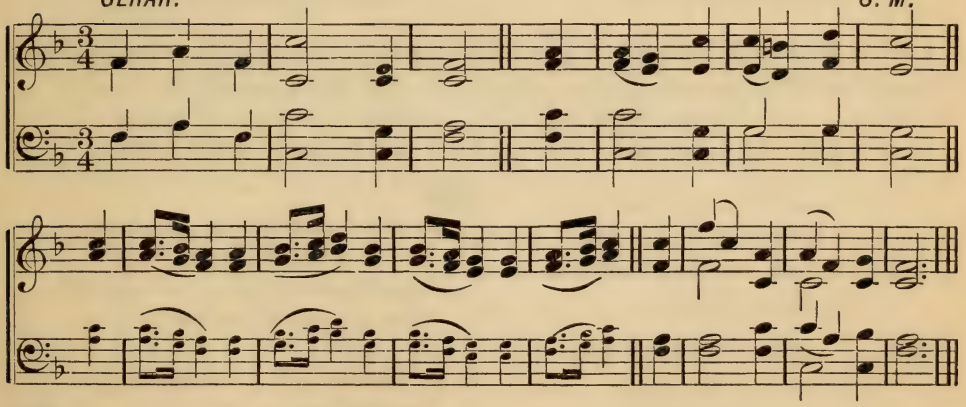
3 We share our mutual woes,
Our mutual burdens bear,
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.

4 When we asunder part,
It gives us inward pain;
But we shall still be joined in heart,
And hope to meet again.

5 This glorious hope revives
Our courage by the way,
While each in expectation lives,
And longs to see the day.

6 From sorrow, toil and pain
And sin we shall be free,
And perfect love and friendship reign
Through all eternity.

GERAR. S. M.



598

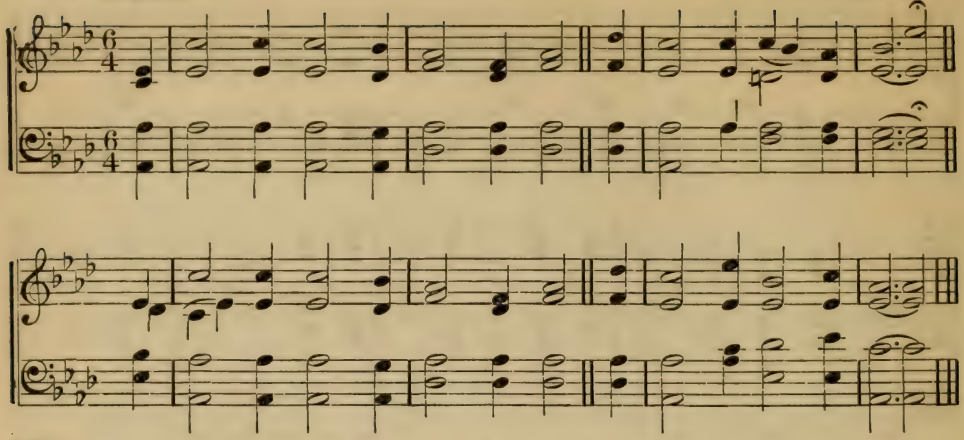
1 Blest are the sons of peace
Whose hearts and hopes are one,
Whose kind designs to serve and please
Through all their actions run.

2 Blest is the pious house
Where zeal and friendship meet;
Their songs of praise, their mingled vows,
Make their communion sweet.

3 Thus when on Aaron's head
They poured the rich perfume,
The oil through all his raiment spread,
And pleasure filled the room.

4 Thus on the heavenly hills
The saints are blest above,
Where joy, like morning dew, distils.
And all the air is love.

REMSEN. C. M.



599

1 Father of mercies! send thy grace,
All powerful, from above,
To form in our obedient souls
The image of thy love.

2 Oh, may our sympathizing breasts
That generous pleasure know,
Kindly to share in others' joy,
And weep for others' woe.

3 When the most helpless sons of grief
In low distress are laid,
Soft be our hearts their pains to feel,
And swift our hands to aid.

4 So Jesus looked on dying men
When throned above the skies,
And midst the embraces of his God
He felt compassion rise.

5 On wings of love the Saviour flew
To raise us from the ground,
And made the richest of his blood
A balm for every wound.

600

1 Jesus, our Lord! how rich thy grace!
Thy bounties how complete!
How shall we count the matchless sum?
How pay the mighty debt?

2 High on a throne of radiant light
Dost thou exalted shine;
What can our poverty bestow,
When all the worlds are thine?

3 But thou hast brethren here below,
The partners of thy grace,
And wilt confess their humble names
Before thy Father's face.

4 In them thou mayst be clothed and fed
And visited and cheered,
And in their accents of distress
Our Saviour's voice is heard.

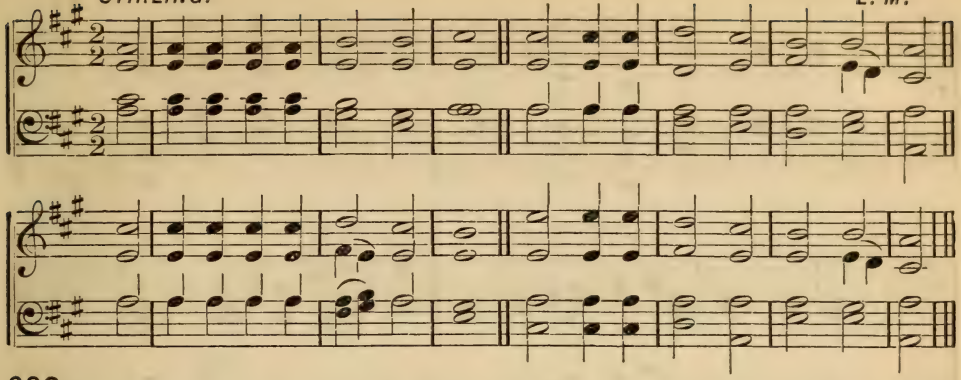
601

1 Oh, still in accents sweet and strong
Sounds forth the ancient word:
"More reapers for white harvest fields,
More laborers for the Lord."

2 We hear the call; in dreams no more
In selfish ease we lie,
But girded for our Father's work,
Go forth beneath his sky.

3 Where prophets' word and martyrs' blood
And prayers of saints were sown,
We, to their labors entering in,
Would reap where they have strown.

STIRLING. L. M.



602

1 Jesus! and shall it ever be,
A mortal man ashamed of thee?
Ashamed of thee, whom angels praise,
Whose glories shine through endless days?

2 Ashamed of Jesus! sooner far
Let evening blush to own a star;
He sheds the beams of light divine
O'er this benighted soul of mine.

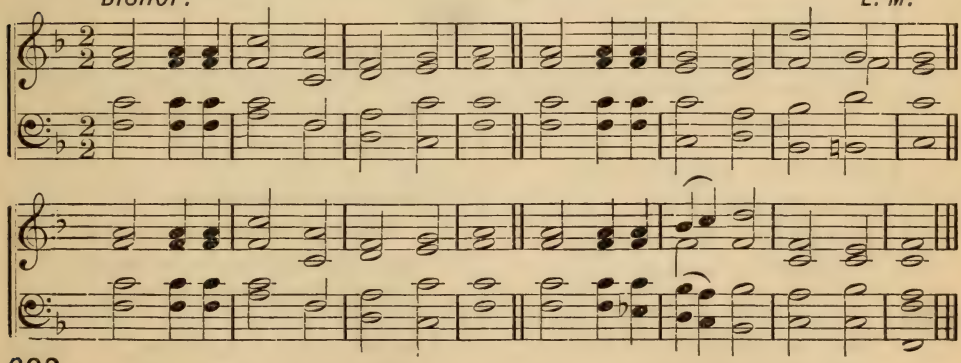
3 Ashamed of Jesus! just as soon
Let midnight be ashamed of noon;
'T is midnight with my soul till he,
Bright Morning Star! bid darkness flee.

4 Ashamed of Jesus! that dear Friend
On whom my hopes of heaven depend!
No; when I blush, be this my shame,
That I no more revere his name.

5 Ashamed of Jesus! yes, I may,
When I 've no guilt to wash away,
No tear to wipe, no good to crave,
No fears to quell, no soul to save.

6 Till then—nor is my boasting vain—
Till then I boast a Saviour slain;
And oh, may this my glory be,
That Christ is not ashamed of me.

BISHOP. L. M.



603

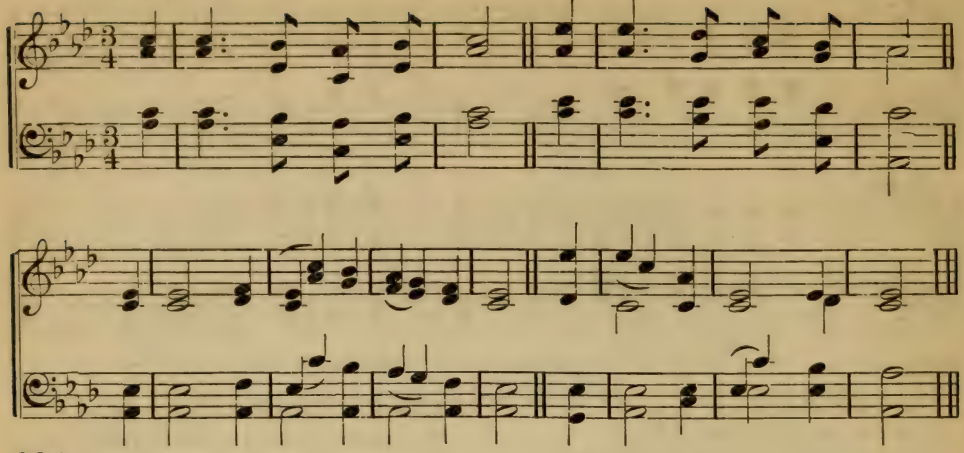
1 Go, labor on; spend and be spent,
Thy joy to do the Father's will;
It is the way the Master went;
Should not the servant tread it still?

2 Go, labor on; 't is not for naught;
Thine earthly loss is heavenly gain;
Men heed thee, love thee, praise thee not;
The Master praises—what are men?

3 Go, labor on; enough, while here,
If he shall praise thee, if he deign
Thy willing heart to mark and cheer;
No toil for him shall be in vain.

4 Toil on, and in thy toil rejoice;
For toil comes rest, for exile home;
Soon shalt thou hear the Bridegroom's voice,
The midnight peal: "Behold, I come!"

LEIGHTON. S. M.



604

1 O Lord! thy work revive
In Zion's gloomy hour,
And let our dying graces live
By thy restoring power.

2 Oh, let thy chosen few
Awake to earnest prayer;
Their covenant again renew,
And walk in filial fear.

3 Thy Spirit then will speak
Through lips of humble clay,
Till hearts of adamant shall break,
Till rebels shall obey.

4 Now lend thy gracious ear,
Now listen to our cry;
Oh, come and bring salvation near;
Our souls on thee rely.

605

1 Teach me, my God and King,
Thy will in all to see;
And what I do in anything
To do it as for thee;

2 To scorn the senses' sway,
While still to thee I tend;
In all I do be thou the way,
In all, be thou the end.

3 All may of thee partake;
Nothing so small can be
But draws, when acted for thy sake,
Greatness and worth from thee.

4 If done beneath thy laws,
E'en servile labors shine;
Hallowed is toil if this the cause;
The meanest work, divine.

606

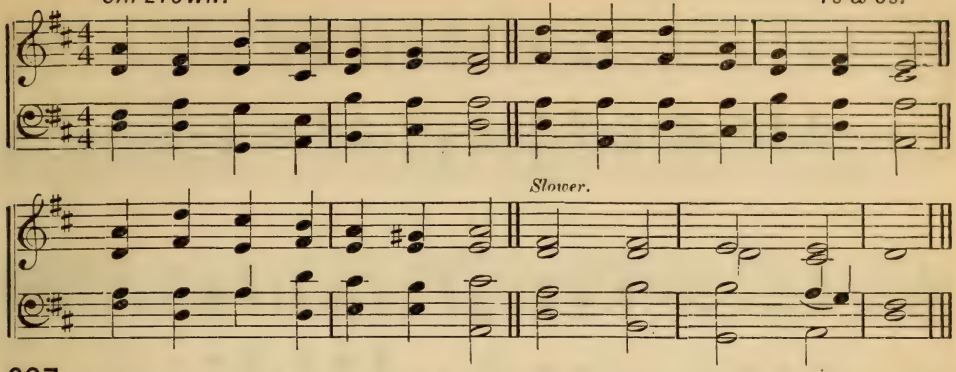
1 Laborers of Christ, arise,
And gird you for the toil;
The dew of promise from the skies
Already cheers the soil.

2 Go where the sick recline,
Where mourning hearts deplore,
And where the sons of sorrow pine
Dispense your hallowed store.

3 Be faith which looks above,
With prayer, your constant guest;
And wrap the Saviour's changeless love
A mantle round your breast.

4 So shall you share the wealth
That earth may ne'er despoil,
And the blest gospel's saving health
Repay your arduous toil.

CAPETOWN. 7s & 5s.



607

1 Christian, seek not yet repose,
Cast thy dreams of ease away;
Thou art in the midst of foes,
Therefore watch and pray.

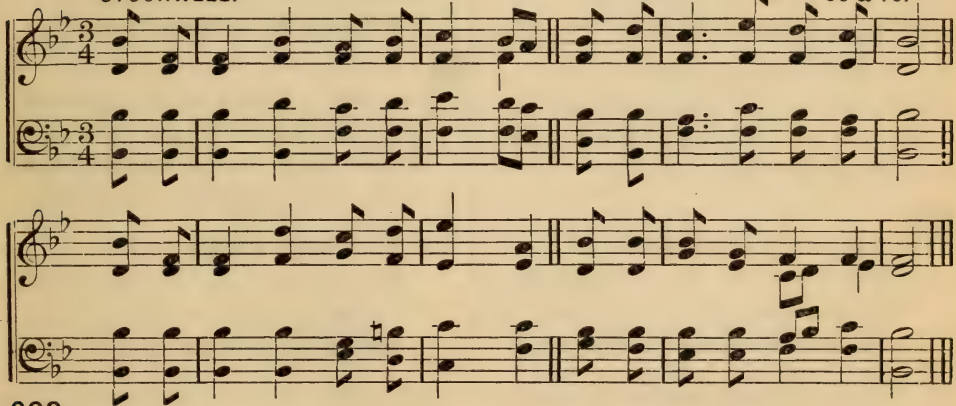
2 Gird thy heavenly armor on,
Wear it ever, night and day;
Near thee lurks the evil one,
Therefore watch and pray.

3 Listen to thy sorrowing Lord,
Him thou lovest to obey;
It is he who speaks the word,
Therefore watch and pray.

4 'T was by watching and by prayer
Holy men of olden day
Won the palms and crowns they wear,
Therefore watch and pray.

5 Watch, for thou thy guard must keep;
Pray, for God must speed thy way;
Narrow is the road and steep,
Therefore watch and pray.

STOCKWELL. 8s & 7s.



608

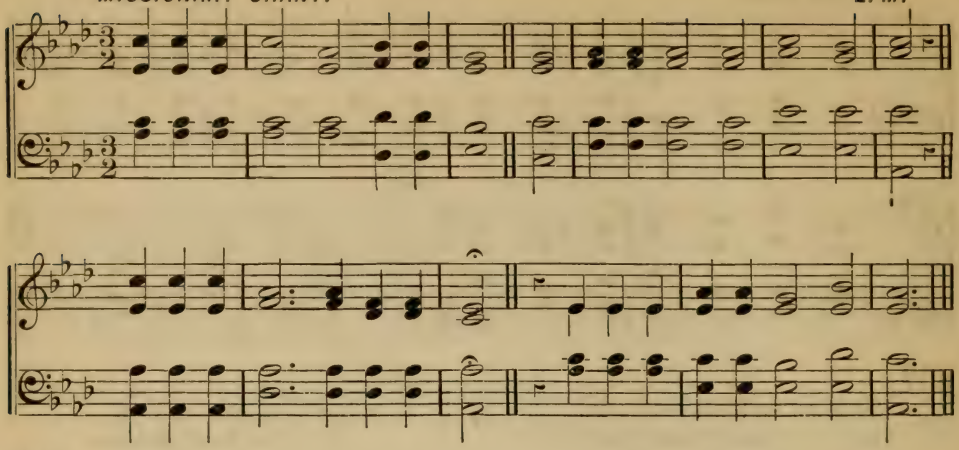
1 He that goeth forth with weeping,
Bearing precious seed in love,
Never tiring, never sleeping,
Findeth mercy from above.

2 Soft descend the dews of heaven,
Bright the rays celestial shine;
Precious fruits will thus be given
Through an influence all divine.

3 Sow thy seed, be never weary,
Let no fears thy soul annoy;
Be the prospect ne'er so dreary,
Thou shalt reap the fruits of joy.

4 Lo! the scene of verdure brightening,
See the rising grain appear;
Look again; the fields are whitening,
For the harvest-time is near.

MISSIONARY CHANT. L. M.



609

1 Ye Christian heralds, go proclaim
Salvation in Emmanuel's name;
To distant climes the tidings bear,
And plant the rose of Sharon there.

2 He 'll shield you with a wall of fire,
With flaming zeal your breasts inspire,
Bid raging winds their fury cease,
And calm the savage breast to peace.

3 And when our labors all are o'er,
Then we shall meet to part no more—
Meet with the blood-bought throng to fall,
And crown our Jesus Lord of all.

610

1 O Israel! to thy tents repair;
Why thus secure on hostile ground?
Thy King commands thee to beware,
For many foes thy camp surround.

2 The trumpet gives a martial strain;
O Israel! gird thee for the fight;
Arise, the combat to maintain,
And put thine enemies to flight.

3 Thou shouldst not sleep as others do;
Awake, be vigilant, be brave;
The coward, and the sluggard too,
Must wear the fetters of the slave.

4 A nobler lot is cast for thee,
A kingdom waits thee in the skies;
With such a hope, shall Israel flee,
Or yield, through weariness, the prize?

5 No: let a careless world repose
And slumber on through life's short day,
While Israel to the conflict goes,
And bears the glorious prize away.

611

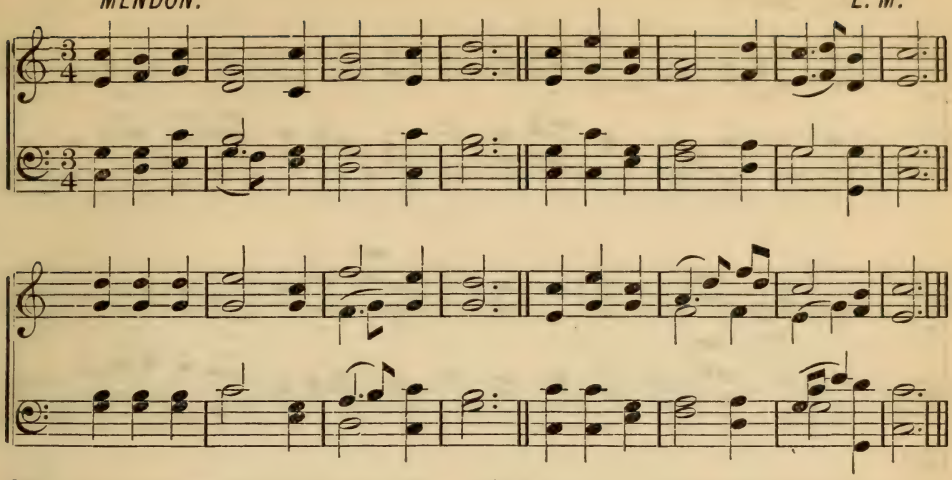
1 Disowned of heaven, by man oppressed,
Outcasts from Zion's hallowed ground,
Oh, why should Israel's sons, once blessed,
Still roam the scorning world around?

2 Lord! visit thy forsaken race,
Back to thy fold the wanderers bring;
Teach them to seek thy slighted grace,
And hail in Christ their promised King.

3 The veil of darkness rend in twain
Which hides their Shiloh's glorious light,
The severed olive branch again
Firm to its parent stock unite.

4 Hail, glorious day, expected long, [pour.
When Jew and Greek one prayer shall
With eager feet one temple throng,
With grateful praise one God adore.

MENDON. L. M.



612

1 Triumphant Zion! lift thy head
From dust and darkness and the dead;
Though humbled long, awake at length,
And gird thee with thy Saviour's strength.

2 Put all thy beauteous garments on,
And let thine excellence be known;
Decked in the robes of righteousness,
The world thy glories shall confess.

3 No more shall foes unclean invade,
And fill thy hallowed walls with dread;
No more shall hell's insulting host
Their vict'ry and thy sorrows boast.

4 God from on high has heard thy prayer;
His hand thy ruins shall repair;
Nor will thy watchful Monarch cease
To guard thee in eternal peace.

613

1 Ascend thy throne, almighty King!
And spread thy glories all abroad;
Let thine own arm salvation bring,
And be thou known the gracious God.

2 Let millions bow before thy seat,
Let humble mourners see thy face;
Bring daring rebels to thy feet,
Subdued by thy victorious grace.

3 Oh, let the kingdoms of the world
Become the kingdoms of the Lord;
Let saints and angels praise thy name,
Be thou through heaven and earth adored.

614

1 "Go, preach my gospel!" saith the Lord;
"Bid the whole earth my grace receive;
He shall be saved that trusts my word;
He shall be lost that won't believe.

2 "I'll make your great commission known,
And ye shall prove my gospel true,
By all the works that I have done,
By all the wonders ye shall do.

3 "Teach all the nations my commands;
I'm with you till the world shall end;
All power is trusted to my hands,
I can destroy, and I defend."

4 He spake, and light shone round his head;
On a bright cloud to heaven he rode;
They to the farthest nation spread
The grace of their ascended God.

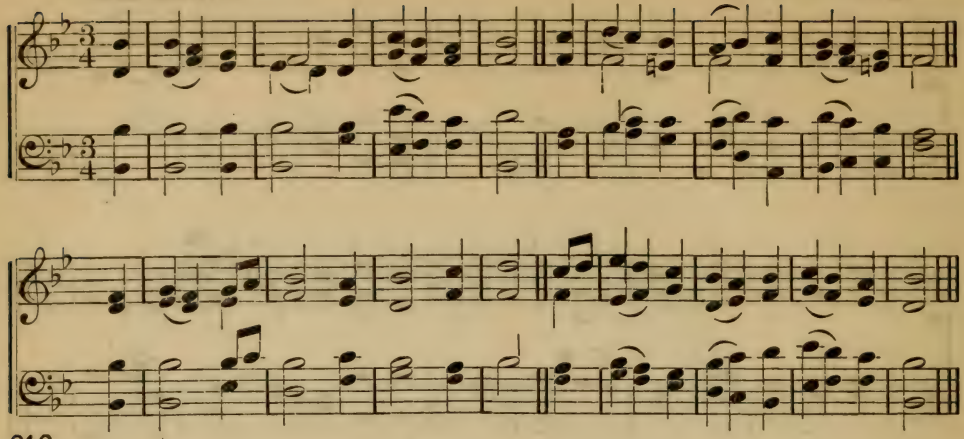
615

1 Soon may the last glad song arise
Through all the millions of the skies,
That song of triumph which records
That all the earth is now the Lord's.

2 Let thrones and powers and kingdoms be
Obedient, mighty God! to thee;
And over land and stream and main
Wave thou the sceptre of thy reign.

3 Oh, that the anthem now might swell,
And host to host the triumph tell,
That not one rebel heart remains,
But over all the Saviour reigns.

ALL SAINTS. L. M.



616

1 O Spirit of the living God!
In all thy plenitude of grace,
Where'er the foot of man hath trod,
Descend on our apostate race.

2 Give tongues of fire and hearts of love
To preach the reconciling word;
Give power and unction from above
Where'er the joyful sound is heard.

3 Be darkness, at thy coming, light,
Confusion order in thy path;
Souls without strength inspire with might,
Bid mercy triumph over wrath.

4 O Spirit of the Lord! prepare
A sinful world their God to meet;
Breathe thou abroad like morning air,
Till hearts of stone begin to beat.

5 Baptize the nations; far and nigh
The triumphs of the cross record;
The name of Jesus glorify,
Till every kindred call him Lord.

617

1 Jesus! thy church with longing eyes
For thine expected coming waits;
When will the promised light arise,
And glory beam from Zion's gates?

2 E'en now, when tempests round us fall
And wintry clouds o'ercast the sky,
Thy words with pleasure we recall,
And deem that our redemption's nigh.

3 Oh, come and reign o'er every land;
Let Satan from his throne be hurled,
All nations bow to thy command,
And grace revive a dying world.

4 Teach us in watchfulness and prayer
To wait for the appointed hour,
And fit us by thy grace to share
The triumphs of thy conquering power.

618

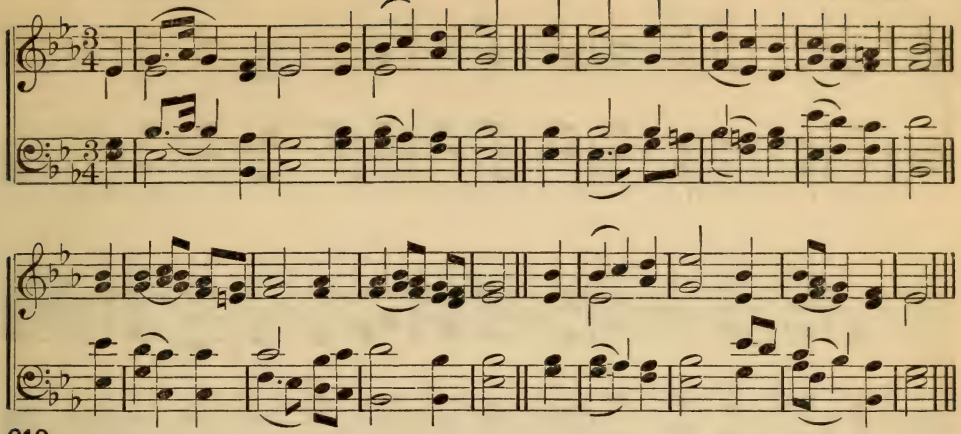
1 Thy people, Lord! who trust thy word,
And wait the smilings of thy face,
Assemble round thy mercy seat,
And plead the promise of thy grace.

2 Hast thou not sworn to give thy Son
To be a light to Gentile lands,
To open the benighted eyes,
And loose the wretched pris'ner's bands?

3 Hast thou not said from sea to sea
His vast dominion shall extend?
That every tongue shall call him Lord,
And every knee before him bend?

4 Now let the happy time appear—
The time to favor Zion come;
Send forth thy heralds far and near,
And call thy banished children home.

STONEFIELD. L. M.



619

1 Great God! whose universal sway
The known and unknown worlds obey,
Now give the kingdom to thy Son,
Extend his power, exalt his throne.

2 Thy sceptre well becomes his hands,
All heaven submits to his commands;
His justice shall avenge the poor,
And pride and rage prevail no more.

3 With power he vindicates the just,
And treads th' oppressor in the dust;
His worship and his fear shall last
Till hours and years and time be past.

4 As rain on meadows newly mown,
So shall he send his influence down;
His grace on fainting souls distills
Like heavenly dew on thirsty hills.

5 The heathen lands that lie beneath
The shades of overspreading death
Revive at his first dawning light,
And deserts blossom at the sight.

6 The saints shall flourish in his days,
Dressed in the robes of joy and praise;
Peace like a river from his throne
Shall flow to nations yet unknown.

620

1 Sovereign of worlds! display thy power,
Be this thy Zion's favored hour!
Oh, bid the morning star arise,
Oh, point the heathen to the skies.

2 Set up thy throne where Satan reigns,
On western wilds and eastern plains;
Far let the gospel's sound be known,
Make thou the universe thine own.

3 Speak, and the world shall hear thy voice,
Speak, and the desert shall rejoice;
Dispel the gloom of heathen night,
Bid every nation hail the light.

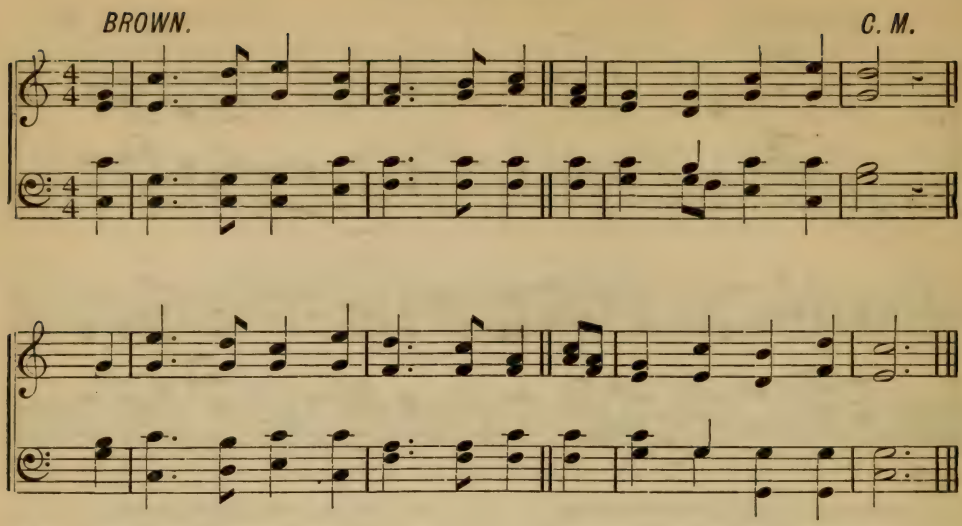
621

1 Arm of the Lord! awake, awake,
Put on thy strength, the nations shake,
And let the world, adoring, see
Triumphs of mercy wrought by thee.

2 Say to the heathen from thy throne,
"I am Jehovah—God alone;"
Thy voice their idols shall confound,
And cast their altars to the ground.

3 No more let human blood be spilt,
Vain sacrifice for human guilt,
But to each conscience be applied
The blood that flowed from Jesus' side.

4 Almighty God! thy grace proclaim,
In every land declare thy name,
Till adverse powers before thee fall,
And crown the Saviour Lord of all.



622

1 Great God! the nations of the earth
Are by creation thine,
And in thy works, by all beheld,
Thy radiant glories shine.

2 But, Lord! thy greater love has sent
Thy gospel to mankind,
Unveiling what rich stores of grace
Are treasured in thy mind.

3 Lord! when shall these glad tidings [spread
The spacious earth around,
Till every tribe and every soul
Shall hear the joyful sound?

4 Smile, Lord! on each sincere attempt
To spread the gospel's rays,
And build on sin's demolished throne
The temple of thy praise.

623

1 Behold, the mountain of the Lord
In latter days shall rise,
On mountain tops, above the hills,
And draw the wond'ring eyes.

2 To this the joyful nations round,
All tribes and tongues, shall flow;
"Up to the hill of God," they say,
"And to his house, we 'll go."

3 The beams that shine from Zion's hill
Shall lighten every land;
The King who reigns in Salem's towers
Shall all the world command.

4 No longer hosts encountering hosts
Their millions slain deplore;
They hang the trumpet in the hall,
And study war no more.

624

1 Daughter of Zion! from the dust
Exalt thy fallen head;
Again in thy Redeemer trust;
He calls thee from the dead.

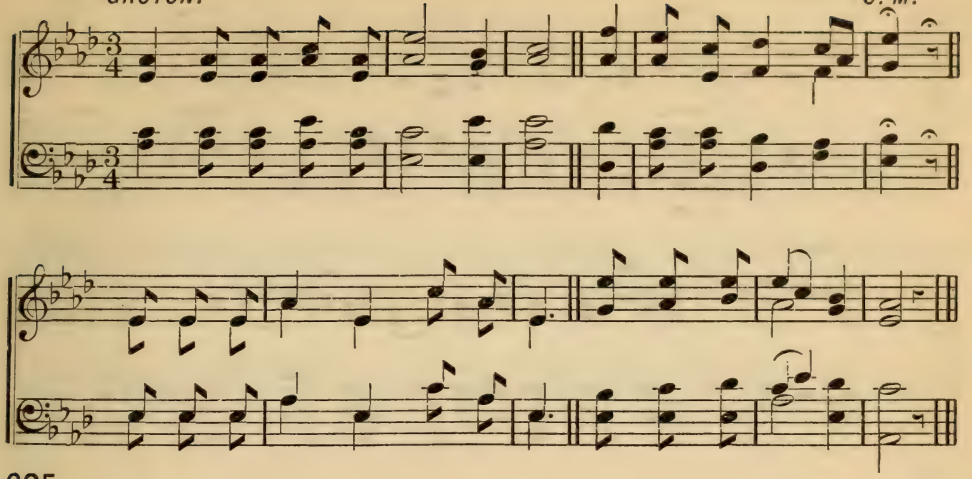
2 Awake, awake, put on thy strength,
Thy beautiful array;
The day of freedom dawns at length,
The Lord's appointed day.

3 Rebuild thy walls, thy bounds enlarge,
And send thy heralds forth;
Say to the South, "Give up thy charge,
And keep not back, O North!"

4 They come, they come; thine exiled bands,
Where'er they rest or roam,
Have heard thy voice in distant lands,
And hasten to their home.

5 Thus, though the universe shall burn
And God his works destroy,
With songs thy ransomed shall return,
And everlasting joy.

GROTON. C. M.



625

1 Jesus, immortal King! arise,
Rise and assert thy sway,
Till earth, subdued, its tribute bring,
And distant lands obey.

2 Ride forth, victorious Conqueror! ride,
Till all thy foes submit,
And all the powers of hell resign
Their trophies at thy feet.

3 Send forth thy word, and let it fly
This spacious earth around,
Till every soul beneath the sun
Shall hear the joyful sound.

4 From sea to sea, from shore to shore,
May Jesus be adored,
And earth, with all her millions, shout
Hosannas to the Lord.

626

1 Shine, mighty God! on Zion shine
With beams of heavenly grace;
Reveal thy power through all our coasts,
And show thy smiling face.

2 When shall thy name from shore to shore
Sound all the earth abroad,
And distant nations know and love
Their Saviour and their God?

3 Sing to the Lord, ye distant lands!
Sing loud with solemn voice;
Let every tongue exalt his praise,
And every heart rejoice.

4 He, the great Lord, the sovereign Judge,
That sits enthroned above,
In wisdom rules the worlds he made,
And bids them taste his love.

627

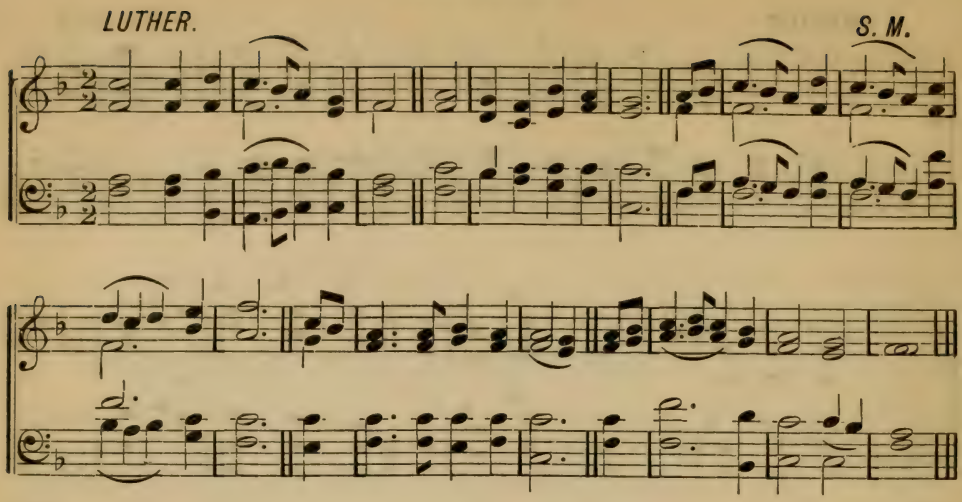
1 Light of the lonely pilgrim's heart!
Star of the coming day!
Arise, and with thy morning beams
Chase all our griefs away.

2 Come, blessed Lord! let every shore
And answering island sing
The praises of thy royal name,
And own thee as their King.

3 Bid the whole earth, responsive now
To the bright world above,
Break forth in sweetest strains of joy
In memory of thy love.

4 Jesus! thy fair creation groans,
The air, the earth, the sea,
In unison with all our hearts,
And calls aloud for thee.

5 Thine was the cross, with all its fruits
Of grace and peace divine;
Be thine the crown of glory now,
The palm of victory thine.



628

1 O Lord our God! arise,
The cause of truth maintain,
And wide o'er all the peopled world
Extend her blessed reign.

2 Thou Prince of life! arise,
Nor let thy glory cease;
Far spread the conquests of thy grace,
And bless the earth with peace.

3 Thou Holy Ghost! arise,
Expand thy quickening wing,
And o'er a dark and ruined world
Let light and order spring.

4 All on the earth arise,
To God the Saviour sing,
From shore to shore, from earth to heaven,
Let echoing anthems ring.

629

1 The Lord to my Lord said,
At my right hand sit thou,
Until I make thy enemies
Beneath thy feet to bow.

2 Thy rod of strength the Lord
Shall out of Zion send,
And over all thy enemies
Do thou thy pow'r extend.

3 And in the day when thou
Dost thy great power take,
Thy people shall themselves to thee
A free-will off'ring make.

4 In beauteous, holy robes
Arrayed, they come to thee;
As dew-drops from the morning womb
Thy youth shall ever be.

5 The Lord an oath hath sworn,
An oath he will not break:
For ever like Melchisedec's,
Thy priesthood I will make.

630

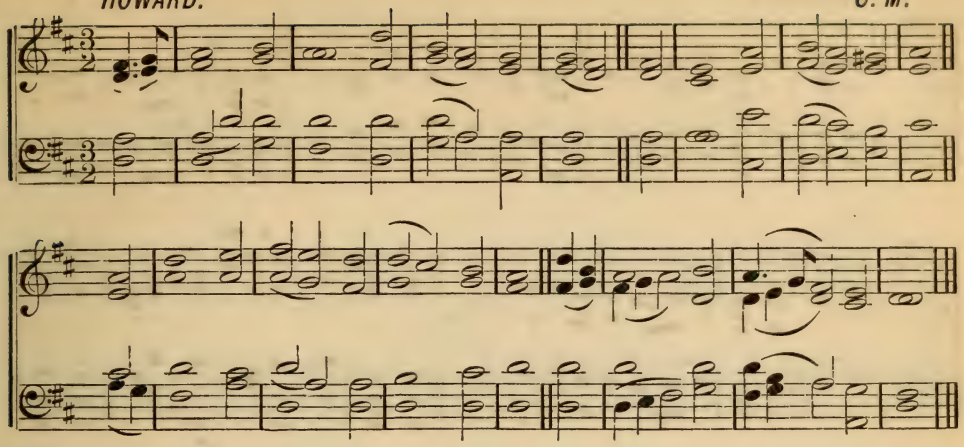
1 Ye messengers of Christ!
His sovereign voice obey;
Arise, and follow where he leads,
And peace attend your way.

2 The Master whom you serve
Will needful strength bestow;
Depending on his promised aid,
With sacred courage go—

3 Go, spread the Saviour's fame;
And tell his matchless grace
To the most guilty and depraved
Of Adam's numerous race.

4 Mountains shall sink to plains,
And hell in vain oppose;
The cause is God's, and must prevail,
In spite of all his foes.

HOWARD. C. M.



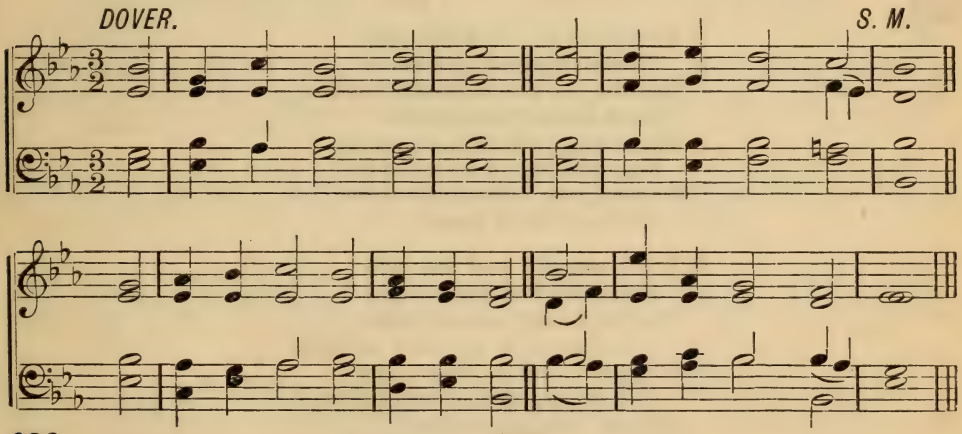
631

1 To our almighty Maker, God,
New honors be addressed;
His great salvation shines abroad,
And makes the nations blessed.

2 He spake the word to Abraham first;
His truth fulfills the grace;
The Gentiles make his name their trust
And learn his righteousness.

3 Let the whole earth his love proclaim
With all her different tongues,
And spread the honors of his name
In melody and songs.

DOVER. S. M.



632

1 O God of sovereign grace!
We bow before thy throne,
And plead for all the human race
The merits of thy Son.

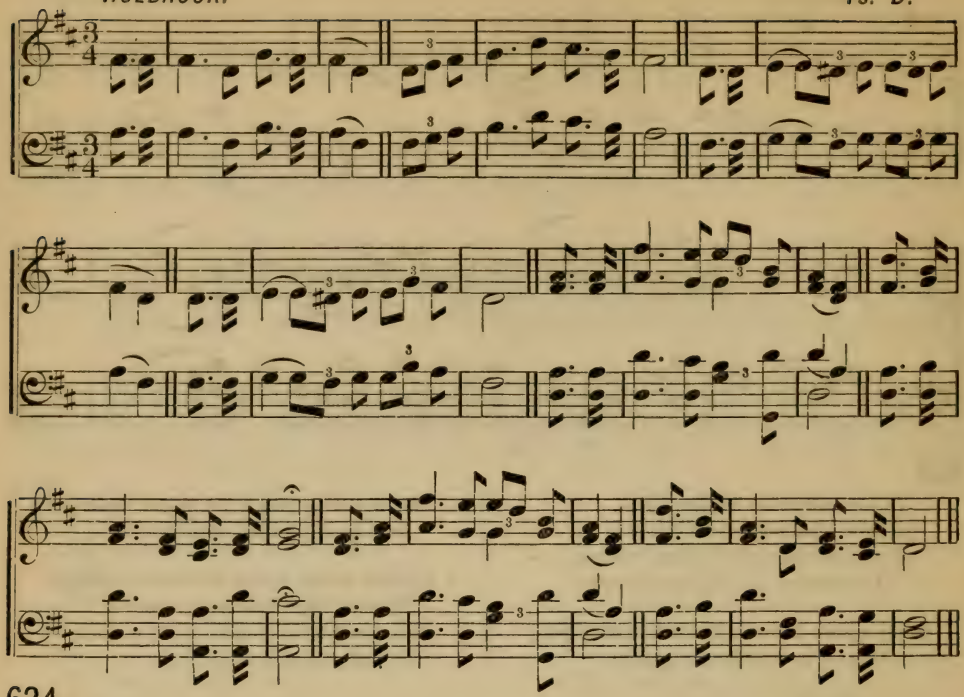
2 Spread through the earth, O Lord!
The knowledge of thy ways,
And let all lands with joy record
The great Redeemer's praise.

633

1 Thy name, Almighty Lord!
Shall sound through distant lands,
Great is thy grace, and sure thy word;
Thy truth for ever stands.

2 Far be thine honor spread,
And long thy praise endure,
Till morning light and evening shade
Shall be exchanged no more.

HOLBROOK. 7s. D.



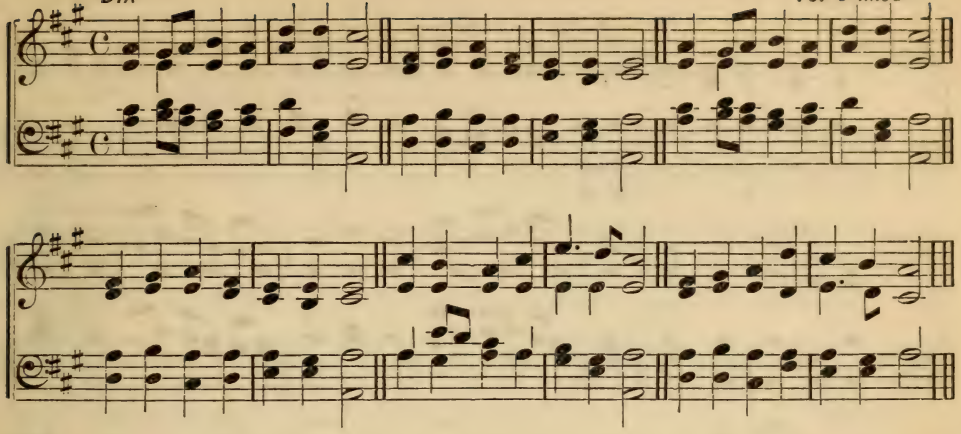
634

1 WATCHMAN, tell us of the night,
What its signs of promise are.
Traveler, o'er yon mountain's height
See that glory-beaming star.
Watchman, does its beauteous ray
Aught of hope or joy foretell?
Traveler, yes; it brings the day—
Promised day of Israel.

2 Watchman, tell us of the night;
Higher yet that star ascends.
Traveler, blessedness and light,
Peace and truth, its course portends.
Watchman, will its beams alone
Gild the spot that gave them birth?
Traveler, ages are its own;
See! it bursts o'er all the earth.

3 Watchman, tell us of the night,
For the morning seems to dawn.
Traveler, darkness takes its flight,
Doubt and terror are withdrawn.
Watchman, let thy wanderings cease,
Hie thee to thy quiet home.
Traveler, lo! the Prince of peace,
Lo! the Son of God, is come!

DIX 7s. 6 lines.



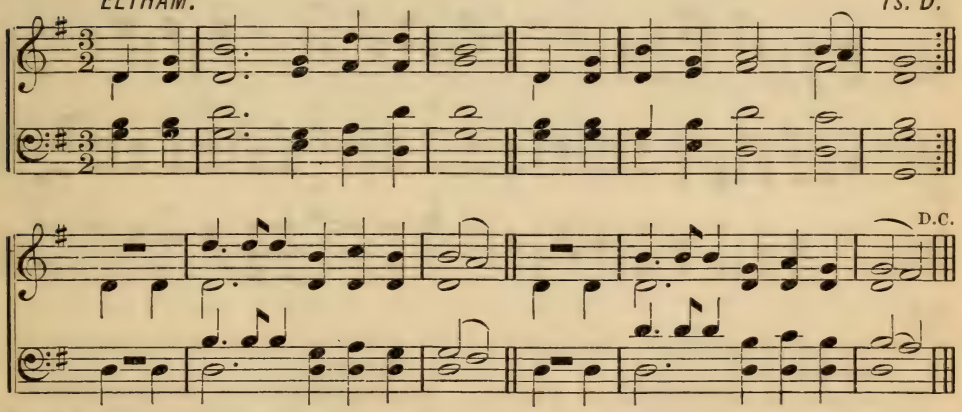
635

1 God of mercy, God of grace!
Show the brightness of thy face;
Shine upon us, Saviour! shine;
Fill thy church with light divine,
And thy saving health extend
Unto earth's remotest end.

2 Let the people praise thee, Lord!
Be by all that live adored;
Let the nations shout and sing
Glory to their Saviour King;
At thy feet their tribute pay,
And thy holy will obey.

3 Let the people praise thee, Lord!
Earth shall then her fruits afford;
God to man his blessing give;
Man to God devoted live;
All below and all above
One in joy, in light, in love.

ELTHAM. 7s. D.



636

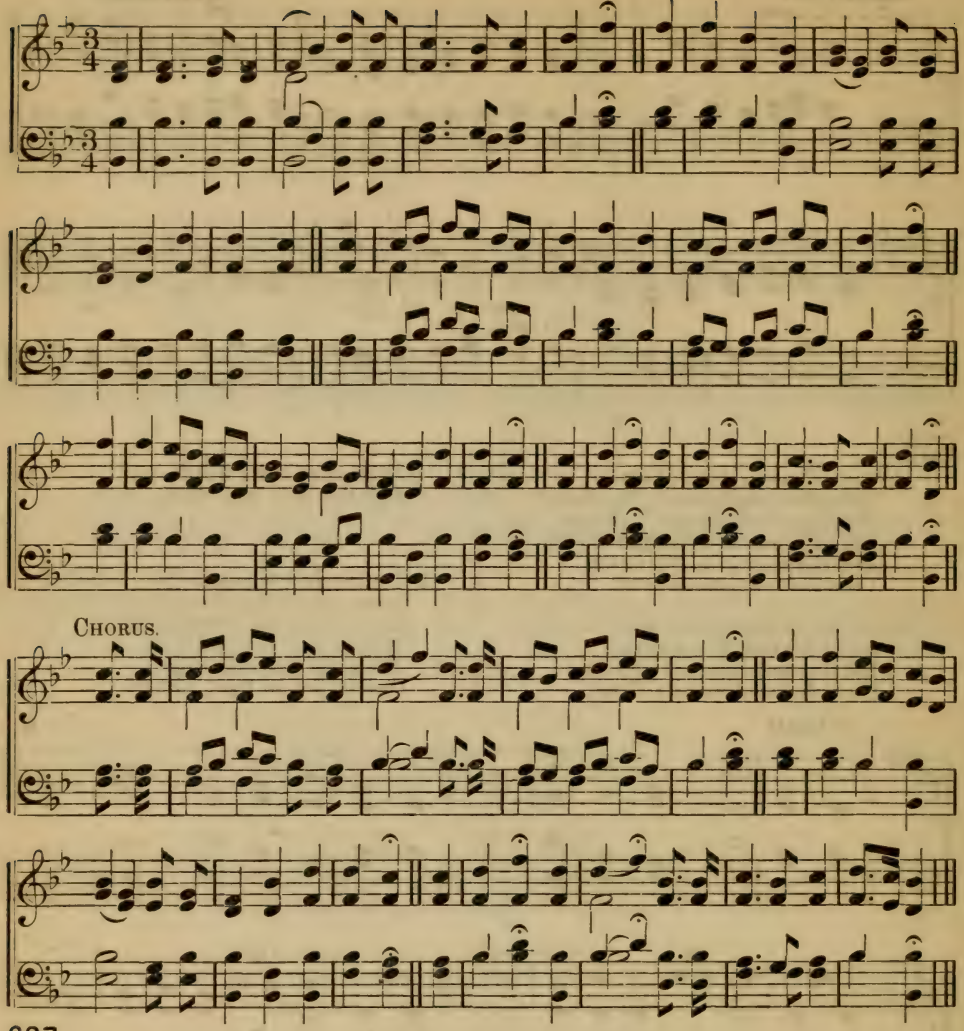
1 Hasten, Lord! the glorious time
When, beneath Messiah's sway,
Every nation, every clime,
Shall the gospel's call obey.

2 Mightiest kings his power shall own,
Heathen tribes his name adore;
Satan and his host, o'erthrown,
Bound in chains, shall hurt no more.

3 Then shall wars and tumults cease,
Then be banished grief and pain;
Righteousness and joy and peace
Undisturbed shall ever reign.

4 Bless we, then, our gracious Lord;
Ever praise his glorious name;
All his mighty acts record;
All his wondrous love proclaim.

SCOTLAND. 12s. 4 lines.



637

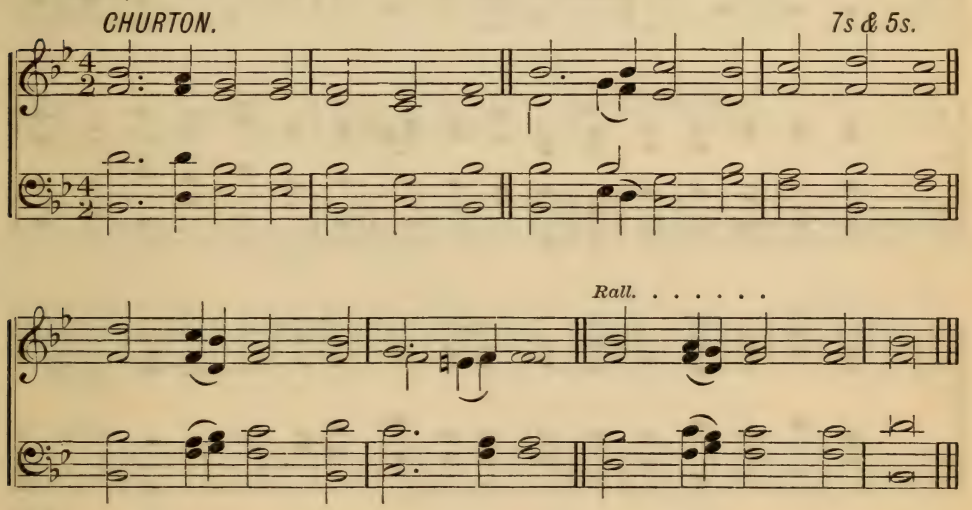
1 THE voice of free grace cries, "Escape to the mountain;
For Adam's lost race Christ hath opened a fountain;
For sin and uncleanness and every transgression,
His blood flows most freely in streams of salvation."
Hallelujah to the Lamb who hath purchased our pardon!
We 'll praise him again when we pass over Jordan.

2 Ye souls that are wounded, repair to the Saviour;
He calls you in mercy, 't is infinite favor;
Your sins are increasèd as high as a mountain;
His blood can remove them; it flows from the fountain.
Hallelujah to the Lamb who hath purchased our pardon!
We 'll praise him again when we pass over Jordan.

3 Now Jesus our King reigns triumphantly glorious;
O'er sin, death and hell he is more than victorious;
With shouting proclaim it, oh, trust in his passion;
He saves us most freely, oh, glorious salvation!
Hallelujah, etc.

4 Our Jesus his name now proclaims all victorious;
He reigns over all and his kingdom is glorious;
To Jesus we 'll join with the great congregation
In triumph ascribing to him our salvation.
Hallelujah, etc.

5 With joy shall we stand when escaped to the shore;
With harps in our hands we will praise him the more;
We 'll range the sweet plains on the banks of the river,
And sing of salvation for ever and ever.
Hallelujah to the Lamb who hath purchased our pardon!
We 'll praise him again when we pass over Jordan.



638

1 God of grace! oh let thy light
Bless our dim and blinded sight;
Like the day-spring on the night
Bid thy grace to shine.

2 To the nations led astray
Thine eternal love display;
Let thy truth direct their way
Till the world be thine.

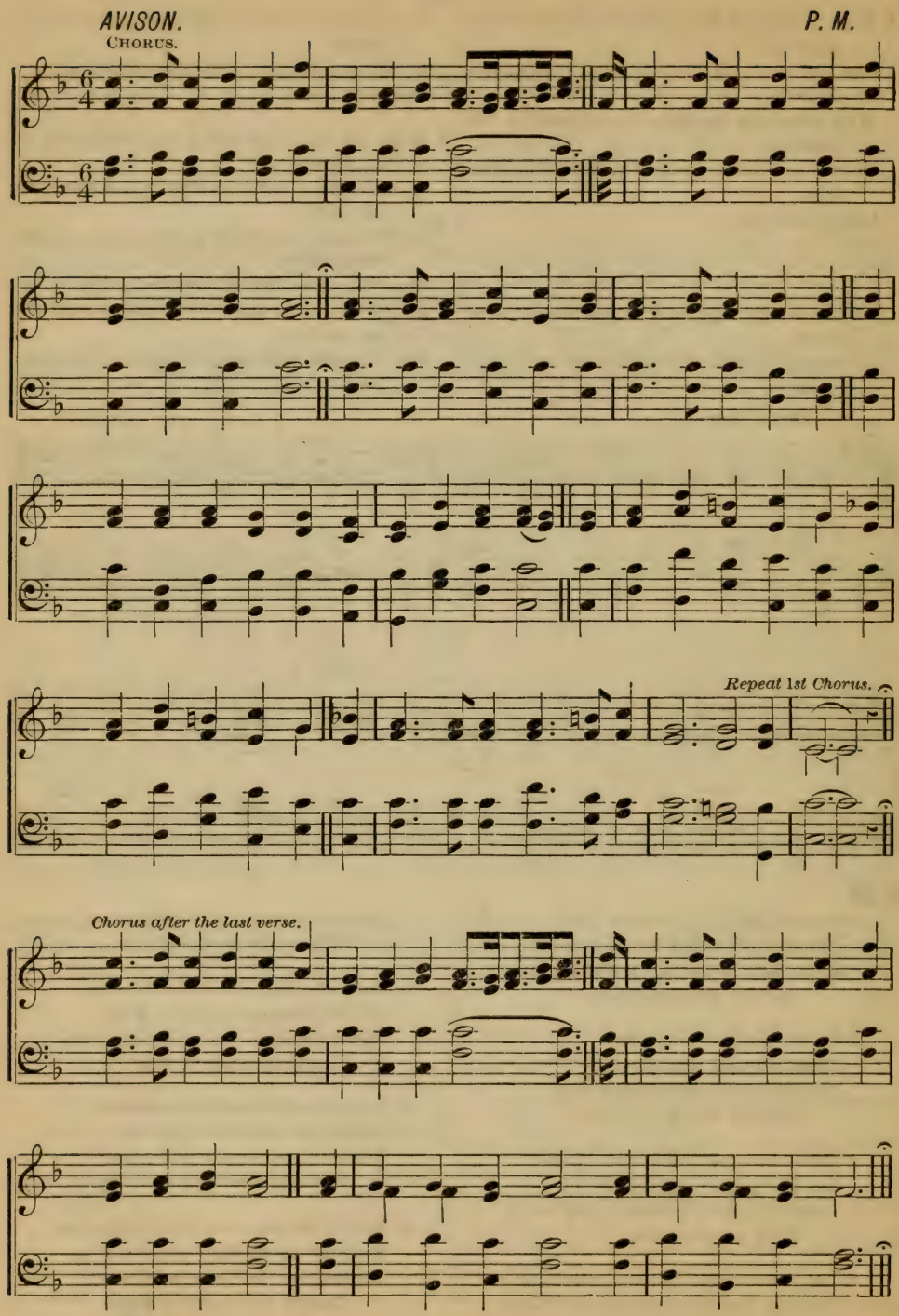
3 Praise to thee, the faithful Lord;
Let all tongues in glad accord
Learn the good thanksgiving word,
Ever praising thee.

4 Let them, moved to gladness, sing,
Owning thee their Judge and King;
Righteous truth shall bloom and spring
Where thy rule shall be.

5 Praise to thee, all-faithful Lord!
Let all tongues in glad accord
Speak the good thanksgiving word,
Heart-rejoicing praise.

6 So the fruitful earth's increase,
Bounty of the God of peace,
Never in its course shall cease
Through the length of days;

7 While his grace our life shall cheer,
Farthest lands shall own his fear,
Brought to him in worship near,
Taught his mercy's ways.


AVISON.
P. M.
CHORUS.
Repeat 1st Chorus.
Chorus after the last verse.

639

Chorus.—Shout the glad tidings, exultingly sing;
Jerusalem triumphs, Messiah is King.

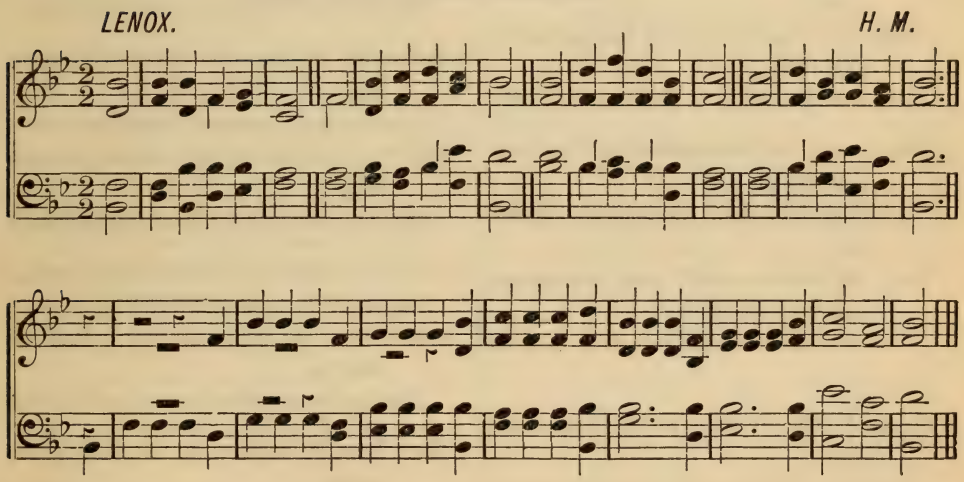
1 Zion, the marvelous story be telling,
The Son of the Highest, how lowly his birth;
The brightest archangel in glory excelling,
He stoops to redeem thee, he reigns upon earth.
Chorus.—Shout the glad tidings, etc.

Chorus.—Shout the glad tidings, etc.

2 Tell how he cometh; from nation to nation,
The heart-cheering news let the earth echo round;
How free to the faithful he offers salvation!
How his people with joy everlasting are crowned!
Chorus.—Shout the glad tidings, etc.

Chorus.—Shout the glad tidings, etc.

3 Mortals, your homage be gratefully bringing,
And sweet let the gladsome hosanna arise;
Ye angels, the full hallelujah be singing;
One chorus resound through the earth and the skies.
Chorus.—Shout the glad tidings, etc.



640

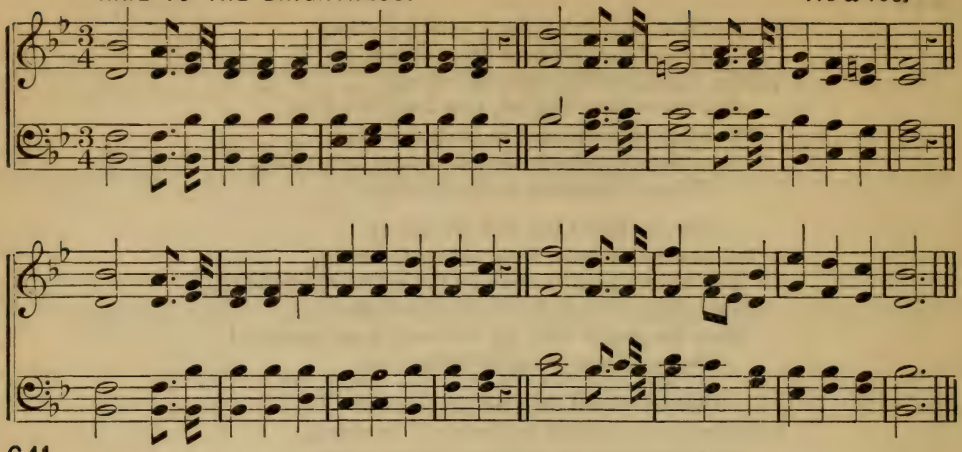
1 Blow ye the trumpet, blow;
The gladly solemn sound
Let all the nations know,
To earth's remotest bound;
The year of Jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

2 Extol the Lamb of God,
The all-atoning Lamb;
Redemption in his blood
Throughout the world proclaim.
The year, etc.

3 Ye who have sold for naught
Your heritage above,
Come, take it back unbought,
The gift of Jesus' love.
The year, etc.

4 The gospel trumpet hear,
The news of heavenly grace,
And saved from earth appear
Before your Saviour's face.
The year of Jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

HAIL TO THE BRIGHTNESS. 11s & 10s.



641

1 Daughter of Zion! awake from thy sadness;
Awake, for thy foes shall oppress thee no more;
Bright o'er thy hills dawns the daystar of gladness;
Arise, for the night of thy sorrow is o'er.

2 Strong were thy foes, but the arm that subdued them
And scattered their legions was mightier far;
They fled like the chaff from the scourge that pursued them;
Vain were their steeds and their chariots of war.

3 Daughter of Zion! the power that hath saved thee
Extolled with the harp and the timbrel should be;
Shout, for the foe is destroyed that enslaved thee;
The oppressor is vanquished, and Zion is free.

642

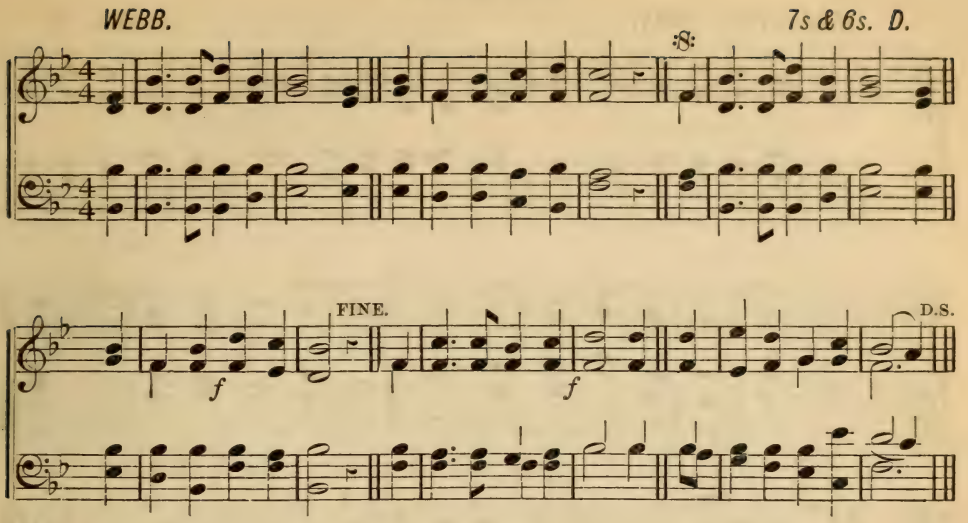
1 Hail to the brightness of Zion's glad morning;
Joy to the lands that in darkness have lain;
Hushed be the accents of sorrow and mourning;
Zion in triumph begins her mild reign.

2 Hail to the brightness of Zion's glad morning,
Long by the prophets of Israel foretold!
Hail to the millions from bondage returning;
Gentiles and Jews the blest vision behold.

3 Lo! in the desert rich flowers are springing,
Streams ever copious are gliding along;
Loud from the mountain-top echoes are ringing,
Wastes rise in verdure and mingle in song.

4 See! from all lands, from the isles of the ocean,
Praise to Jehovah ascending on high;
Fallen are the engines of war and commotion,
Shouts of salvation are rending the sky.

5 Hail to the brightness of Zion's glad morning;
Joy to the lands that in darkness have lain;
Hushed be the accents of sorrow and mourning;
Zion in triumph begins her mild reign.



643

1 The morning light is breaking;
The darkness disappears;
The sons of earth are waking
To penitential tears;
Each breeze that sweeps the ocean
Brings tidings from afar
Of nations in commotion,
Prepared for Zion's war.

2 Rich dews of grace come o'er us
In many a gentle shower,
And brighter scenes before us
Are opening every hour;
Each cry to heaven going
Abundant answers brings,
And heavenly gales are blowing
With peace upon their wings.

3 See heathen nations bending
Before the God we love,
And thousand hearts ascending
In gratitude above;
While sinners, now confessing,
The gospel call obey,
And seek the Saviour's blessing,
A nation in a day.

4 Blest river of salvation,
Pursue thine onward way;
Flow thou to every nation,
Nor in thy richness stay—
Stay not till all the lowly
Triumphant reach their home;
Stay not till all the holy
Proclaim "The Lord is come."

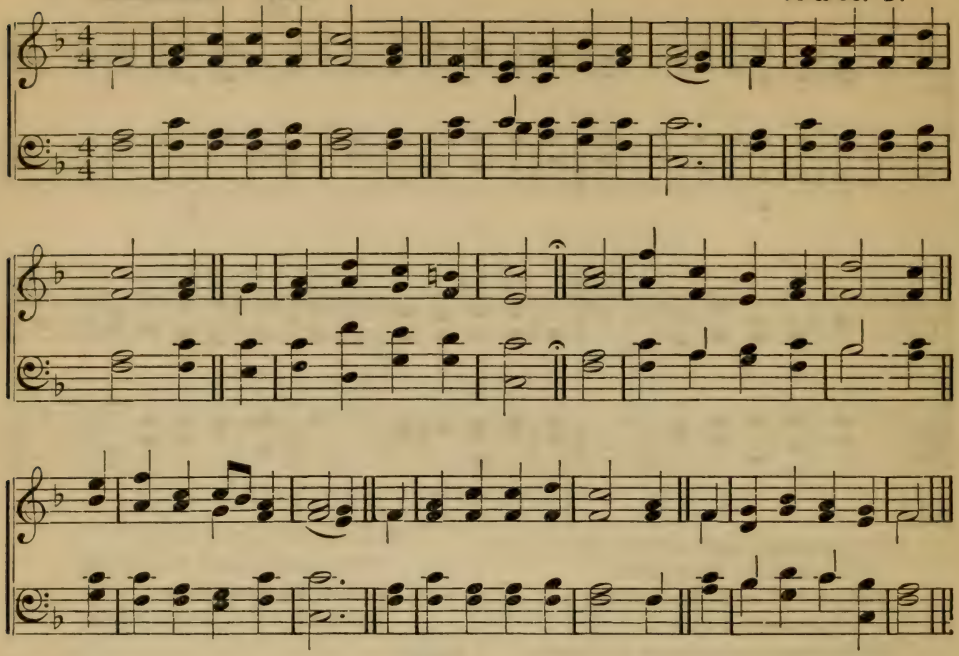
644

1 Now be the gospel banner
In every land unfurled;
And be the shout, "Hosanna!"
Re-echoed through the world,
Till every isle and nation,
Till every tribe and tongue,
Receive the great salvation,
And join the happy throng.

2 What though th' embattled legions
Of earth and hell combine?
His power throughout their regions
Shall soon resplendent shine;
Ride on, O Lord! victorious,
Immanuel, Prince of peace!
Thy triumph shall be glorious,
Thine empire still increase.

3 Yes, thou shalt reign for ever,
O Jesus, King of kings!
Thy light, thy love, thy favor,
Each ransomed captive sings;
The isles for thee are waiting,
The deserts learn thy praise,
The hills and valleys, greeting,
The song responsive raise.

MISSIONARY HYMN. 7s & 6s. D.



645

1 From Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand,
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand,
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.

2 What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle,
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile?
In vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of God are strown;
The heathen, in his blindness,
Bows down to wood and stone.

3 Shall we whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,
Shall we to men benighted
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation! oh, salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till earth's remotest nation
Has learned Messiah's name.

4 Waft, waft, ye winds! his story,
And you, ye waters! roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole;
Till o'er our ransomed nature
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign.

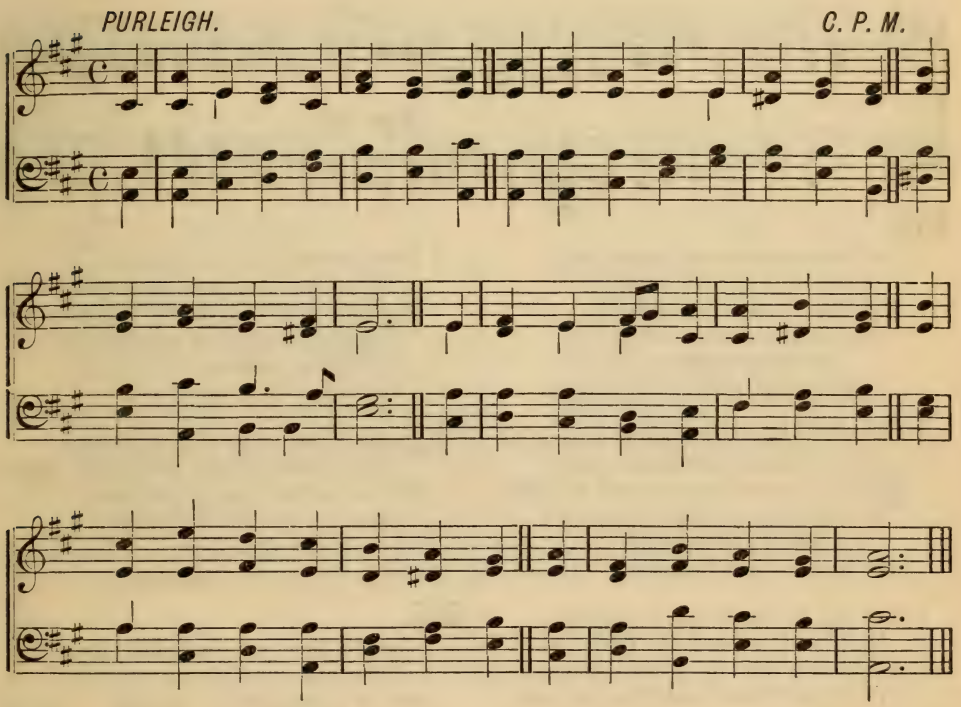
646

1 Hail to the Lord's Anointed,
Great David's greater Son;
Hail, in the time appointed,
His reign on earth begun;
He comes to break oppression,
To set the captive free,
To take away transgression,
And rule in equity.

2 He comes with succor speedy
To those who suffer wrong;
To help the poor and needy,
And bid the weak be strong;
To give them songs for sighing,
Their darkness turn to light,
Whose souls, condemned and dying,
Were precious in his sight.

3 He shall come down like showers
Upon the fruitful earth,
And love, joy, hope, like flowers,
Spring in his path to birth;
Before him on the mountains
Shall peace, the herald, go,
And righteousness in fountains
From hill to valley flow.

4 For him shall prayer unceasing
And daily vows ascend,
His kingdom still increasing—
A kingdom without end;
The tide of time shall never
His covenant remove;
His name shall stand for ever;
That name to us is Love.



647

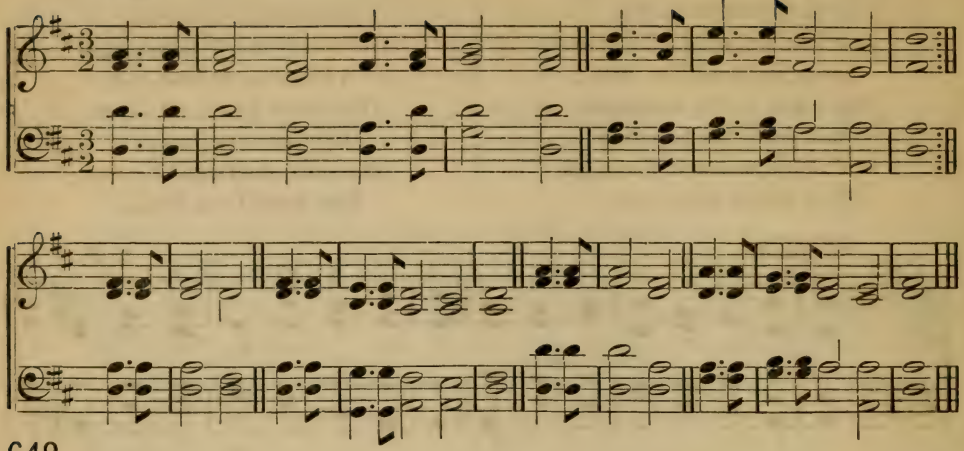
1 When, Lord! to this our western land,
Led by thy providential hand,
Our wandering fathers came,
Their ancient homes, their friends in youth,
Sent forth the heralds of thy truth
To keep them in thy name.

2 Then through our solitary coast
The desert features soon were lost;
Thy temples then arose;
Our shores, as culture made them fair,
Were hallowed by thy rites, by prayer,
And blossomed as the rose.

3 And oh, may we repay this debt
To regions solitary yet,
Within our spreading land;
There brethren from our common hom
Still westward, like our fathers, roam,
Still guided by thy hand.

4 Saviour! we own this debt of love;
Oh, shed thy Spirit from above,
To move each Christian breast;
Till heralds shall thy truth proclaim,
And temples rise to fix thy name,
Through all our desert west.

ZION. 8s, 7s & 4s.



648

1 On the mountain's top appearing,
Lo! the sacred herald stands,
Welcome news to Zion bearing—
Zion long in hostile lands;
Mourning captive!
God himself will loose thy bands.

2 Has thy night been long and mournful,
All thy friends unfaithful proved?
Have thy foes been proud and scornful,
By thy sighs and tears unmoved?
Cease thy mourning;
Zion still is well beloved.

3 God, thy God, will now restore thee,
He himself appears thy friend;
All thy foes shall flee before thee,
Here their boasts and triumphs end;
Great deliverance
Zion's King will quickly send.

4 Peace and joy shall now attend thee,
All thy warfare now is past,
God, thy Saviour, shall defend thee,
Peace and joy are come at last;
All thy conflicts
End in everlasting rest.

649

1 Zion stands with hills surrounded—
Zion, kept by power divine;
All her foes shall be confounded,
Though the world in arms combine;
Happy Zion,
What a favored lot is thine!

2 Every human tie may perish;
Friend to friend unfaithful prove;
Mothers cease their own to cherish;
Heaven and earth at last remove;
But no changes
Can attend Jehovah's love.

3 In the furnace God may prove thee,
Thence to bring thee forth more bright,
But can never cease to love thee;
Thou art precious in his sight;
God is with thee—
God, thine everlasting light.

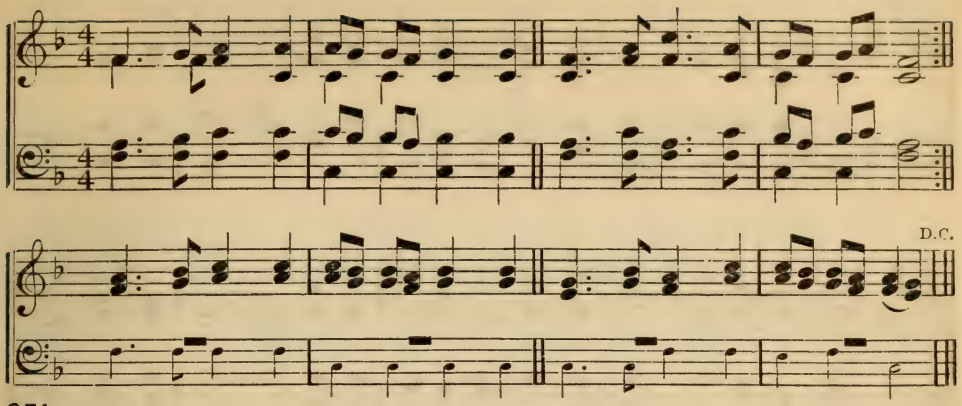
650

1 O'er the gloomy hills of darkness,
Cheered by no celestial ray,
Sun of righteousness! arising,
Bring the bright, the glorious day;
Send the gospel
To the earth's remotest bounds.

2 Kingdoms wide that sit in darkness,
Grant them, Lord! the glorious light
And from eastern coast to western
May the morning chase the night;
And redemption,
Freely purchased, win the day.

3 Fly abroad, thou mighty Gospel!
Win and conquer, never cease;
May thy lasting, wide dominions
Multiply and still increase;
Sway thy sceptre,
Saviour! all the world around.

MIDDLETON. 8s & 7s. D.



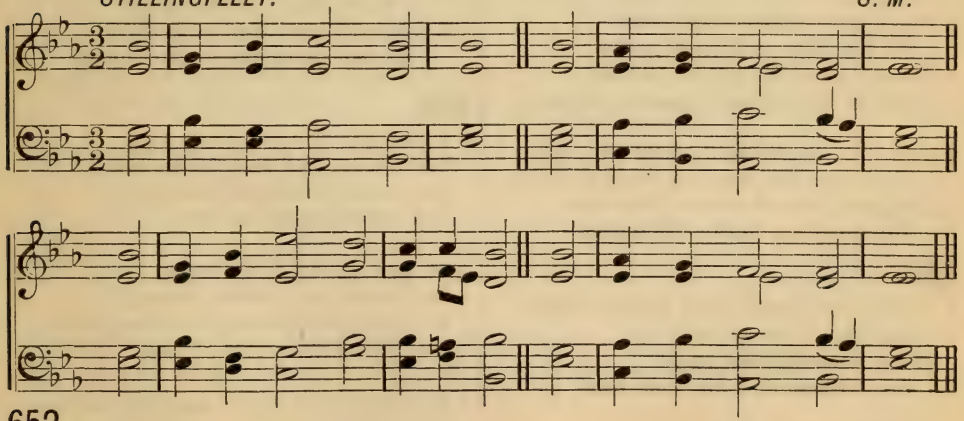
651

1 Glorious things of thee are spoken,
Zion, city of our God;
He whose word cannot be broken
Formed thee for his own abode;
On the Rock of Ages founded,
What can shake thy sure repose?
With salvation's walls surrounded,
Thou mayst smile at all thy foes.

2 See, the streams of living waters,
Springing from eternal love,
Well supply thy sons and daughters,
And all fear of want remove;
Who can faint while such a river
Ever flows their thirst to assuage—
Grace which, like the Lord, the giver,
Never fails from age to age?

3 Round each habitation hovering,
See the cloud and fire appear,
For a glory and a covering,
Showing that the Lord is near;
Thus deriving from the banner
Light by night and shade by day,
Safe they feed upon the manna
Which he gives them when they pray.

STILLINGFLEET. S. M.



652

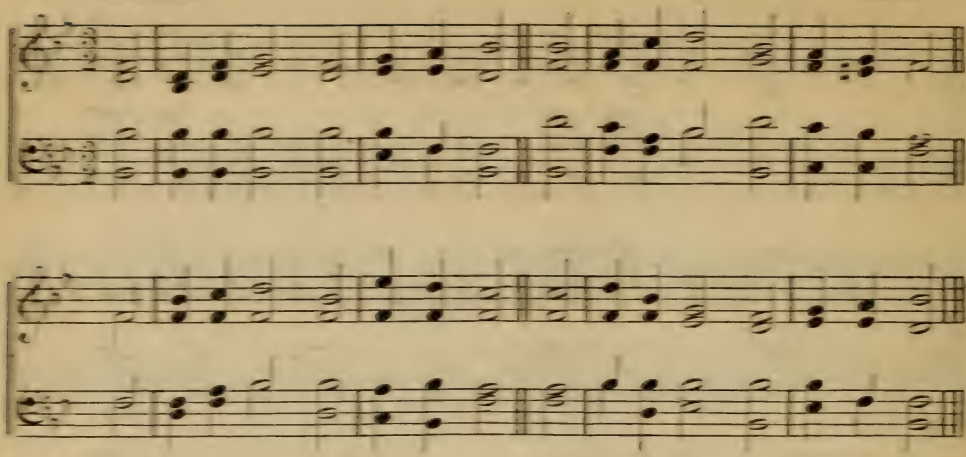
1 O thou whom we adore!
To bless our earth again,
Assume thine own almighty power,
And o'er the nations reign.

2 The world's desire and hope,
All power to thee is given;
Now set the last great empire up,
Eternal Lord of heaven!

3 A gracious Saviour, thou
Wilt all thy creatures bless;
And every knee to thee shall bow,
And every tongue confess.

4 According to thy word,
Now be thy grace revealed;
And with the knowledge of the Lord
Let all the earth be filled.

HEBRON. L. M.



653

1 Dear Saviour! if these lambs should stray
From thy secure enclosure's bound,
And lured by worldly joys away
Among the thoughtless crowd be found.

2 Remember still that they are thine,
That thy dear sacred name they bear;
Think that the seal of love divine,
The sign of covenant grace, they wear.

3 In all their erring, sinful years
Oh, let them ne'er forgotten be;
Remember all the prayers and tears
Which made them consecrate to thee.

4 And when these lips no more can pray,
These eyes can weep for them no more,
Turn thou their feet from folly's way,
The wand'rers to thy fold restore.

654

1 Come, Holy Ghost! come from on high,
Baptizer of our spirits, thou!
The sacramental seal apply,
And witness with the water now.

2 Exert thy energy divine,
And sprinkle the atoning blood;
May Father, Son and Spirit join
To seal this child a child of God.

655

1 Great Saviour! who didst condescend
Young children in thy arms to embrace,
Still prove thyself the infant's friend,
Baptize them with thy cleansing grace.

2 Whilst in the slippery paths of youth,
Be thou their Guardian and their Guide,
That they, directed by thy truth,
May never from thy precepts slide.

3 To love thy word their hearts incline,
To understand it light impart;
O Saviour! consecrate them thine,
Take full possession of their heart.

656

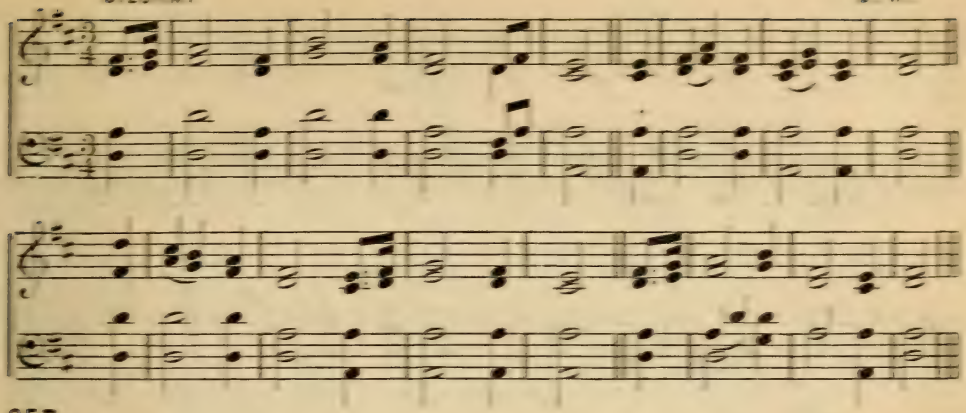
1 A little child the Saviour came,
The mighty God was still his name,
And angels worshiped as he lay,
The seeming infant of a day.

2 He who, a little child, began
The life divine to show to man,
Proclaims from heaven the message free,
Let little children come to me.

3 We bring them, Lord! and with the sign
Of sprinkled water name them thine;
Their souls with saving grace endow,
Baptize them with thy Spirit now.

4 Oh, give thine angels charge, good Lord!
Them safely in thy way to guard;
Thy blessing on their lives command,
And write their names upon thy hand.

SILOAM. C. M.



657

1 By cool Siloam's shady rill
How fair the lily grows!
How sweet the breath beneath the hill
Of Sharon's dewy rose!

2 Let such the child whose early feet
The paths of peace have trod,
Whose secret heart, with influence sweet,
Is upward drawn to God.

3 By cool Siloam's shady rill
The lily must decay;
The rose that blooms beneath the hill
Must shortly fade away.

4 And soon, too soon, the wintry hour
Of man's maturer age
May shake the soul with sorrow's power
And stormy passion's rage.

5 O thou whose infant feet were found
Within thy Father's shrine,
Whose years, with changeless virtue crowned,
Were all alike divine!

6 Dependent on thy bounteous breath,
We seek thy grace alone
In childhood, manhood and in death
To keep us still thine own.

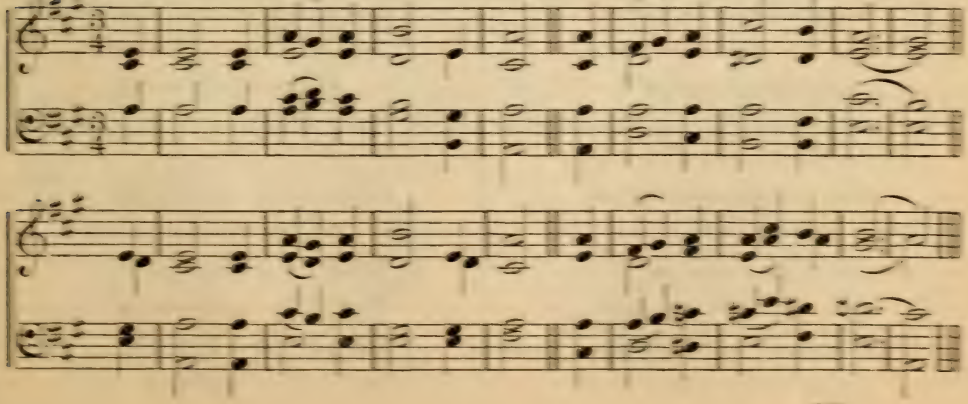
658

1 See Israel's gentle Shepherd stand
With all-engaging charms;
Hark, how he calls the tender lambs
And folds them in his arms!

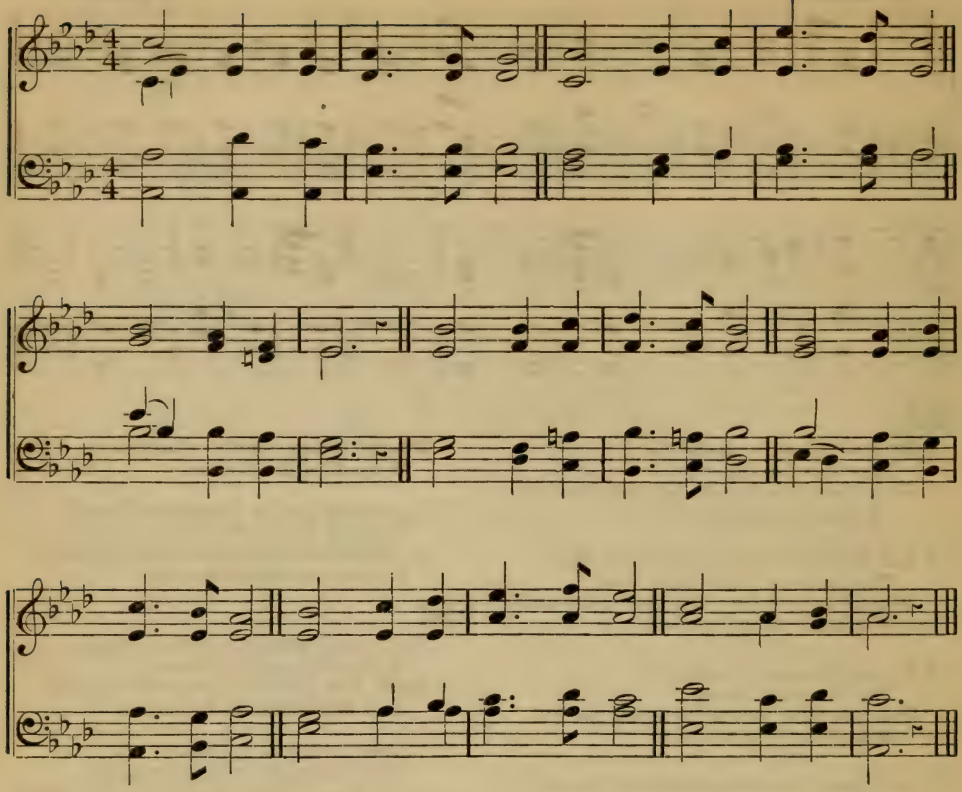
2 "Permit them to approach," he cries
"Nor scorn their humble name,
For 't was to bless such souls as these
The Lord of angels came."

3 We bring them, Lord! in thankful hands,
And yield them up to thee;
Joyful that we ourselves are thine,
Thine let our offspring be.

LILY. C. M.



AGAPÉ. 6s & 4s.



659

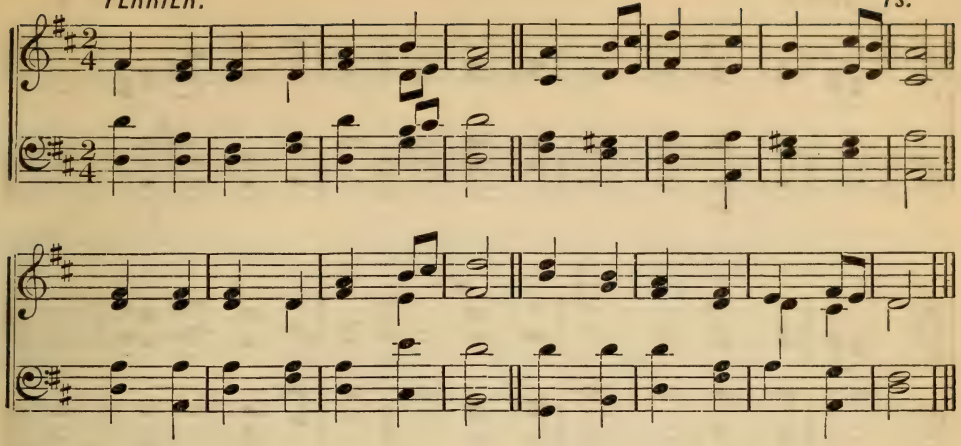
1 Shepherd of tender youth,
Guiding in love and truth
Through devious ways,
Christ, our triumphant King!
We come thy name to sing,
And here our children bring,
To join thy praise.

2 O wisdom's great High Priest!
Thou hast prepared the feast
Of holy love;
And in our mortal pain
None calls to thee in vain!
Help thou dost not disdain,
Help from above.

3 Ever be near our side,
Our Shepherd and our Guide,
Our staff and song!
Jesus, thou Christ of God!
By thine enduring word
Lead us where thou hast trod;
Make our faith strong.

4 So now, and till we die,
Sound we thy praises high,
And joyful sing;
Let all the holy throng
Who to thy church belong
Unite and swell the song
To Christ our King.

FERRIER. 7s.



660

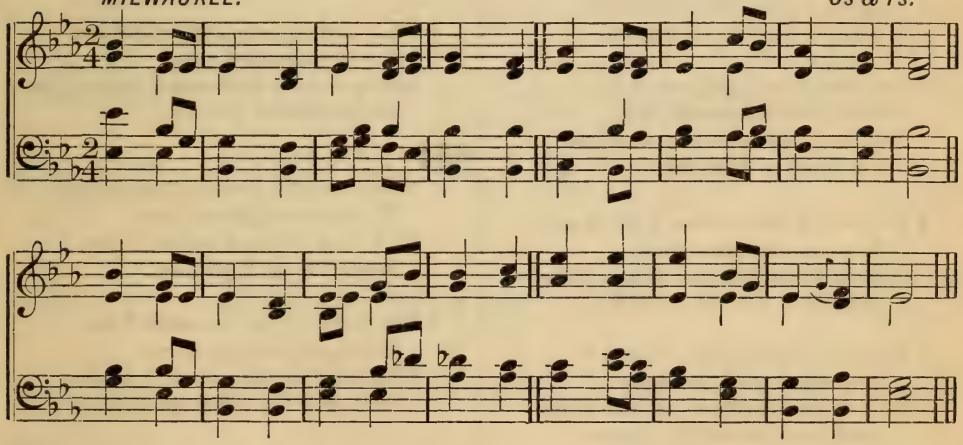
1 Heavenly Father! may thy love
Beam upon us from above;
Let this infant find a place
In thy covenant of grace.

2 Son of God! be with us here,
Listen to our humble prayer;
Let thy blood on Calvary spilt
Cleanse this child from nature's guilt.

3 Holy Ghost! to thee we cry,
Thou this infant sanctify;
Thine almighty power display,
Seal him (*her*) to redemption's day.

4 Great Jehovah! Father, Son,
Holy Spirit, Three in One,
Let the blessing come from thee;
Thine shall all the glory be.

MILWAUKEE. 8s & 7s.



661

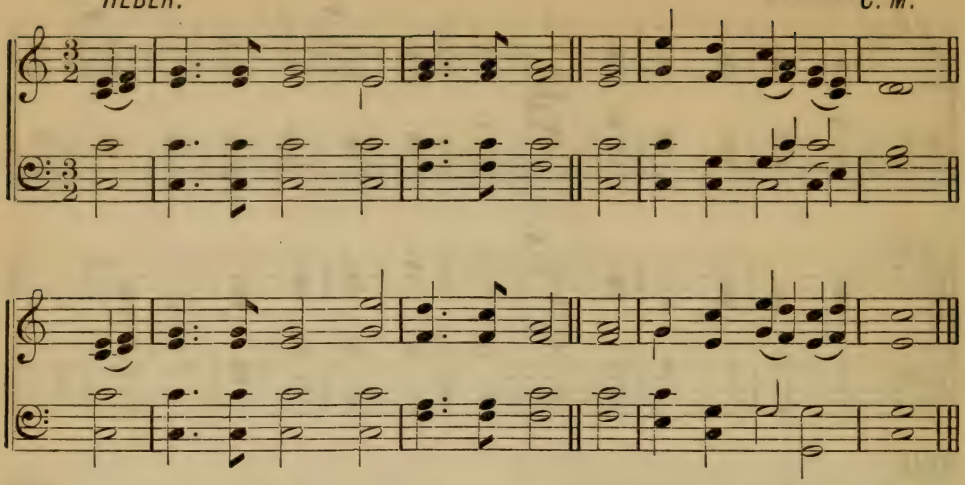
1 Saviour! who thy flock art feeding
With the shepherd's kindest care,
All the feeble gently leading,
While the lambs thy bosom share,

2 Now, these little ones receiving,
Fold them in thy gracious arm;
There we know, thy word believing,
Only there secure from harm.

3 Never, from thy pasture roving,
Let them be the lion's prey;
Let thy tenderness, so loving,
Keep them all life's dang'rous way.

4 Then, within thy fold eternal,
Let them find a resting-place;
Feed in pastures ever vernal,
Drink the rivers of thy grace.

HEBER. C. M.



662

1 Thou who a tender parent art!
Regard a parent's plea;
Our offspring with an anxious heart
We now commend to thee.

2 Our children are our greatest care,
A charge which thou hast given;
In all thy graces let them share,
And all the joys of heaven.

3 If a centurion could succeed
Who for his servant cried,
Wilt thou refuse to hear us plead
For those so near allied?

4 On us thou hast bestow'd thy grace,
Be to our children kind;
Among thy saints give them a place,
And leave not one behind.

5 Happy we then shall live below
The remnant of our days,
And when to brighter worlds we go
Shall long resound thy praise.

663

1 Behold, what condescending love
Jesus on earth displays!
To babes and sucklings he extends
The riches of his grace.

2 He still the ancient promise keeps
To our forefathers given;
Young children in his arms he takes,
And calls them heirs of heaven.

3 With flowing tears and thankful hearts
We give them up to thee;
Receive them, Lord! into thine arms;
Thine may they ever be.

4 Thus to the parents and their seed
Let thy salvation come,
And numerous households meet at last
In one eternal home.

664

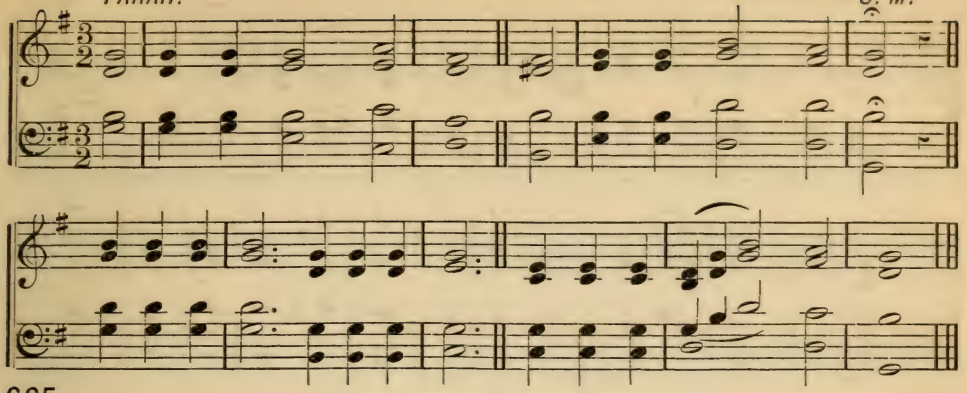
1 How large the promise, how divine,
To Abraham and his seed!
"I'll be a God to thee and thine,
Supplying all their need."

2 The words of his extensive love
From age to age endure;
The Angel of the covenant proves
And seals the blessings sure.

3 Jesus the ancient faith confirms
To our great father given;
He takes young children in his arms,
And calls them heirs of heaven.

4 Our God! how faithful are his ways!
His love endures the same;
Nor from the promise of his grace
Blots out the children's name.

PARAH. S. M.



665

1 O God of Abra'm! hear
The parents' humble cry;
In covenant mercy now appear,
While in the dust we lie.

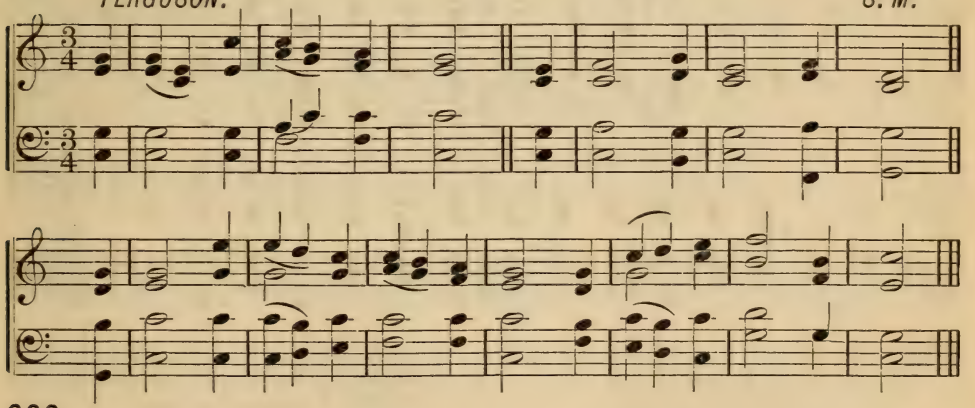
2 These children of our love
In mercy thou hast given,
That we through grace may faithful prove,
In training them for heaven.

3 Oh, grant thy Spirit, Lord!
Their hearts to sanctify;
Remember now thy gracious word;
Our hopes on thee rely.

4 Draw forth the melting tear,
The penitential sigh;
Inspire their hearts with faith sincere,
And fix their hopes on high.

5 These children now are thine,
We give them back to thee;
Oh, lead them by thy grace divine
Along the heavenly way.

FERGUSON. S. M.



666

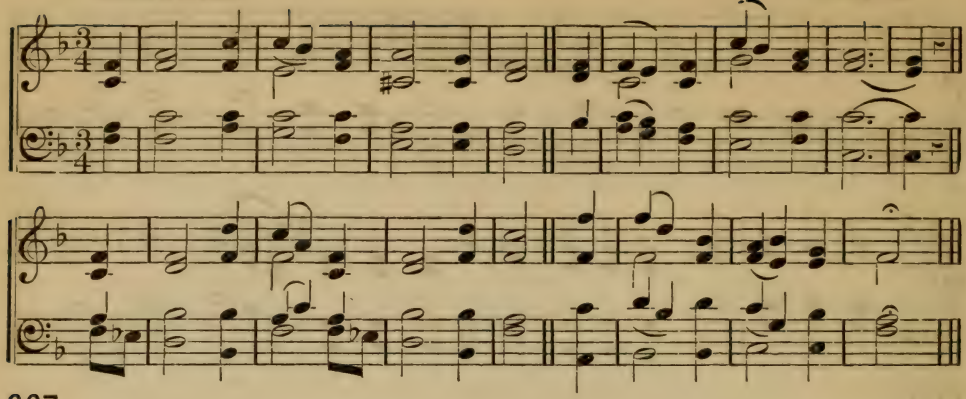
1 Soldiers of Christ! arise,
And gird your armor on,
Strong in the strength which God supplies
Through his eternal Son—

2 Strong in the Lord of hosts,
And in his mighty power;
Who in the strength of Jesus trusts
Is more than conqueror.

3 Stand, then, in his great might,
With all his strength endued:
And take, to arm you for the fight,
The panoply of God;

4 That, having all things done,
And all your conflicts past,
You may o'ercome through Christ alone,
And stand complete at last.

SALZBURGH. C. M.



667

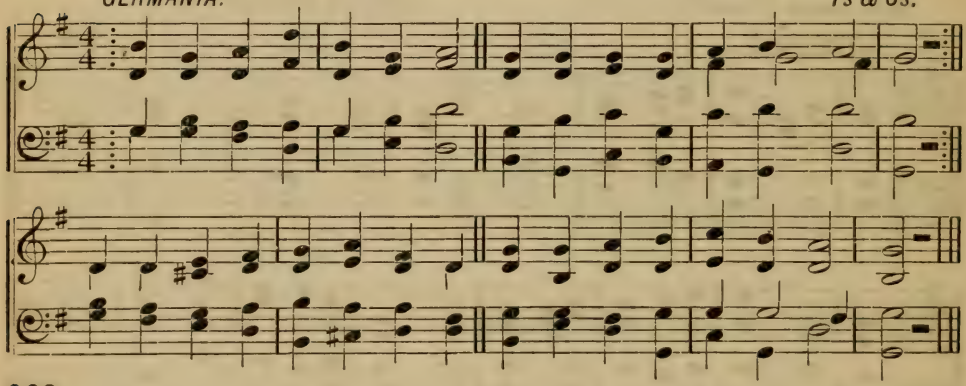
1 O THOU whose glory and whose grace
Celestial hosts proclaim!
Look down from heaven, thy dwelling-place;
Teach us to fear thy name.

2 Within the volume of thy word,
We, from our early youth,
Learn of our Saviour and our Lord
The Way, the Life, the Truth.

3 Thy word displays the concord sweet
Of fear and holy love;
Mercy and truth together meet,
Descending from above.

4 O Lord! thy glory and thy grace
Whilst now our hearts proclaim,
Come to our hearts, thy dwelling-place.
And make us fear thy name.

GERMANIA. 7s & 8s.



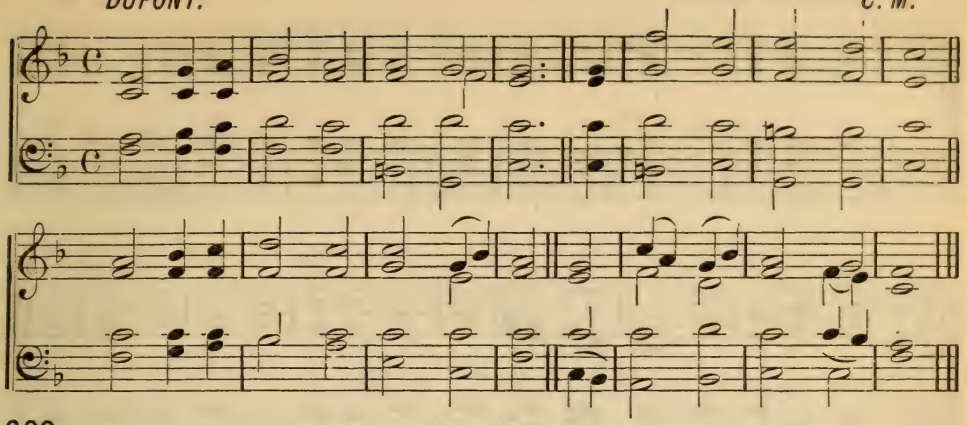
668

1 BLESSED Jesus! here we stand,
Met to do as thou hast spoken,
And this child at thy command
Now we bring to thee in token
That to thee it here is given,
For of such shall be thy heaven.

2 Make it, Lord! thy member now;
Shepherd! take thy lamb and feed it;
Prince of peace! its peace be thou;
Way of life! to heaven lead it;
Vine! this branch may nothing sever;
Be it graft in thee for ever.

3 Now upon thy heart it lies,
What our hearts so dearly treasure;
Heavenward lead our burdened sighs,
Pour thy blessing without measure
With the name we now have given
Write it in the book of heaven.

DUPONT. C. M.



669

1 Shepherd of Israel! from above
Thy feeble flock behold,
And let us never lose thy love,
Nor wander from thy fold.

2 Thou wilt not cast thy lambs away;
Thy hand is ever near
To guide them, lest they go astray,
And keep them safe from fear.

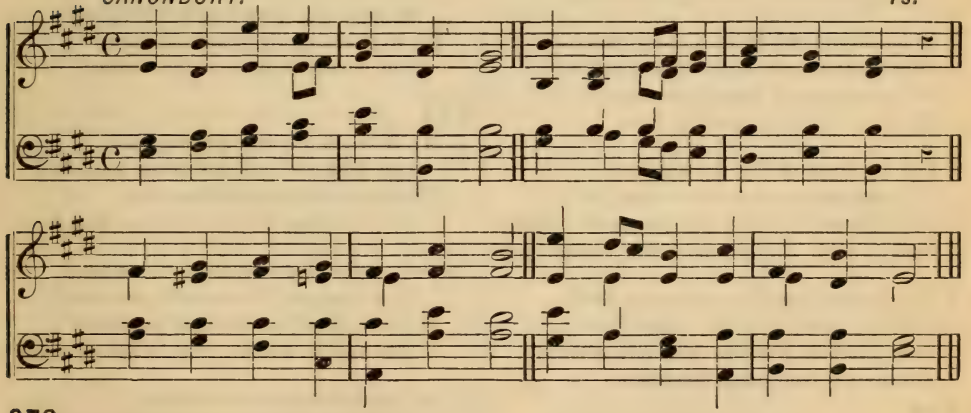
3 Thy tender care supports the weak,
And will not let them fall;
Then teach us, Lord! thy praise to speak
And on thy name to call.

4 We want thy help, for we are frail;
Thy light, for we are blind;
Let grace o'er all our doubts prevail,
To prove that thou art kind.

5 Teach us the things we ought to know,
And may we find them true,
And still in stature as we grow
Increase in wisdom too.

6 Guide us through life; and when at last
We enter into rest,
Thy tender arms around us cast,
And fold us to thy breast.

CANONBURY. 7s.



670

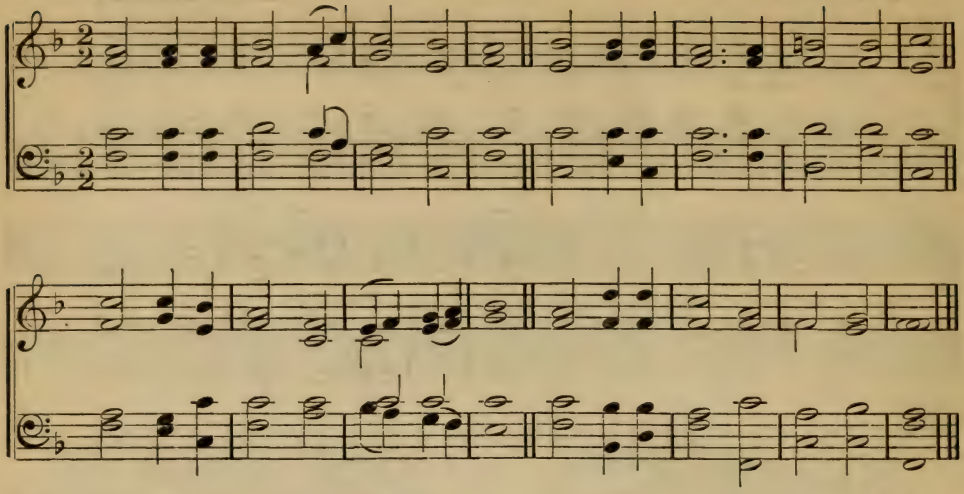
1 God of mercy! throned on high,
Listen from thy lofty seat;
Hear, oh hear our feeble cry,
Guide, oh guide our wandering feet!

2 Young and erring travelers, we
All our dangers do not know,
Scarcely fear the stormy sea,
Hardly feel the tempest blow.

3 Jesus! lover of the young,
Cleanse us with thy blood divine;
Ere the tide of sin grow strong,
Save us, keep us, make us thine!

4 Saviour! give us faith, and pour
Hope and love on every soul—
Hope till time shall be no more,
Love while endless ages roll.

FEDERAL STREET. L. M.



671

1 Thou whom my soul admires above
All earthly joy and earthly love,
Tell me, dear Shepherd! let me know,
Where doth thy sweetest pasture grow?

2 Where is the shadow of that rock
That from the sun defends thy flock?
Fain would I feed among thy sheep,
Among them rest, among them sleep.

3 Why should thy bride appear like one
That turned aside to paths unknown?
My constant feet would never rove,
Would never seek another love.

4 The footsteps of thy flock I see;
Thy sweetest pastures here they be;
A wondrous feast thy love prepares, [tears.
Bought with thy wounds and groans and

5 His dearest flesh he makes my food,
And bids me drink his richest blood;
Here to these hills my soul will come
Till my beloved leads me home.

672

1 At thy command, our dearest Lord!
Here we attend thy dying feast;
Thy blood, like wine, adorns thy board,
And thine own flesh feeds every guest.

2 Our faith adores thy bleeding love,
And trusts for life in One that died;
We hope for heavenly crowns above,
From a Redeemer crucified.

3 Let the vain world pronounce it shame,
And fling their scandals on thy cause;
We come to boast our Saviour's name,
And make our triumphs in his cross.

4 With joy we tell the scoffing age,
He that was dead has left his tomb;
He lives above their utmost rage,
And we are waiting till he come.

673

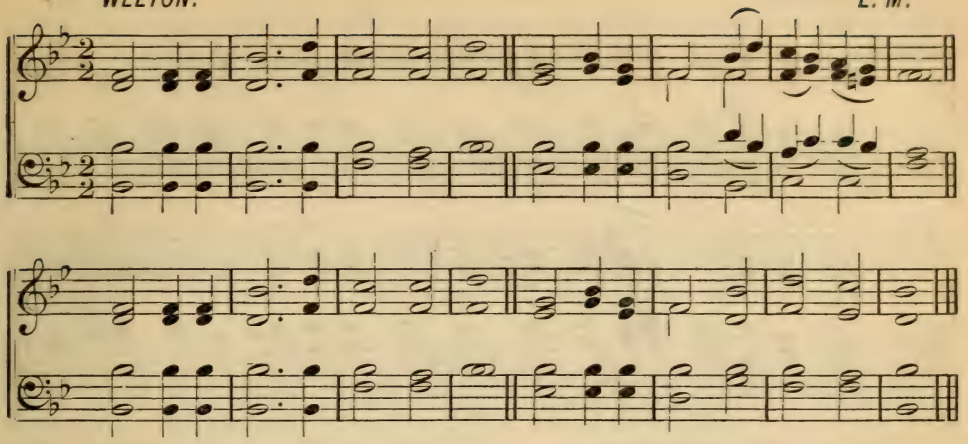
1 My God! and is thy table spread,
And doth thy cup with love o'erflow?
Thither be all thy children led,
And let them all its sweetness know.

2 Hail, sacred feast which Jesus makes,
Rich banquet of his flesh and blood!
Thrice happy he who here partakes
That sacred stream, that heavenly food.

3 Oh, let thy table honored be,
And furnished well with joyful guests:
And may each soul salvation see
That here its sacred pledges tastes.

4 To Father, Son and Holy Ghost,
The God whom heaven and earth adore,
From men and from the angel host
Be praise and glory evermore.

WELTON. L. M.



674

1 Great Shepherd of thy ransomed flock!
Send down on all thy gifts to-day,
The water from the riven rock,
The manna gleaming on our way.

2 Yea, more, from out thy pierced side,
Whence flowed the water and the blood,
Pour on our souls the crimson tide,
And wash us in that cleansing flood.

3 Still journeying on amid the waste,
And fainting oft beneath the strife,
Our longing spirits yearn to taste
Thy heavenly food, O Bread of Life!

4 And when our broken cisterns fail,
And leave us thirsting on the sod,
When all the powers of sin assail,
We need thy strength, O Wine of God!

5 Come to each waiting heart, O Christ!
In all the fullness of thy love;
Make now this blessed Eucharist
The earnest of thy joys above.

675

1 Deep in our hearts let us record
The deeper sorrows of our Lord;
Behold the rising billows roll
To overwhelm his holy soul.

2 Yet, gracious God! thy power and love
Have made the curse a blessing prove;
Those dreadful sufferings of thy Son
Atoned for sins that we have done.

3 The pangs of our expiring Lord
The honors of thy law restored;
His sorrows made thy justice known,
And paid for follies not his own.

4 Oh, for his sake, our guilt forgive,
And let the mourning sinner live;
The Lord will hear us in his name,
Nor shall our hope be turned to shame.

676

1 Jesus! thou Joy of loving hearts!
Thou Fount of life! thou Light of men
From the best bliss that earth imparts
We turn unfilled to thee again.

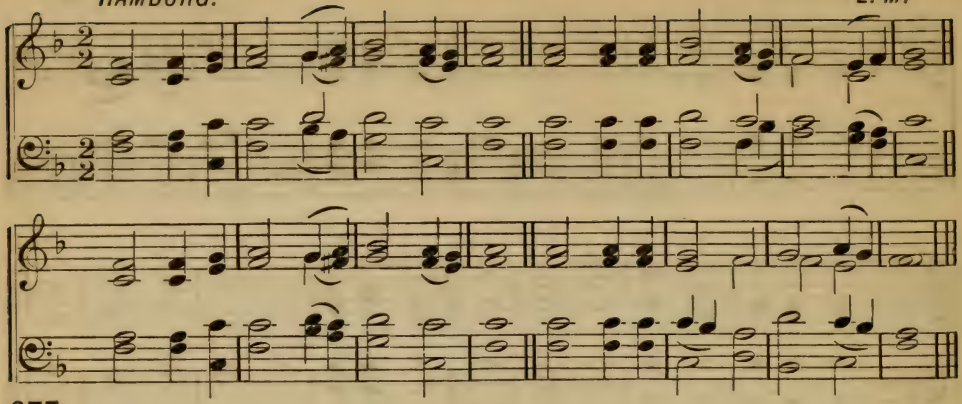
2 Thy truth unchanged has ever stood;
Thou savest those that on thee call;
To them that seek thee thou art good,
To them that find thee all in all.

3 We taste thee, O thou living Bread!
And long to feast upon thee still;
We drink of thee, the Fountain Head,
And thirst our souls from thee to fill.

4 Our restless spirits yearn for thee,
Where'er our changeful lot is cast,
Glad when thy gracious smile we see,
Blest when our faith can hold thee fast.

5 O Jesus! ever with us stay;
Make all our moments calm and bright;
Chase the dark night of sin away;
Shed o'er the world thy holy light.

HAMBURG. L. M.



677

1 Nature with open volume stands
To spread her Maker's praise abroad,
And every labor of his hands
Shows something worthy of a God.

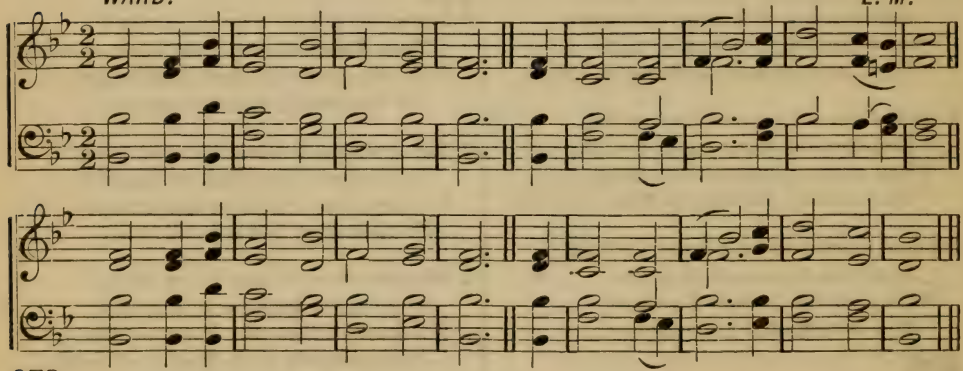
2 But in the grace that rescued man
His brightest form of glory shines;
Here, on the cross, 't is fairest drawn
In precious blood and crimson lines.

3 Here I behold his inmost heart,
Where grace and vengeance strangely join,
Piercing his Son with sharpest smart
To make the purchased pleasures mine.

4 Oh, the sweet wonders of that cross
Where God, the Saviour, loved and died!
Her noblest life my spirit draws
From his dear wounds and bleeding side.

5 I would for ever speak his name
In sounds to mortal ears unknown,
With angels join to praise the Lamb,
And worship at his Father's throne.

WARD. L. M.



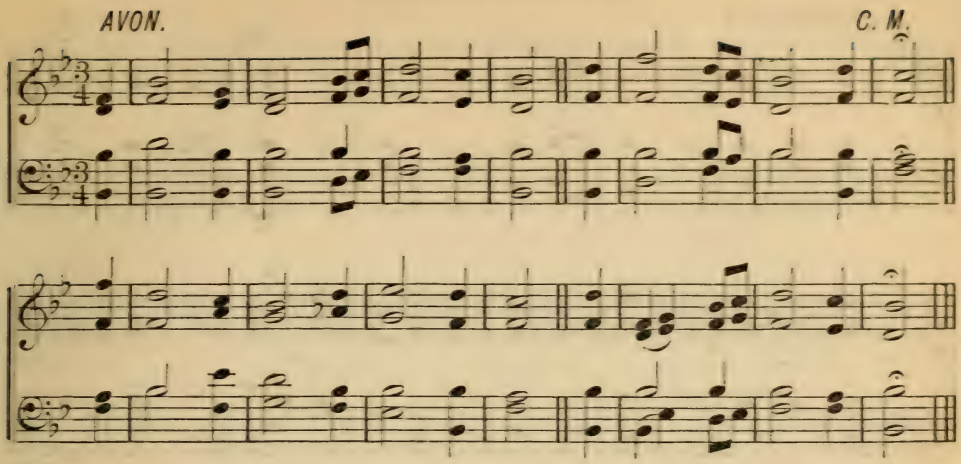
678

1 Jesus is gone above the skies,
Where our weak senses reach him not;
And carnal objects court our eyes,
To thrust our Saviour from our thought.

2 He knows what wandering hearts we have,
Apt to forget his lovely face,
And to refresh our minds he gave
These kind memorials of his grace.

3 Let sinful sweets be all forgot,
And earth grow less in our esteem,
Christ and his love fill every thought,
And faith and hope be fixed on him.

4 While he is absent from our sight,
'T is to prepare our souls a place,
That we may dwell in heavenly light,
And live for ever near his face



679

1 Saviour divine! we know thy name,
And in that name we trust;
Thou art the Lord our Righteousness,
Thou art thine Israel's boast.

2 The sins of even the best spent day
Might plunge us in despair;
Yet all the crimes of numerous years
Shall our great Surety bear.

3 That spotless robe which he hath wrought
Shall deck us all around;
In his imputed righteousness
No blemish shall be found.

4 Pardon and peace and lively hope
To sinners now are given,
And weeping saints shall change ere long
Their wilderness for heaven.

5 With joy we taste that manna now
Thy mercy scatters down;
We seal our humble vows to thee,
And wait the promised crown.

680

1 Jesus! with all thy saints above
My tongue would bear her part,
Would sound aloud thy saving love,
And sing thy bleeding heart.

2 Blessed be the Lamb, my dearest Lord,
Who bought me with his blood,
And quenched his Father's flaming sword
In his own vital flood.

3 All glory to the dying Lamb,
And never-ceasing praise,
While angels live to know his name
Or saints to feel his grace.

681

1 According to thy gracious word,
In meek humility,
This will I do, my dying Lord!
I will remember thee.

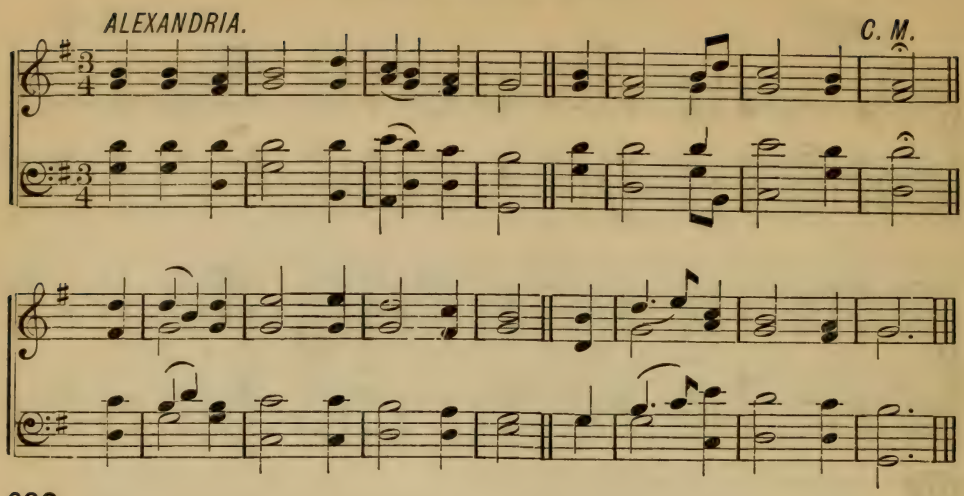
2 Thy body, broken for my sake,
My bread from heaven shall be;
Thy testamental cup I take,
And thus remember thee.

3 Gethsemane can I forget?
Or there thy conflict see,
Thine agony and bloody sweat,
And not remember thee?

4 When to the cross I turn mine eyes,
And rest on Calvary,
O Lamb of God, my sacrifice!
I must remember thee—

5 Remember thee, and all thy pains,
And all thy love to me;
Yea, while a breath, a pulse, remains,
Will I remember thee.

6 And when these failing lips grow dumb,
And mind and mem'ry flee,
When in thy kingdom thou shalt come,
Jesus! remember me.



682

1 How condescending and how kind
Was God's eternal Son!
Our misery reached his heavenly mind,
And pity brought him down.

2 He sunk beneath our heavy woes
To raise us to his throne;
There 's ne'er a gift his hand bestows
But cost his heart a groan.

3 This was compassion like a God,
That when the Saviour knew
The price of pardon was his blood,
His pity ne'er withdrew.

4 Now, though he reigns exalted high,
His love is still as great;
Well he remembers Calvary,
Nor lets his saints forget.

5 Here let our hearts begin to melt
While we his death record,
And with our joy for pardoned guilt
Mourn that we pierced the Lord.

683

1 In memory of the Saviour's love
We keep the sacred feast
Where every humble, contrite heart
Is made a welcome guest.

2 By faith we take the Bread of life
With which our souls are fed,
And cup in token of his blood
That was for sinners shed.

3 Under his banner thus we sing
The wonders of his love,
And thus anticipate by faith
The heavenly feast above.

684

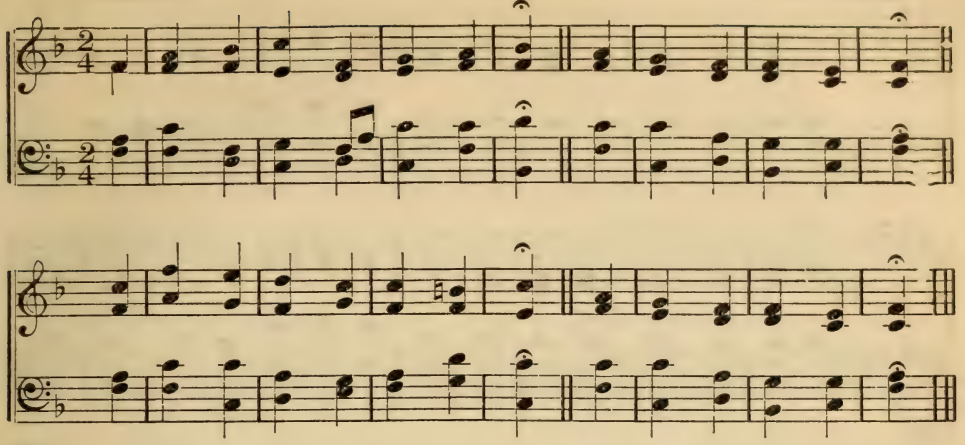
1 If human kindness meets return
And owns the grateful tie,
If tender thoughts within us burn
To feel a friend is nigh,

2 Oh, shall not warmer accents tell
The gratitude we owe
To him who died our fears to quell,
Our more than orphan's woe?

3 While yet his anguished soul surveyed
Those pangs he would not flee,
What love his latest words displayed!
"Meet and remember me!"

4 Remember thee, thy death, thy shame,
Our sinful hearts to share!
O mem'ry! leave no other name
But his recorded there.

DUNDEE. C. M.



685

1 How sweet and awful is the place
With Christ within the doors,
While everlasting love displays
The choicest of her stores!

2 While all our hearts and all our songs
Join to admire the feast,
Each of us cries with thankful tongue,
"Lord! why was I a guest?

3 "Why was I made to hear thy voice,
And enter while there's room,
When thousands make a wretched choice,
And rather starve than come?"

4 'T was the same love that spread the feast
That sweetly forced us in;
Else we had still refused to taste,
And perished in our sin.

5 Pity the nations, O our God!
Constrain the earth to come;
Send thy victorious word abroad,
And bring the strangers home.

6 We long to see thy churches full,
That all the chosen race
May, with one voice and heart and soul,
Sing thy redeeming grace.

686

1 The promise of my Father's love
Shall stand for ever good;
He said, and gave his soul to death
And sealed the grace with blood.

2 To this dear covenant of thy word
I set my worthless name;
I seal th' engagement to my Lord,
And make my humble claim.

3 I call that legacy my own
Which Jesus did bequeath;
'T was purchased with a dying groan,
And ratified in death.

4 The light and strength, the pard'ning grace,
And glory, shall be mine;
My life and soul, my heart and flesh
And all my powers are thine.

687

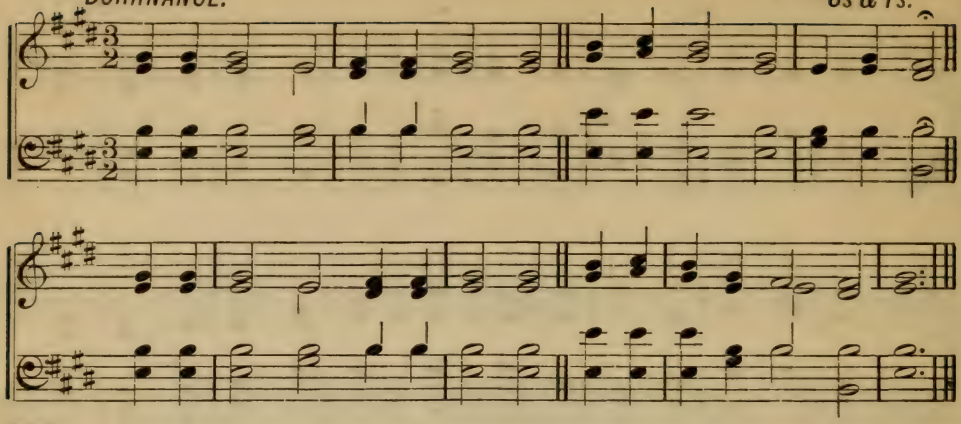
1 My God! accept my heart this day,
And make it always thine,
That I from thee no more may stray,
No more from thee decline.

2 Before the cross of him who died,
Behold, I prostrate fall;
Let every sin be crucified,
Let Christ be all in all.

3 May the dear blood once shed for me
My blest atonement prove,
That I from first to last may be
The purchase of thy love.

4 Let every thought and work and word
To thee be ever given;
Then life shall be thy service, Lord!
And death the gate of heaven.

DORRNANCE. 8s & 7s.



688

1 Sweet the moments, rich in blessing,
Which before the cross I spend,
Life and health and peace possessing
From the sinner's dying Friend.

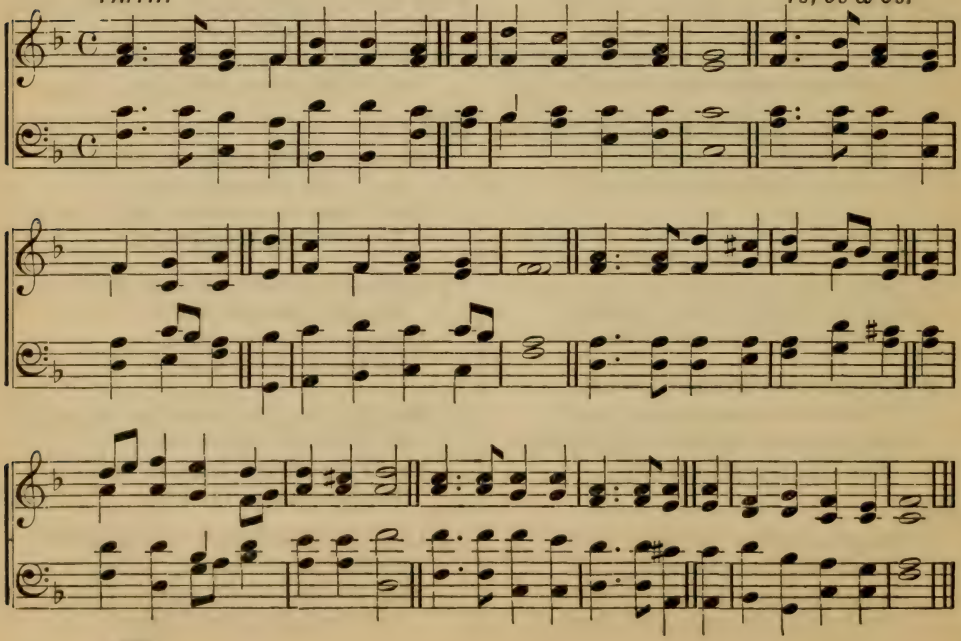
2 Here I 'll sit for ever viewing
Mercy's streams in streams of blood;
Precious drops, my soul bedewing,
Plead and claim my peace with God.

3 Truly blessed is this station,
Low before his cross to lie,
While I see divine compassion
Floating in his languid eye.

4 Here it is I find my heaven,
While upon the Lamb I gaze;
Love I much? I 've much forgiven;
I 'm a miracle of grace.

5 Love and grief my heart dividing,
With my tears his feet I bathe;
Constant still in faith abiding,
Life deriving from his death.

FAITH. 7s, 6s & 8s.

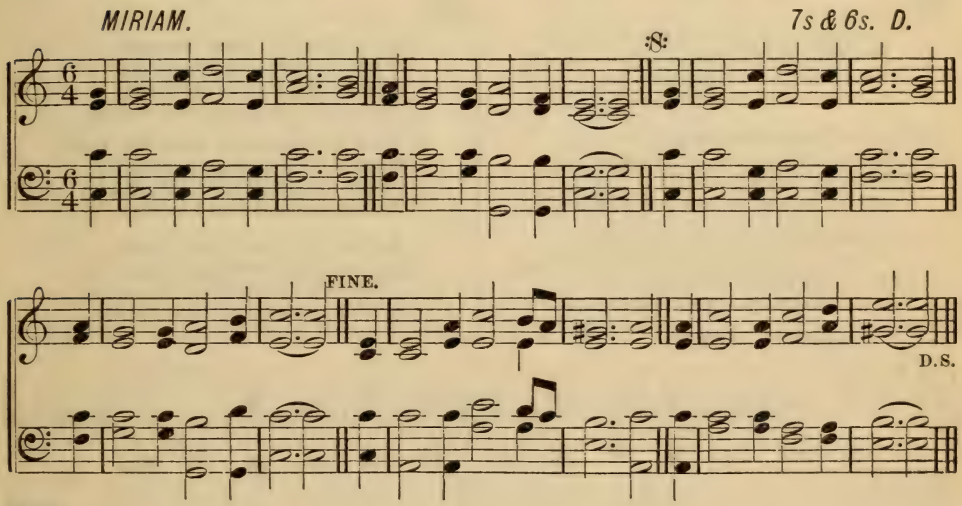


689

1 Lamb of God! whose bleeding love
We now recall to mind,
Send the answer from above
And let us mercy find;
Think on us who think on thee,
And every burdened soul release;
Oh, remember Calvary,
And bid us go in peace.

2 By thine agonizing pain
And bloody sweat we pray,
By thy dying love to man,
Take all our sins away;
Burst our bonds and set us free,
From all iniquity release;
Oh, remember Calvary,
And bid us go in peace.

3 Let thy blood, by faith applied,
The sinner's pardon seal;
Own us freely justified,
And all our sickness heal;
By thy passion on the tree,
Let all our griefs and troubles cease;
Oh, remember Calvary,
And bid us go in peace.



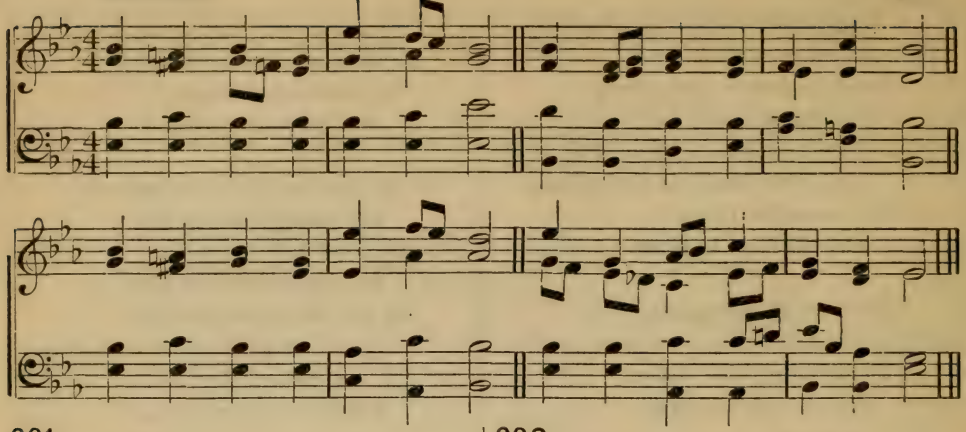
690

1 O Bread to pilgrims given!
Richer than angels eat,
O Manna sent from heaven!
For heaven-born natures meet,
Give us, for thee long pining,
To eat till richly filled;
Till, earth's delights resigning,
Our every wish is stilled.

2 O Fountain life-bestowing
From out the Saviour's heart,
A fountain purely flowing,
A fount of love thou art!
Oh, let us, freely tasting,
Our burning thirst assuage;
Thy sweetness, never wasting,
Avails from age to age.

3 Jesus! this feast receiving,
We thee unseen adore;
Thy faithful word believing,
We take and doubt no more;
Give us, thou true and loving!
On earth to live in thee,
Then, death the veil removing,
Thy glorious face to see.

SOLITUDE. 7s.



691

1 Now may he who from the dead
Brought the Shepherd of the sheep,
Jesus Christ, our King and head,
All our souls in safety keep.

2 May he teach us to fulfill
What is pleasing in his sight;
Perfect us in all his will,
And preserve us day and night.

3 To that great Redeemer's praise,
Who the covenant sealed with blood,
Let our hearts and voices raise
Loud thanksgivings to our God.

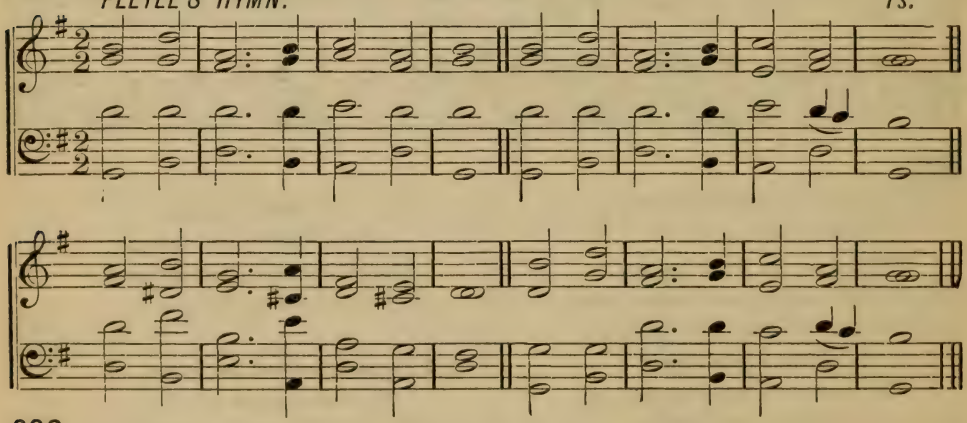
692

1 Jesus, Master! hear me now,
While I would renew my vow,
And record thy dying love;
Hear, and help me from above.

2 Feed me, Saviour! with this bread,
Broken in thy body's stead;
Cheer my spirit with this wine,
Streaming like that blood of thine.

3 And as now I eat and drink,
Let me truly, sweetly think,
Thou didst hang upon the tree,
Broken, bleeding, there for me.

PLEYEL'S HYMN. 7s.



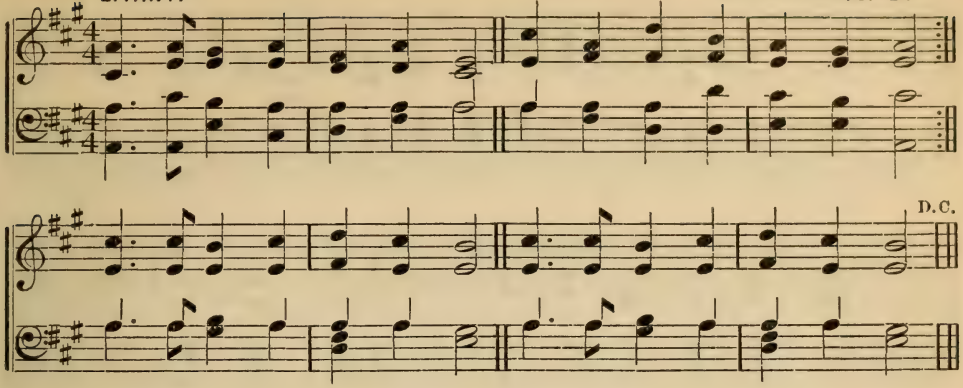
693

1 Bread of heaven! on thee I feed,
For thy flesh is meat indeed;
Ever may my soul be fed
With this true and living bread.

2 Vine of heaven! thy blood supplies
This blest cup of sacrifice;
'T is thy wounds my healing give,
To thy cross I look and live.

3 Day by day, with strength supplied
Through the life of him who died,
Thou my life! oh let me be
Rooted, grafted, built, in thee.

LITANY. 7s. D.



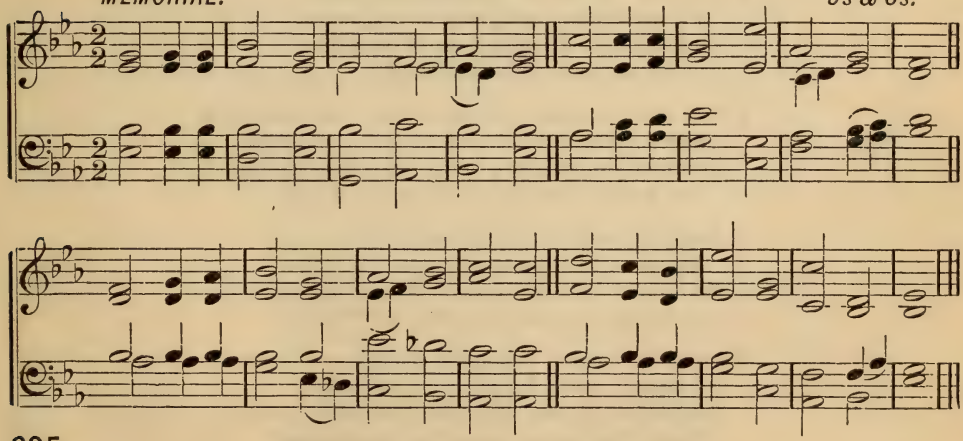
694

1 At the Lamb's high feast we sing
Praise to our victorious King,
Who hath washed us in the tide
Flowing from his piercèd side;
Praise we him whose love divine
Gives his sacred blood for wine,
Gives his body for the feast,
Christ the Victim, Christ the Priest.

2 Where the paschal blood is poured,
Death's dark angel sheathes his sword;
Israel's hosts triumphant go
Through the wave that drowns the foe.
Praise we Christ, whose blood we shed,
Paschal Victim, paschal Bread;
With sincerity and love
Eat we manna from above.

3 Mighty Victim, from the sky!
Hell's fierce powers beneath thee lie;
Thou hast conquered in the fight,
Thou hast brought us life and light;
Hymns of glory and of praise,
Risen Lord! to thee we raise;
Holy Father! praise to thee
With the Spirit ever be.

MEMORIAL. 9s & 8s.

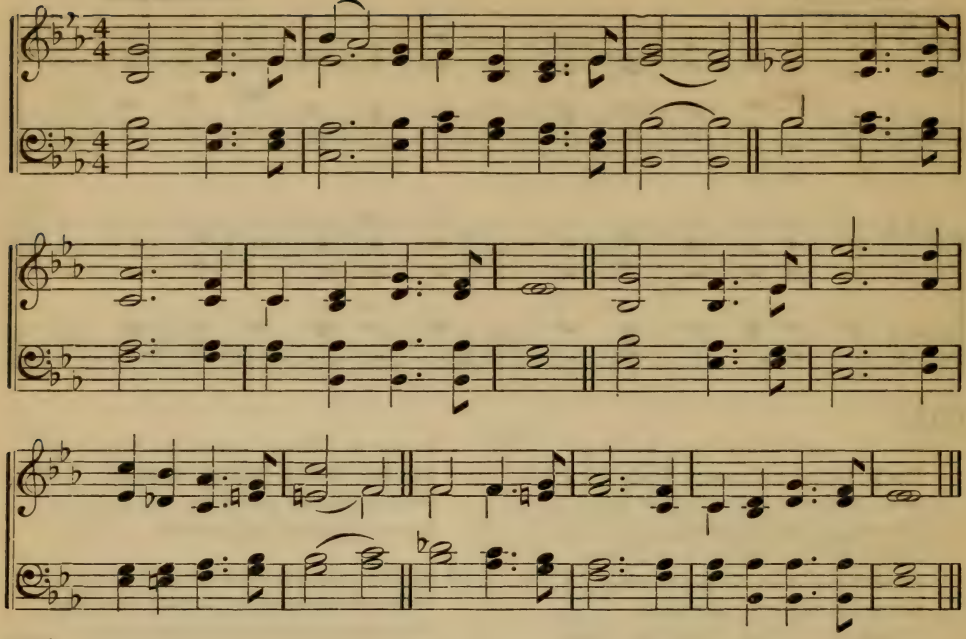


695

1 Bread of the world in mercy broken,
Wine of the soul in mercy shed,
By whom the words of life were spoken,
And in whose death our sins are dead!

2 Look on the heart by sorrow broken,
Look on the tears by sinners shed,
And be thy feast to us the token
That by thy grace our souls are fed.

COMMUNION. 10s.



696

1 Not worthy, Lord! to gather up the crumbs
With trembling hand that from thy table fall
A weary, heavy-laden sinner comes
To plead thy promise and obey thy call.

2 I am not worthy to be thought thy child,
Nor sit the last and lowest at thy board;
Too long a wanderer and too oft beguiled,
I only ask one reconciling word.

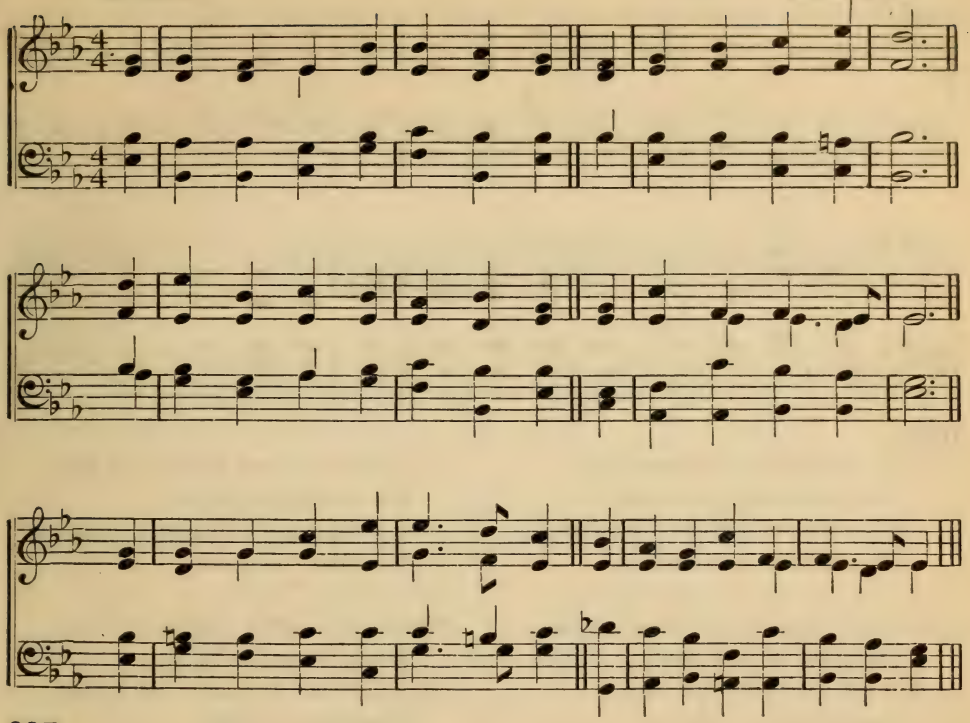
3 One word from thee, my Lord! one smile, one look,
And I could face the cold, rough world again,
And with that treasure in my heart could brook
The wrath of devils and the scorn of men.

4 And is not mercy thy prerogative—
Free mercy, boundless, fathomless, divine?
Me, Lord! the chief of sinners, me forgive,
And thine the greater glory, only thine.

5 I hear thy voice; thou bid'st me come and rest;
I come, I kneel, I clasp thy piercèd feet;
Thou bid'st me take my place, a welcome guest,
Among thy saints, and of thy banquet eat.

6 My praise can only breathe itself in prayer,
My prayer can only lose itself in thee;
Dwell thou for ever in my heart, and there,
Lord! let me sup with thee; sup thou with me.

WESSEX. 8s, 6s & 8s.



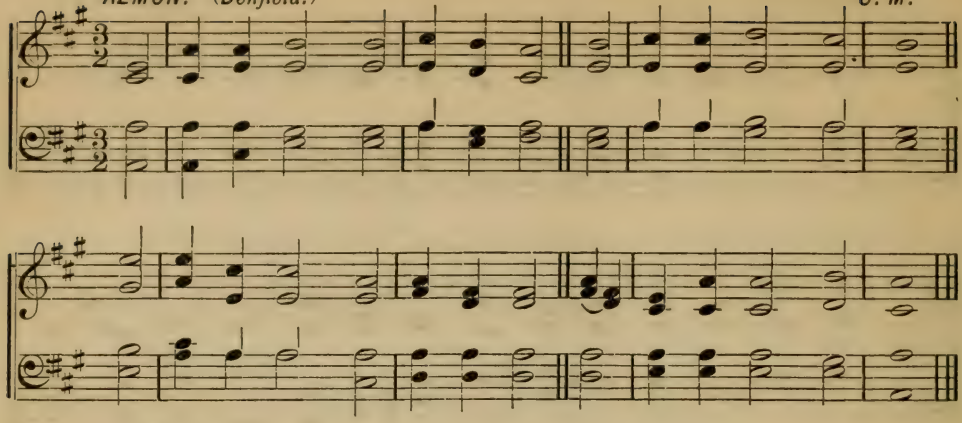
697

1 LORD! when before thy throne we meet
Thy goodness to adore,
From heaven, the eternal mercy-seat,
On us thy blessing pour,
And make our inmost souls to be
A habitation meet for thee.

2 Thy body for our ransom given,
Thy blood in mercy shed,
With this immortal food from heaven,
Lord! let our souls be fed;
And as we round thine altar kneel
Help us thy quickening grace to feel.

3 Be thou, O Holy Spirit! nigh;
Accept the humble prayer,
The contrite soul's repentant sigh,
The sinner's heartfelt tear;
And let our adoration rise
As fragrant incense to the skies.

AZMON. (Denfield.) C. M.



698

1 See, Jesus stands with open arms;
He calls, he bids you come;
Guilt holds you back, and fear alarms;
But see, there yet is room—

2 Room in the Saviour's bleeding heart;
There love and pity meet;
Nor will he bid the soul depart
That trembles at his feet.

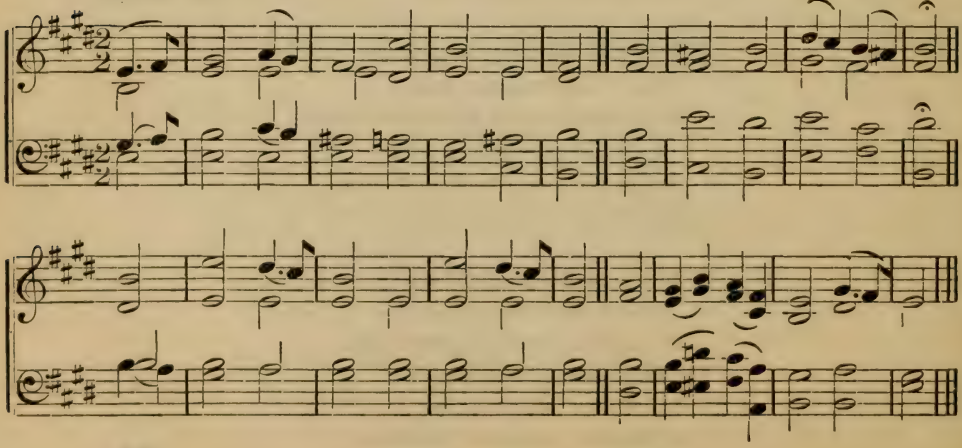
3 In him the Father reconciled
Invites your souls to come;
The rebel shall be called a child,
And kindly welcomed home.

4 Oh, come, and with his children taste
The blessings of his love,
While hope attends the sweet repast
Of nobler joys above.

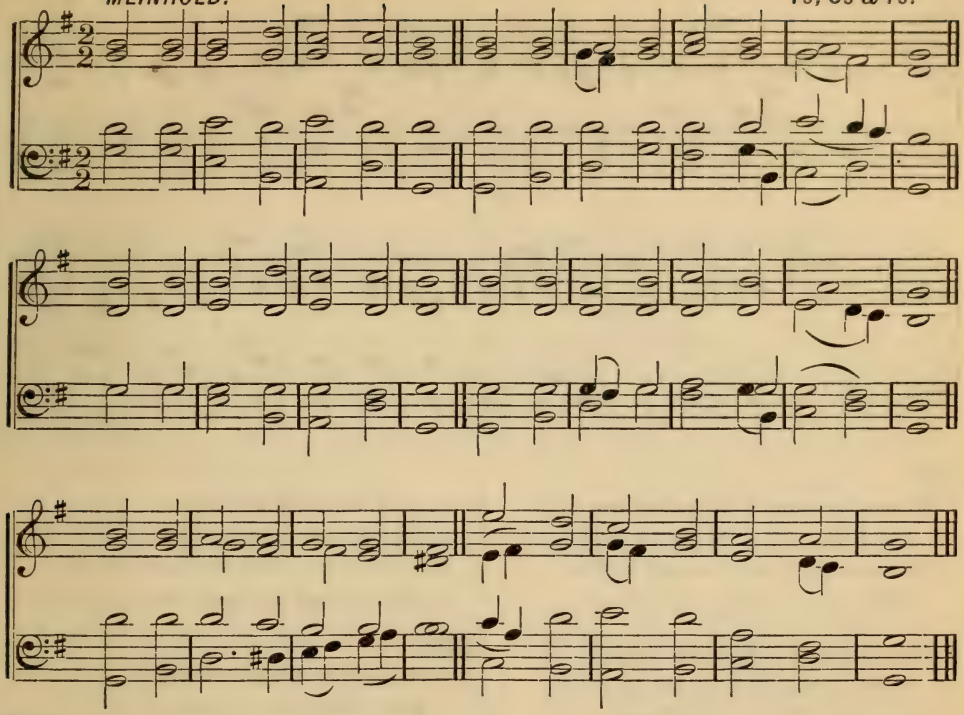
5 There, with united heart and voice,
Before the eternal throne,
Ten thousand thousand souls rejoice
In ecstasies unknown.

6 And yet ten thousand thousand more
Are welcome still to come;
Ye longing souls, the grace adore,
Approach, there yet is room.

BURLINGTON. C. M.



MEINHOLD. 7s, 8s & 7s.



699

1 Light of light! enlighten me,
Now anew the day is dawning;
Sun of grace! the shadows flee,
Brighten thou my Sabbath morning;
With thy joyous sunshine blest,
Happy is my day of rest.

2 Fount of all our joy and peace!
To thy living waters lead me;
Thou from earth my soul release,
And with grace and mercy feed me;
Bless thy word that it may prove
Rich in fruit that thou dost love.

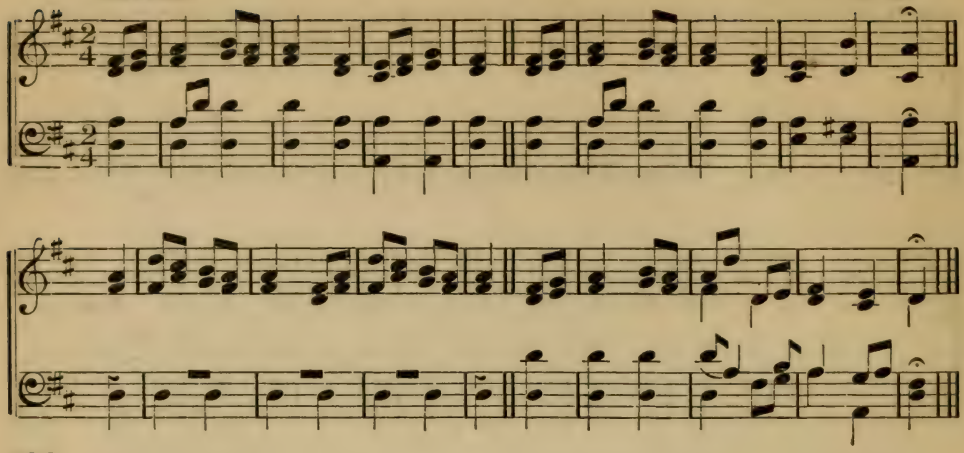
3 Kindle thou the sacrifice
That upon my lips is lying;
Clear the shadows from mine eyes,
That, from every error flying,
No strange fire within me glow
That thine altar doth not know.

4 Let me with my heart to-day,
Holy, holy, holy, singing,
Rapt a while from earth away,
All my soul to thee upspringing,
Have a foretaste only given
How they worship thee in heaven.

5 Rest in me and I in thee,
Build a paradise within me;
Oh, reveal thyself to me,
Blessed Love! who diedst to win me;
Fed from thine exhaustless urn,
Pure and bright my lamp shall burn.

6 Hence all care, all vanity,
For the day to God is holy;
Come, thou glorious Majesty!
Deign to fill this temple lowly;
Naught to-day my soul shall move,
Simply resting in thy love.

ORFORD. L. M.



700

1 My opening eyes with rapture see
The dawn of thy returning day;
My thoughts, O God! ascend to thee,
While thus my early vows I pay.

2 Oh, bid this trifling world retire,
And drive each carnal thought away;
Nor let me feel one vain desire,
One sinful thought, through all the day.

3 Then, to thy courts when I repair,
My soul shall rise on joyful wing,
The wonders of thy love declare,
And join the strains which angels sing.

701

1 Another six days' work is done,
Another Sabbath is begun;
Return, my soul, enjoy thy rest,
Improve the day thy God hath blessed.

2 Oh, that our thoughts and thanks may rise
As grateful incense to the skies,
And draw from heaven that sweet repose
Which none but he that feels it knows.

3 This heavenly calm within the breast
Is the dear pledge of glorious rest
Which for the church of God remains—
The end of cares, the end of pains.

4 In holy duties let the day,
In holy pleasures, pass away;
How sweet the Sabbath thus to spend
In hope of one that ne'er shall end!

702

1 Another day has passed along,
And we are nearer to the tomb—
Nearer to join the heavenly song
Or hear the last eternal doom.

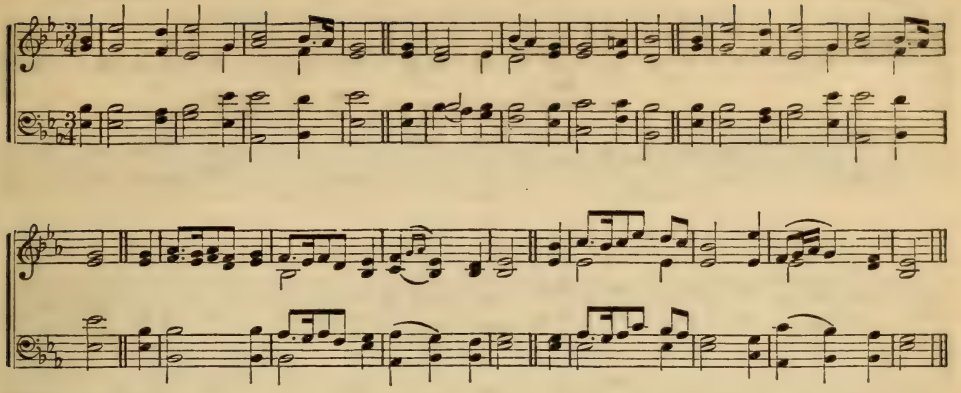
2 Sweet is the light of Sabbath eve,
And soft the sunbeams lingering there;
For these blest hours the world I leave,
Wafted on wings of faith and prayer.

3 The time how lovely and how still!
Peace shines and smiles on all below,
The plain, the stream, the wood, the hill,
All fair with evening's setting glow.

4 Season of rest! the tranquil soul
Feels the sweet calm, and melts in love,
And while these sacred moments roll
Faith sees a smiling heaven above.

5 Nor will our days of toil be long,
Our pilgrimage will soon be trod;
And we shall join the ceaseless song,
The endless Sabbath of our God.

SURREY. L. M.



703

1 Lord of the Sabbath! hear our vows,
On this thy day, in this thy house,
And own as grateful sacrifice
The songs which from the desert rise.

2 Thine earthly Sabbaths, Lord! we love,
But there 's a nobler rest above;
To that our laboring souls aspire
With ardent pangs of strong desire.

3 No more fatigue, no more distress,
Nor sin, nor hell, shall reach the place;
No groans to mingle with the songs
Which warble from immortal tongues;

4 No rude alarms of raging foes,
No cares to break the long repose;
No midnight shade, no clouded sun,
But sacred, high, eternal noon.

5 O long-expected day, begin,
Dawn on these realms of woe and sin;
Fain would we leave this weary road,
And sleep in death to rest with God.

704

1 Come, dearest Lord! and bless this day,
Come bear our thoughts from earth away;
Now let our noblest passions rise
With ardor to their native skies.

2 Come, Holy Spirit! all divine,
With rays of light upon us shine,
And let our waiting souls be blessed
On this sweet day of sacred rest.

3 Then, when our Sabbaths here are o'er,
And we arrive on Canaan's shore,
With all the ransomed we shall spend
A Sabbath which shall never end.

705

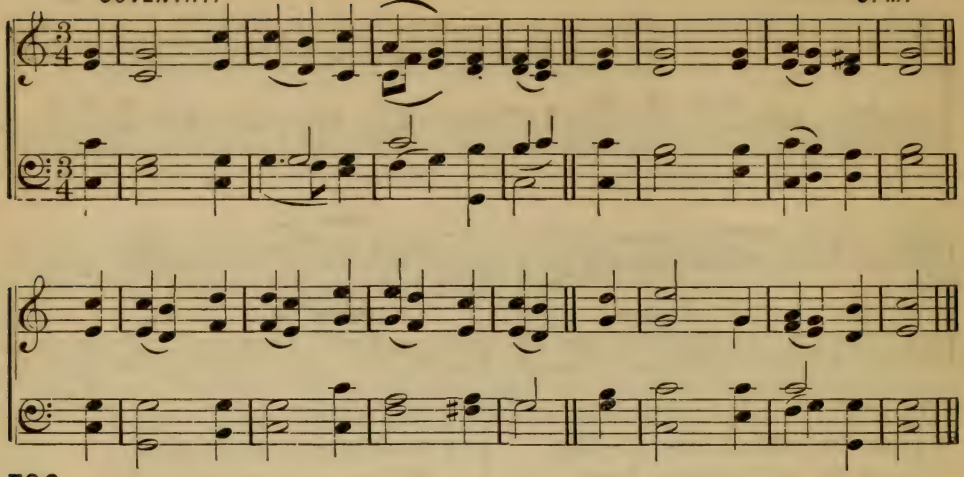
1 Great God! attend while Sion sings
The joy that from thy presence springs;
To spend one day with thee on earth
Exceeds a thousand days of mirth.

2 God is our sun, he makes our day;
God is our shield, he guards our way
From all th' assaults of hell and sin,
From foes without and foes within.

3 All needful grace will God bestow,
And crown that grace with glory too;
He gives us all things, and withholds
No real good from upright souls.

4 O God our King! whose sovereign sway
The glorious hosts of heaven obey,
And devils at thy presence flee,
Blest is the man that trusts in thee.

COVENTRY. C. M.



706

1 Frequent the day of God returns
To shed its quickening beams,
And yet how slow devotion burns!
How languid are its flames!

2 Accept our faint attempts to love,
Our frailties, Lord! forgive;
We would be like thy saints above,
And praise thee while we live.

3 Increase, O Lord! our faith and hope,
And fit us to ascend
Where the assembly ne'er breaks up,
The Sabbath ne'er shall end;

4 Where we shall breathe in heavenly air
With heavenly lustre shine,
Before the throne of God appear,
And feast on love divine;

5 Where we in high seraphic strains
Shall all our powers employ;
Delighted range th' ethereal plains,
And take our fill of joy.

707

1 Spirit of truth! on this thy day
To thee for help we cry
To guide us through the dreary way
Of dark mortality.

2 We ask not, Lord! the cloven flame
Or tongues of various tone,
But long thy praises to proclaim
With fervor in our own.

3 We mourn not that prophetic skill
Is found on earth no more;
Enough for us to trace thy will
In Scripture's sacred lore.

4 When tongues shall cease and power decay,
And knowledge empty prove,
Do thou thy trembling servants stay
With faith, with hope, with love.

708

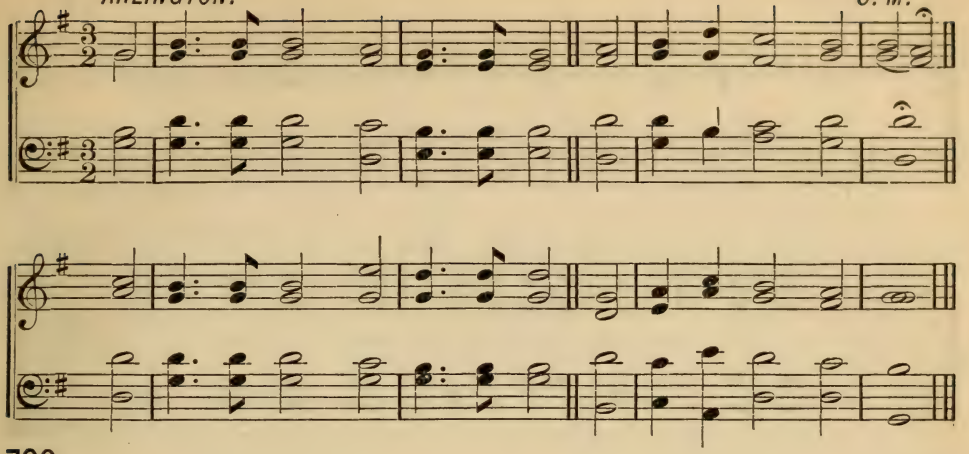
1 When the worn spirit wants repose
And sighs her God to seek,
How sweet to hail the evening's close
That ends the weary week!

2 How welcome is the early dawn
That opens on the sight,
When first the soul-reviving morn
Sheds forth new rays of light!

3 Blest day! thine hours too soon will cease,
Yet, while they gently roll,
Breathe, heavenly Spirit, Source of peace!
A Sabbath o'er my soul.

4 When will my pilgrimage be done,
The world's long week be o'er,
That Sabbath dawn which needs no sun,
That day which fades no more?

ARLINGTON. C. M.



709

1 This is the day the Lord hath made,
He calls the hours his own;
Let heaven rejoice, let earth be glad,
And praise surround the throne.

2 To-day he rose and left the dead,
And Satan's empire fell;
To-day the saints his triumph spread,
And all his wonders tell.

3 Hosanna to th' anointed King,
To David's holy Son;
Help us, O Lord! descend and bring
Salvation from thy throne.

4 Blest be the Lord who comes to men
With messages of grace,
Who comes in God his Father's name
To save our sinful race.

5 Hosanna in the highest strains
The church on earth can raise;
The highest heavens in which he reigns
Shall give him nobler praise.

710

1 Blest morning, whose young dawning rays
Beheld our rising God,
That saw him triumph o'er the dust,
And leave his dark abode.

2 In the cold prison of a tomb
The great Redeemer lay
Till the revolving skies had brought
The third, th' appointed, day.

3 Hell and the grave unite their force
To hold our God in vain;
The sleeping Conqueror arose,
And burst their feeble chain.

4 To thy great name, almighty Lord!
These sacred hours we pay,
And loud hosannas shall proclaim
The triumph of the day.

5 Salvation and immortal praise
To our victorious King;
Let heaven and earth and rocks and seas
With glad hosannas ring.

711

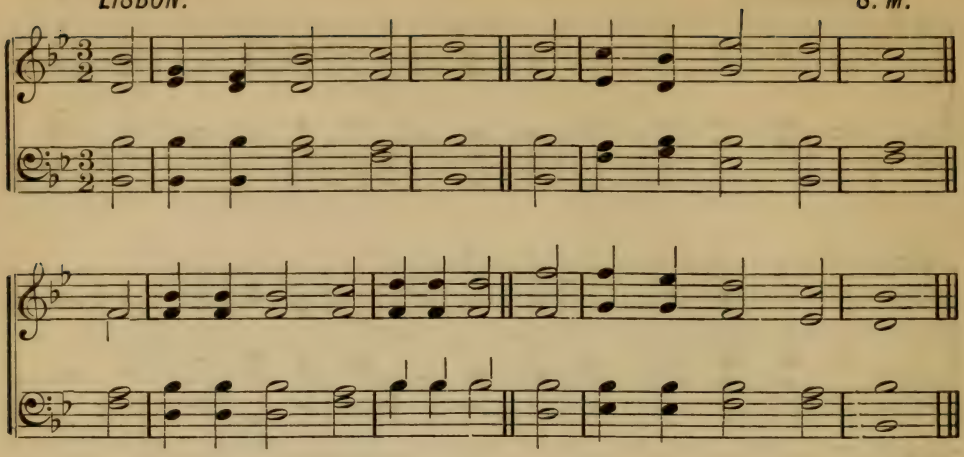
1 With joy we hail the sacred day
Which God hath called his own;
With joy the summons we obey
To worship at his throne.

2 Thy chosen temple, Lord! how fair!
Where willing vot'ries throng
To breathe the humble, fervent prayer
And pour the choral song.

3 Spirit of grace! oh, deign to dwell
Within thy church below;
Make her in holiness excel,
With pure devotion glow.

4 Let peace within her walls be found;
Let all her sons unite
To spread with grateful zeal around
Her clear and shining light.

LISBON. S. M.



712

1 To-day the Saviour rose,
Our Jesus left the dead;
He conquered our malignant foes,
And Satan captive led.

2 He left his glorious throne,
To make our peace with God;
Blessings for ever on his name,
He bought us with his blood.

3 For us his life he paid,
For us the law fulfilled;
On him our load of guilt was laid;
We by his stripes are healed.

4 Ye saints, adore his name
Who hath such mercy shown;
Ye sinners, love the bleeding Lamb,
And make his praises known.

713

1 Welcome, sweet day of rest
That saw the Lord arise;
Welcome to this reviving breast
And these rejoicing eyes.

2 The King himself comes near,
And feasts his saints to-day;
Here we may sit, and see him here,
And love and praise and pray.

3 One day amidst the place
Where my dear God hath been,
Is sweeter than ten thousand days
Of pleasurable sin.

4 My willing soul would stay
In such a frame as this,
And sit and sing herself away
To everlasting bliss.

714

1 How charming is the place
Where my Redeemer God
Unveils the beauties of his face,
And sheds his love abroad!

2 Not the fair palaces
To which the great resort
Are once to be compared with this,
Where Jesus holds his court.

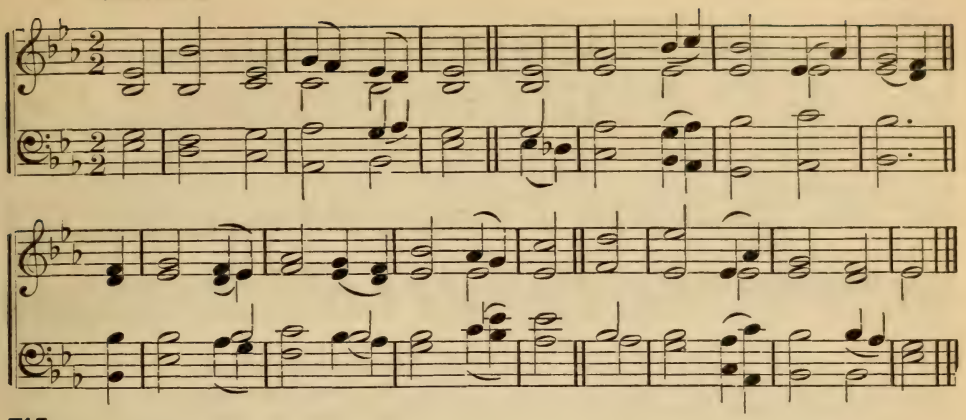
3 Here, on the mercy-seat,
With radiant glory crowned,
Our joyful eyes behold him sit
And smile on all around.

4 To him their prayers and cries
Each humble soul presents;
He listens to their broken sighs,
And grants them all their wants.

5 To them his sovereign will
He graciously imparts,
And in return accepts, with smiles,
The tribute of their hearts.

6 Give me, O Lord! a place
Within thy blest abode,
Among the children of thy grace,
The servants of my God.

CARLISLE. S. M.



715

1 The day of praise is done;
The evening shadows fall;
Yet pass not from us with the sun,
True Light that lightenest all!

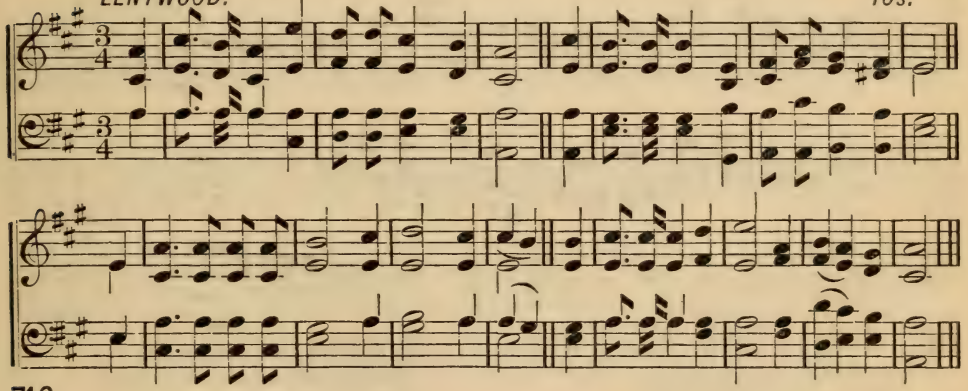
2 Around thy throne on high,
Where night can never be,
The white-robed harpers of the sky
Bring ceaseless hymns to thee.

3 Too faint our anthems here;
Too soon of praise we tire;
But oh, the strains how full and clear
Of that eternal choir!

4 Yet, Lord! to thy dear will
If thou attune the heart,
We in thine angels' music still
May bear our lower part.

5 Shine thou within us, then,
A day that knows no end,
Till songs of angels and of men
In perfect praise shall blend.

LENTWOOD. 10s.



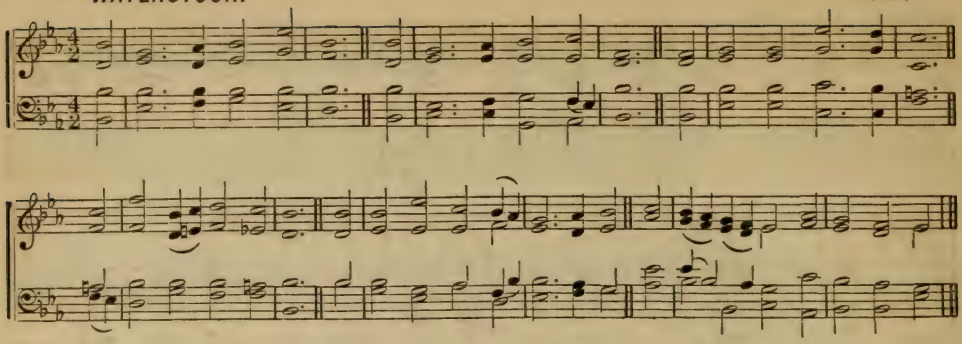
716

1 Again the day returns of holy rest
Which, when he made the world, Jehovah blest,
When, like his own, he bade our labors cease,
And all be piety and all be peace.

2 Let us devote this consecrated day
To learn his will, and all we learn obey;
So shall he hear when fervently we raise
Our supplications and our songs of praise.

3 Father in heaven! in whom our hopes confide,
Whose power defends us and whose precepts guide,
In life our guardian and in death our friend,
Glory supreme be thine till time shall end

WATERSTOCK. H. M.



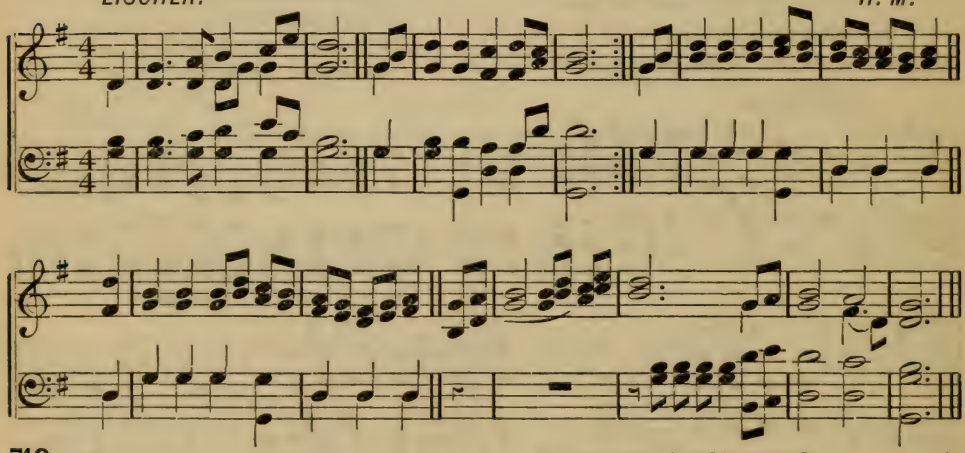
717

1 All hail the glorious morn
That saw our Saviour rise,
With victory bright adorned,
And triumph in his eyes;
Ye saints, extol your risen Lord,
And sing his praise with sweet accord.

2 The Conqueror ascends
In triumph to the skies;
Celestial hosts attend
To crown his victories;
Hark! they proclaim his glorious name,
And heaven resounds Immanuel's fame.

3 Now to the throne above
Let every saint draw near;
There dwells incarnate love;
Grace sits triumphant there;
See mercy smile, e'en on that throne
Where once did wrath and justice frown.

LISCHER. H. M.



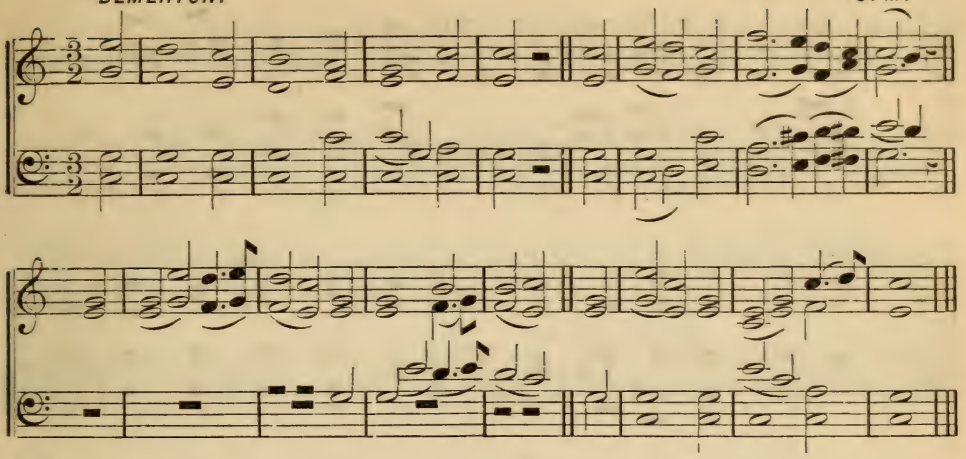
718

1 Welcome, delightful morn,
Thou day of sacred rest,
We hail thy kind return,
Lord! make these moments blessed;
From the low train of mortal toys
We soar to reach immortal joys.

2 Now may the King descend
And fill his throne of grace;
Thy sceptre, Lord! extend,
While saints address thy face;
Let sinners feel thy quickening word,
And learn to know and fear the Lord.

3 Descend, celestial Dove!
With all thy quickening powers,
Disclose a Saviour's love,
And bless these sacred hours;
Then shall our souls new life obtain,
Nor Sabbaths be bestowed in vain.

BEMERTON. C. M.



719

1 Again our earthly cares we leave,
And in thy courts appear;
Again with joyful feet we come
To meet our Saviour here.

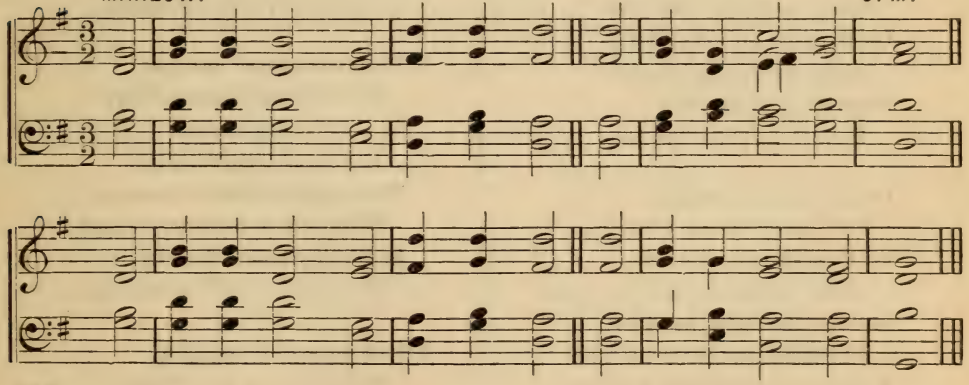
2 Within these walls let holy peace
And love and concord dwell;
Here give the troubled conscience ease,
The wounded spirit heal.

3 The feeling heart, the melting eye,
The humble mind, bestow,
And shine upon us from on high
To make our graces grow.

4 May we in faith receive thy word,
In faith present our prayers,
And in the presence of our Lord
Unbosom all our cares.

5 Show us some token of thy love
Our fainting hope to raise,
And pour thy blessing from above,
That we may render praise.

MARLOW. C. M.



720

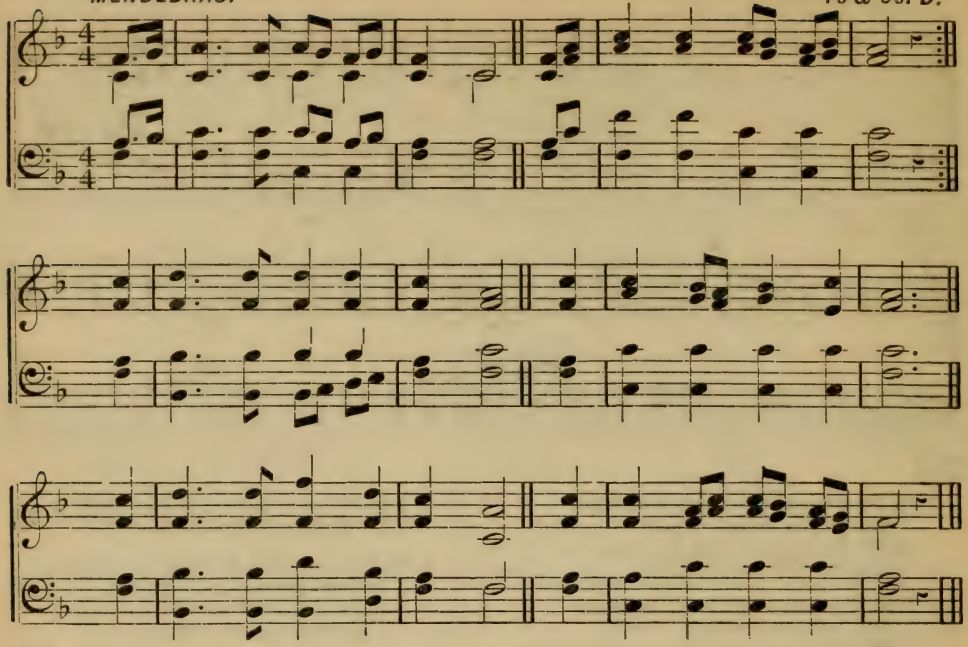
1 Again the Lord of life and light
Awakes the kindling ray,
Unseals the eyelids of the morn,
And pours increasing day.

2 Oh what a night was that which wrapt
A guilty world in gloom!
Oh what a sun which broke this day
Triumphant from the tomb!

3 This day be grateful homage paid,
And loud hosannas sung;
Let gladness dwell in every heart,
And praise on every tongue.

4 Ten thousand differing lips shall join
To hail this welcome morn,
Which scatters blessings from its wings
On nations yet unborn.

MENDEBRAS. 7s & 6s. D.



721

1 O DAY of rest and gladness,
O day of joy and light,
O balm of care and sadness,
Most beautiful, most bright!
On thee the high and lowly
Before the eternal throne
Sing, Holy, Holy, Holy,
To God the three in one.

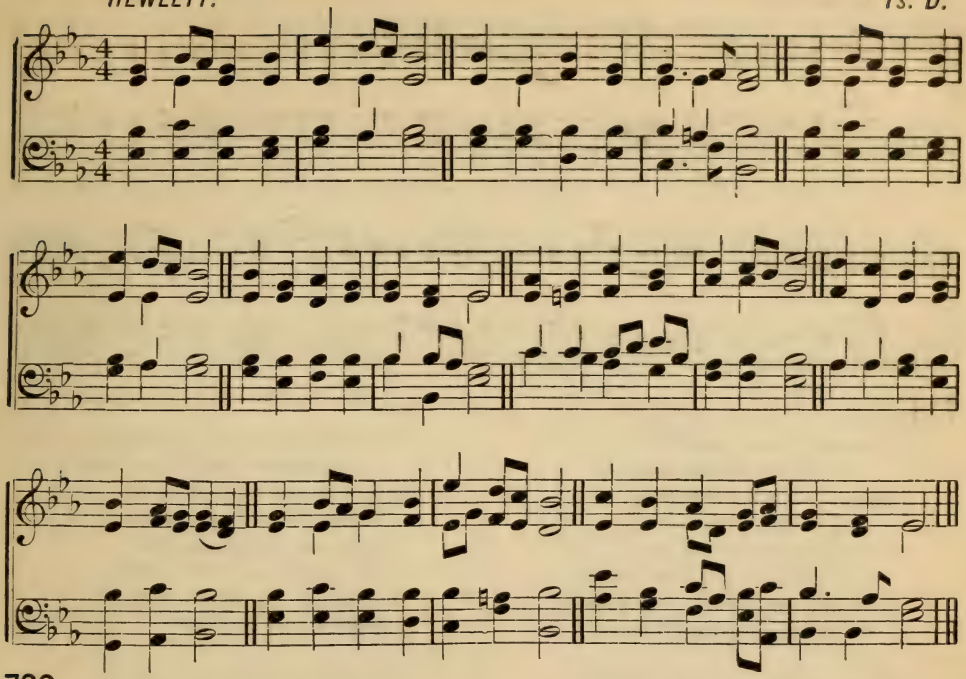
2 On thee at the creation
The light first had its birth;
On thee for our salvation
Christ rose from depths of earth
On thee our Lord victorious
The Spirit sent from heaven;
And thus on thee most glorious
A triple light was given.

3 Thou art a cooling fountain
In life's dry dreary sand;
From thee, like Pisgah's mountain,
We view the promised land;
A day of sweet refection,
A day of holy love,
A day of resurrection
From earth to things above.

4 To-day on weary nations
The heavenly manna falls;
To holy convocations
The silver trumpet calls;
Where gospel light is glowing
With pure and radiant beams,
And living waters flowing
With soul-refreshing streams.

5 New graces ever gaining
From this our day of rest,
We reach the rest remaining
To spirits of the blest;
To Holy Ghost be praises,
To Father and to Son;
The church her voice upraises
To thee, blest three in one!

HEWLETT. 7s. D.



722

1 On this day, the first of days,
God the Father's name we praise;
Who, creation's Fount and Spring,
Did the world from darkness bring.

2 On this day th' eternal Son
Over death his triumph won;
On this day the Spirit came
With his gifts of living flame.

3 Oh, that fervent love to-day
May in every heart have sway,
Teaching us to praise aright
God, the Source of life and light.

4 Father! who didst fashion me
Image of thyself to be,
Fill me with thy love divine,
Let my every thought be thine.

5 Holy Jesus! may I be
Dead and buried here with thee;
And, by love inflamed, arise
Unto thee a sacrifice.

6 Thou who dost all gifts impart,
Shine, sweet Spirit! in my heart;
Best of gifts—thyself—bestow;
Make me burn thy love to know.

723

1 Ere another Sabbath's close,
Ere again we seek repose,
Lord! our songs ascend to thee;
At thy feet we bow the knee.

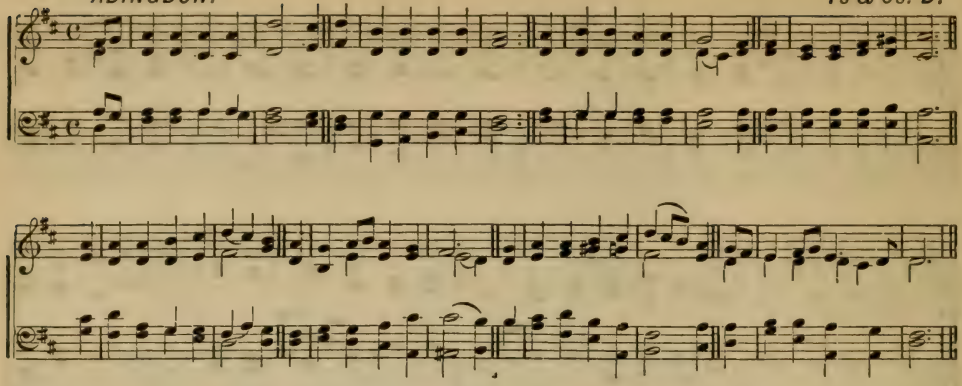
2 For the mercies of this day,
For this rest upon our way,
Thanks to thee alone be given,
Lord of earth and King of heaven!

3 Cold our services have been,
Mingled every prayer with sin,
But thou canst and wilt forgive;
By thy grace alone we live.

4 Whilst this thorny path we tread,
May thy love our footsteps lead;
When our journey here is past,
May we rest with thee at last!

5 Let these earthly Sabbaths prove
Foretastes of our joys above,
While their steps thy pilgrims bend
To the rest which knows no end.

ABINGDON. 7s & 6s. D.



724

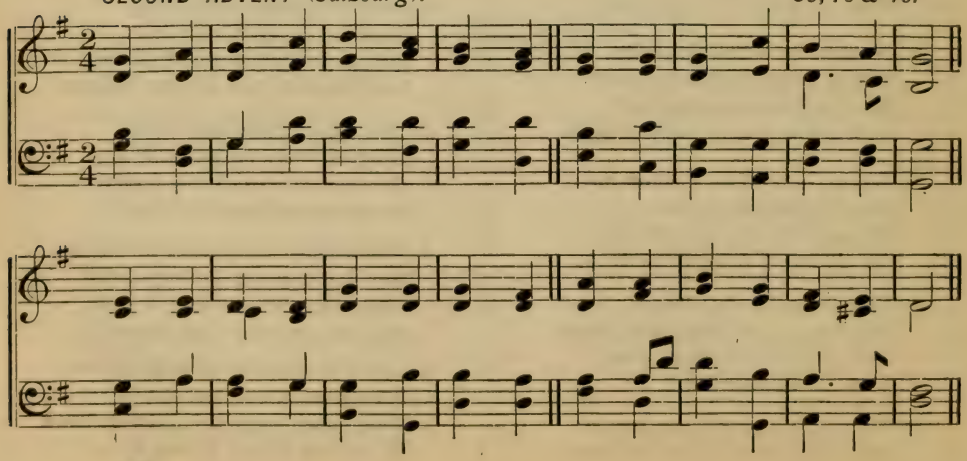
1 Rejoice, rejoice, believers,
And let your lights appear;
The evening is advancing,
And darker night is near;
The Bridegroom is arising,
And soon he will draw nigh;
Up! pray and watch and wrestle;
At midnight comes the cry.

2 The watchers on the mountain
Proclaim the Bridegroom near;
Go meet him as he cometh
With hallelujahs clear;
The marriage feast is waiting,
The gates wide open stand;
Up, up! ye heirs of glory,
The Bridegroom is at hand.

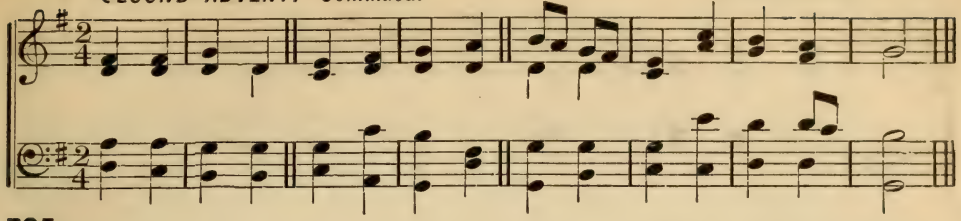
3 Ye saints, who here in patience
Your cross and sufferings bore,
Shall live and reign for ever,
When sorrow is no more;
Around the throne of glory
The Lamb ye shall behold,
In triumph cast before him
Your diadems of gold.

4 Our Hope and Expectation,
O Jesus! now appear;
Arise, thou Sun so longed for!
O'er this benighted sphere;
With hearts and hands uplifted,
We plead, O Lord! to see
The day of earth's redemption,
That brings us unto thee.

SECOND ADVENT (Salzburg). 8s, 7s & 4s.



SECOND ADVENT.—Continued.



725

1 Lo! he comes, with clouds descending,
Once for favored sinners slain;
Thousand thousand saints attending
Swell the triumph of his train;
Hallelujah!
Jesus comes, he comes to reign.

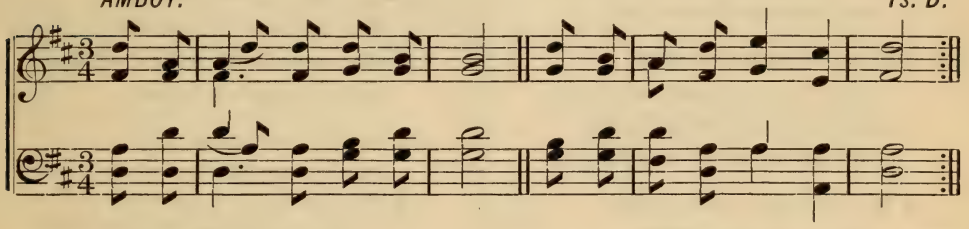
2 Every eye shall now behold him
Robed in dreadful majesty;
Those who set at naught and sold him,
Pierced and nailed him to the tree,
Deeply wailing,
Shall the true Messiah see.

3 Every island, sea and mountain,
Heaven and earth, shall flee away;
All who hate him must, confounded,
Hear the trump proclaim the day;
Come to judgment!
Come to judgment! come away!

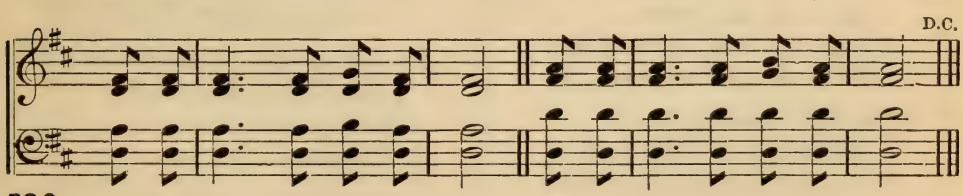
4 Answer thine own Bride and Spirit;
Hasten, Lord! and quickly come;
The new heaven and earth to inherit
Take thy pining exiles home;
All creation
Travails, groans and bids thee come.

5 Yea, amen! let all adore thee,
High on thine eternal throne;
Saviour! take the power and glory,
Claim the kingdom for thine own;
Oh, come quickly!
Hallelujah! come, Lord! come.

AMBOY. 7s. D.



D.C.



726

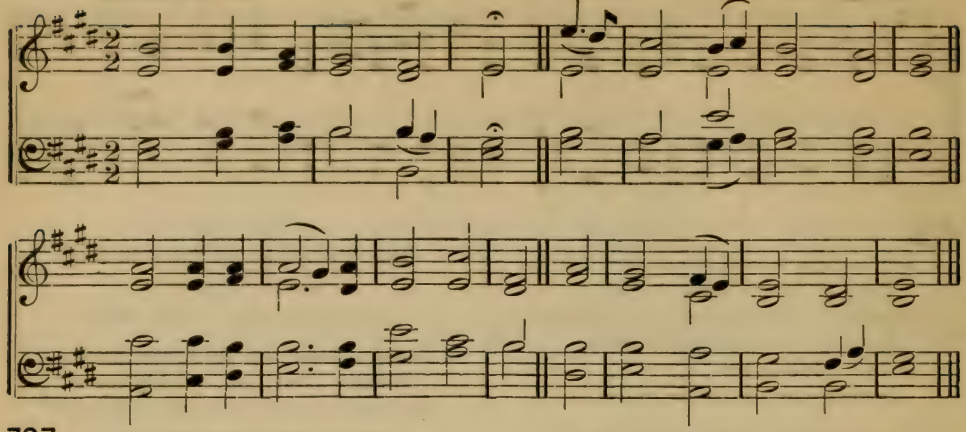
1 Wake the song of jubilee,
Let it echo o'er the sea;
Now is come the promised hour;
Jesus reigns with glorious power.

2 All ye nations, join and sing,
Praise your Saviour, praise your King;
Let it sound from shore to shore,
"Jesus reigns for evermore."

3 Hark! the desert lands rejoice,
And the islands join their voice;
Joy! the whole creation sings,
"Jesus is the King of kings!"

4 Praise the name of God most high.
Praise him, all below the sky,
Praise him, all ye heavenly host.
Father, Son and Holy Ghost.

MORNINGTON. S. M.



727

1 The church has waited long
Her absent Lord to see,
And still in loneliness she waits,
A friendless stranger she.

2 Age after age has gone,
Sun after sun has set,
And still in weeds of widowhood
She weeps a mourner yet.

3 Saint after saint on earth
Has lived and loved and died,
And as they left us one by one
We laid them side by side—

4 We laid them down to sleep,
But not in hope forlorn;
We laid them but to ripen there
Till the last glorious morn.

5 The whole creation groans,
And waits to hear that voice
That shall restore her comeliness,
And make her wastes rejoice.

6 Come, Lord! and wipe away
The curse, the sin, the stain,
And make this blighted world of ours
Thine own fair world again.

728

1 Come, Lord! and tarry not;
Bring the long looked-for day;
Oh, why these years of waiting here,
These ages of delay?

2 Come, for thy saints still wait;
Daily ascends their sigh:
The Spirit and the Bride say, Come!
Dost thou not hear the cry?

3 Come, for the good are few,
They lift the voice in vain;
Faith waxes fainter on the earth,
And love is on the wane.

4 Come, for love waxes cold,
Its steps are faint and slow;
Faith now is lost in unbelief;
Hope's lamp burns dim and low.

5 Come, and make all things new,
Build up this ruined earth,
Restore our faded paradise,
Creation's second birth.

6 Come, for creation groans,
Impatient of thy stay,
Worn out with these long years of ill,
These ages of delay.

7 Come, and begin thy reign
Of everlasting peace;
Come, take the kingdom to thyself,
Great King of righteousness!

MENDELSSOHN. 7s. D.

Organ Pedal.

729

1 Hark! the song of jubilee,
Loud as mighty thunders roar,
Or the fullness of the sea
When it breaks upon the shore;
Hallelujah! for the Lord
God omnipotent shall reign;
Hallelujah! let the word
Echo round the earth and main.

2 Hallelujah! hark! the sound
From the centre to the skies
Wakes above, beneath, around,
All creation's harmonies.
See Jehovah's banner furled,
Sheathed his sword, he speaks—'t is done;
And the kingdoms of this world
Are the kingdoms of his Son.

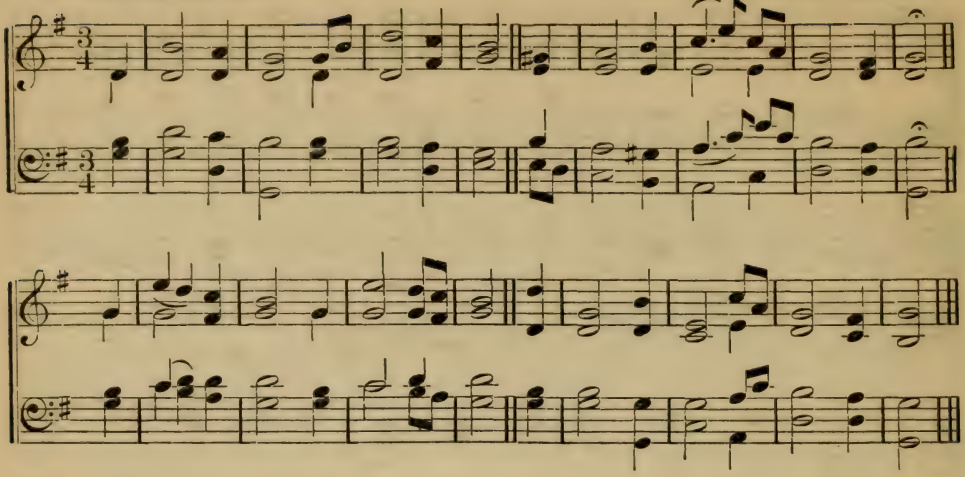
3 "He shall reign from pole to pole
With illimitable sway;
He shall reign when, like a scroll,
Yonder heavens have passed away;
Then the end: beneath his rod,
Man's last enemy shall fall;
Hallelujah! Christ in God,
God in Christ, is all in all."

730

1 See the ransom'd millions stand,
Palms of conquest in their hand;
This before the throne their strain,
"Hell is vanquish'd; death is slain;
Blessing, honor, glory, might,
Are the Conqueror's native right;
Thrones and powers before him fall,
Lamb of God and Lord of all!"

2 Hasten, Lord! the promised hour;
Come in glory and in power;
Still thy foes are unsubdued;
Nature sighs to be renew'd;
Time has nearly reach'd its sum;
All things with the bride say "Come"!
Jesus! whom all worlds adore,
Come, and reign for evermore!

ST. EDMONDS. L. M.



731

1 O God! thy grace and blessing give
To us who on thy name attend,
That we this mortal life may live
Regardful of our journey's end.

2 Teach us to know that Jesus died
And rose again our souls to save;
Teach us to take him as our guide,
Our help from childhood to the grave.

3 Then shall not death with terror come,
But welcome as a bidden guest,
The herald of a better home,
The messenger of peace and rest.

732

1 Why should we start and fear to die?
What tim'rous worms we mortals are!
Death is the gate of endless joy,
And yet we dread to enter there.

2 The pains, the groans and dying strife
Fright our approaching souls away;
Still we shrink back again to life,
Fond of our prison and our clay.

3 Oh, if my Lord would come and meet,
My soul would stretch her wings in haste,
Fly fearless through death's iron gate,
Nor feel the terrors as she passed.

4 Jesus can make a dying bed
Feel soft as downy pillows are,
While on his breast I lean my head,
And breathe my life out sweetly there.

733

1 The hour of my departure's come;
I hear the voice that calls me home;
At last, O Lord! let trouble cease,
And let thy servant die in peace.

2 The race appointed I have run,
The combat's o'er, the prize is won;
And now my witness is on high,
And now my record's in the sky.

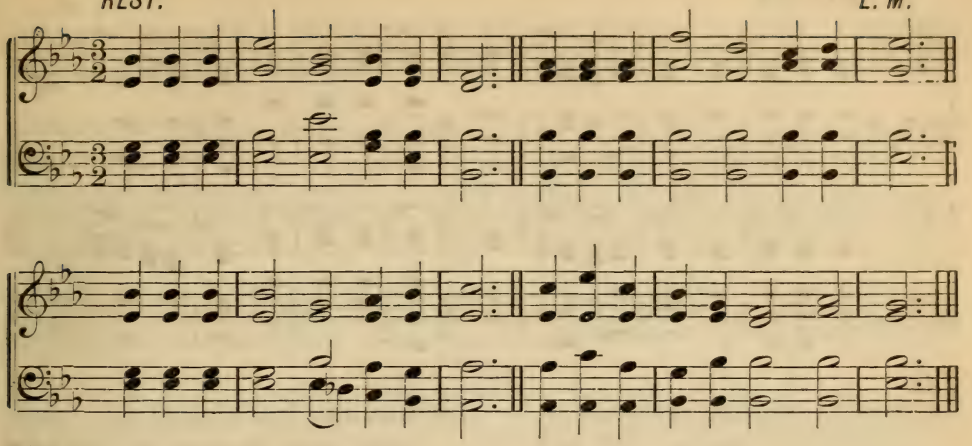
3 Not in mine innocence I trust;
I bow before thee in the dust;
And through my Saviour's blood alone
I look for mercy at thy throne.

4 I leave the world without a tear,
Save for the friends I held so dear;
To heal their sorrows, Lord! descend,
And to the friendless prove a Friend.

5 I come, I come, at thy command;
I give my spirit to thy hand;
Stretch forth thine everlasting arms,
And shield me in the last alarms.

6 The hour of my departure's come,
I hear the voice that calls me home;
Now, O my God! let trouble cease;
Now let thy servant die in peace.

REST. L. M.



734

1 So fades the lovely, blooming flower,
Frail smiling solace of an hour;
So soon our transient comforts fly,
And pleasure only blooms to die.

2 Is there no kind, no lenient art
To heal the anguish of the heart?
Spirit of grace! be ever nigh,
Thy comforts are not made to die.

3 Then gentle patience smiles on pain,
And dying hope revives again;
Hope wipes the tear from sorrow's eye,
And faith points upward to the sky.

735

1 Asleep in Jesus! blessed sleep,
From which none ever wakes to weep;
A calm and undisturbed repose,
Unbroken by the last of foes.

2 Asleep in Jesus! oh how sweet
To be for such a slumber meet!
With holy confidence to sing
That death has lost his venom'd sting!

3 Asleep in Jesus! peaceful rest,
Whose waking is supremely blest;
No fear, no woe, shall dim that hour
That manifests the Saviour's power.

4 Asleep in Jesus! oh, for me
May such a blissful refuge be;
Securely shall my ashes lie,
Waiting the summons from on high.

736

1 How blest the righteous when he dies,
When sinks a weary soul to rest!
How mildly beam the closing eyes!
How gently heaves th' expiring breast!

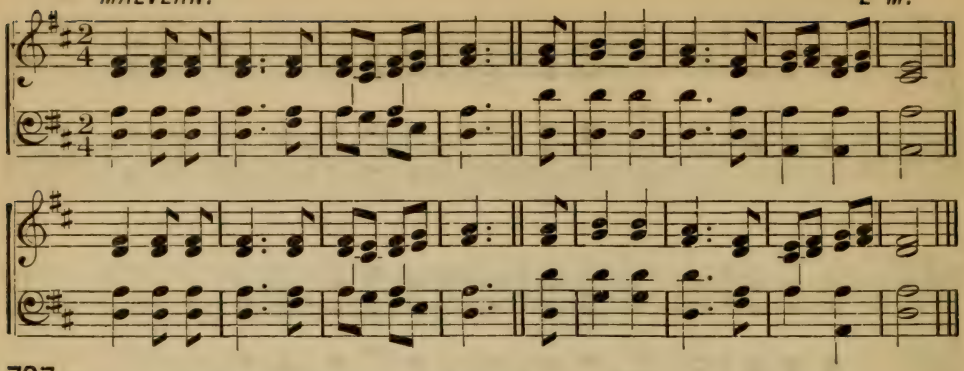
2 So fades a summer cloud away;
So sinks the gale when storms are o'er;
So gently shuts the eye of day;
So dies a wave along the shore.

3 A holy quiet reigns around,
A calm which life nor death destroys;
And naught disturbs that peace profound
Which his unfettered soul enjoys.

4 Farewell, conflicting hopes and fears,
Where lights and shades alternate dwell;
How bright th' unchanging morn appears!
Farewell, inconstant world, farewell!

5 Life's labor done, as sinks the clay,
Light from its load the spirit flies;
While heaven and earth combine to say,
"How blest the righteous when he dies!"

MALVERN. L M.



737

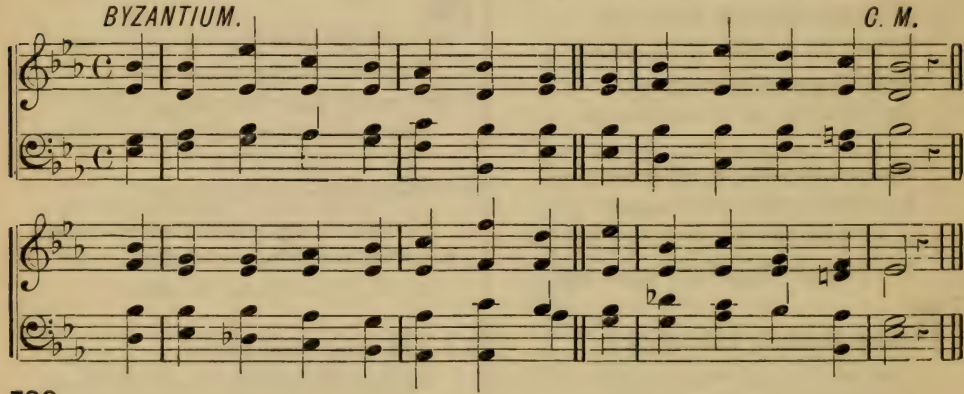
1 Unveil thy bosom, faithful tomb,
Take this new treasure to thy trust,
And give these sacred relics room
To seek a slumber in the dust.

2 Nor pain nor grief nor anxious fear
Invades thy bounds; no mortal woes
Can reach the peaceful sleeper here,
While angels watch his soft repose.

3 So Jesus slept; God's dying Son [bed;
Passed through the grave, and blessed the
Rest here, blest saint, till from his throne
The morning break and pierce the shade.

4 Break from his throne, illustrious morn!
Attend, O earth! his sovereign word;
Restore thy trust a glorious form,
Called to ascend to meet the Lord

BYZANTIUM. C. M.



738

1 My God! to thee I now commend
My soul, for thou, O Lord!
Dost live and love me without end,
And wilt perform thy word.

2 To whom else should I make my plea
That heavenly life be mine?
All souls, my God! belong to thee;
My soul is also thine.

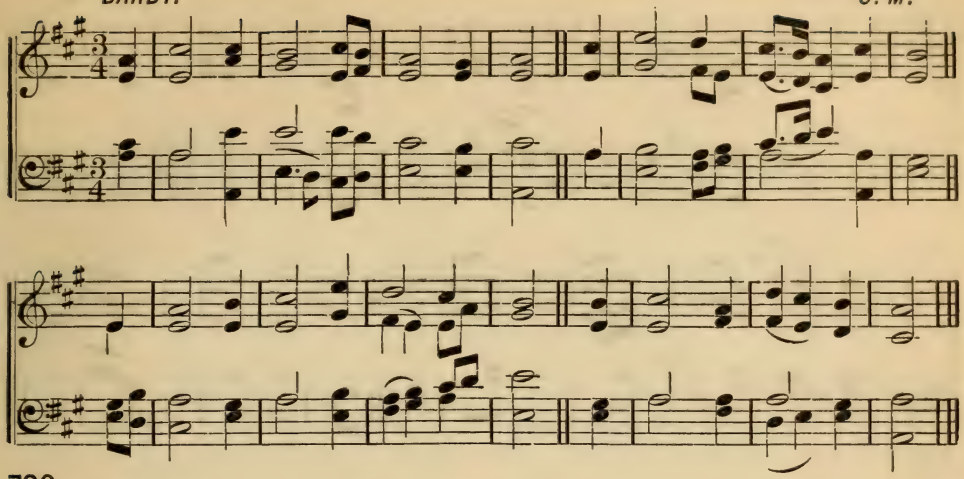
3 Thou gavest my spirit at my birth,
Take back what thou hast given;
And with the Lord I served on earth
Grant me to live in heaven.

4 My soul is sprinkled with the blood
Thy Son hath shed for us,
And in thy sight is pure and good,
Adorned and radiant thus.

5 Thou my deliverer wast of yore,
From sin thou madest me free;
Now, faithful God! do thou once more
In death deliver me.

6 Thou livest and lovest without end,
And dost perform thy word;
My parting soul I now commend
To thee, my God and Lord!

BARBY. C. M.



739

1 Oh, for a faith that will not shrink
Though pressed by every foe,
That will not tremble on the brink
Of any earthly woe;

2 That will not murmur nor complain
Beneath the chastening rod,
But in the hour of grief or pain
Will lean upon its God—

3 A faith that shines more bright and clear
When tempests rage without,
That when in danger knows no fear,
In darkness feels no doubt;

4 A faith that keeps the narrow way
Till life's last hour is fled,
And with a pure and heavenly ray
Lights up a dying bed.

5 Lord! give us such a faith as this,
And then, whate'er may come,
We 'll taste e'en here the hallowed bliss
Of an eternal home.

740

1 Faith adds new charms to earthly bliss,
And saves me from its snares,
Its aid in every duty brings,
And softens all my cares.

2 The wounded conscience knows its power
The healing balm to give;
That balm the saddest heart can cheer,
And make the dying live.

3 Wide it unveils celestial worlds,
Where deathless pleasures reign,
And bids me seek my portion there,
Nor bids me seek in vain;

4 Shows me the precious promise, sealed
With the Redeemer's blood,
And helps my feeble hope to rest
Upon a faithful God.

5 There, there unshaken would I rest
Till this vile body dies,
And then, on faith's triumphant wings,
At once to glory rise.

741

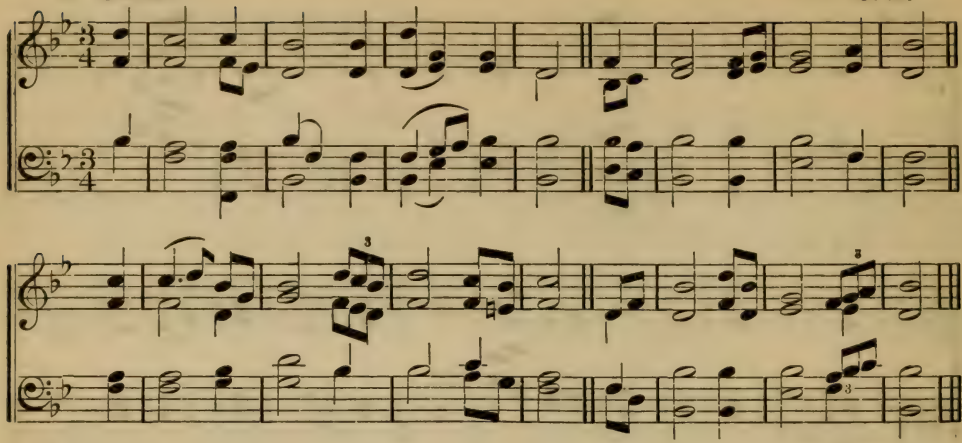
1 Oh, for an overcoming faith
To cheer my dying hours,
To triumph o'er the monster Death,
And all his frightful powers.

2 Joyful with all the strength I have
My quiv'ring lips should sing,
"Where is thy boasted vict'ry, grave,
And where the monster's sting?"

3 If sin be pardon'd, I 'm secure,
Death has no sting beside;
The law gives sin its damning power
But Christ, my Ransom, died.

4 Now to the God of victory
Immortal thanks be paid,
Who makes us conqu'rors while we die
Through Christ our living Head.

CHINA. C. M.



742

1 HEAR what the voice from heaven proclaims
For all the pious dead:
"Sweet is the savor of their names,
And soft their sleeping-bed.

2 "They die in Jesus, and are blessed—
How kind their slumbers are,
From sufferings and from sins released,
And freed from every snare.

3 "Far from this world of toil and strife,
They 're present with the Lord;
The labors of their mortal life
End in a large reward."

743

1 TEACH me the measure of my days,
Thou Maker of my frame!
I would survey life's narrow space,
And learn how frail I am.

2 A span is all that we can boast,
An inch or two of time;
Man is but vanity and dust
In all his flower and prime.

3 See the vain race of mortals move
Like shadows o'er the plain,
They rage and strive, desire and love,
But all their noise is vain.

4 What should I wish or wait for, then,
From creatures, earth and dust?
They make our expectations vain,
And disappoint our trust.

5 Now I forbid my carnal hope,
My fond desires recall;
I give my mortal interest up,
And make my God my all.

744

1 WHY do we mourn departing friends
Or shake at death's alarms?
'T is but the voice that Jesus sends
To call them to his arms.

2 Are we not tending upward too
As fast as time can move?
Nor should we wish the hours more slow
To keep us from our love.

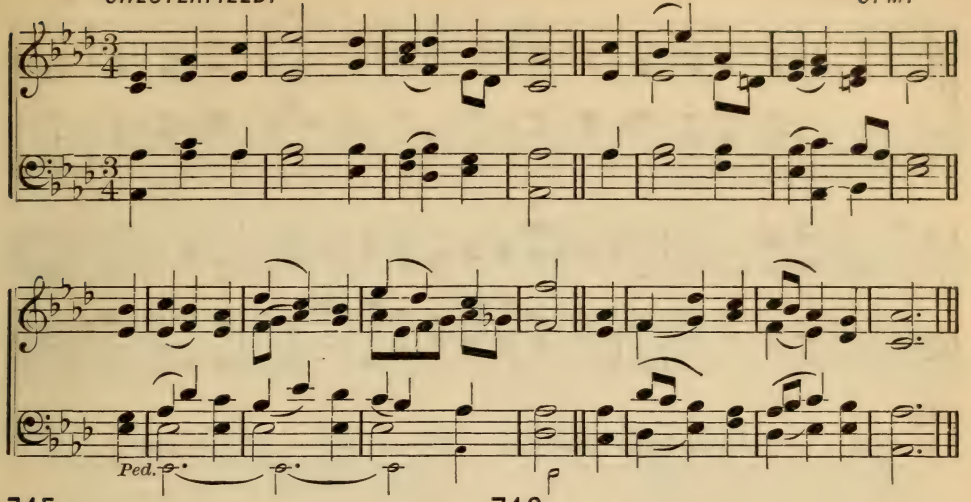
3 Why should we tremble to convey
Their bodies to the tomb?
There the dear flesh of Jesus lay,
And left a long perfume.

4 The graves of all the saints he blessed,
And softened every bed;
Where should the dying members rest
But with their dying Head?

5 Thence he arose, ascended high,
And showed our feet the way;
Up to the Lord our flesh shall fly
At the great rising day.

6 Then let the last loud trumpet sound,
And bid our kindred rise;
Awake, ye nations under ground;
Ye saints, ascend the skies.

CHESTERFIELD. C. M.



745

1 THROUGH sorrow's night and danger's path,
Amid the deepening gloom,
We, soldiers of an injured King,
Are marching to the tomb.

2 There, when the turmoil is no more,
And all our powers decay,
Our cold remains in solitude
Shall sleep the years away.

3 Our labors done, securely laid
In this our last retreat,
Unheeded o'er our silent dust
The storms of life shall beat.

4 Yet not thus buried or extinct
The vital spark shall lie;
For o'er life's wreck that spark shall rise
To seek its kindred sky.

5 These ashes too, this little dust,
Our Father's care shall keep,
Till the last angel rise and break
The long and dreary sleep.

6 Then love's soft dew o'er every eye
Shall shed its mildest rays,
And the long-silent voice awake
With shouts of endless praise.

746

1 'T IS sweet to rest in lively hope,
That when my change shall come
Angels will hover round my bed,
And waft my spirit home.

2 There shall my disimprisoned soul
Behold him, and adore;
Be with his likeness satisfied,
And grieve and sin no more;

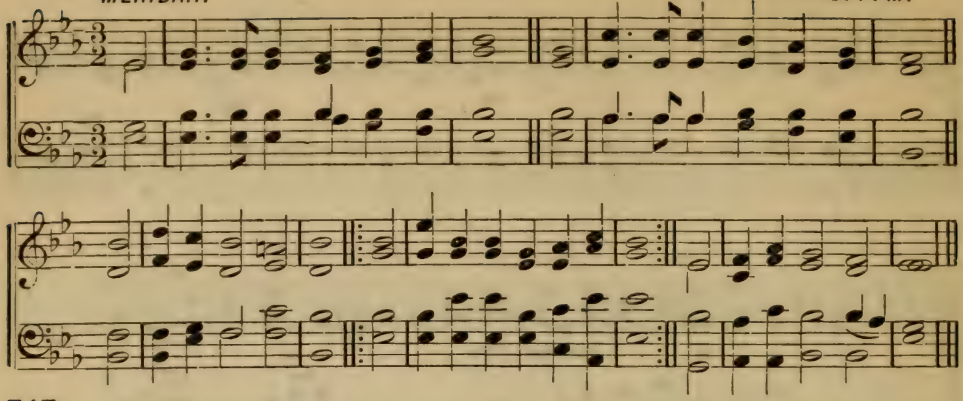
3 Shall see him wear that very flesh
On which my guilt was lain,
His love intense, his merit fresh,
As though but newly slain.

4 Soon too my slumbering dust shall hear
The trumpet's quickening sound;
And by my Saviour's power rebuilt,
At his right hand be found.

5 These eyes shall see him in that day,
The Lord that died for me,
And I with all his saints shall say,
Lord! who is like to thee?

6 If such the views which grace unfolds,
Weak as it is below,
What raptures must the church above
In Jesus' presence know!

MERIBAH. C. P. M.



747

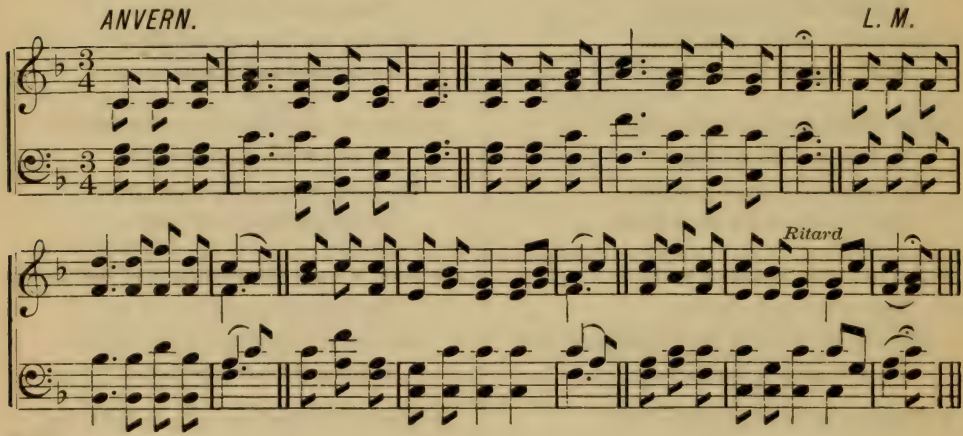
1 When thou, my righteous Judge! shalt come
To take thy ransomed people home,
Shall I among them stand?
Shall such a worthless worm as I,
Who sometimes am afraid to die,
Be found at thy right hand?

2 I love to meet among them now,
Before thy gracious feet to bow,
Though vilest of them all;
But can I bear the piercing thought,
What if my name should be left out
When thou for them shalt call?

3 Prevent, prevent it by thy grace,
Be thou, dear Lord! my hiding-place,
In this the accepted day;
Thy pardoning voice, oh, let me hear,
To still my unbelieving fear,
Nor let me fall, I pray.

4 Among thy saints let me be found
Whene'er the archangel's trump shall sound,
To see thy smiling face;
Then loudest of the throng I'll sing,
While heaven's resounding mansions ring
With shouts of sovereign grace.

ANVERN. L. M.



748

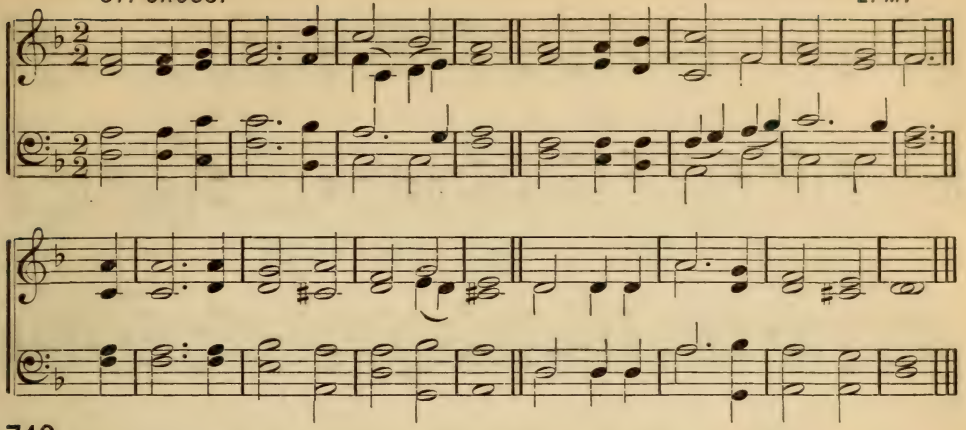
1 Death is no more among our foes
Since Christ, the mighty Conqueror, rose;
Both power and sting the Saviour broke;
He died, and gave the finished stroke.

2 Soon shall the earth's remotest bound
Feel the archangel's trumpet sound;
Then shall the grave's dark cavern shake,
And joyful all the saints shall wake.

3 Bodies and souls shall then unite,
Arrayed in glory, strong and bright,
And all his saints will Jesus bring
His face to see, his love to sing.

4 Oh, may I live with Jesus nigh,
And sleep in Jesus when I die;
Then, joyful, when from death I wake,
I shall eternal bliss partake.

ST. CROSS. L. M.



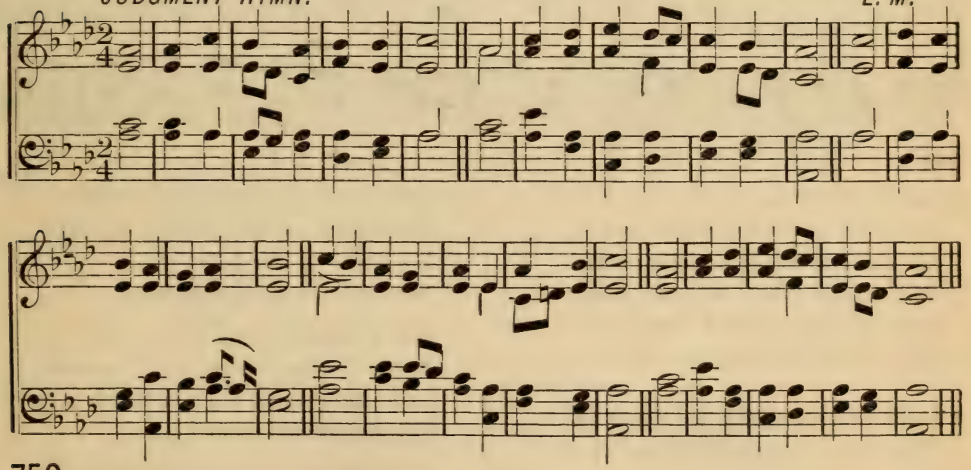
749

1 That day of wrath, that dreadful day
When heaven and earth shall pass away,
What power shall be the sinner's stay?
How shall he meet that dreadful day,

2 When, shriveling like a parchèd scroll,
The flaming heavens together roll,
And louder yet, and yet more dread,
Swells the high trump that wakes the dead?

3 Oh, on that day, that wrathful day
When man to judgment wakes from clay,
Be thou, O Christ! the sinner's stay,
Though heaven and earth shall pass away.

JUDGMENT HYMN. L. M.



750

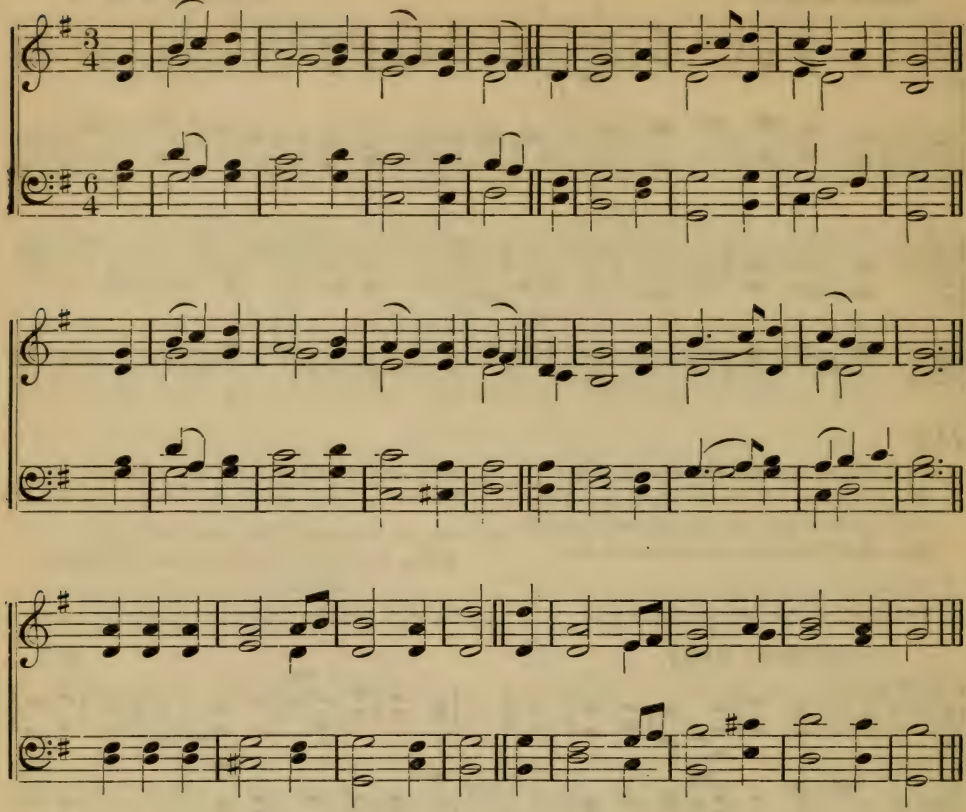
1 He reigns, the Lord, the Saviour, reigns,
Praise him in evangelic strains;
Let the whole earth in songs rejoice,
And distant islands join their voice.

2 Deep are his counsels and unknown,
But grace and truth support his throne;
Though gloomy clouds his ways surround,
Justice is their eternal ground.

3 In robes of judgment, lo! he comes,
Shakes the wide earth and cleaves the tombs
Before him burns devouring fire,
The mountains melt, the seas retire.

4 His enemies, with sore dismay,
Fly from the sight and shun the day;
Then lift your heads, ye saints, on high,
And sing, for your redemption 's nigh.

WESTMINSTER. L. M. 6 lines.



751

1 God of the living! in whose eyes
Unveiled the whole creation lies,
All souls are thine; we must not say
That those are dead who pass away;
From this our world of flesh set free,
We know them living unto thee.

2 Released from earthly toil and strife,
With thee is hidden still their life;
Thine are their thoughts, their works, their powers,
All thine, and yet most truly ours;
For well we know, where'er they be,
Our dead are living unto thee.

3 Not spilt like water on the ground,
Not wrapped in dreamless sleep profound,
Not wandering in unknown despair
Beyond thy voice, thine arm, thy care,
Not left to lie like fallen tree,
Not dead, but living unto thee.

4 Thy word is true, thy will is just;
To thee we leave them, Lord! in trust,
And bless thee for the love which gave
Thy Son to fill a human grave,
That none might fear that world to see
Where all are living unto thee.

5 O Breather into man of breath!
O Holder of the keys of death!
O Giver of the life within!
Save us from death, the death of sin,
That body, soul and spirit be
For ever living unto thee.

PROSPECT. 11s.

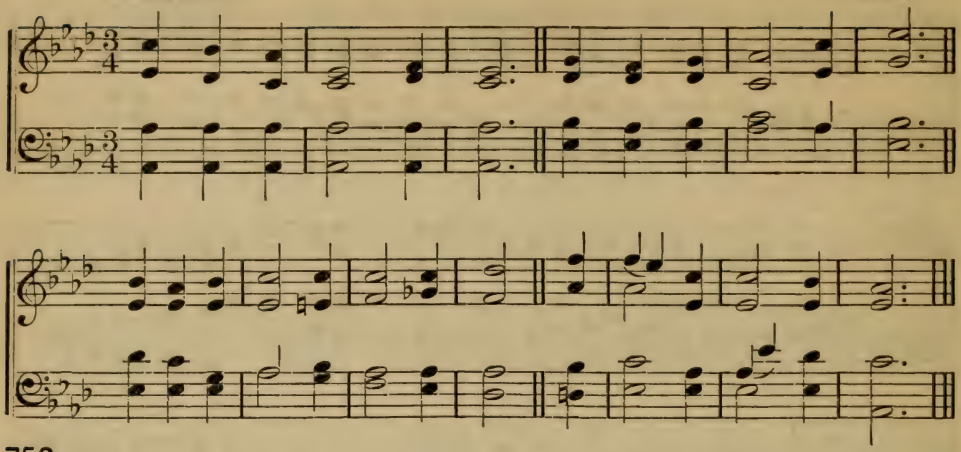
752

1 "Soon and for ever"—such promise our trust,
Though ashes to ashes and dust unto dust—
"Soon and for ever" our union shall be
Made perfect, our glorious Redeemer! in thee;
When the sins and the sorrows of time shall be o'er,
Its pangs and its partings remembered no more,
Where life cannot fail and where death cannot sever,
Christians with Christ shall be "soon and for ever."

2 "Soon and for ever" the breaking of day
Shall drive all the night clouds of sorrow away;
"Soon and for ever" we 'll see as we 're seen,
And learn the deep meaning of things that have been
When fightings without us and fears from within
Shall weary no more in the warfare of sin,
Where fears and where tears, and where death shall be never,
Christians with Christ shall be "soon and for ever."

3 "Soon and for ever" the work shall be done,
The warfare accomplished, the victory won;
"Soon and for ever" the soldier lays down
His sword for a harp and his cross for a crown;
Then droop not in sorrow, despond not in fear,
A glorious to-morrow is brightening and near;
When—blessed reward of each faithful endeavor—
Christians with Christ shall be "soon and for ever."

GREENWOOD. S. M.



753

1 And must this body die,
This mortal frame decay?
And must these active limbs of mine
Lie mould'ring in the clay?

2 God my Redeemer lives,
And often from the skies
Looks down and watches all my dust,
Till he shall bid it rise.

3 Arrayed in glorious grace
Shall these vile bodies shine,
And every shape and every face
Look heav'nly and divine.

4 These lively hopes we owe
To Jesus' dying love;
We would adore his grace below,
And sing his power above.

754

1 Oh for the death of those
Who slumber in the Lord;
Oh be like theirs my last repose,
Like theirs my last reward!

2 Their bodies in the ground
In silent hope may lie
Till the last trumpet's joyful sound
Shall call them to the sky.

3 Their ransomed spirits soar,
On wings of faith and love,
To meet the Saviour they adore,
And reign with him above.

4 With us their names shall live
Through long succeeding years,
Embalmed with all our hearts can give,
Our praises and our tears.

5 Oh for the death of those
Who slumber in the Lord;
Oh be like theirs my last repose,
Like theirs my last reward!

755

1 It is not death to die,
To leave this weary road,
And midst the brotherhood on high
To be at home with God.

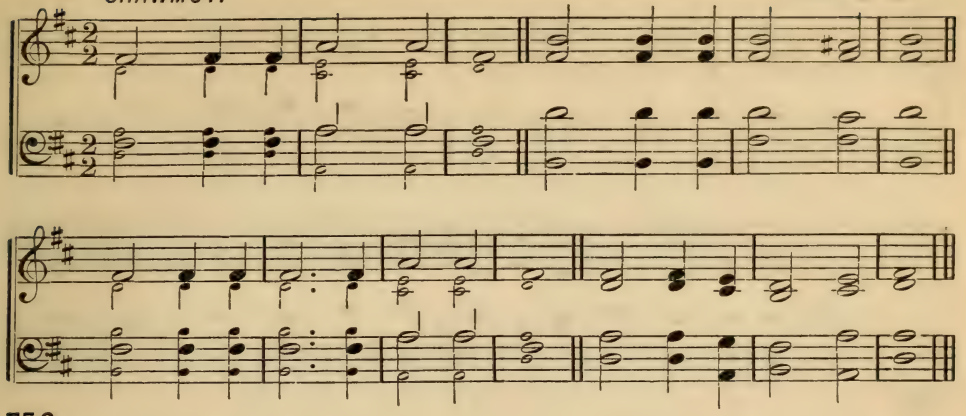
2 It is not death to close
The eye long dimmed by tears,
And wake in glorious repose
To spend eternal years.

3 It is not death to bear
The wrench that sets us free
From dungeon chain, to breathe the air
Of boundless liberty.

4 It is not death to fling
Aside this sinful dust,
And rise on strong exulting wing
To live among the just.

5 Jesus, thou Prince of life!
Thy chosen cannot die;
Like thee, they conquer in the strife,
To reign with thee on high.

SHAWMUT. S. M.



756

1 A few more years shall roll,
A few more seasons come,
And we shall be with those that rest
Asleep within the tomb.

2 A few more struggles here,
A few more partings o'er,
A few more toils, a few more tears,
And we shall weep no more.

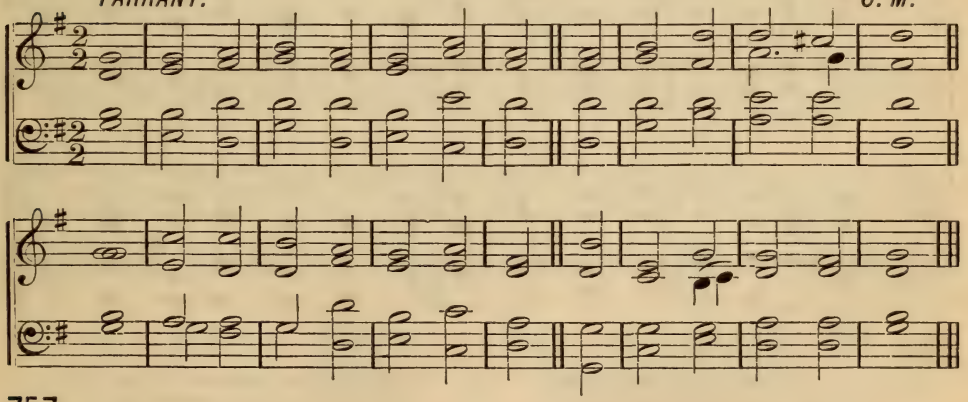
3 A few more storms shall beat
On this wild rocky shore,
And we shall be where tempests cease,
And surges swell no more.

4 A few more Sabbaths here
Shall cheer us on our way,
And we shall reach the endless rest,
Th' eternal Sabbath day.

5 'T is but a little while,
And he shall come again
Who died that we might live, who lives
That we with him may reign.

6 Then, O my Lord! prepare
My soul for that glad day;
Oh, wash me in thy precious blood,
And take my sins away.

FARRANT. C. M.



757

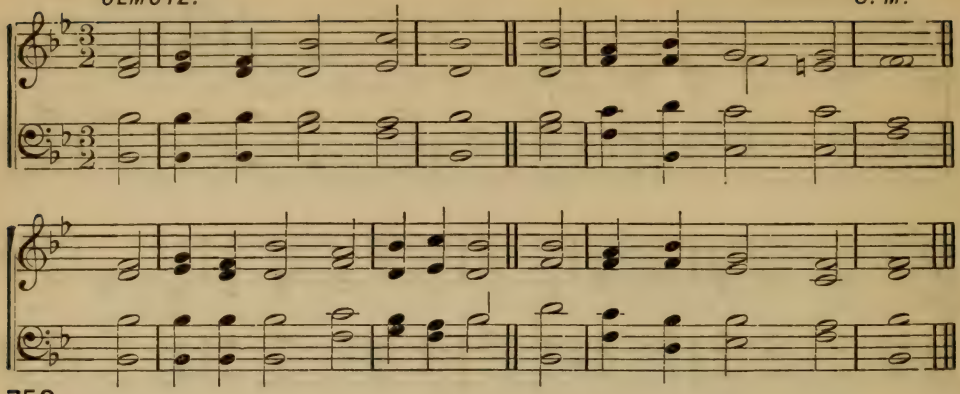
1 As o'er the past my memory strays,
Why heaves the secret sigh?
'T is that I mourn departed days,
Still unprepared to die.

2 The world and worldly things beloved
My anxious thoughts employed,
And time, unhallowed, unimproved,
Presents a fearful void.

3 Yet, Holy Father! wild despair
Chase from my laboring breast;
Thy grace it is which prompts the prayer;
That grace can do the rest.

4 My life's brief remnant all be thine;
And when thy sure decree
Bids me this fleeting breath resign,
Oh, speed my soul to thee.

OLMUTZ. S. M.



758

1 "For ever with the Lord!"
Amen! so let it be;
Life from the dead is in that word,
'T is immortality.

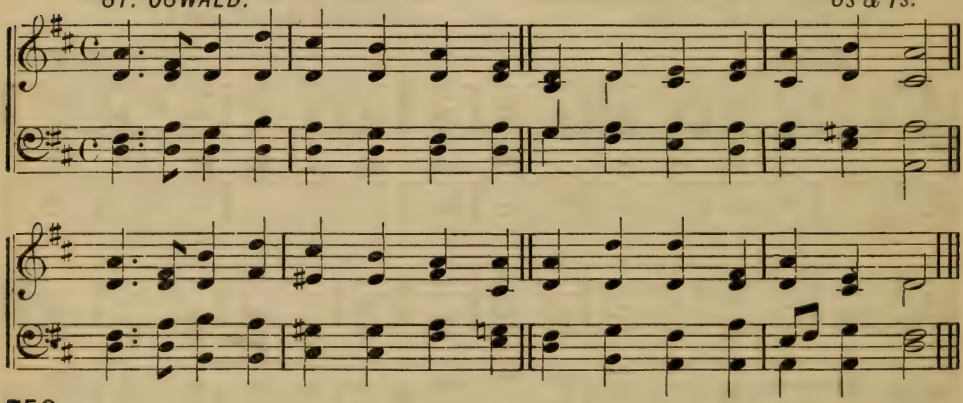
2 Here, in the body pent,
Absent from him I roam;
Yet nightly pitch my moving tent
A day's march nearer home.

3 "For ever with the Lord!"
Father! if 'tis thy will,
The promise of that faithful word
E'en here to me fulfill.

4 So when my latest breath
Shall rend the veil in twain,
By death I shall escape from death,
And life eternal gain.

5 Knowing as I am known,
How shall I love that word!
And oft repeat before the throne,
"For ever with the Lord!"

ST. OSWALD. 8s & 7s.



759

1 Cease, ye mourners, cease to languish,
O'er the grave of those you love;
Pain and death and night and anguish
Enter not the world above.

2 While our silent steps are straying,
Lonely, through night's deepening shade,
Glory's brightest beams are playing
Round the happy Christian's head.

3 Light and peace at once deriving
From the hand of God most high,
In his glorious presence living,
They shall never, never die.

4 Endless pleasure pain excluding,
Sickness there no more can come;
There no fear of woe, intruding,
Sheds o'er heaven a moment's gloom.

5 Now, ye mourners, cease to languish,
O'er the grave of those you love;
Far removed from pain and anguish,
They are chanting hymns above.

MEINHOLD. 7s, 8s & 7s.

760

1 Gentle Shepherd! thou hast stilled
Now thy little lamb's long weeping;
Ah! how peaceful, pale and mild
In its narrow bed 't is sleeping!
And no sigh of anguish sore
Heaves that little bosom more.

2 In this world of care and pain,
Lord! thou wouldst no longer leave it;
To the sunny heavenly plain
Dost thou now in joy receive it.
Clothed in robes of spotless white,
Now it dwells with thee in light.

3 Ah, Lord Jesus! grant that we
Where it lives may soon be living,
And the lovely pastures see
That its heavenly food are giving.
Then the gain of death we 'll prove,
Though thou take what most we love.

SUPPLICATION. 7s.

761

1 When our heads are bowed with woe,
When our bitter tears o'erflow,
When we mourn the lost, the dear,
Jesus, Son of Mary! hear.

2 Thou our throbbing flesh hast worn,
Thou our mortal griefs hast borne,
Thou hast shed the human tear;
Jesus, Son of Mary! hear.

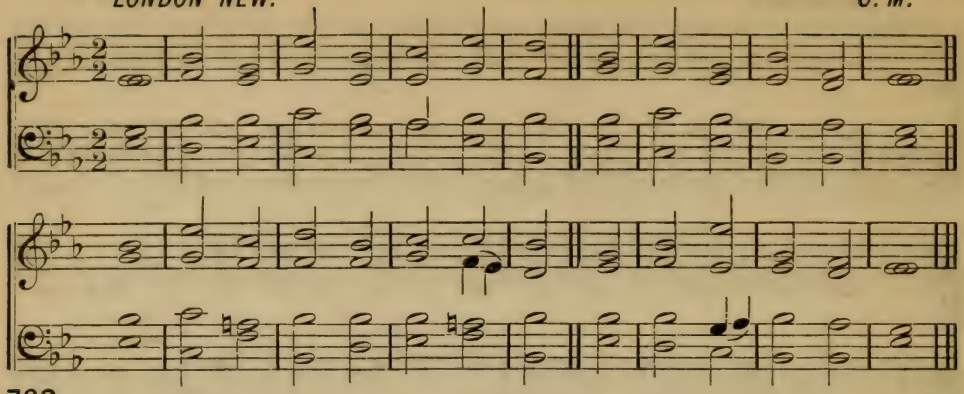
3 When the solemn death-bell tolls
For our own departing souls,
When our final doom is near,
Jesus, Son of Mary! hear.

4 Thou hast bowed the dying head,
Thou the blood of life hast shed,
Thou hast filled a mortal bier;
Jesus, Son of Mary! hear.

5 When the heart is sad within
With the thought of all its sin,
When the spirit shrinks with fear,
Jesus, Son of Mary! hear.

6 Thou the shame, the grief, hast known,
Though the sins were not thine own;
Thou hast deigned their load to bear;
Jesus, Son of Mary! hear.

LONDON NEW. C. M.



762

1 When, rising from the bed of death,
O'erwhelmed with guilt and fear,
I see my Maker face to face,
Oh, how shall I appear?

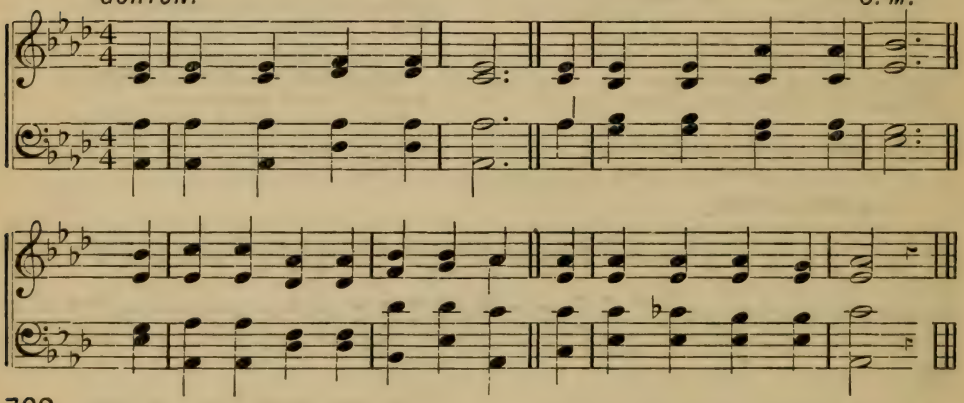
2 If yet, while pardon may be found
And mercy may be sought,
My heart with inward horror shrinks,
And trembles at the thought,

3 When thou, O Lord! shalt stand disclosed
In majesty severe,
And sit in judgment on my soul,
Oh, how shall I appear?

4 Then see the sorrows of my heart
Ere yet it be too late;
My pardon speak, for Jesus' sake,
And bid my fears abate.

5 For never shall my soul despair
Her pardon to procure,
Who knows thine only Son has died
To make her pardon sure.

GORTON. S. M.



763

1 Thou Judge of quick and dead,
Before whose bar severe,
With holy joy or guilty dread,
We all shall soon appear!

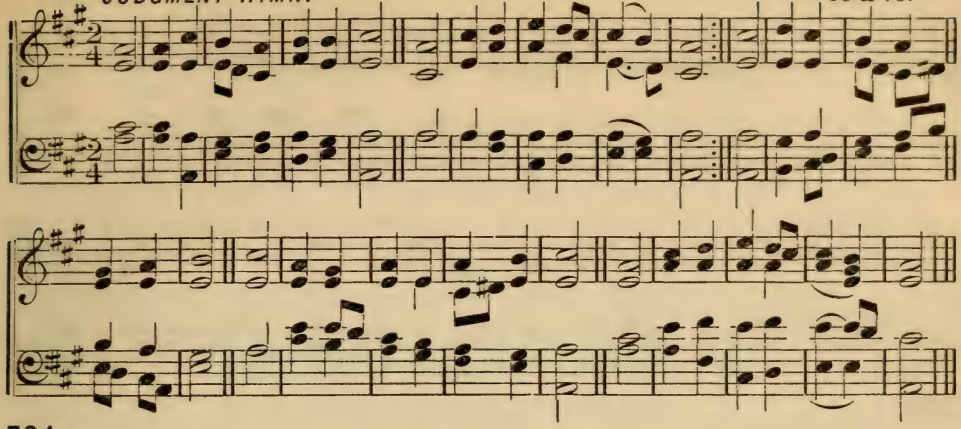
2 Our cautioned souls prepare
For that tremendous day,
And fill us now with watchful care,
And stir us up to pray—

3 To pray, and wait the hour,
That awful hour unknown,
When, robed in majesty and power,
Thou shalt from heaven come down

4 Oh, may we thus be found
Obedient to his word,
Attentive to the trumpet's sound,
And looking for our Lord.

5 Oh, may we thus ensure
Our lot among the blest,
And watch a moment to secure
An everlasting rest.

JUDGMENT HYMN. 8s & 7s.



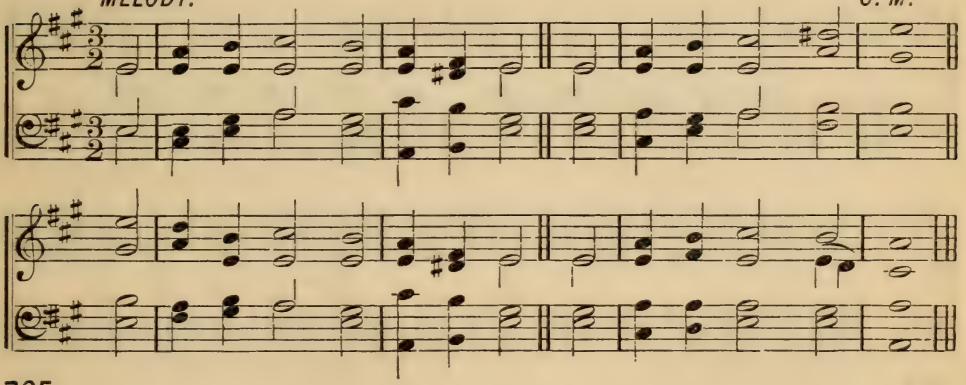
764

1 Great God! what do I see and hear?
The end of things created!
The Judge of man I see appear,
On clouds of glory seated!
The trumpet sounds, the graves restore
The dead which they contained before;
Prepare, my soul! to meet him.

2 The dead in Christ shall first arise
At the last trumpet's sounding,
Caught up to meet him in the skies,
With joy their Lord surrounding;
No gloomy fears their souls dismay,
His presence sheds eternal day
On those prepared to meet him.

3 Great God! what do I see and hear?
The end of things created!
The Judge of man I see appear,
On clouds of glory seated!
Beneath his cross I view the day
When heaven and earth shall pass away,
And thus prepare to meet him.

MELODY. C. M.



765

1 That awful day will surely come,
Th' appointed hour makes haste,
When I must stand before my Judge,
And pass the solemn test.

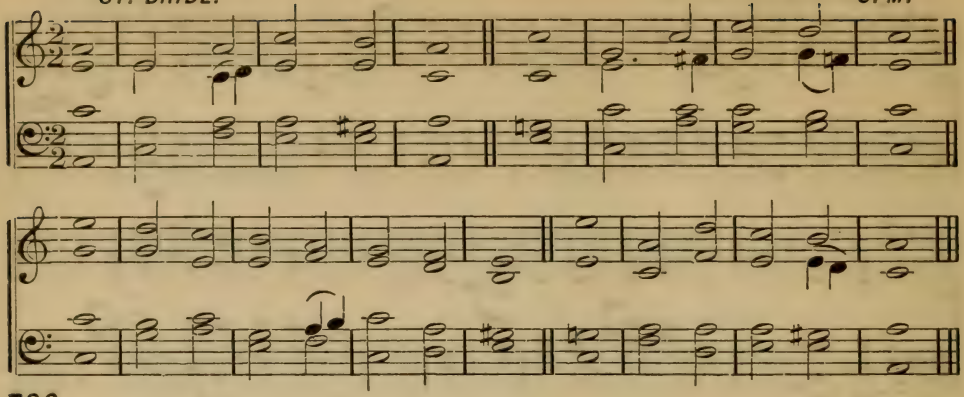
2 Thou lovely Chief of all my joys!
Thou Sovereign of my heart!
How could I bear to hear thy voice
Pronounce the sound, Depart!

3 Oh, wretched state of deep despair,
To see my God remove,
And fix my doleful station where
I must not taste his love.

4 Jesus! I throw my arms around,
And hang upon thy breast;
Without one gracious smile from thee
My spirit cannot rest.

5 Oh, tell me that my worthless name
Is graven on thy hands;
Show me some promise in thy book
Where my salvation stands.

ST. BRIDE. S. M.



766

1 And will the Judge descend?
And must the dead arise?
And not a single soul escape
His all-discerning eyes?

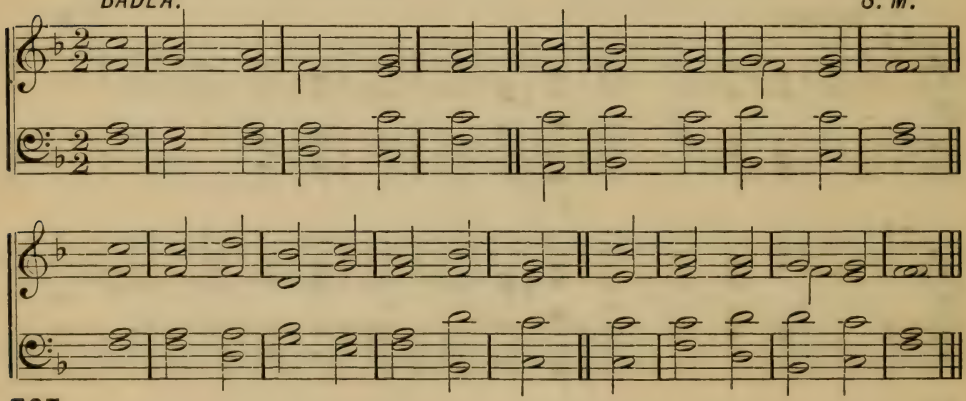
2 How will my heart endure
The terrors of that day
When earth and heaven before his face,
Astonished, shrink away?

3 But ere that trumpet shakes
The mansions of the dead,
Hark! from the gospel's cheering sound
What joyful tidings spread!

4 Ye sinners, seek his grace,
His wrath ye cannot bear;
Fly to the shelter of his cross,
And find salvation there.

5 So shall that curse remove
By which the Saviour bled,
And the last awful day shall pour
His blessings on your head.

BADEA. S. M.



767

1 Oh, where shall rest be found,
Rest for the weary soul?
'T were vain the ocean depths to sound
Or pierce to either pole.

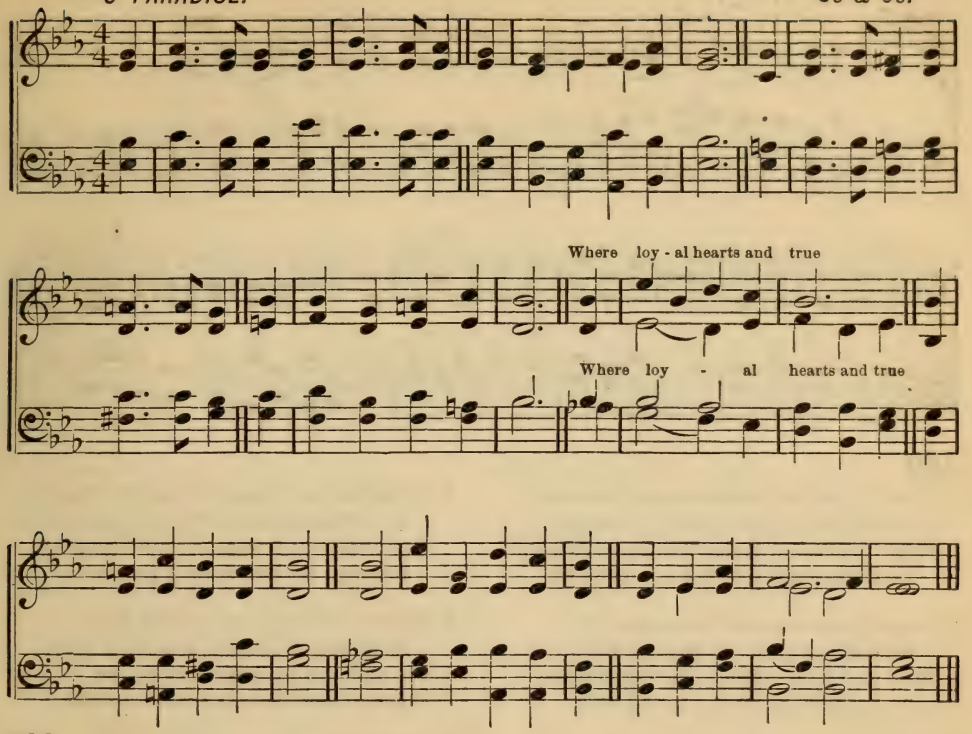
2 The world can never give
The bliss for which we sigh;
'T is not the whole of life to live,
Nor all of death to die.

3 Beyond this vale of tears
There is a life above,
Unmeasured by the flight of years,
And all that life is love.

4 There is a death whose pang
Outlasts the fleeting breath;
Oh, what eternal horrors hang
Around the second death!

5 Lord God of truth and grace!
Teach us that death to shun,
Lest we be banished from thy face,
And evermore undone.

O PARADISE. 8s & 6s.



768

1 O Paradise! O Paradise!
Who doth not crave for rest?
Who would not seek the happy land
Where they that loved are blest,
Where loyal hearts and true
Stand ever in the light,
All rapture through and through,
In God's most holy sight?

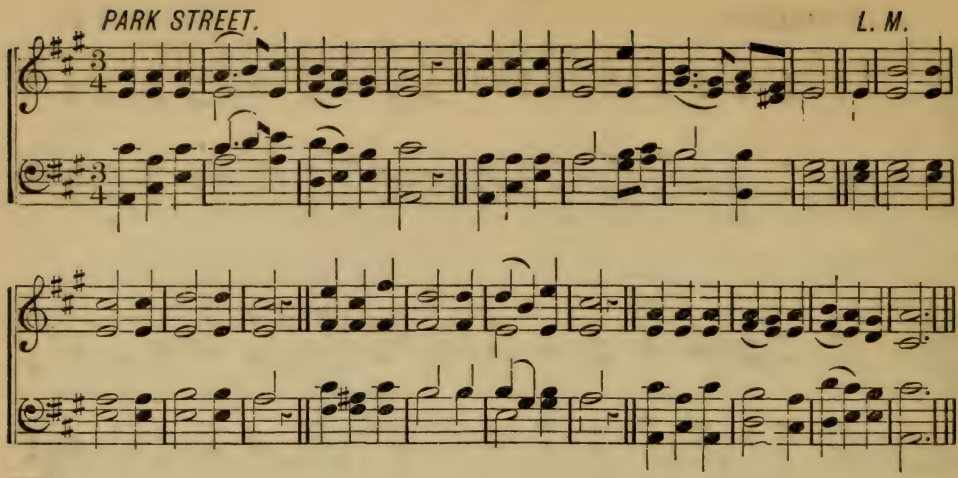
2 O Paradise! O Paradise!
'T is weary waiting here;
I long to be where Jesus is,
To feel, to see him near;
Where loyal hearts, etc.

3 O Paradise! O Paradise!
I want to sin no more;
I want to be as pure on earth
As on thy spotless shore.
Where loyal hearts, etc.

4 O Paradise! O Paradise!
I greatly long to see
The special place my dearest Lord
Is destining for me;
Where loyal hearts, etc.

5 O Paradise! O Paradise!
I feel 't will not be long;
Patience! I almost think I hear
Faint fragments of thy song!
Where loyal hearts, etc.

6 Lord Jesus! King of Paradise!
Oh, keep me in thy love,
And guide me to that happy land
Of perfect rest above.
Where loyal hearts and true
Stand ever in the light,
All rapture through and through,
In God's most holy sight.



769

1 Hark! how the choral song of heaven
Swells full of peace and joy above!
Hark! how they strike their golden harps,
And raise the tuneful notes of love!

2 No anxious care nor thrilling grief,
No deep despair nor gloomy woe,
They feel while high their lofty strains
In noblest, sweetest concord flow.

3 When shall we join the heavenly host
Who sing Immanuel's praise on high,
And leave behind our fears and doubts,
To swell the chorus of the sky?

4 Oh, come, thou rapture-bringing morn,
And usher in this joyful day;
We long to see thy rising sun
Drive all these clouds of grief away.

770

1 Oh for a sweet, inspiring ray
To animate our feeble strains,
From the bright realms of endless day,
The blissful realms where Jesus reigns.

2 There, low before his glorious throne,
Adoring saints and angels fall,
And with delightful worship own
His smile their bliss, their heaven, their all.

3 Immortal glories crown his head,
While tuneful hallelujahs rise,
And love and joy and triumph spread
Through all th' assemblies of the skies.

4 He smiles, and seraphs tune their songs
To boundless rapture while they gaze;
Ten thousand thousand joyful tongues
Resound his everlasting praise.

5 There all the foll'wers of the Lamb
Shall join at last the heavenly choir;
Oh, may the joy-inspiring theme
Awake our faith and warm desire.

6 Dear Saviour! let thy Spirit seal
Our interest in that blissful place,
Till death remove this mortal veil,
And we behold thy lovely face.

771

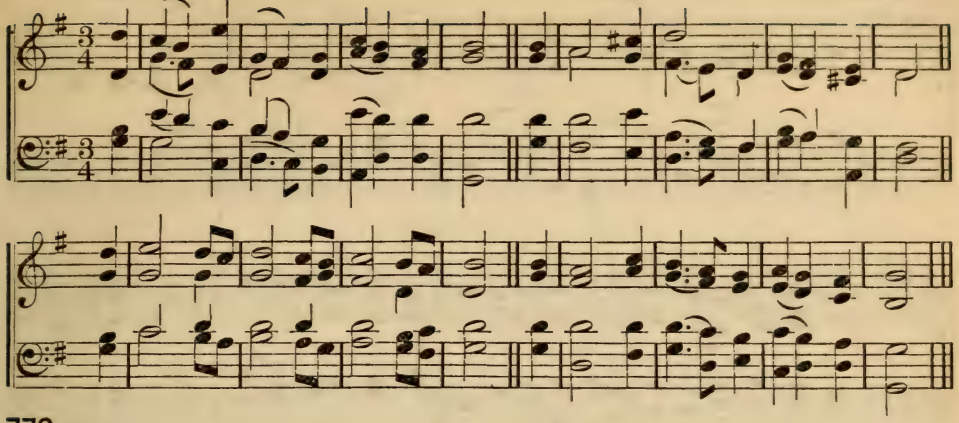
1 Now let our souls on wings sublime
Rise from the vanities of time,
Draw back the parting veil, and see
The glories of eternity.

2 Born by a new celestial birth,
Why should we grovel here on earth?
Why grasp at transitory toys,
So near to heaven's eternal joys?

3 Shall aught beguile us on the road
While we are traveling back to God?
For strangers into life we come,
And dying is but going home.

4 To dwell with God, to feel his love.
Is the full heaven enjoyed above,
And the sweet expectation now
Is the young dawn of heaven below

CAREY'S. L. M.



772

1 O HAPPY saints, who dwell in light
And walk with Jesus clothed in white,
Safe landed on that peaceful shore
Where pilgrims meet to part no more.

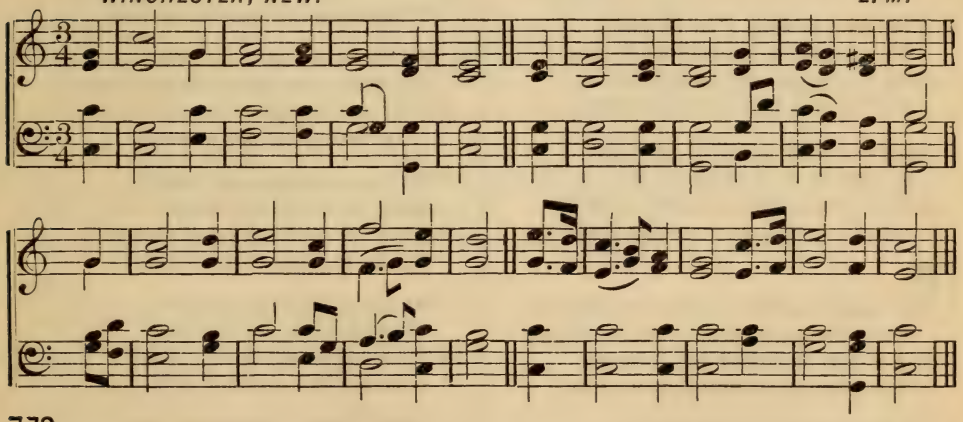
2 Released from sin and toil and grief,
Death was their gate to endless life;
An opened gate to let them fly
And build their happy nest on high.

3 And now they range the heavenly plains,
And sing their hymns in melting strains;
And now their souls begin to prove
The heights and depths of Jesus' love.

4 He cheers them with eternal smile;
They sing hosannas all the while;
Or, overwhelmed with rapture sweet,
Sink down adoring at his feet.

5 Ah, Lord! with tardy steps I creep,
And sometimes sing and sometimes weep;
Yet strip me of this house of clay,
And I will sing as loud as they.

WINCHESTER, NEW. L. M.



773

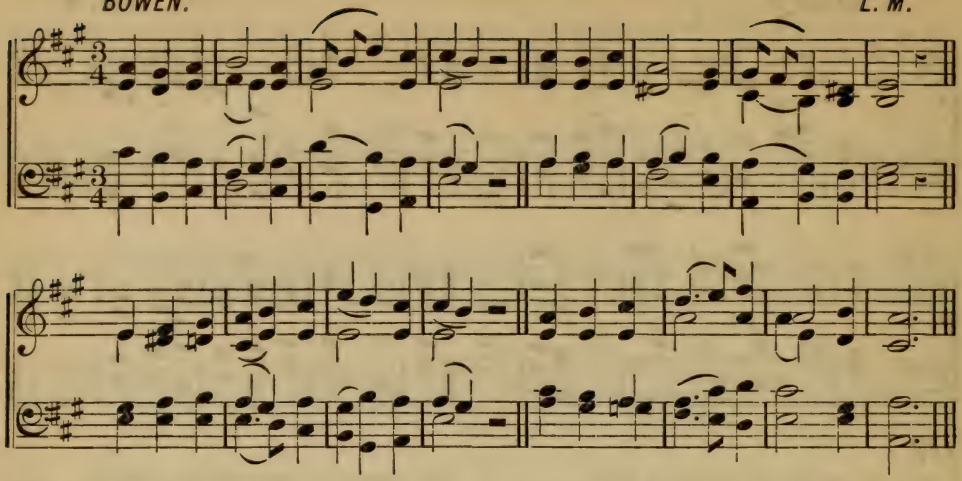
1 WHAT sinners value I resign;
Lord! 't is enough that thou art mine;
I shall behold thy blissful face,
And stand complete in righteousness.

2 This life 's a dream, an empty show,
But the bright world to which I go
Hath joys substantial and sincere;
When shall I wake and find me there?

3 Oh, glorious hour! oh, blest abode!
I shall be near and like my God,
And flesh and sin no more control
The sacred pleasures of the soul.

4 My flesh shall slumber in the ground
Till the last trumpet's joyful sound;
Then burst the chains with sweet surprise,
And in my Saviour's image rise.

BOWEN. L. M.



774

1 As when the weary traveler gains
The height of some o'erlooking hill,
His heart revives, if 'cross the plains
He eyes his home, though distant still.

2 So when the Christian pilgrim views,
By faith, his mansion in the skies,
The sight his fainting strength renews,
And wings his speed to reach the prize.

3 'T is there, he says, I am to dwell
With Jesus, in the realms of day;
Then I shall bid my cares farewell,
And he will wipe my tears away.

4 Jesus! on thee our hope depends
To lead us on to thine abode,
Assured our home will make amends
For all our toil when on the road.

775

1 Descend from heaven, immortal Dove!
Stoop down, and take us on thy wings,
And mount, and bear us far above
The reach of these inferior things.

2 Oh, for a sight, a blissful sight,
Of our almighty Father's throne;
There sits the Saviour, crowned with light,
Clothed in a body like our own.

3 Adoring saints around him stand,
And thrones and powers before him fall;
The God shines gracious through the man,
And sheds sweet glories on them all.

4 Oh what amazing joys they feel
While to their golden harps they sing,
And sit on every heavenly hill,
And spread the triumph of their King!

776

1 "We've no abiding city here."
This may distress the worldly mind,
But should not cost the saint a tear,
Who hopes a better rest to find.

2 "We've no abiding city here."
Sad truth were this to be our home,
But let this thought our spirit cheer:
"We seek a city yet to come."

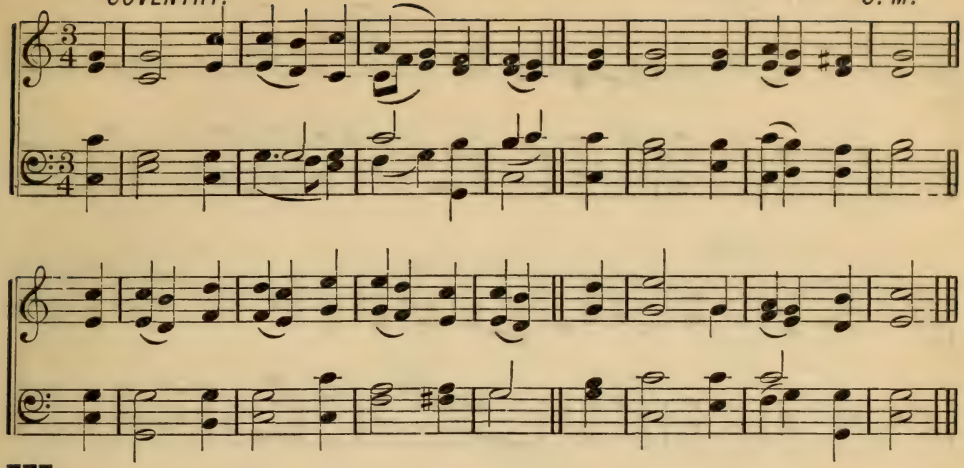
3 "We've no abiding city here."
Then let us live as pilgrims do;
Let not the world our rest appear,
But let us haste from all below.

4 "We've no abiding city here."
We seek a city out of sight,
Zion its name, the Lord is there,
It shines with everlasting light.

5 O sweet abode of peace and love
Where pilgrims freed from toil are blest
Had I the pinions of the dove,
I'd flee to thee, and be at rest.

6 But hush, my soul, nor dare repine;
The time my God appoints is best;
While here to do his will be mine,
And his to fix my time of rest.

COVENTRY. C. M.



777

1 Oh, could our thoughts and wishes fly
Above these gloomy shades
To those bright worlds beyond the sky
Which sorrow ne'er invades.

2 There joys unseen by mortal eyes
Or reason's feeble ray
In ever-blooming prospect rise,
Unconscious of decay.

3 Lord! send a beam of light divine
To guide our upward aim;
With one reviving touch of thine
Our languid hearts inflame.

4 Then shall on faith's sublimest wing
Our ardent wishes rise
To those bright scenes where pleasures [spring,
Immortal, in the skies.

778

1 My thoughts surmount these lower skies,
And look within the veil;
There springs of endless pleasure rise,
The waters never fail.

2 There I behold with sweet delight
The blessed Three in One,
And strong affections fix my sight
On God's incarnate Son.

3 His promise stands for ever firm,
His grace shall ne'er depart;
He binds my name upon his arm,
And seals it on his heart.

4 I would not be a stranger still
To that celestial place,
Where I for ever hope to dwell
Near my Redeemer's face.

779

1 Arise, my soul, fly up and run
Through every heavenly street,
And say there 's naught below the sun
That 's worthy of thy feet.

2 There, on a high, majestic throne,
Th' almighty Father reigns,
And sheds his glorious goodness down
On all the blissful plains.

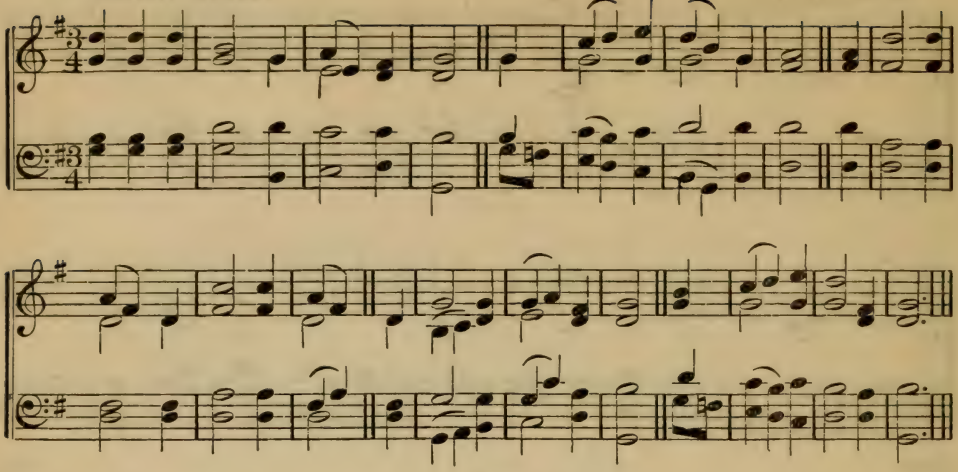
3 Bright, like a sun, the Saviour sits,
And spreads eternal noon;
No evenings there, nor gloomy nights,
To want the feeble moon.

4 Amidst those ever-shining skies
Behold the sacred Dove;
While banished sin and sorrow flies
From all the realms of love.

5 But oh, what beams of heavenly grace
Transport them all the while!
Ten thousand smiles from Jesus' face,
And love in every smile!

6 Jesus! and when shall that dear day,
That joyful hour, appear,
When I shall leave this house of clay
To dwell among them there?

LAIGHT STREET. C. M.



780

1 Lo! what a glorious sight appears
To our believing eyes!
The earth and sea are passed away,
And the old rolling skies.

2 From the third heaven, where God resides,
That holy, happy place,
The new Jerusalem comes down,
Adorned with shining grace.

3 Attending angels shout for joy,
And the bright armies sing:
"Mortals, behold the sacred seat
Of your descending King.

4 "The God of glory down to men
Removes his blest abode—
Men, the dear objects of his grace,
And he the loving God.

5 "His own soft hand shall wipe the tears
From every weeping eye,
And pains and groans and griefs and fears,
And death itself, shall die."

6 How long, dear Saviour! oh how long
Shall this bright hour delay?
Fly swifter round, ye wheels of time,
And bring the welcome day.

781

1 There is a land of pure delight
Where saints immortal reign;
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.

2 There everlasting spring abides,
And never-with'ring flow'rs;
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heav'nly land from ours.

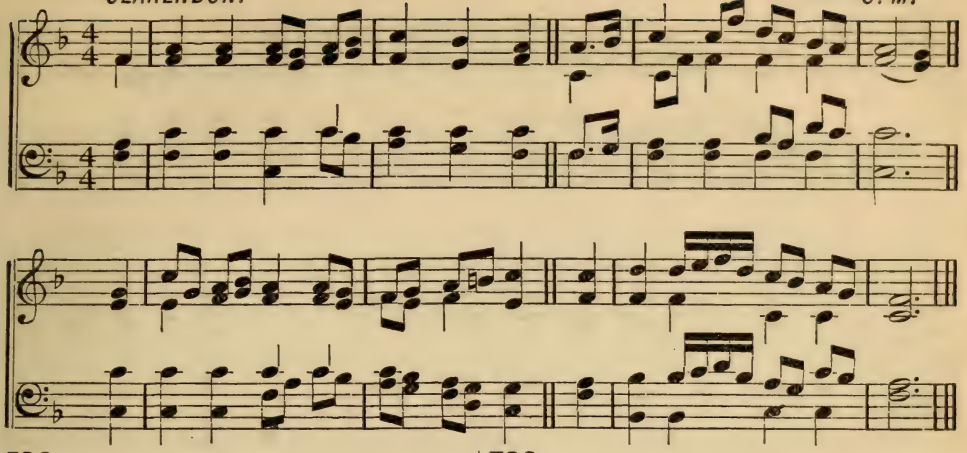
3 Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood
Stand dressed in living green;
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan rolled between.

4 But tim'rous mortals start and shrink
To cross this narrow sea,
And linger, shiv'ring, on the brink,
And fear to launch away.

5 Oh, could we make our doubts remove,
These gloomy doubts that rise,
And see the Canaan that we love
With unbeclouded eyes,

6 Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er,
Not Jordan's stream nor death's cold flood
Should fright us from the shore.

CLARENDON. C. M.



782

1 Father! I long, I faint, to see
The place of thine abode;
I 'd leave thine earthly courts, and flee
Up to thy seat, my God!

2 Here I behold thy distant face,
And 't is a pleasing sight;
But to abide in thine embrace
Is infinite delight.

3 I 'd part with all the joys of sense
To gaze upon thy throne;
Pleasure springs fresh for ever thence,
Unspeakable, unknown.

4 There all the heavenly hosts are seen,
In shining ranks they move,
And drink immortal vigor in
With wonder and with love.

5 Then at thy feet, with awful fear,
Th' adoring armies fall;
With joy they shrink to nothing there
Before th' eternal All.

6 The more thy glories strike mine eyes,
The humbler I shall lie;
Thus, while I sink, my joys shall rise
Immeasurably high.

783

1 On Jordan's stormy banks I stand,
And cast a wishful eye
To Canaan's fair and happy land,
Where my possessions lie.

2 Oh, the transporting, rapturous scene
That rises to my sight!
Sweet fields arrayed in living green,
And rivers of delight.

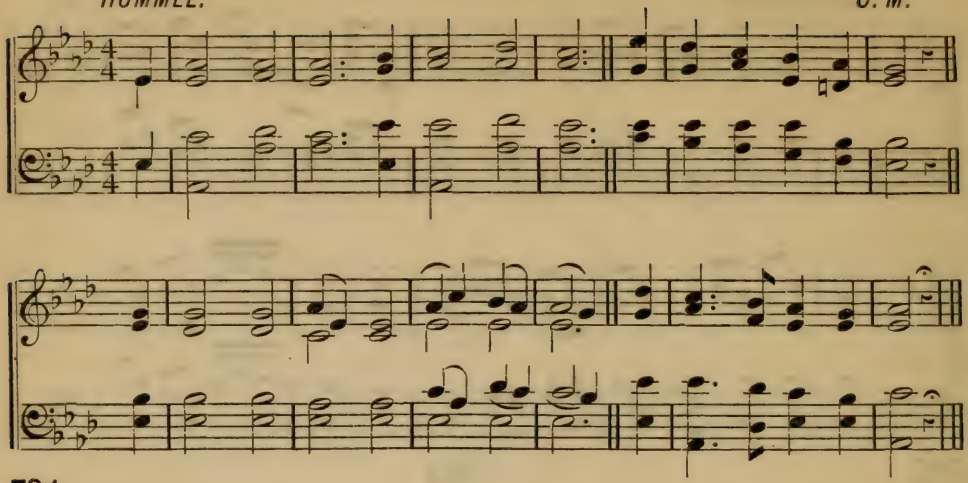
3 O'er all those wide-extended plains
Shines one eternal day;
There God the Son for ever reigns,
And scatters light away.

4 No chilling winds, no pois'nous breath,
Can reach that healthful shore;
Sickness and sorrow, pain and death,
Are felt and feared no more.

5 When shall I reach that happy place,
And be for ever blest?
When shall I see my Father's face,
And in his bosom rest?

6 Filled with delight, my raptured soul
Would here no longer stay;
Though Jordan's waves should round me [roll,
Fearless I 'd launch away.

HUMMEL. C. M.



784

1 O MOTHER dear, Jerusalem!
When shall I come to thee?
When shall my sorrows have an end?
Thy joys when shall I see?

2 O happy harbor of God's saints!
O sweet and pleasant soil!
In thee no sorrow can be found,
Nor grief, nor care, nor toil.

3 Thy walls are made of precious stones,
Thy bulwarks diamond square;
Thy gates are all of Orient pearl;
O God! if I were there!

4 Oh, passing happy were my state
Might I be worthy found
To wait upon my God and King,
His praises there to sound.

785

1 O MY sweet home, Jerusalem!
Thy joys when shall I see?
The King that sitteth on thy throne
In his felicity?

2 Thy gardens and thy goodly walks
Continually are green,
Where grow such sweet and pleasant flowers
As no where else are seen.

3 Right through thy streets with pleasing sound
The flood of life doth flow;
And on the banks, on either side,
The trees of life do grow.

4 Those trees each month yield ripened fruit;
For evermore they spring,
And all the nations of the earth
To thee their honors bring.

5 O mother dear, Jerusalem!
When shall I come to thee?
When shall my sorrows have an end?
Thy joys when shall I see?

786

1 GIVE me the wings of faith to rise
Within the veil, and see
The saints above, how great their joys,
How bright their glories be.

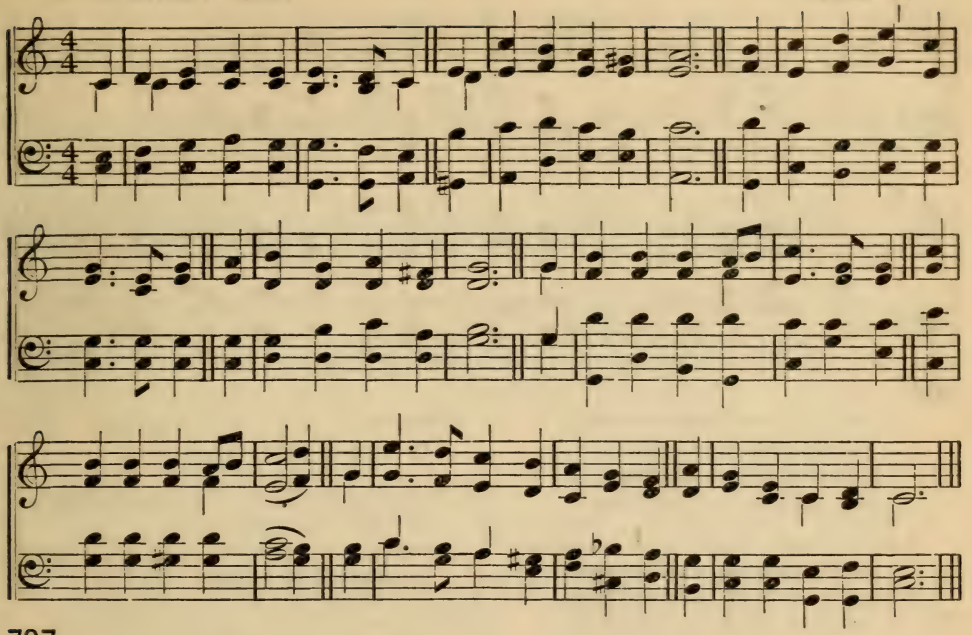
2 Once they were mourning here below,
And wet their couch with tears;
They wrestled hard as we do now,
With sin and doubts and fears.

3 I asked them whence their vict'ry came;
They, with united breath,
Ascribe their conquest to the Lamb,
Their triumph to his death.

4 They marked the footsteps that he trod,
His zeal inspired their breast,
And foll'wing their incarnate God,
Possessed the promised rest.

5 Our glorious Leader claims our praise
For his own pattern given,
While the long cloud of witnesses
Show the same path to heaven.

HEAVENLY FOLD. C. M. D.



787

1 Far from these narrow scenes of night
Unbounded glories rise,
And realms of infinite delight
Unknown to mortal eyes.

2 Fair distant land! could mortal eyes
But half its joys explore,
How would our spirits long to rise
And dwell on earth no more!

3 There pain and sickness never come,
And grief no more complains;
Health triumphs in immortal bloom,
And endless pleasure reigns.

4 Nc cloud those blissful regions know,
For ever bright and fair;
For sin, the source of mortal woe,
Can never enter there.

5 There no alternate night is known,
Nor sun's faint sickly ray;
But glory from the sacred throne
Spreads everlasting day.

6 Oh, may the heavenly prospect fire
Our hearts with ardent love,
Till wings of faith and strong desire
Bear every thought above.

788

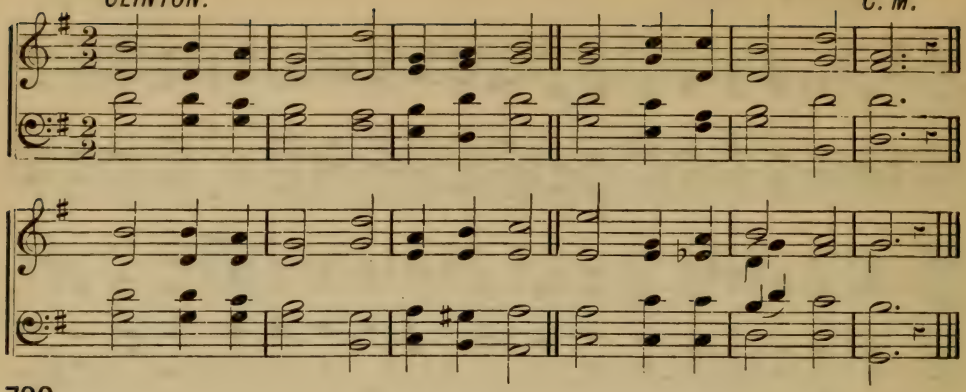
1 There is a fold whence none can stray,
And pastures ever green,
Where sultry sun,or stormy day,
Or night is never seen.

2 Far up the everlasting hills
In God's own light it lies;
His smile its vast dimension fills
With joy that never dies.

3 Soon at his feet my soul will lie
In life's last struggling breath;
But I shall only seem to die—
I shall not taste of death.

4 Far from this guilty world to be
Exempt from toil and strife,
To spend eternity with thee,
My Saviour! this is life.

CLINTON. C. M.



789

1 When I can read my title clear
To mansions in the skies,
I bid farewell to every fear,
And wipe my weeping eyes.

2 Should earth against my soul engage,
And hellish darts be hurled,
Then I can smile at Satan's rage,
And face a frowning world.

3 Let cares like a wild deluge come,
And storms of sorrow fall,
May I but safely reach my home,
My God, my heav'n, my all.

4 There shall I bathe my weary soul
In seas of heav'nly rest,
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast.

790

1 Jerusalem, my happy home,
Name ever dear to me,
When shall my labors have an end,
In joy and peace and thee?

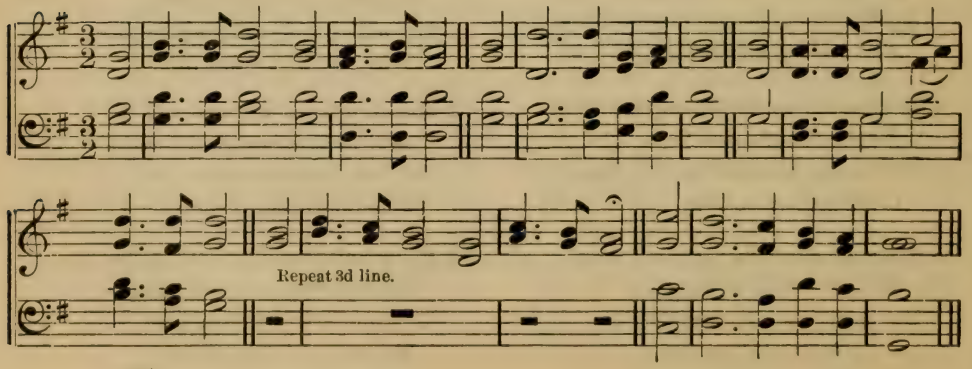
2 There happier bow'rs than Eden's bloom,
Nor sin nor sorrow know;
Blest seats, through rude and stormy scenes
I onward press to you.

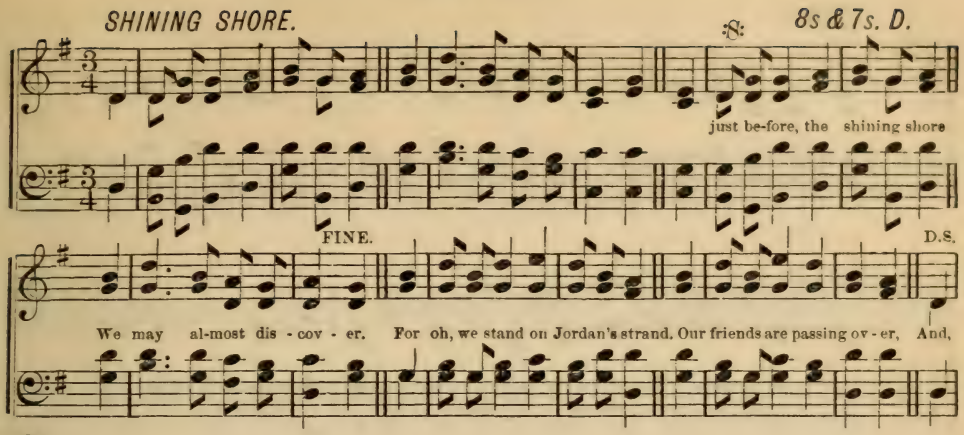
3 Why should I shrink at pain and woe,
Or feel at death dismay?
I 've Canaan's goodly land in view,
And realms of endless day.

4 Apostles, martyrs, prophets, there
Around my Saviour stand,
And soon my friends in Christ below
Will join the glorious band.

5 Jerusalem, my happy home,
My soul still pants for thee;
Then shall my labors have an end,
When I thy joys shall see.

WOODLAND. C. M.





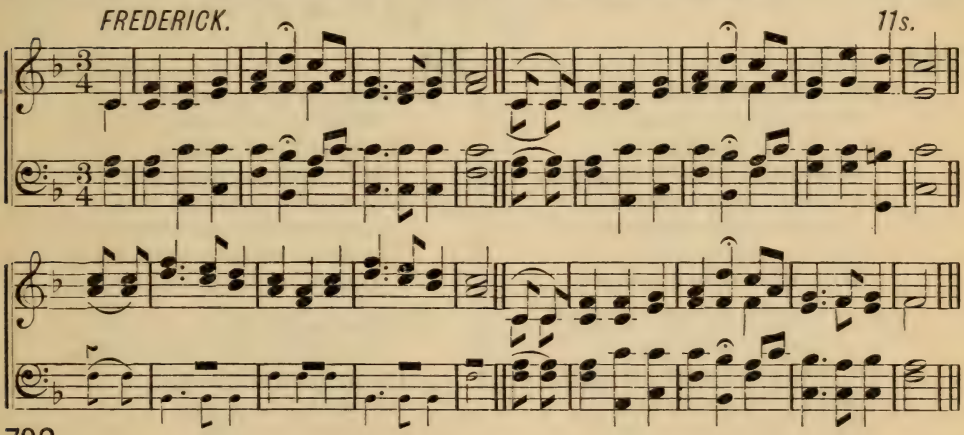
791

1 My days are gliding swiftly by,
And I, a pilgrim stranger,
Would not detain them as they fly,
These hours of toil and danger.

2 We 'll gird our loins, my brethren dear,
Our distant home discerning;
Our absent Lord has left us word,
Let every lamp be burning.

3 Should coming days be cold and dark,
We need not cease our singing;
That perfect rest naught can molest
Where golden harps are ringing.

4 Let sorrow's rudest tempest blow,
Each cord on earth to sever;
Our King says, "Come," and there 's our home,
For ever, oh, for ever!



792

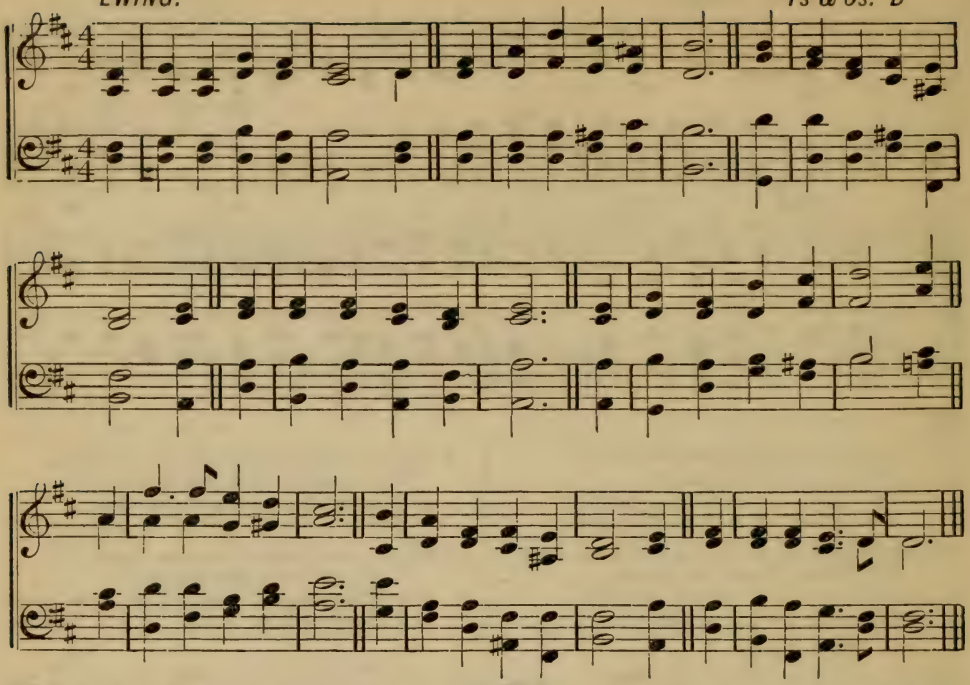
1 I would not live alway; I ask not to stay
Where storm after storm rises dark o'er the way;
The few lucid mornings that dawn on us here
Are enough for life's woes, full enough for its cheer.

2 I would not live alway; no, welcome the tomb;
Since Jesus hath lain there, I dread not its gloom;
There sweet be my rest till he bid me arise
To hail him in triumph descending the skies.

3 Who, who would live alway away from his God,
Away from yon heaven, that blissful abode
Where the rivers of pleasure flow o'er the bright plains,
And the noontide of glory eternally reigns?

4 Where saints of all ages in harmony meet,
Their Saviour and brethren transported to greet;
While the anthems of rapture unceasingly roll,
And the smile of the Lord is the feast of the soul.

EWING. 7s & 6s. D



793

1 JERUSALEM the golden,
With milk and honey blest,
Beneath thy contemplation
Sink heart and voice oppress.
I know not, oh, I know not,
What holy joys are there,
What radiancy of glory,
What bliss beyond compare.

2 They stand, those halls of Zion,
All jubilant with song,
And bright with many an angel,
And all the martyr throng.
There is the throne of David,
And there, from toil released,
The shout of them that triumph,
The song of them that feast.

3 And they who with their Leader
Have conquered in the fight,
For ever and for ever
Are clad in robes of white.
Oh, land that seest no sorrow!
Oh, state that fear'st no strife!
Oh, royal land of flowers!
Oh, realm and home of life!

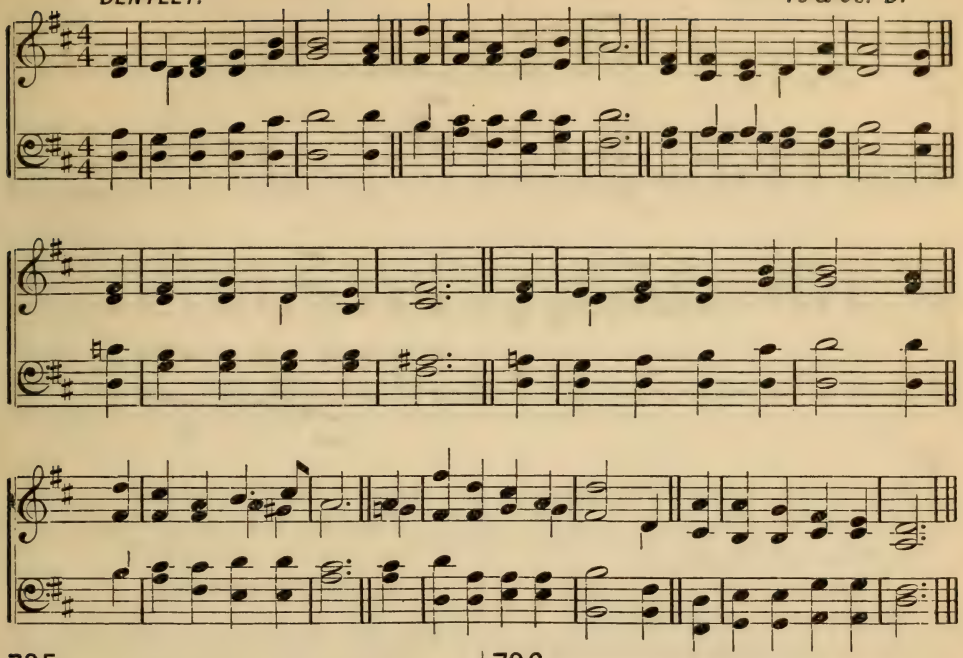
794

1 JERUSALEM the glorious,
The glory of th' elect,
O dear and future vision
That eager hearts expect!
E'en now by faith I see thee,
E'en here thy walls discern;
To thee my thoughts are kindled,
And strive and pant and yearn.

2 Jerusalem the only,
That look'st from heaven below,
In thee is all my glory,
In me is all my woe;
Jerusalem! exulting
On that securest shore,
I hope thee, wish thee, sing thee,
And love thee evermore.

3 O sweet and blessed country!
Shall I e'er see thy face?
O sweet and blessed country!
Shall I e'er win thy grace?
Exult, O dust and ashes!
The Lord shall be thy part!
His only, his for ever,
Thou shalt be and thou art.

BENTLEY. 7s & 6s. D.



795

1 Brief life is here our portion,
Brief sorrow, short-lived care;
The life that knows no ending,
The tearless life, is there;
Oh, happy retribution!
Short toil, eternal rest;
For mortals and for sinners,
A mansion with the blest.

2 There grief is turned to pleasure—
Such pleasure as below
No human voice can utter,
No human heart can know;
And after fleshly scandal,
And after this world's night,
And after storm and whirlwind,
Is calm and joy and light.

3 And there is David's fountain,
And life in fullest glow;
And there the light is golden,
And milk and honey flow;
The light that hath no evening,
The health that hath no sore,
The life that hath no ending,
But lasteth evermore.

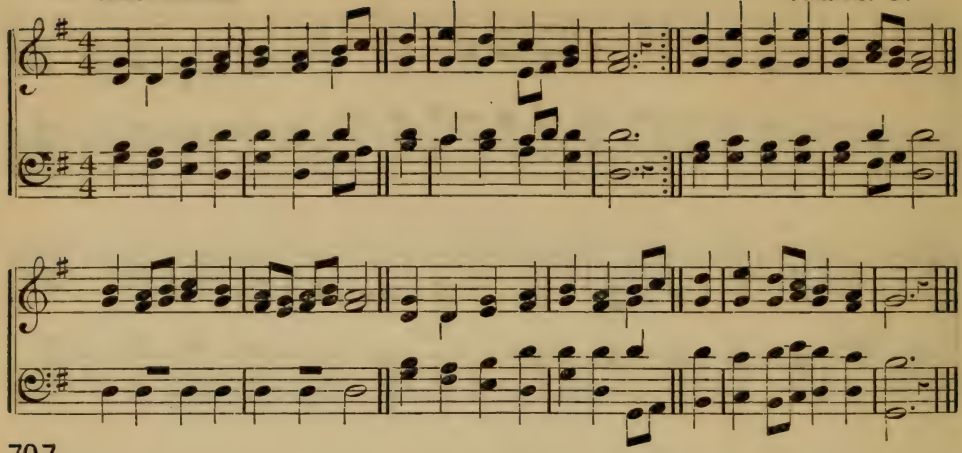
796

1 For thee, O dear, dear country!
Mine eyes their vigils keep,
For very love, beholding
Thy happy name, they weep;
The mention of thy glory
Is unction to the breast,
And medicine in sickness,
And love and life and rest.

2 O one, O only mansion!
O Paradise of joy!
Where tears are ever banished
And smiles have no alloy,
The Lamb is all thy splendor,
The Crucified thy praise;
His laud and benediction
Thy ransomed people raise.

3 O sweet and blessed country,
The home of God's elect!
O sweet and blessed country,
That eager hearts expect!
Jesus, in mercy bring us
To that dear land of rest,
Who art, with God the Father,
And Spirit, ever blest.

AMSTERDAM. 7s & 6s. D.



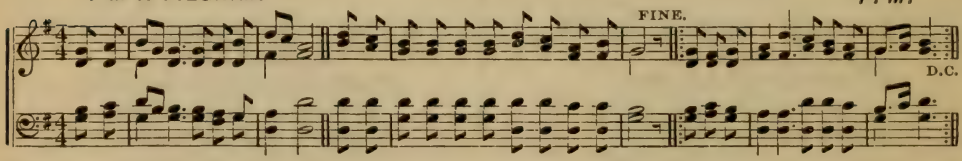
797

1 Rise, my soul, and stretch thy wings,
Thy better portion trace;
Rise from transitory things,
Toward heaven, thy native place.
Sun and moon and stars decay;
Time shall soon this earth remove;
Rise, my soul, and haste away,
To seats prepared above.

2 Rivers to the ocean run,
Nor stay in all their course;
Fire ascending seeks the sun;
Both speed them to their source;
So a soul that 's born of God
Pants to view his glorious face,
Upward tends to his abode,
To rest in his embrace.

3 Cease, ye pilgrims, cease to mourn;
Press onward to the prize;
Soon our Saviour will return,
Triumphant in the skies.
Yet a season, and you know
Happy entrance will be given;
All our sorrows left below,
And earth exchanged for heaven.

I'M A PILGRIM. P. M.



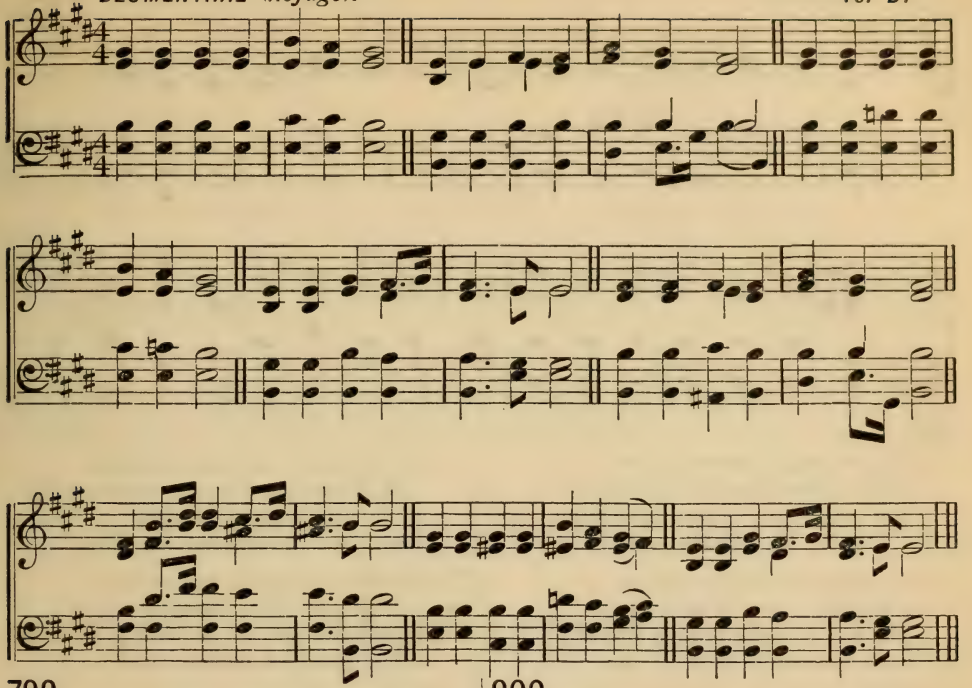
798

1 I 'm a pilgrim and I 'm a stranger;
I can tarry, I can tarry but a night;
Do not detain me, for I am going
To where the fountains are ever flowing.
I 'm a pilgrim, etc.

2 There the glory is ever shining;
Oh, my longing heart, my longing heart is there;
Here in this country so dark and dreary
I long have wandered forlorn and weary.
I 'm a pilgrim, etc.

3 There 's the city to which I journey,
My Redeemer, my Redeemer is its light;
There is no sorrow, nor any sighing,
Nor any tears there, nor any dying.
I 'm a pilgrim, etc.

BLUMENTHAL (*Refuge*). 7s. D.



799

1 HIGH in yonder realms of light
Dwell the raptured saints above,
Far beyond our feeble sight,
Happy in Immanuel's love;
Pilgrims in this vale of tears,
Once they knew, like us below,
Gloomy doubts, distressing fears,
Torturing pain and heavy woe.

2 'Mid the chorus of the skies,
'Mid th' angelic lyres above,
Hark! their songs melodious rise—
Songs of praise to Jesus' love;
Happy spirits, they are fled
Where no grief can entrance find,
Lulled to rest the aching head,
Soothed the anguish of the mind.

3 All is tranquil and serene,
Calm and undisturbed repose;
There no cloud can intervene,
There no angry tempest blows;
Every tear is wiped away,
Sighs no more shall heave the breast;
Night is lost in endless day,
Sorrow in eternal rest.

800

1 WHAT are these in bright array?
This innumerable throng,
Round the altar night and day
Hymning one triumphant song?
Worthy is the Lamb once slain,
Blessing, honor, glory, power,
Wisdom, riches, to obtain;
New dominion every hour.

2 These through fiery trials trod;
These from great affliction came;
Now before the throne of God,
Sealed with his eternal name,
Clad in raiment pure and white,
Victor palms in every hand,
Through their dear Redeemer's might
More than conquerors they stand

3 Hunger, thirst, disease, unknown,
On immortal fruits they feed;
Them the Lamb amidst the throne
Shall to living fountains lead;
Joy and gladness banish sighs;
Perfect love dispels all fear,
And for ever from their eyes
God shall wipe away the tear.

SIDONIA. 8s. D.

FINE.

D.C.

801

1 My gracious Redeemer I love,
His praises aloud I 'll proclaim,
And join with the armies above,
To shout his adorable name.

2 To gaze on his glories divine
Shall be my eternal employ,
And feel them incessantly shine
My boundless, ineffable joy.

3 He freely redeemed with his blood
My soul from the confines of hell,
To live on the smiles of my God,
And in his sweet presence to dwell;

4 To shine with the angels of light,
With saints and with seraphs to sing,
To view with eternal delight
My Jesus, my Saviour, my King.

5 Ye palaces, sceptres and crowns,
Your pride with disdain I survey;
Your pomps are but shadows and sounds,
And pass in a moment away.

6 The crown that my Saviour bestows
Yon permanent sun shall outshine;
My joy everlastingly flows,
My God, my Redeemer, is mine.

OAK. 6s & 4s.

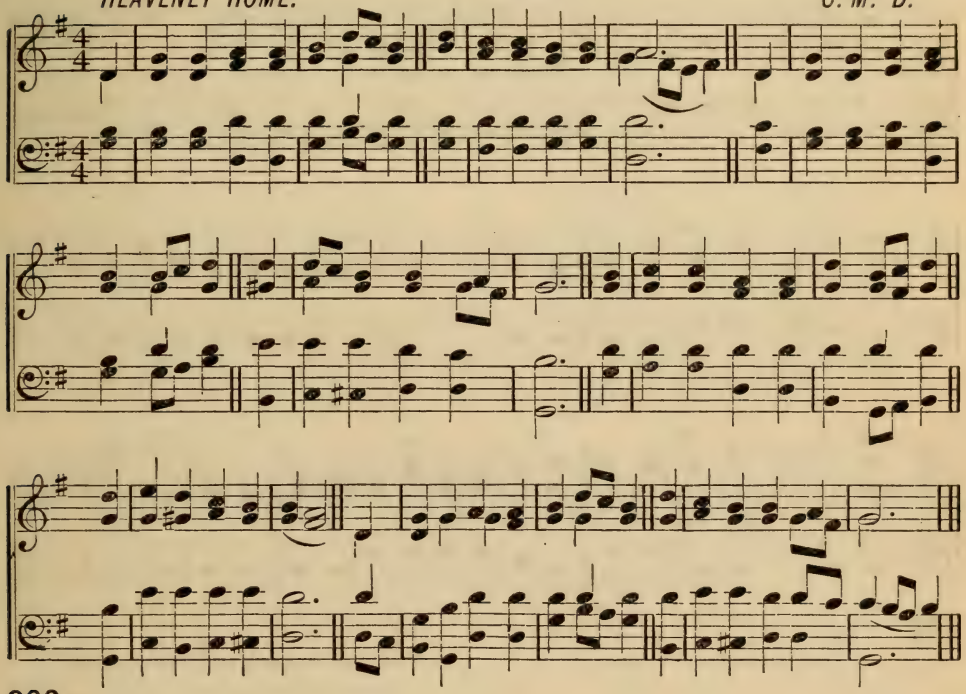
802

1 I 'm but a stranger here,
Heaven is my home;
Earth is a desert drear,
Heaven is my home;
Danger and sorrow stand
Round me on every hand;
Heaven is my fatherland,
Heaven is my home.

2 What though the tempest rage?
Heaven is my home;
Short is my pilgrimage,
Heaven is my home;
And time's wild wintry blast
Soon shall be overpast;
I shall reach home at last,
Heaven is my home.

3 There, at my Saviour's side,
Heaven is my home,
I shall be glorified;
Heaven is my home;
There are the good and blest,
Those I love most and best,
And there I, too, shall rest;
Heaven is my home!

HEAVENLY HOME. *C. M. D.*



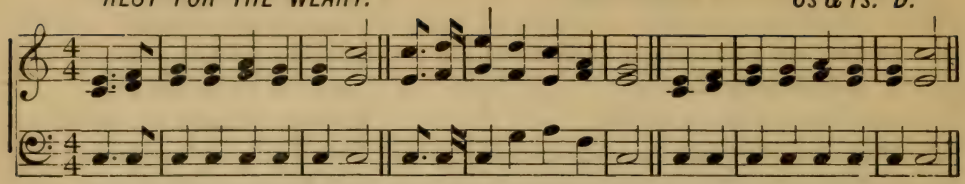
803

1 The roseate hues of early dawn,
The brightness of the day,
The crimson of the sunset sky,
How fast they fade away!
Oh for the pearly gates of heaven!
Oh for the golden floor!
Oh for the Sun of righteousness
That setteth nevermore!

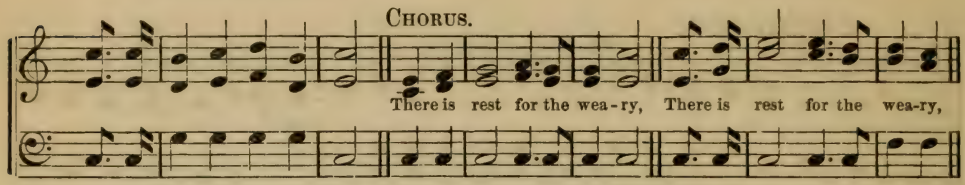
2 The highest hopes we cherish here
How fast they tire and faint!
How many a spot defiles the robe
That wraps an earthly saint!
Oh for a heart that never sins!
Oh for a soul washed white!
Oh for a voice to praise our King,
Nor weary day or night!

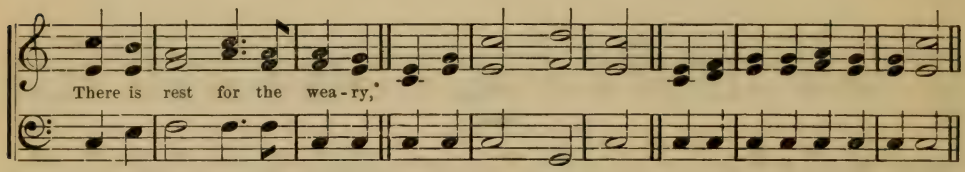
3 Here faith is ours, and heavenly hope,
And grace to lead us higher;
But there are perfectness and peace
Beyond our best desire.
Oh, by thy love and anguish, Lord!
Oh, by thy life laid down,
Grant that we fall not from thy grace,
Nor cast away our crown.

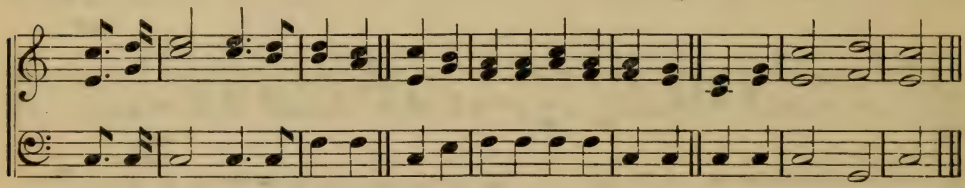
REST FOR THE WEARY. 8s & 7s. D.



CHORUS.







804

1 In the Christian's home in glory
There remains a land of rest;
There my Saviour 's gone before me
To fulfill my soul's request.
There is rest for the weary,
There is rest for you,
On the other side of Jordan,
In the sweet fields of Eden,
Where the tree of life is blooming,
There is rest for you.

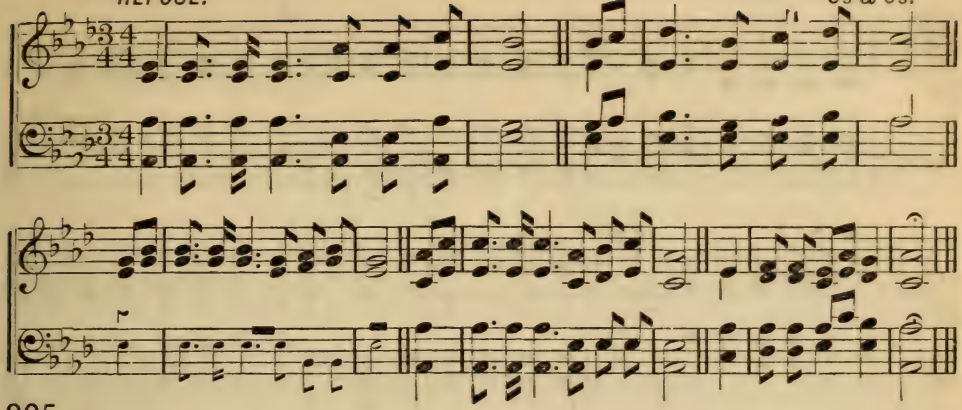
2 He is fitting up my mansion,
Which eternally shall stand,
For my stay shall not be transient
In that holy, happy land.

3 Pain and sickness ne'er shall enter,
Grief nor woe my lot shall share;
But in that celestial centre
I a crown of life shall wear.

4 Death itself shall then be vanquished.
And his sting shall be withdrawn;
Shout for gladness, O ye ransomed!
Hail with joy the rising morn.

5 Sing, oh sing, ye heirs of glory,
Shout your triumph as you go;
Zion's gate will open for you,
You shall find an entrance through.

REPOSE. 8s & 6s.



805

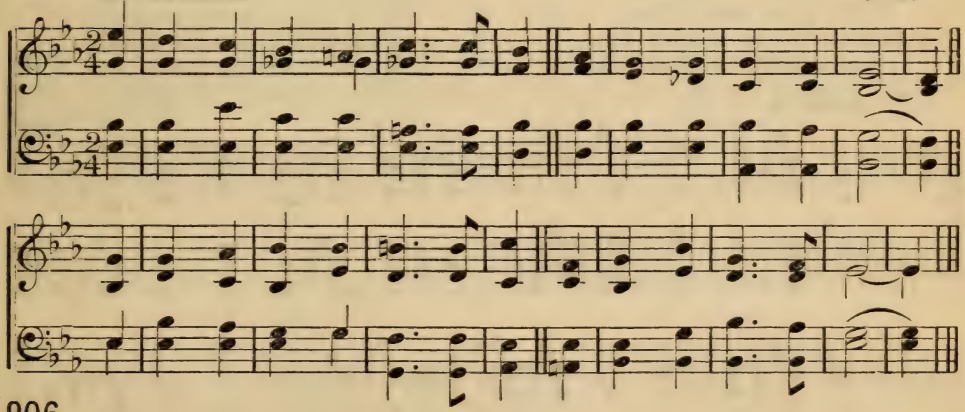
1 THERE is an hour of peaceful rest
To mourning wanderers given;
There is a joy for souls distressed,
A balm for every wounded breast;
'T is found above in heaven.

2 There is a home for weary souls
By sin and sorrow driven,
When tossed on life's tempestuous shoals,
Where storms arise and ocean rolls,
And all is drear but heaven.

3 There faith lifts up the cheerful eye,
The heart no longer riven,
And sees the tempest passing by,
The evening shadows quickly fly,
And all serene in heaven.

4 There fragrant flowers immortal bloom,
And joys supreme are given;
There rays divine disperse the gloom;
Beyond the dark and narrow tomb
Appears the dawn of heaven.

ST. ANDREW. C. M.



806

1 FROM thee, my God! my joys shall rise
And run eternal rounds,
Beyond the limits of the skies,
And all created bounds.

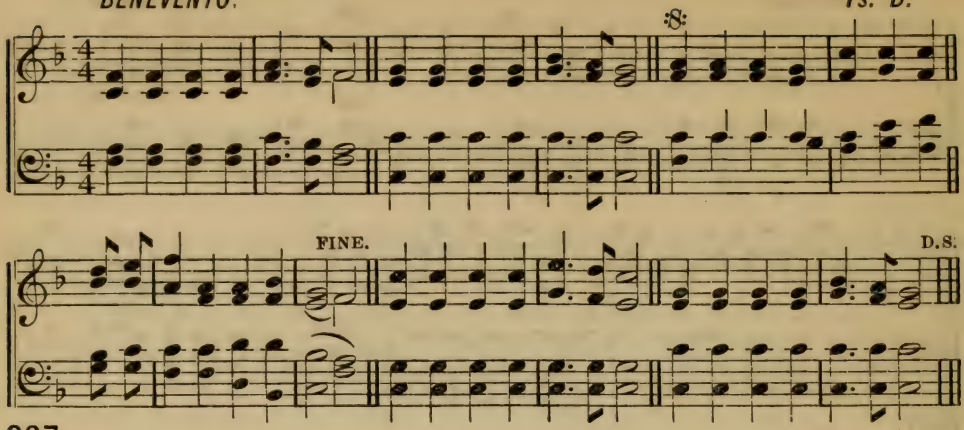
2 The holy triumphs of my soul
Shall death itself outbrave,
Leave dull mortality behind,
And fly beyond the grave.

3 There, where my blessed Jesus reigns,
In heaven's unmeasured space,
I 'll spend a long eternity
In pleasure and in praise.

4 Millions of years my wondering eyes
Shall o'er thy beauties rove,
And endless ages I 'll adore
The glories of thy love.

5 Haste, my Beloved! fetch my soul
Up to thy blest abode;
Fly, for my spirit longs to see
My Saviour and my God.

BENEVENTO. 7s. D.



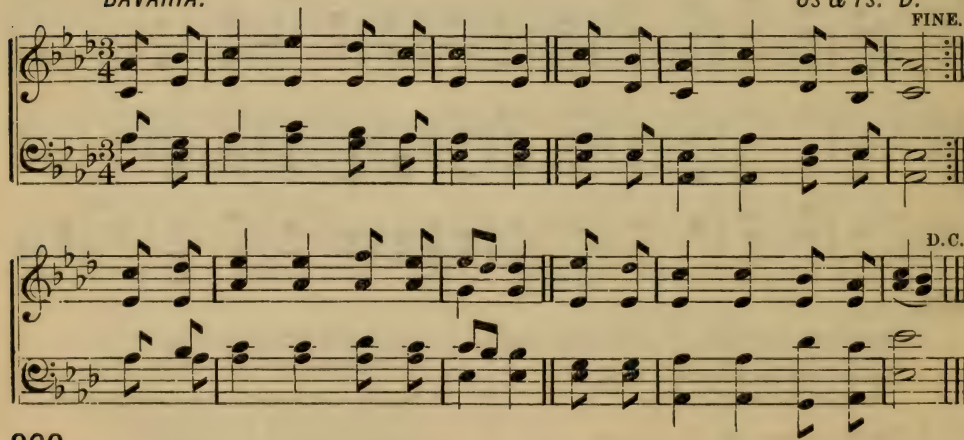
807

1 While with ceaseless course the sun
Hasted through the former year,
Many souls their race have run,
Never more to meet us here;
Fixed in an eternal state,
They have done with all below;
We a little longer wait,
But how little none can know.

2 As the wingèd arrow flies
Speedily the mark to find,
As the lightning from the skies
Darts, and leaves no trace behind,
Swiftly thus our fleeting days
Bear us down life's narrow stream;
Upward, Lord! our spirits raise;
All below is but a dream.

3 Thanks for mercies past receive,
Pardon of our sins renew;
Teach us henceforth how to live
With eternity in view;
Bless thy word to young and old,
Fill us with a Saviour's love;
And when life's short tale is told,
May we dwell with thee above.

BAVARIA. 8s & 7s. D.



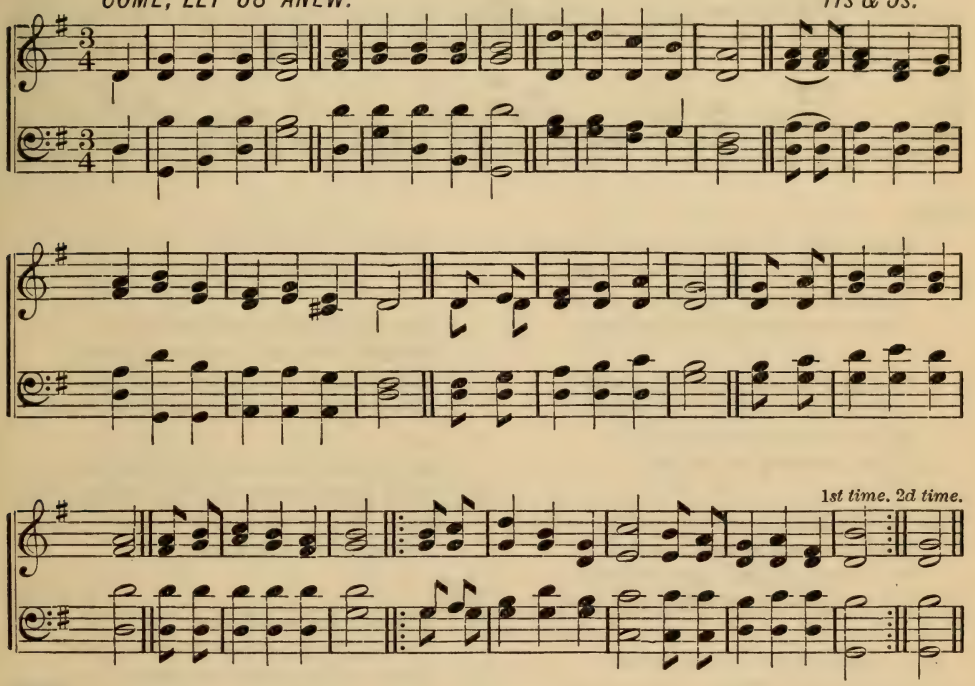
808

1 Holy Father! thou hast taught us
We should live to thee alone;
Year by year thy hand hath brought us
On through dangers oft unknown.
When we wandered, thou hast found us,
When we doubted, sent us light;
Still thine arm has been around us,
All our paths were in thy sight.

2 In the world will foes assail us,
Craftier, stronger far than we;
And the strife shall never fail us,
Well we know, before we die.
Therefore, Lord! we come believing
Thou canst give the pow'r we need,
Through the pray'r of faith receiving
Strength, the Spirit's strength, indeed.

3 We would trust in thy protecting,
Wholly rest upon thine arm,
Follow wholly thy directing,
Thou our only guard from harm;
Keep us from our own undoing,
Help us turn to thee when tried;
Still our footsteps, Father! viewing,
Keep us ever at thy side.

COME, LET US ANEW. *11s & 5s.*

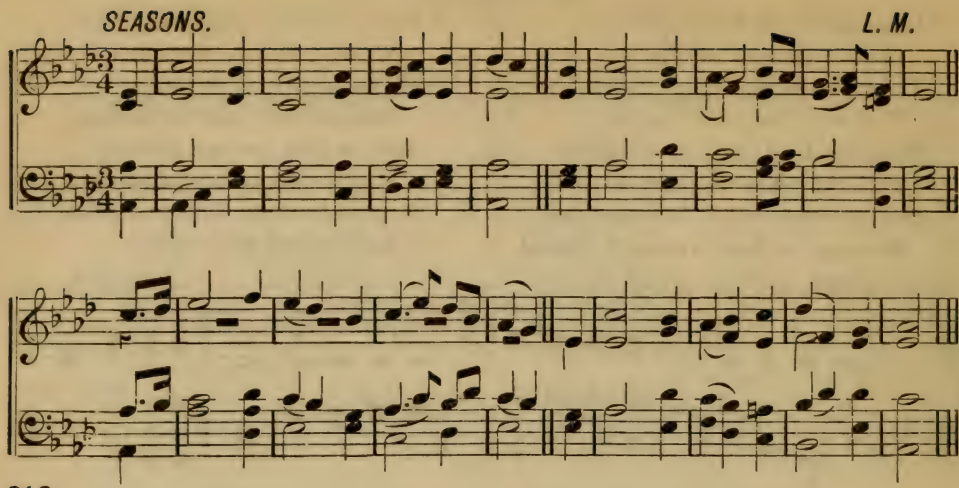


809

1 Come, let us anew
Our journey pursue,
Roll round with the year,
And never stand still till the Master appear;
His adorable will
Let us gladly fulfill,
And our talents improve,
By the patience of hope and the labor of love.

2 Our life is a dream;
Our time, as a stream,
Glides swiftly away,
And the fugitive moment refuses to stay;
The arrow is flown,
The moment is gone,
The millennial year
Rushes on to our view, and eternity 's here.

3 Oh that each in the day
Of his coming may say,
"I have fought my way through,
I have finished the work which thou gav'st me [to do!"
Oh that each from his Lord
May receive the glad word,
"Well and faithfully done!
Enter into my joy, and sit down on my throne!"



810

1 Great God! we sing thy mighty hand,
By which supported still we stand;
The opening year thy mercy shows;
That mercy crowns it till it close.

2 By day, by night, at home, abroad,
Still we are guarded by our God;
By his incessant bounty fed,
By his unerring counsel led.

3 With grateful hearts the past we own;
The future, all to us unknown,
We to thy guardian care commit,
And peaceful leave before thy feet.

4 In scenes exalted or depressed
Be thou our joy and thou our rest;
Thy goodness all our hopes shall raise,
Adored, through all our changing days.

5 When death shall close our earthly songs,
And seal in silence mortal tongues,
Our helper, God, in whom we trust,
In better worlds our souls shall boast.

811

1 My Helper, God! I bless his name;
The same his power, his grace the same;
The tokens of his friendly care
Open and crown and close the year.

2 Amidst ten thousand snares I stand,
Supported by his guardian hand;
And see, when I survey his ways,
Ten thousand monuments of praise.

3 Thus far his arm hath led me on,
Thus far I make his mercy known;
And while I tread this desert land,
New mercies shall new songs demand.

4 My grateful soul on Jordan's shore
Shall raise one sacred pillar more;
Then bear in his bright courts above
Inscriptions of immortal love.

812

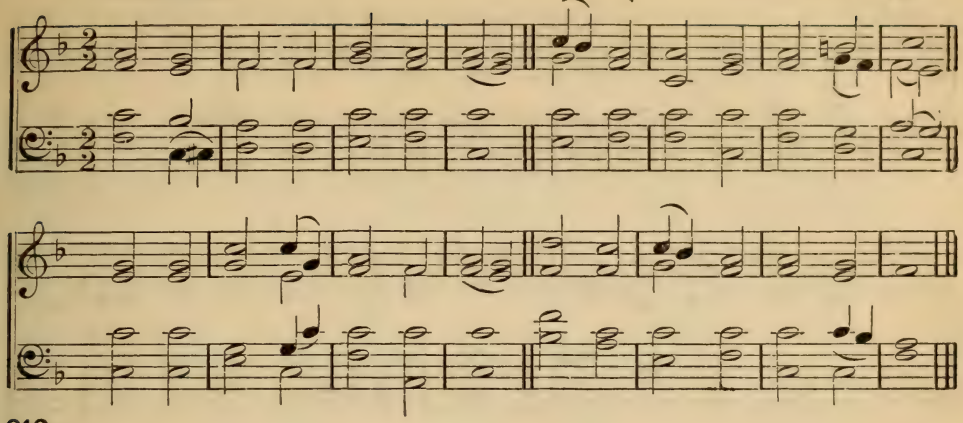
1 Eternal Source of every joy!
Well may thy praise our lips employ,
While in thy temple we appear
Whose goodness crowns the circling year.

2 The flow'ry spring at thy command
Perfumes the air and paints the land;
The summer rays with vigor shine
To raise the corn and cheer the vine.

3 Thy hand in autumn richly pours
Through all our coasts redundant stores;
And winters, softened by thy care,
No more the face of horror wear.

4 Seasons and months and weeks and days
Demand successive songs of praise;
Still be the cheerful homage paid
With opening light and evening shade.

BEERSHEBA. 7s.



813

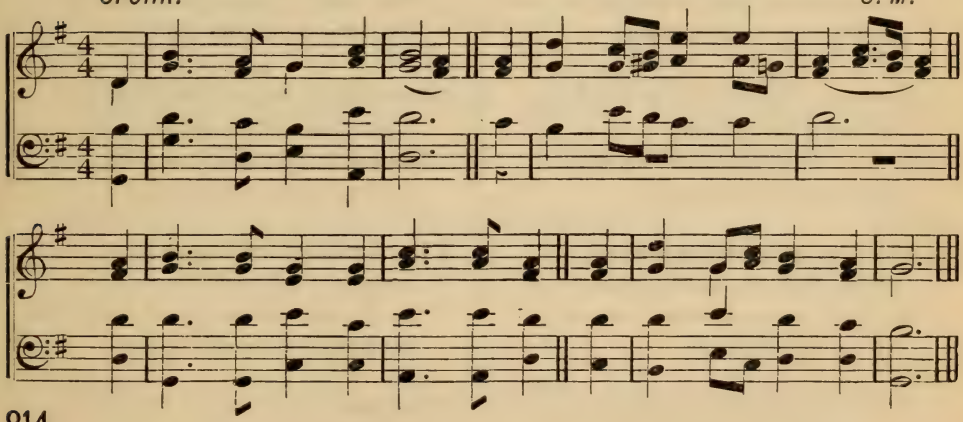
1 For thy mercy and thy grace,
Faithful through another year,
Hear our song of thankfulness,
Father and Redeemer! hear.

2 In our weakness and distress,
Rock of strength! be thou our stay;
In the pathless wilderness
Be our true and living way.

3 Who of us death's awful road
In the coming year shall tread?
With thy rod and staff, O God!
Comfort thou his dying head.

4 Keep us faithful, keep us pure,
Keep us evermore thine own;
Help, oh help us to endure;
Fit us for the promised crown.

SPOHR. S. M.



814

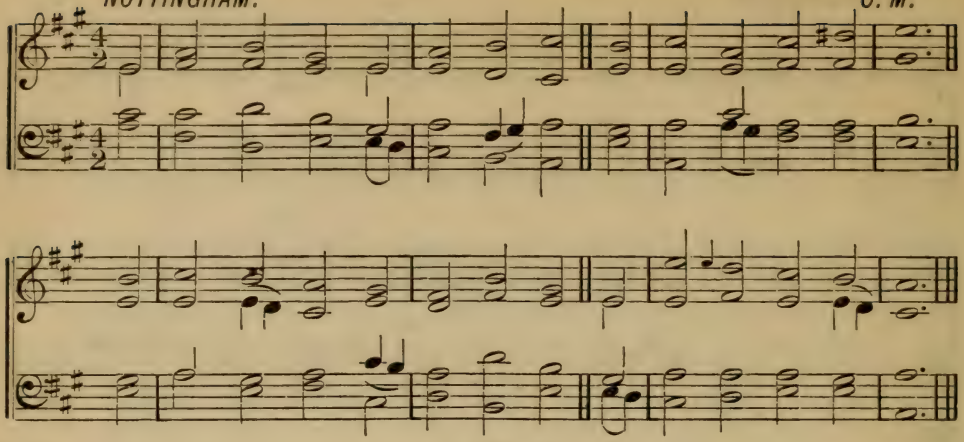
1 My times are in thy hand!
My God! I wish them there;
My life, my soul, my all, I leave
Entirely to thy care.

2 My times are in thy hand,
Whatever they may be,
Pleasing or painful, dark or bright,
As best may seem to thee.

3 My times are in thy hand;
Why should I doubt or fear?
My Father's hand will never cause
His child a needless tear.

4 My times are in thy hand,
Jesus! the crucified;
The hand my many sins have pierced
Is now my guard and guide

NOTTINGHAM. C. M.



815

1 With songs and honors sounding loud
Address the Lord on high;
Over the heavens he spreads his cloud,
And waters veil the sky.

2 He sends his showers of blessing down
To cheer the plains below;
He makes the grass the mountains crown,
And corn in valleys grow.

3 His steady counsels change the face
Of the declining year;
He bids the sun cut short his race,
And wintry days appear.

4 His hoary frost, his fleecy snow,
Descend and clothe the ground;
The liquid streams forbear to flow,
In icy fetters bound.

5 He sends his word and melts the snow,
The fields no longer mourn;
He calls the warmer gales to blow,
And bids the spring return.

6 The changing wind, the flying cloud,
Obey his mighty word;
With songs and honors sounding loud
Praise ye the sovereign Lord.

816

1 Good is the Lord, the heavenly King,
Who makes the earth his care,
Visits the pastures every spring,
And bids the grass appear.

2 The clouds, like rivers raised on high,
Pour out, at his command,
Their watery blessings from the sky,
To cheer the thirsty land.

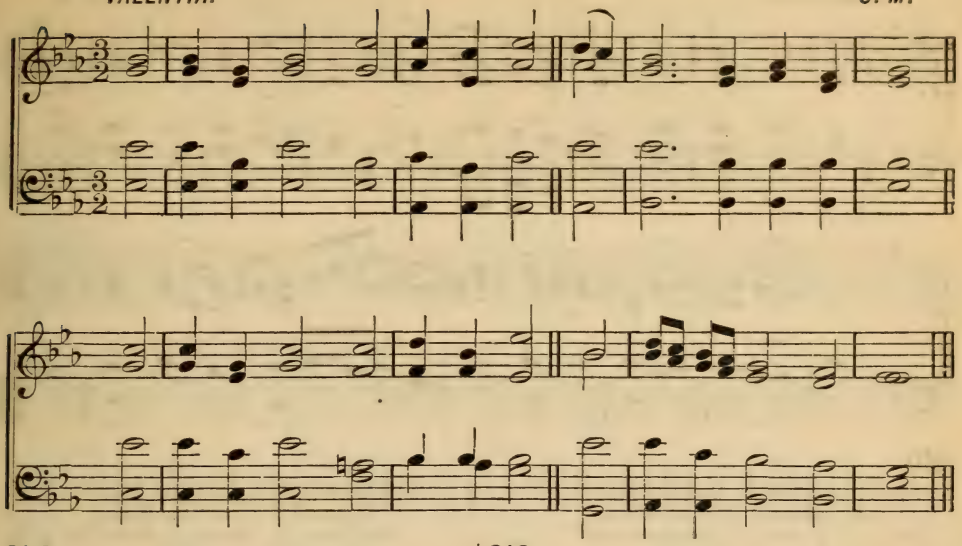
3 The softened ridges of the field
Permit the corn to spring,
The valleys rich provision yield,
And cheerful lab'rers sing.

4 The little hills on every side
Rejoice at falling showers;
The meadows, dressed in all their pride,
Perfume the air with flowers.

5 The barren clods, refreshed with rain,
Promise a joyful crop;
The parching grounds look green again,
And raise the reaper's hope.

6 The various months thy goodness crowns;
How bounteous are thy ways!
The bleating flocks spread o'er the downs
And shepherds shout thy praise.

VALENTIA. C. M.



817

1 THEE we adore, eternal Name!
And humbly own to thee
How feeble is our mortal frame,
What dying worms are we.

2 The year rolls round and steals away
The breath that first it gave;
Whate'er we do, where'er we be,
We 're traveling to the grave.

3 Great God! on what a slender thread
Hang everlasting things!
The eternal states of all the dead
Upon life's feeble strings.

4 Infinite joy or endless woe
Attends on every breath;
And yet how unconcerned we go
Upon the brink of death!

5 Waken, O Lord! our drowsy sense
To walk this dangerous road;
And if our souls are hurried hence,
May they be found with God.

818

1 'T IS by thy strength the mountains stand,
God of eternal power!
The sea grows calm at thy command,
And tempests cease to roar.

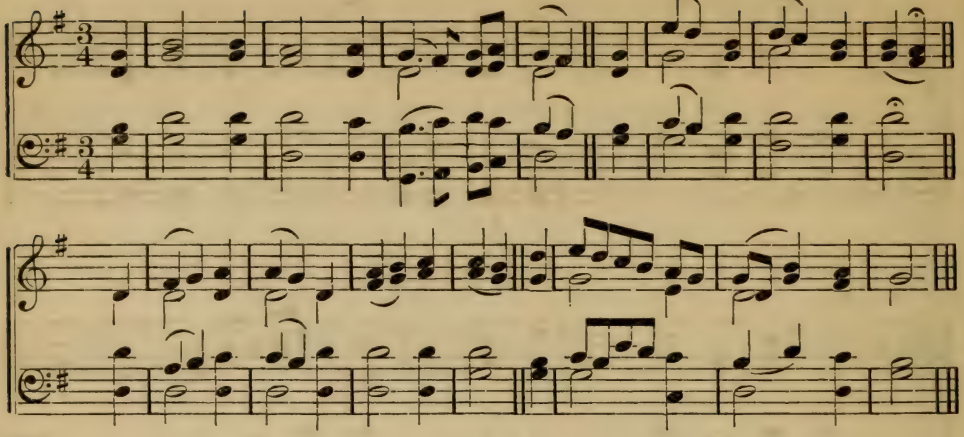
2 The morning light and evening shade
Successive comforts bring;
Thy plenteous fruits make harvest glad,
Thy flowers adorn the spring.

3 Seasons and times and moons and hours
Heaven, earth and air, are thine;
When clouds distill in fruitful showers,
The Author is divine.

4 Those wandering cisterns in the sky,
Borne by the winds around,
With watery treasures well supply
The furrows of the ground.

5 The thirsty ridges drink their fill,
And ranks of corn appear;
Thy ways abound with blessings still
Thy goodness crowns the year.

ARAGON. C. M.



819

1 Father of mercies, God of love!
Whose gifts all creatures share,
The rolling seasons as they move
Proclaim thy constant care.

2 When in the bosom of the earth
The sower hid the grain,
Thy goodness marked its secret birth,
And sent the early rain.

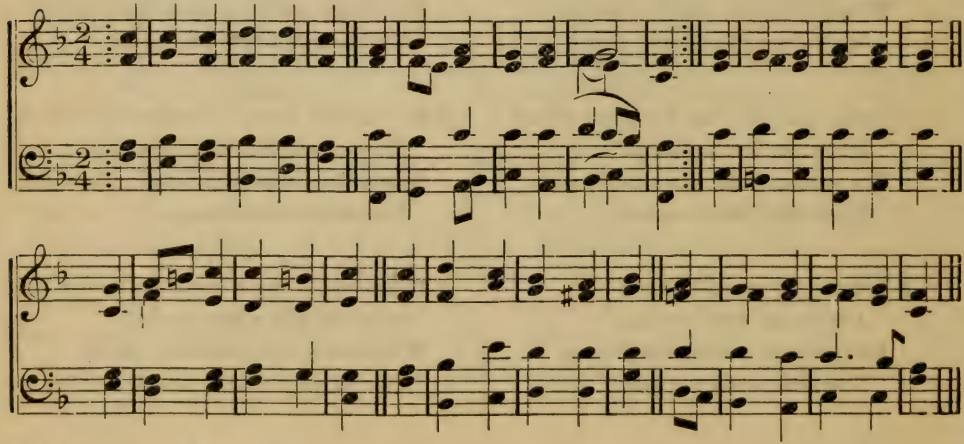
3 The spring's sweet influence, Lord! was thine,
The seasons knew thy call;
Thou mad'st the summer sun to shine,
The summer dew to fall.

4 Thy gifts of mercy from above
Matured the swelling grain;
And now the harvest crowns thy love,
And plenty fills the plain.

5 Oh, ne'er may our forgetful hearts
O'erlook thy bounteous care;
But what our Father's hand imparts
Still own in praise and prayer.

6 To Father, Son and Holy Ghost,
The God whom we adore,
Be glory, as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore.

ERFURT. 6s, 7s & 6s.



820

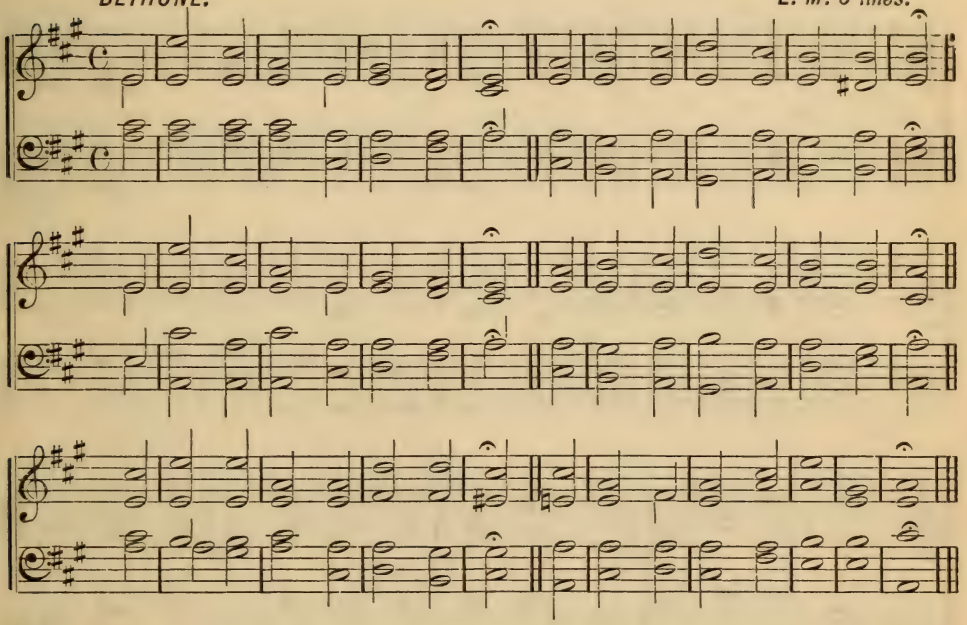
1 Now thank we all our God
With heart and hands and voices,
Who wondrous things hath done,
In whom his world rejoices;

Who from our mother's arms
Hath blessed us on our way
With countless gifts of love,
And still is ours to-day.

2 Oh may this bounteous God
Through all our life be near us,
With ever joyful hearts
And blessed peace to cheer us;
And keep us in his grace,
And guide us when perplexed,
And free us from all ills
In this world and the next.

3 All praise and thanks to God
The Father now be given,
The Son, and him who reigns
With them in highest heaven,
The one eternal God,
Whom heaven and earth adore;
For thus it was, is now,
And shall be evermore.

BETHUNE. L. M. 6 lines.



821

1 Lord of the harvest! thee we hail,
Thine ancient promise doth not fail;
The varying seasons haste their round,
With goodness all our years are crowned;
Our thanks we pay,
This holy day;
Oh, let our hearts in tune be found.

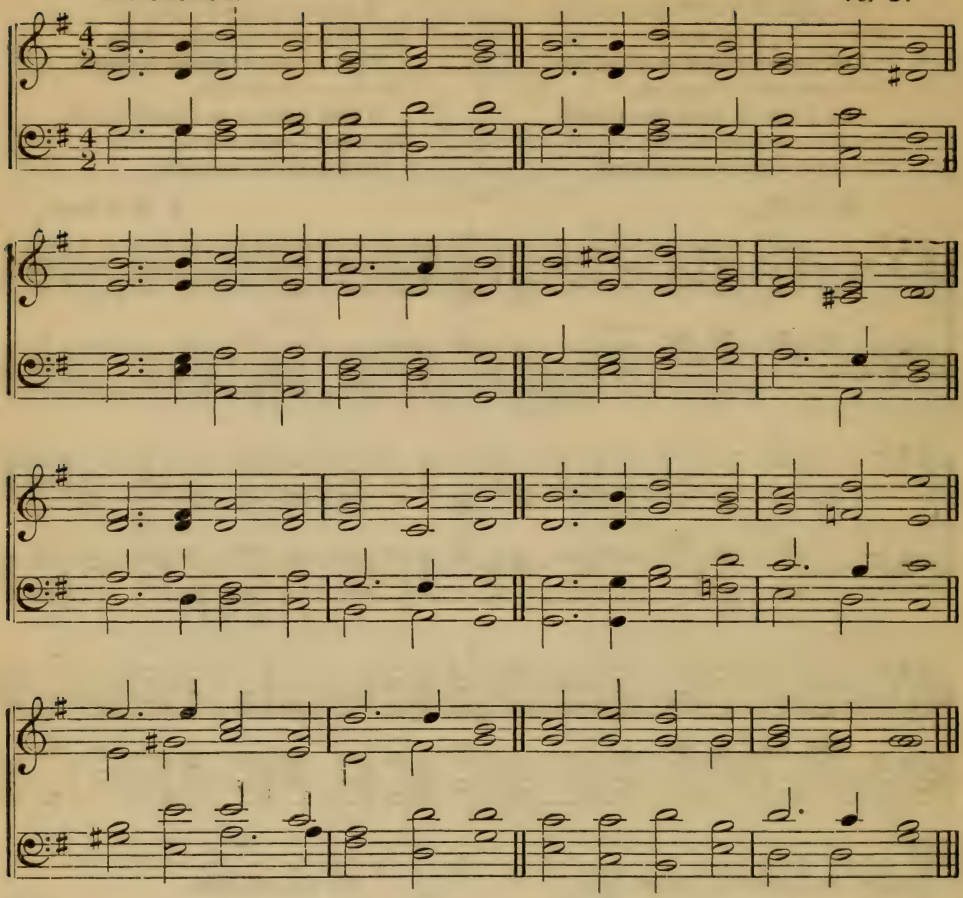
2 If spring doth wake the song of mirth,
If summer warms the fruitful earth,
When winter sweeps the naked plain,
Or autumn yields its ripened grain,
We still do sing
To thee our King;
Through all their changes thou dost reign.

3 But chiefly when thy liberal hand
Bestows new plenty o'er the land,
When sounds of music fill the air,
As homeward all their treasures bear,
We too will raise
Our hymn of praise,
For we thy common bounties share.

4 Lord of the harvest! all is thine,
The rains that fall, the suns that shine,
The seed once hidden in the ground,
The skill that makes our fruits abound;
New every year
Thy gifts appear;
New praises from our lips shall sound.

5 Immortal honor, endless fame,
Attend the almighty Father's name;
Like honor to the incarnate Son,
Who for lost man redemption won;
And equal praise
We thankful raise
To thee, blest Spirit! with them one.

ST. GEORGE. 7s. D.



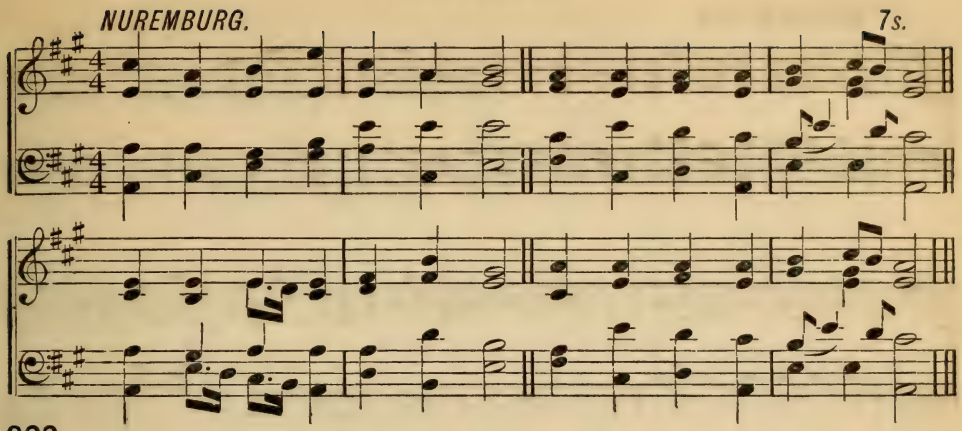
822

1 Come, ye thankful people, come,
Raise the song of harvest home;
All is safely gathered in,
Ere the winter storms begin;
God, our Maker, doth provide
For our wants to be supplied;
Come to God's own temple, come;
Raise the song of harvest home.

2 We ourselves are God's own field,
Fruit unto his praise to yield;
Wheat and tares together sown,
Unto joy or sorrow grown;
First the blade, and then the ear,
Then the full corn shall appear;
Lord of harvest! grant that we
Wholesome grain and pure may be.

3 For the Lord our God shall come,
And shall take his harvest home;
From his field shall purge away
All that doth offend that day;
Give his angels charge at last
In the fire the tares to cast,
But the fruitful ears to store
In his garner evermore.

4 Even so, Lord! quickly come
To thy final harvest home;
Gather thou thy people in,
Free from sorrow, free from sin
There for ever purified
In thy presence to abide;
Come with all thine angels, come,
Raise the glorious harvest home.



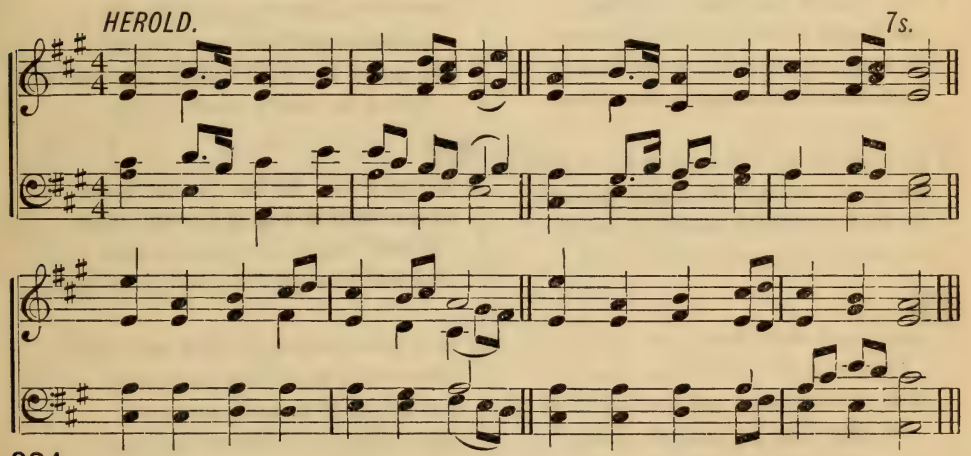
823

1 Praise on thee in Zion's gates
Daily, O Jehovah! waits;
Unto thee, O God! belong
Grateful words and holy song.

2 Thou the hope and refuge art
Of remotest lands apart;
Distant isles and tribes unknown,
'Mid the ocean waste and lone.

3 Thou dost visit earth, and rain
Blessings on the thirsty plain,
From the copious founts on high,
From the rivers of the sky.

4 Thus the clouds thy pow'r confess,
And thy paths drop fruitfulness,
And the voice of song and mirth
Rises from the tribes of earth.



824

1 Summer ended, harvest o'er,
Lord! to thee our song we pour,
For the valley's golden yield,
For the fruits of tree and field;

2 For the promise ever sure
That while heaven and earth endure
Seed-time, harvest, cold and heat
Shall their yearly round complete;

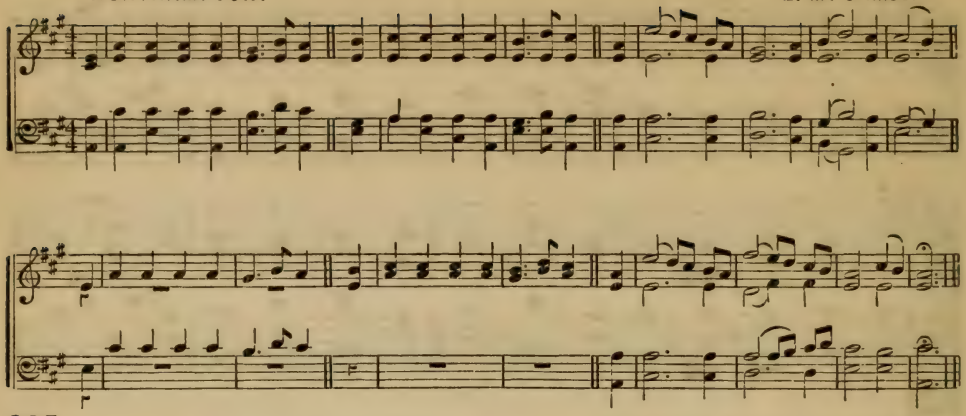
3 For the care which, while we slept,
Watch o'er field and furrow kept,
Watch o'er all the buried grain,
Soon to burst to life again.

4 When the reaping angels bring
Tares and wheat before the King,
Jesus! may we gathered be
In the heavenly barn to thee.

5 Then the angel-cry shall sound,
Praise the Lamb; the lost are found;
And the answering song shall be,
Alleluia, praise to thee—

6 Praise to thee, the toil is o'er;
Blight and curse shall be no more;
Lo! the mighty work is done:
Glory to the three in one.

NORTHAMPTON. L. M. 6 lines.



825

1 Let Sion praise the mighty God,
And make his honors known abroad,
For sweet the joy our songs to raise,
And glorious is the work of praise.

2 Our children live secure and blest;
Our shores have peace, our cities rest;
He feeds our sons with finest wheat,
And adds his blessings to their meat.

3 Through all our coasts his laws are shown,
His gospel through the nation known;
He hath not thus revealed his word
To every land; praise ye the Lord.

826

1 Great God of nations! now to thee
Our hymn of gratitude we raise;
With humble heart and bending knee
We offer thee our song of praise.

2 Thy name we bless, almighty God!
For all the kindness thou hast shown
To this fair land the pilgrims trod—
This land we fondly call our own.

3 Here Freedom spreads her banner wide,
And casts her soft and hallowed ray;
Here thou our fathers' steps did guide
In safety through their dangerous way.

4 We praise thee that the gospel's light
Through all our land its radiance sheds,
Dispels the shades of error's night,
And heavenly blessings round us spreads

5 Great God! preserve us in thy fear;
In dangers still our guardian be;
Oh, spread thy truth's bright precepts here,
Let all the people worship thee.

827

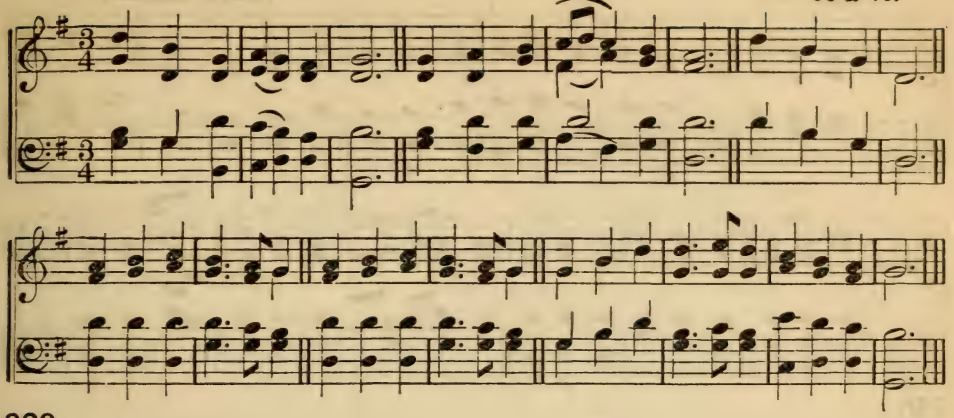
1 Praise, Lord! for thee in Zion waits;
Prayer shall besiege thy temple gates;
All flesh shall to thy throne repair,
And find through Christ salvation there.

2 How blest thy saints! how safely led!
How surely kept! how richly fed!
Saviour of all in earth and sea!
How happy they who rest in thee!

3 The year is with thy goodness crowned;
Thy clouds drop wealth the world around;
Through thee the deserts laugh and sing
And nature smiles and owns her King.

4 Lord! on our souls thy Spirit pour;
The moral waste within restore;
Oh, let thy love our spring-tide be,
And make us all bear fruit to thee.

ITALIAN HYMN. 6s & 4s.



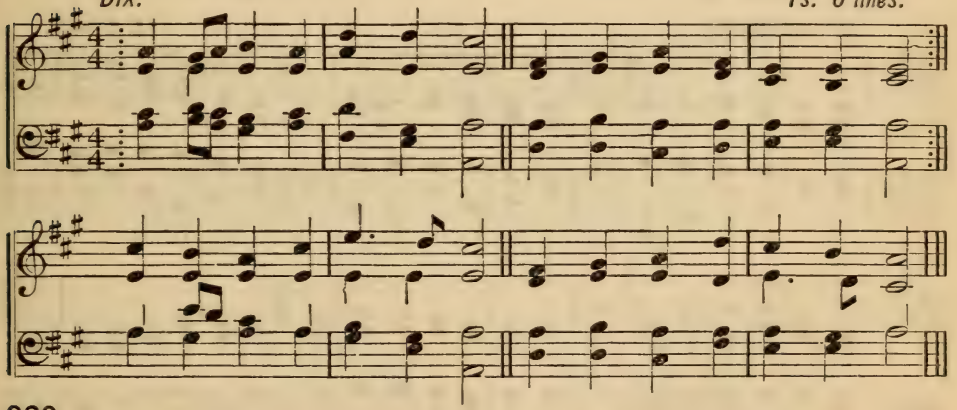
828

1 The God of harvest praise;
In loud thanksgiving raise
Hand, heart and voice;
The valleys laugh and sing,
Forests and mountains ring,
The plains their tribute bring,
The streams rejoice

2 Yea, bless his holy name,
And joyous thanks proclaim
Through all the earth;
To glory in your lot
Is comely, but be not
God's benefits forgot
Amidst your mirth.

3 The God of harvest praise;
Hands, hearts and voices raise
With one accord,
From field to garner throng,
Bearing your sheaves along,
And in your harvest song
Bless ye the Lord.

DIX. 7s. 6 lines.



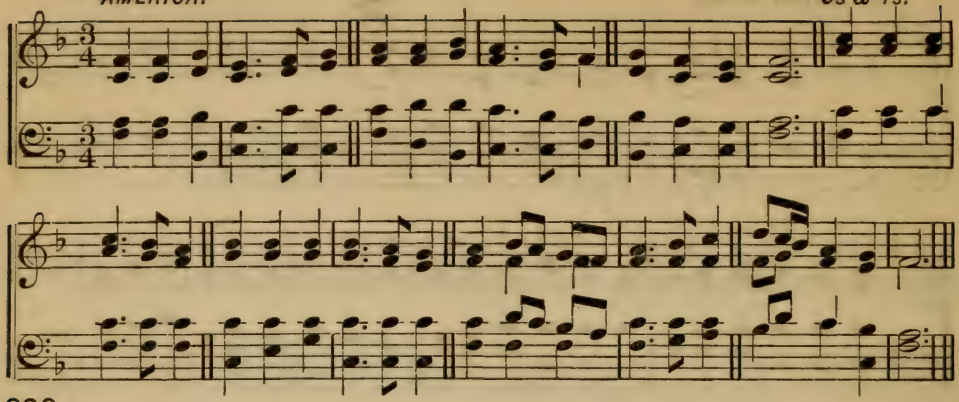
829

1 Praise to God, immortal praise,
For the love that crowns our days;
Bounteous source of every joy!
Let thy praise our tongues employ;
All to thee, our God! we owe,
Source whence all our blessings flow.

2 All the blessings of the fields,
All the stores the garden yields,
For the flocks that roam the plain,
Yellow sheaves of ripened grain,
Lord! for these our souls shall raise
Grateful vows and solemn praise.

3 Clouds that drop their fatt'ning dews,
Suns that genial warmth diffuse,
All the plenty summer pours,
Autumn's rich o'erflowing stores,
All to thee, our God, we owe,
Source whence all our blessings flow.

AMERICA. 6s & 4s.



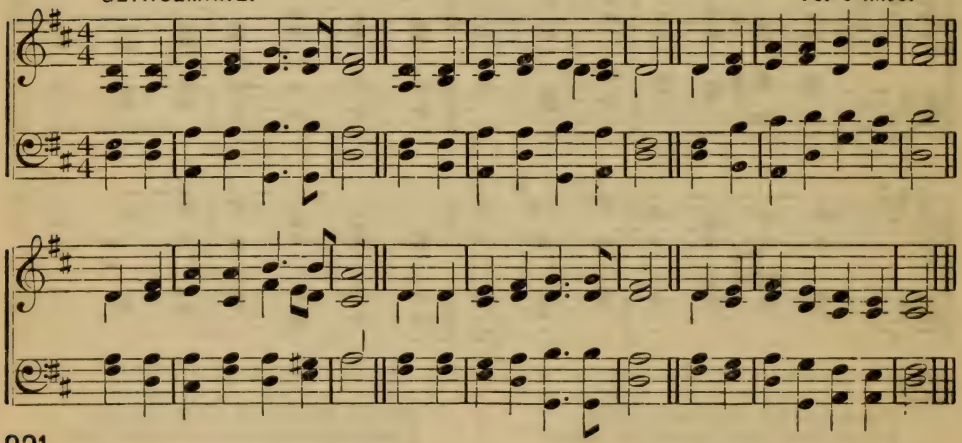
830

1 God bless our native land!
Firm may she ever stand
Through storm and night;
When the wild tempests rave,
Ruler of winds and wave!
Do thou our country save
By thy great might.

2 For her our prayer shall rise
To God above the skies,
On him we wait;
Thou who art ever nigh,
Guardian with watchful eye!
To thee alone we cry,
God save the State.

3 Our fathers' God! to thee,
Author of liberty,
To thee we sing;
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light;
Protect us by thy might,
Great God, our King!

GETHSEMANE. 7s. 6 lines.



831

1 What our Father does is well;
Blessed truth his children tell;
Though he send for plenty want,
Though the harvest floor be scant,
Yet we rest upon his love,
Seeking better things above.

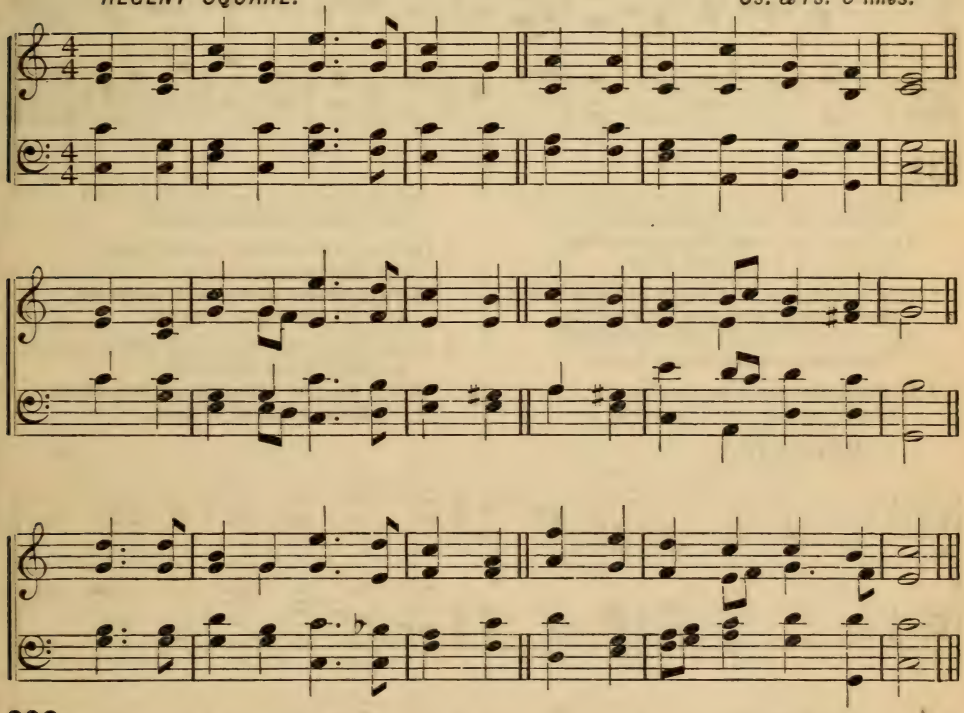
2 What our Father does is well;
Shall the willful heart rebel?
If a blessing he withhold
In the field or in the fold,
Is he not himself to be
All our store eternally?

3 What our Father does is well;
Though he sadden hill and dell,
Upward yet our praises rise
For the strength his word supplies.
He has called us sons of God;
Can we murmur at his rod?

4 What our Father does is well;
May the thought within us dwell;
Though no milk nor honey flow
In our barren Canaan now,
God can save us in our need,
God can bless us, God can feed

5 Therefore unto him we raise
Hymns of glory, songs of praise;
To the Father and the Son
And the Spirit, three in one,
Honor, might and glory be,
Now and through eternity.

REGENT SQUARE. 8s. & 7s. 6 lines.



832

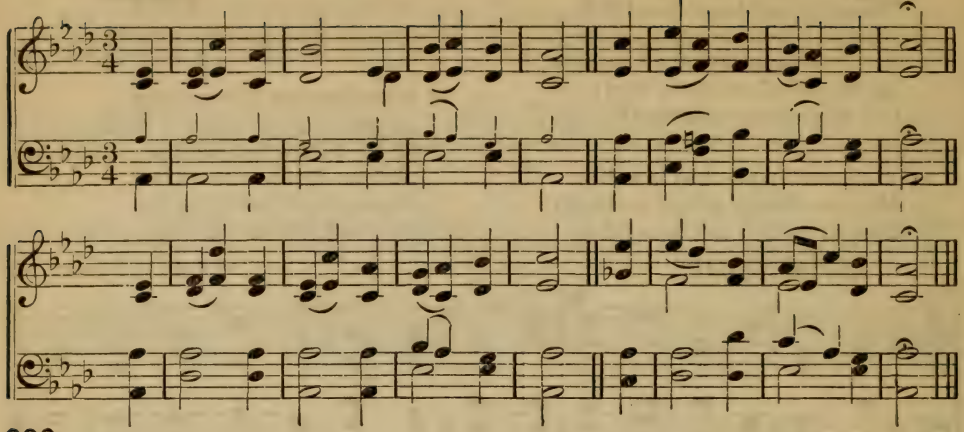
1 Praise, my soul, the King of heaven,
To his feet thy tribute bring;
Ransomed, healed, restored, forgiven,
Evermore his praises sing;
Alleluia! Alleluia!
Praise the everlasting King.

2 Praise him for his grace and favor
To our fathers in distress;
Praise him still the same as ever,
Slow to chide and swift to bless;
Alleluia! Alleluia!
Glorious in his faithfulness.

3 Father like, he tends and spares us,
Well our feeble frame he knows;
In his hands he gently bears us,
Rescues us from all our foes;
Alleluia! Alleluia!
Widely yet his mercy flows.

4 Angels in the height, adore him;
Ye behold him face to face;
Saints, triumphant bow before him,
Gathered in from every race;
Alleluia! Alleluia!
Praise with us the God of grace.

CHURCH. C. M.



833

1 Our land, O Lord! with songs of praise
Shall in thy strength rejoice,
And blest with thy salvation, raise
To heaven a cheerful voice.

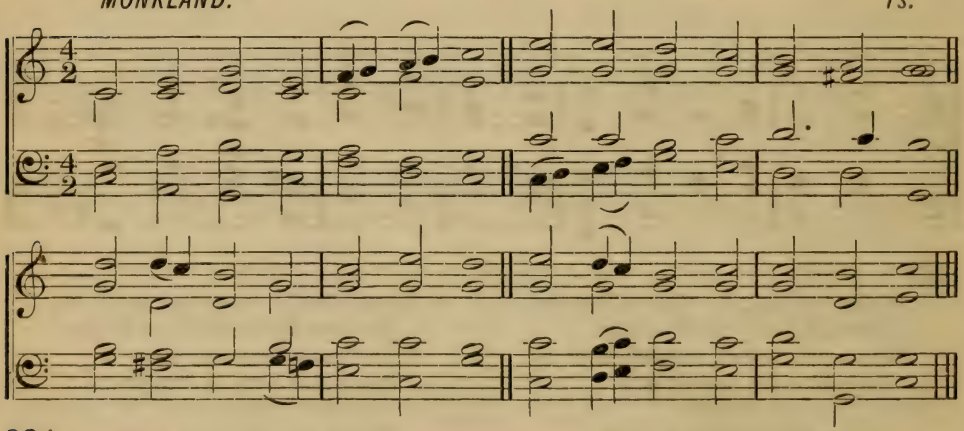
2 Thy sure defence through nations round
Hath spread our country's name,
And all her humble efforts crowned
With freedom and with fame.

3 In deep distress a patriot band
Implored thy pow'r to save;
For liberty they prayed; thy hand
The timely blessing gave.

4 On thee, in want, in woe or pain,
Our hearts alone rely;
Our rights thy mercy will maintain,
And all our wants supply.

5 Thus, Lord! thy wondrous pow'r declare,
And still exalt thy fame;
While we glad songs of praise prepare
For thine almighty name.

MONKLAND. 7s.



834

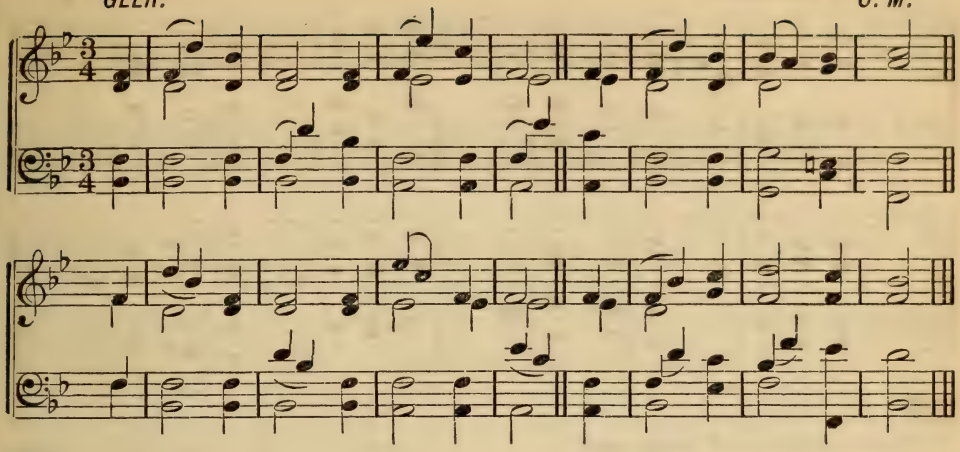
1 Swell the anthem, raise the song,
Praises to our God belong;
Saints and angels join to sing
Praise to heav'n's almighty King.

2 Blessings from his lib'ral hand
Pour around this happy land;
Let our hearts, beneath his sway,
Hail the bright, triumphant day.

3 Now to thee our joys ascend,
Thou hast been our heav'nly Friend;
Guarded by thy mighty pow'r,
Peace and freedom bless our shore.

4 Hark! the voice of nature sings
Praises to the King of kings;
Let us join the choral song,
And the heav'nly notes prolong.

GEER. C. M.



835

1 LORD! while for all mankind we pray,
Of every clime and coast,
Oh, hear us for our native land—
The land we love the most.

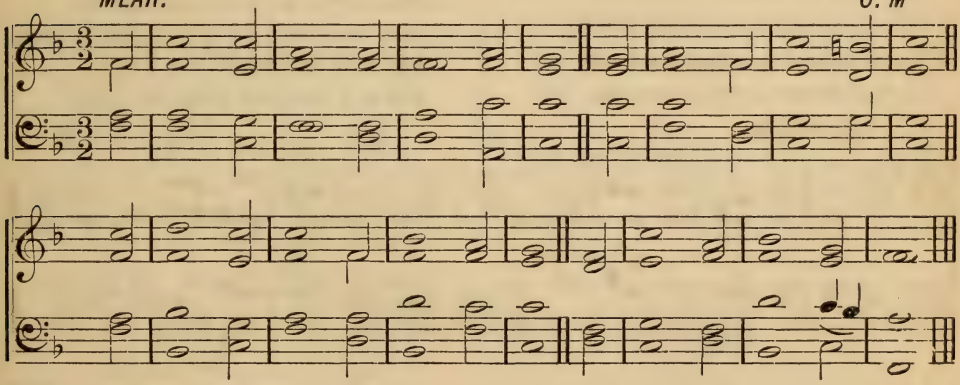
2 Oh, guard our shore from every foe,
With peace our borders bless,
With prosperous times our cities crown,
Our fields with plenteousness.

3 Unite us in the sacred love
Of knowledge, truth and thee,
And let our hills and valleys shout
The songs of liberty.

4 Here may religion, pure and mild,
Smile on our Sabbath hours,
And piety and virtue bless
The home of us and ours.

5 Lord of the nations! thus to thee
Our country we commend;
Be thou her refuge and her trust,
Her everlasting friend.

MEAR. C. M



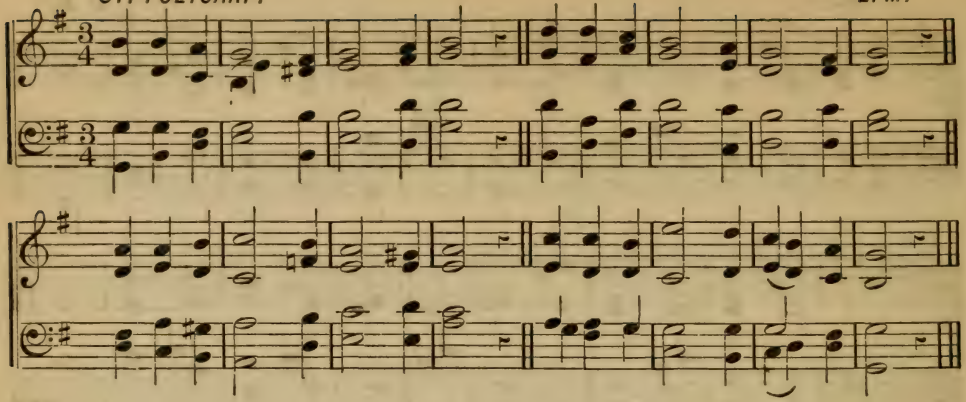
836

1 LORD! thou hast scourged our guilty land,
Behold thy people mourn;
Shall vengeance ever guide thy hand,
And mercy ne'er return?

2 Beneath the terrors of thine eye
Earth's haughty towers decay;
Thy frowning mantle spreads the sky
And mortals melt away.

3 Our Zion trembles at the stroke,
And dreads thy lifted hand;
Oh, heal the people thou hast broke,
And save the sinking land.

ST. POLYCARP. L. M.



837

1 When in our hour of utmost need
We know not where to look for aid,
When days and nights of anxious thought
Nor help nor counsel yet have brought,

2 Then this our comfort is alone,
That we may meet before thy throne,
And cry, O faithful God! to thee
For rescue from our misery;

3 To thee may raise our hearts and eyes,
Repenting sore with bitter sighs,
And seek thy pardon for our sin,
And respite from our griefs within.

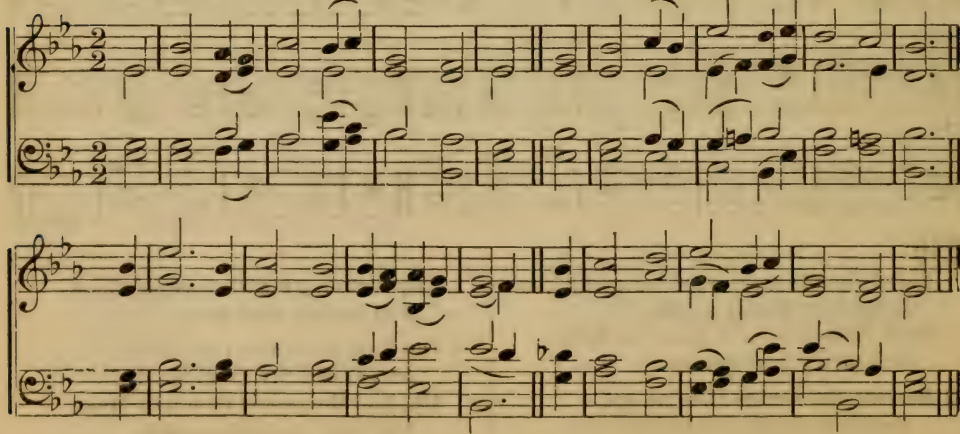
4 For thou hast promised, graciously
To hear all those who cry to thee
Through him whose name alone is great,
Our Saviour and our advocate.

5 And thus we come, O God! to-day,
And all our woes before thee lay,
For tried, afflicted, lo! we stand,
Peril and foes on every hand.

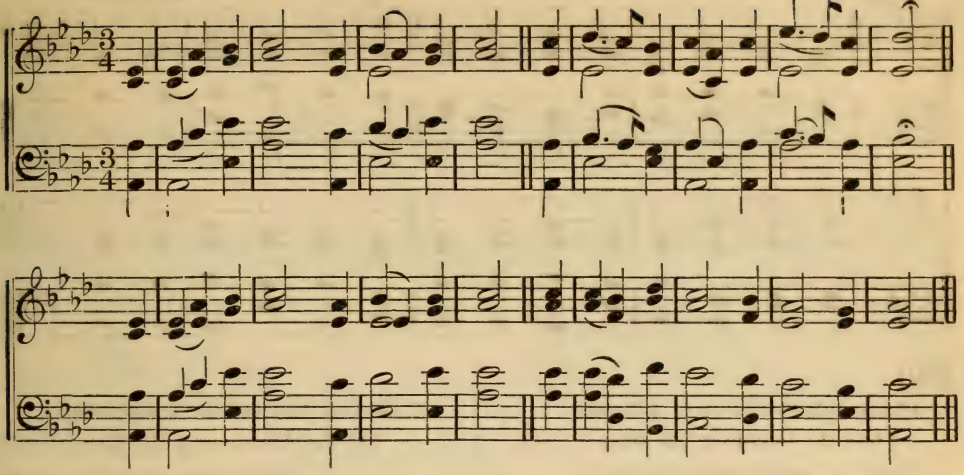
6 Ah! hide not for our sins thy face;
Absolve us through thy boundless grace;
Be with us in our anguish still,
Free us at last from every ill.

7 That so with all our hearts may we
Once more with joy give thanks to thee,
And walk obedient to thy word,
And now and ever praise the Lord.

ALFRETON. L. M.



LOUVAN. L. M.



838

1 Sovereign of all the worlds above!
Thy glory, with unclouded rays,
Shines through the realms of light and love,
Inspiring angels with thy praise.

2 Thy pow'r we own, thy grace adore;
Thou deign'st to visit men below;
And in affliction's darkest hour
The humble shall thy mercy know.

3 These western States at thy command
Rose from dependence and distress;
Prosperity now crowns the land,
And millions join thy name to bless.

4 Praise is thy due, eternal King!
We 'll speak the wonders of thy love;
With grateful hearts our tribute bring,
And emulate the hosts above.

5 Oh, be thou still our guardian God,
Preserve these States from ev'ry foe,
From party rage, from scenes of blood,
From sin and every cause of woe.

6 Here may the great Redeemer reign,
Display his grace and saving power;
Here liberty and truth maintain,
Till empires fall to rise no more.

839

1 Salvation doth to God belong,
His power and grace shall be our song;
From him alone all mercies flow,
His arm alone subdues the foe.

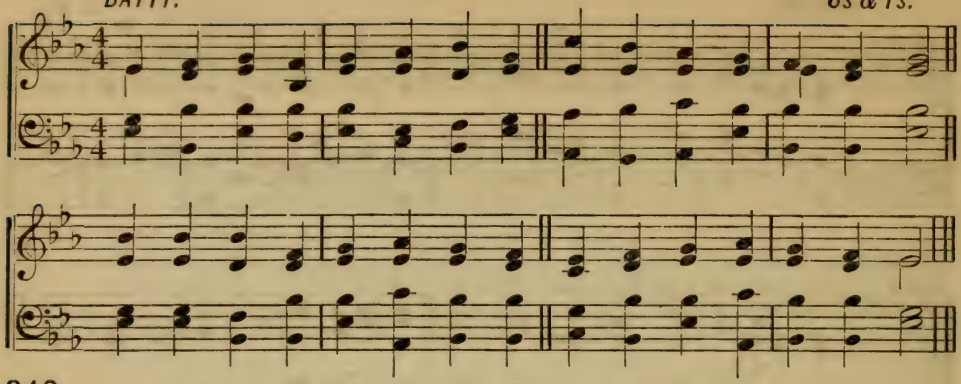
2 Then praise this God, who bows his ear
Propitious to his people's prayer;
And though deliverance he may stay,
Yet answers still in his own day.

3 Oh, may this goodness lead our land
Still saved by thine almighty hand,
The tribute of its love to bring
To thee, our Saviour and our King,

4 Till every public temple raise
A song of triumph to thy praise,
And every peaceful private home
To thee a temple shall become.

5 Still be it our supreme delight
To walk as in thy glorious sight,
Still in thy precepts and thy fear
Till life's last hour to persevere.

BATTY. 8s & 7s.



840

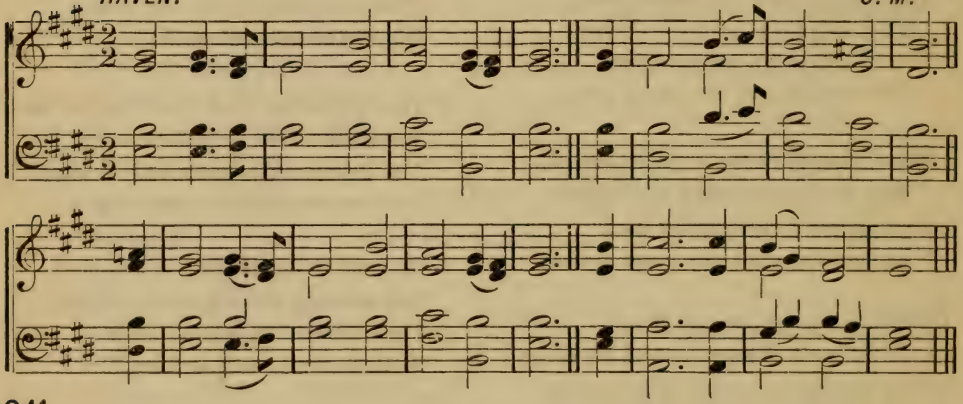
1 Dread Jehovah! God of nations!
From thy temple in the skies
Hear thy people's supplications;
Now for their deliverance rise.

2 Though our sins, our hearts confounding,
Long and loud for vengeance call,
Thou hast mercy more abounding;
Jesus' blood can cleanse them all.

3 Let that love veil our transgression,
Let that blood our guilt efface;
Save thy people from oppression,
Save from spoil thy holy place.

4 Lo! with deep contrition turning,
Humbly at thy feet we bend;
Hear us, fasting, praying, mourning,
Hear us, spare us, and defend.

HAVEN. C. M.



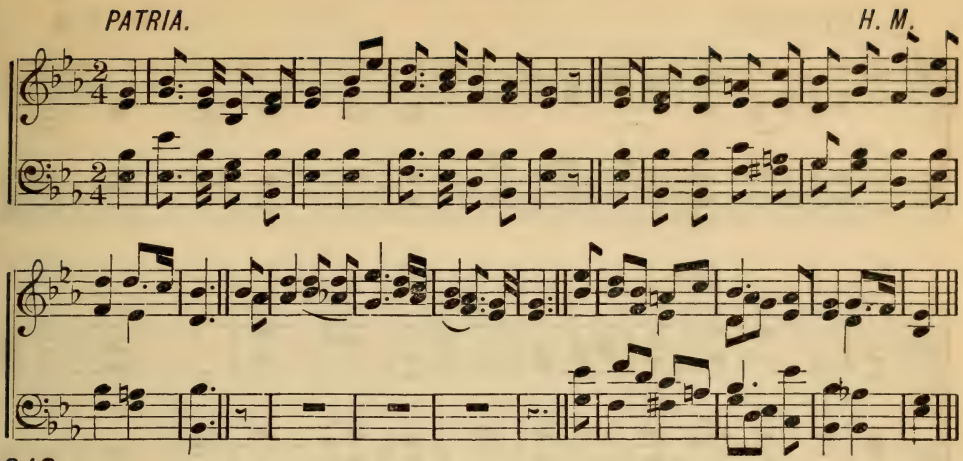
841

1 In grief and fear, to thee, O Lord!
For succor now we fly;
Thine awful judgments are abroad,
Oh, shield us lest we die.

2 The fell disease on every side
Walks forth with tainted breath,
And pestilence, with rapid stride,
Bestrews the land with death.

3 Oh, look with pity on the scene
Of sadness and of dread,
And let thine angel stand between
The living and the dead.

4 With contrite hearts to thee, our King,
We turn who oft have strayed;
Accept the sacrifice we bring,
And let the plague be stayed.



842

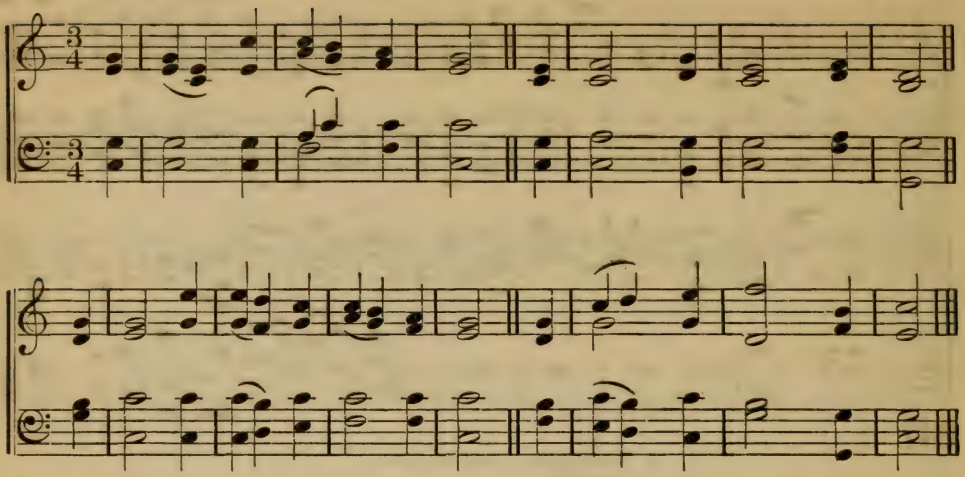
1 Before the Lord we bow,
The God who reigns above,
And rules the world below,
Boundless in power and love.
Our thanks we bring
In joy and praise,
Our hearts we raise
To heaven's high King.

2 The nation thou hast blest
May well thy love declare,
From foes and fears at rest,
Protected by thy care.
For this fair land,
For this bright day,
Our thanks we pay,
Gifts of thy hand.

3 May every mountain height,
Each vale and forest green,
Shine in thy word's pure light,
And its rich fruits be seen.
May every tongue
Be tuned in praise,
And join to raise
A grateful song.

4 Earth, hear thy Maker's voice,
Thy great Redeemer own;
Believe, obey, rejoice,
And worship him alone.
Cast down thy pride,
Thy sin deplore,
And bow before
The Crucified.

FERGUSON. S. M.



843

1 How welcome was the call,
And sweet the festal lay,
When Jesus deigned in Cana's hall
To bless the marriage day!

2 And happy was the bride,
And glad the bridegroom's heart,
For he who tarried at their side
Bade grief and ill depart

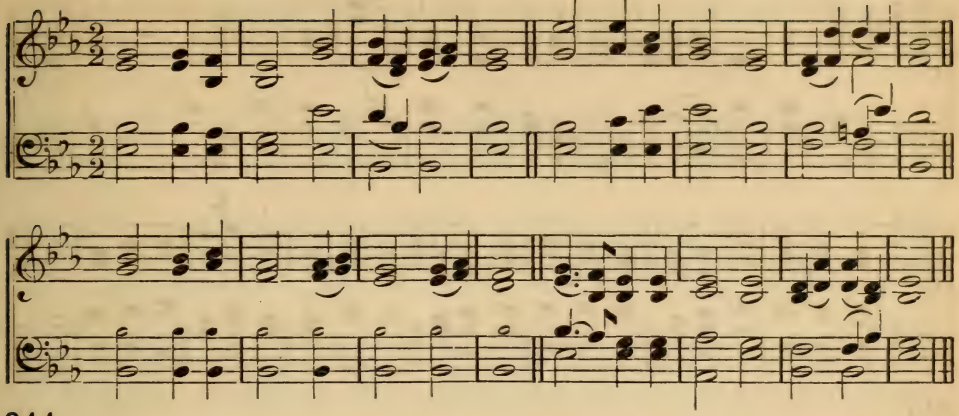
3 His gracious power divine
The water vessels knew,
And plenteous was the mystic wine
The wondering servants drew.

4 O Lord of life and love!
Come thou again to-day!
And bring a blessing from above
That ne'er shall pass away.

5 Oh, bless, as erst of old,
The bridegroom and the bride;
Bless with the holier stream that flowed
Forth from thy pierced side.

6 Before thine altar-throne
This mercy we implore:
As thou dost knit them, Lord! in one,
So bless them evermore.

BERA. L. M.



844

1 Great God! indulge my humble claim,
Thou art my hope, my joy, my rest;
The glories that compose thy name
Stand all engaged to make me blest.

2 Thou great and good, thou just and wise!
Thou art my Father and my God;
And I am thine by sacred ties,
Thy son, thy servant, bought with blood.

3 With early feet I love t' appear
Among thy saints, and seek thy face;
Oft have I seen thy glory there,
And felt the power of sovereign grace.

I 'll lift my hands, I 'll raise my voice,
While I have breath to pray or praise;
This work shall make my heart rejoice,
And spend the remnant of my days.

845

1 What various hindrances we meet
In coming to a mercy-seat!
Yet who that knows the worth of prayer
But wishes to be often there?

Prayer makes the darkened cloud withdraw,
Prayer climbs the ladder Jacob saw,
Gives exercise to faith and love,
Brings every blessing from above.

3 Restraining prayer, we cease to fight;
Prayer makes the Christian's armor bright;
And Satan trembles when he sees
The weakest saint upon his knees.

4 Have you no words? Ah! think again;
Words flow apace when you complain,
And fill your fellow-creature's ear
With the sad tale of all your care.

5 Were half the breath thus vainly spent
To Heaven in supplication sent,
Your cheerful song would oftener be,
"Hear what the Lord has done for me."

846

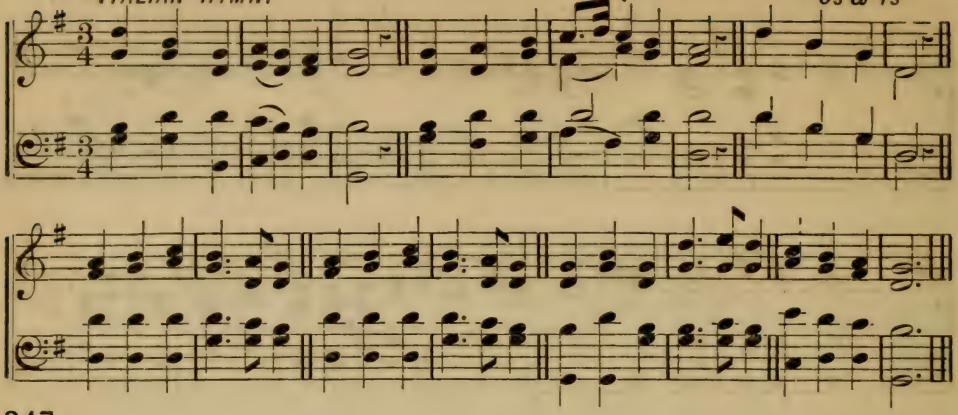
1 Where high the heavenly temple stands,
The house of God not made with hands,
A great High Priest our nature wears,
The Guardian of mankind appears.

2 Though now ascended up on high,
He bends on earth a brother's eye;
Partaker of the human name,
He knows the frailty of our frame.

3 In every pang that rends the heart
The Man of sorrows had a part;
He sympathizes with our grief,
And to the sufferer sends relief.

4 With boldness, therefore, at the throne,
Let us make all our sorrows known,
And ask the aid of heavenly power
To help us in the evil hour.

ITALIAN HYMN. 6s & 4s



847

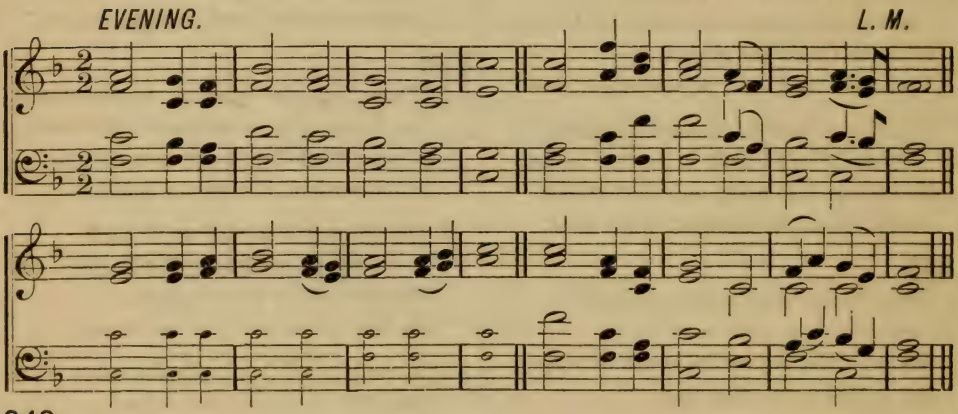
1 Come, thou almighty King!
Help us thy name to sing,
Help us to praise;
Father! all-glorious,
O'er all victorious,
Come and reign over us,
Ancient of days!

2 Come, thou incarnate Word!
Gird on thy mighty sword;
Our prayer attend;
Come, and thy people bless,
And give thy word success;
Spirit of holiness!
On us descend.

3 Come, holy Comforter!
Thy sacred witness bear
In this glad hour;
Thou who almighty art!
Now rule in every heart,
And ne'er from us depart,
Spirit of power!

4 To the great one in three
The highest praises be,
Hence evermore;
His sovereign majesty
May we in glory see,
And to eternity
Love and adore.

EVENING. L. M.



848

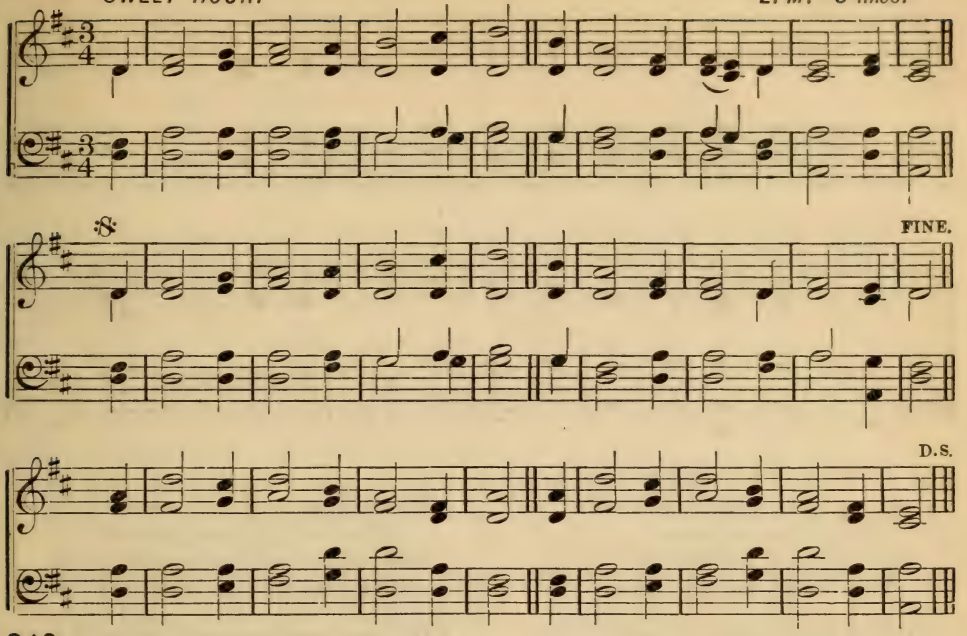
1 Far from my thoughts, vain world, be gone,
Let my religious hours alone;
Fain would mine eyes my Saviour see;
I wait a visit, Lord! from thee.

2 My heart grows warm with holy fire,
And kindles with a pure desire;
Come, my dear Jesus! from above,
And feed my soul with heavenly love.

3 Blest Saviour! what delicious fare!
How sweet thine entertainments are!
Never did angels taste above
Redeeming grace and dying love.

4 Hail, great Immanuel, all-divine!
In thee thy Father's glories shine,
Thou brightest, sweetest, fairest one
That eyes have seen or angels known!

SWEET HOUR. L. M. 8 lines.



849

1 Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer,
That calls me from a world of care,
And bids me at my Father's throne
Make all my wants and wishes known;
In seasons of distress and grief
My soul has often found relief,
And oft escaped the tempter's snare,
By thy return, sweet hour of prayer.

2 Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer,
Thy wings shall my petition bear,
To him whose truth and faithfulness
Engage the waiting soul to bless;
And since he bids me seek his face,
Believe his word and trust his grace
I 'll cast on him my every care,
And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer.

3 Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer,
May I thy consolation share,
Till from Mount Pisgah's lofty height
I view my home and take my flight;
This robe of flesh I 'll drop, and rise,
To seize the everlasting prize;
And shout, while passing through the air,
Farewell, farewell, sweet hour of prayer.

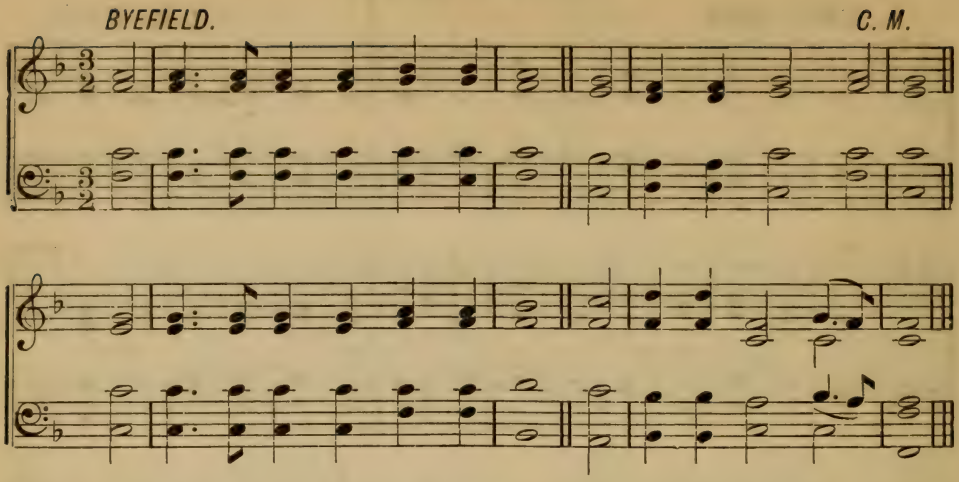
850

1 Come, let us sing the song of songs;
The saints in heaven began the strain;
The homage which to Christ belongs:
"Worthy the Lamb, for he was slain!"

2 Slain to redeem us by his blood,
To cleanse from every sinful stain,
And make us kings and priests to God;
"Worthy the Lamb, for he was slain!"

3 To him who suffered on the tree
Our souls, at his soul's price, to gain,
Blessing and praise and glory be:
"Worthy the Lamb, for he was slain!"

4 To him, enthroned by filial right,
All power in heaven and earth proclaim
Honor and majesty and might:
"Worthy the Lamb, for he was slain!"



851

1 Prayer is the soul's sincere desire,
Unuttered or expressed;
The motion of a hidden fire
That trembles in the breast.

2 Prayer is the burden of a sigh,
The falling of a tear,
The upward glancing of an eye
When none but God is near.

3 Prayer is the simplest form of speech
That infant lips can try;
Prayer the sublimest strains that reach
The Majesty on high.

4 Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice
Returning from his ways,
While angels in their songs rejoice,
And say, "Behold, he prays."

5 Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,
The Christian's native air,
His watchword at the gates of death;
He enters heaven with prayer.

852

1 In all my vast concerns with thee
In vain my soul would try
To shun thy presence, Lord! or flee
The notice of thine eye.

2 Thine all-surrounding sight surveys
My rising and my rest,
My public walks, my private ways,
And secrets of my breast.

3 My thoughts lie open to the Lord
Before they 're formed within
And ere my lips pronounce the word
He knows the sense I mean.

4 Oh, wondrous knowledge, deep and high!
Where can a creature hide?
Within thy circling arms I lie,
Beset on every side.

5 So let thy grace surround me still,
And like a bulwark prove
To guard my soul from every ill,
Secured by sovereign love.

853

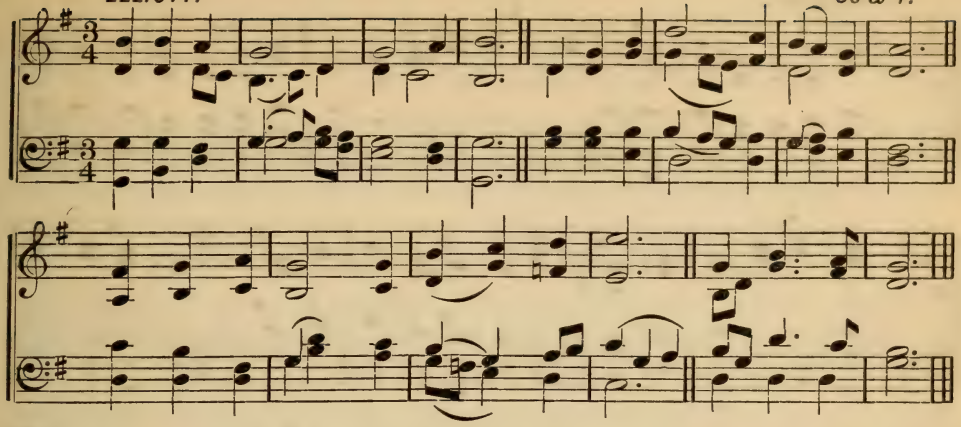
1 Far from the world, O Lord! I flee,
From strife and tumult far,
From scenes where Satan wages still
His most successful war.

2 The calm retreat, the silent shade,
With prayer and praise agree;
And seem, by thy sweet bounty, made
For those who follow thee.

3 There, if thy Spirit touch the soul,
And grace her mean abode,
Oh, with what peace and joy and love
She then communes with God!

4 Author and Guardian of my life,
Sweet Source of light divine,
And all harmonious names in one,
Blest Saviour! thou art mine.

ELLIOTT. 8s & 4.



854

1 My God! is any hour so sweet,
From blush of morn to evening star,
As that which calls me to thy feet,
The hour of prayer?

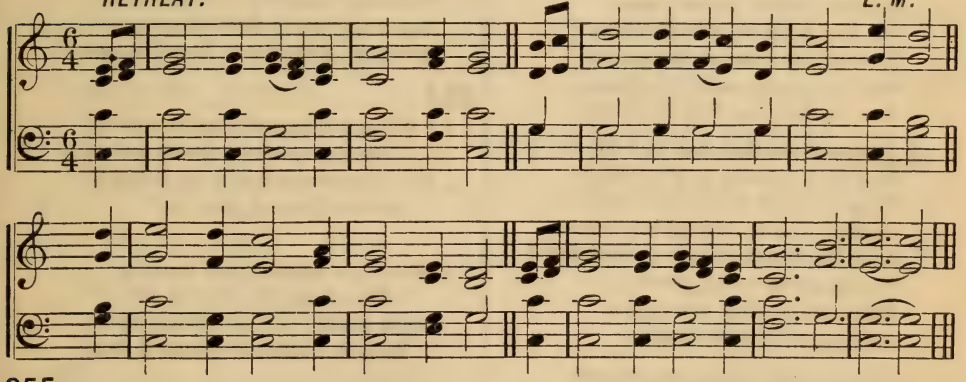
2 Blest is the tranquil hour of morn,
And blest that solemn hour of eve
When, on the wings of prayer upborne,
The world I leave.

3 Then is my strength by thee renewed;
Then are my sins by thee forgiven;
Then dost thou cheer my solitude
With hopes of heaven.

4 No words can tell what sweet relief
Here for my every want I find,
What strength for warfare, balm for grief,
What peace of mind.

5 Lord! till I reach that blissful shore,
No privilege so dear shall be,
As thus my inmost soul to pour
In prayer to thee.

RETREAT. L. M.



855

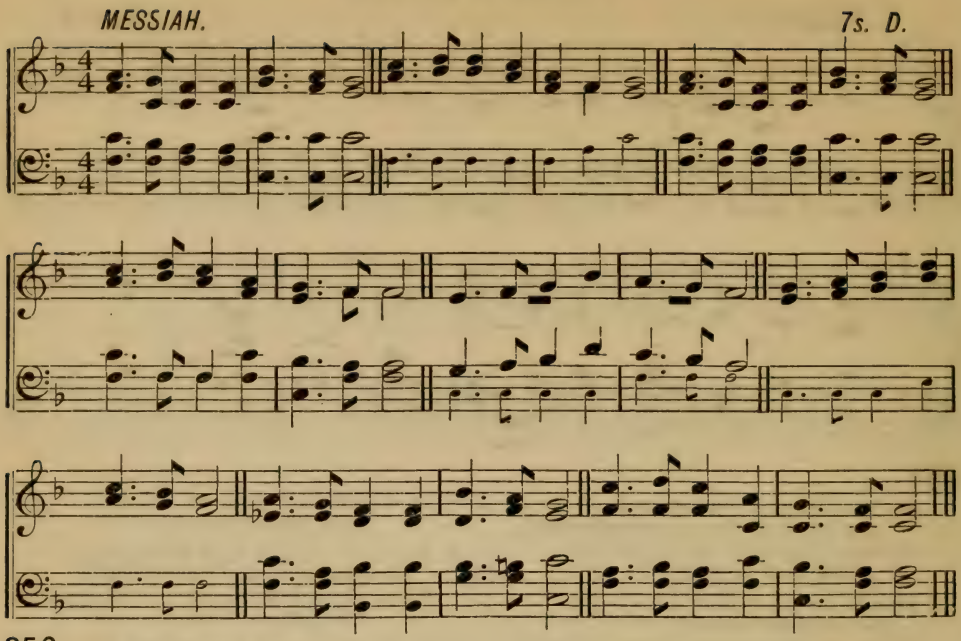
1 From every stormy wind that blows,
From every swelling tide of woes,
There is a calm, a sure retreat;
'Tis found beneath the mercy-seat.

2 There is a place where Jesus sheds
The oil of gladness on our heads—
A place than all besides more sweet;
It is the blood-bought mercy-seat.

3 There is a scene where spirits blend,
Where friend holds fellowship with friend;
Though sundered far, by faith they meet,
Around one common mercy-seat.

4 There, there on eagle wings we soar,
And time and sense seem all no more,
And heav'n comes down our souls to greet,
And glory crowns the mercy-seat.

5 Oh, let my hand forget her skill,
My tongue be silent, cold and still,
This bounding heart forget to beat,
If I forget the mercy-seat.



856

1 Pleasant are thy courts above,
In the land of light and love;
Pleasant are thy courts below,
In this land of sin and woe.
Oh, my spirit longs and faints
For the converse of thy saints,
For the brightness of thy face,
For thy fullness, God of grace!

2 Happy birds that sing and fly
Round thy altars, O Most High!
Happier souls that find a rest
In their heavenly Father's breast;
Like the wandering dove that found
No repose on earth around,
They can to their ark repair,
And enjoy it ever there.

3 Happy souls! their praises flow
Even in this vale of woe;
Waters in the desert rise,
Manna feeds them from the skies;
On they go from strength to strength
Till they reach thy throne at length;
At thy feet adoring fall,
Who hast led them safe through all.

4 Lord! be mine this prize to win,
Guide me through this world of sin;
Keep me by thy saving grace,
Give me at thy side a place;
Sun and Shield alike thou art,
Guide and guard my erring heart;
Grace and glory flow from thee,
Shed, oh, shed them, Lord! on me.

857

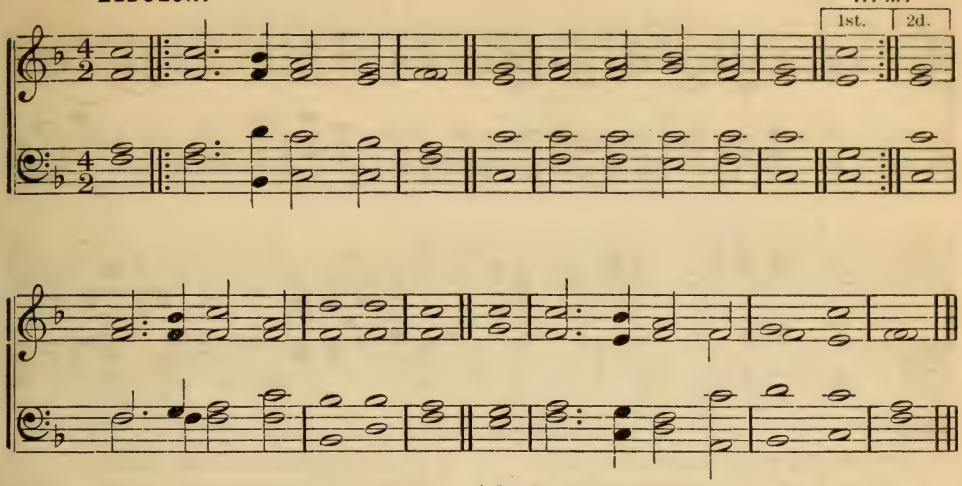
1 "Wide, ye heavenly gates, unfold,
Closed no more by death and sin;
Lo! the conquering Lord behold!
Let the King of glory in."

2 Hark! th' angelic host inquire,
"Who is he, the mighty King?"
Hark again! the answering choir
Thus in strains of triumph sing:

3 "He whose powerful arm alone
On his foes destruction hurled;
He who hath the victory won,
He who saved a ruined world;

4 "He who God's pure law fulfilled,
Jesus, the incarnate Word;
He whose truth with blood was sealed
He is heaven's all-glorious Lord."

ZEBULON. H. M.



858

1 With songs of sacred joy
Extol his glorious name
Who reared the spacious earth,
And raised our ruined frame.
He built the church who spread the sky;
Sing and exalt his honors high.

2 See the foundation laid
By power and love divine;
Jesus, his first-born Son,
How bright his glories shine!
Low he descends, in dust he lies,
That from his tomb a church might rise.

3 But he for ever lives,
Nor for himself alone;
Each saint new life derives
From him, the living Stone,
His influence spreads through every soul,
And in one house unites the whole.

4 To him with joy we move;
In him cemented stand;
The living temple grows,
And owns the Founder's hand.
That structure, Lord! still higher raise,
Louder to sound its Builder's praise.

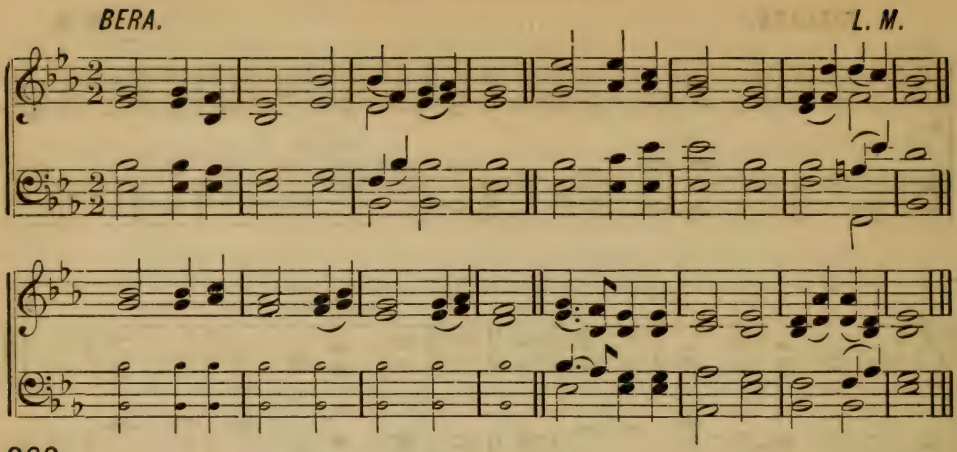
859

1 O thou that hearest prayer
Attend our humble cry,
And let thy servants share
Thy blessings from on high;
We plead the promise of thy word;
Grant us thy Holy Spirit, Lord!

2 If earthly parents hear
Their children when they cry,
If they, with love sincere,
Their varied wants supply,
Much more wilt thou thy love display,
And answer when thy children pray.

3 Our heavenly Father, thou;
We, children of thy grace;
Oh, let thy Spirit now
Descend, and fill the place;
So shall we feel the heavenly flame,
And all unite to praise thy name.

4 Oh, send thy Spirit down
On all the nations, Lord!
With great success to crown
The preaching of thy word,
Till heathen lands shall own thy sway,
And cast their idol-gods away.



860

1 Just are thy ways and true thy word,
Great Rock of my secure abode!
Who is a God beside the Lord?
Or where 's a refuge like our God?

2 'T is he that girds me with his might,
Gives me his holy sword to wield,
And while with sin and hell I fight
Spreads his salvation for my shield.

3 He lives, and blessed be my Rock,
The God of my salvation lives;
The dark designs of hell are broke;
Sweet is the peace my Father gives.

861

1 Where two or three, with sweet accord,
Obedient to their sovereign Lord,
Meet to recount his acts of grace,
And offer solemn prayer and praise,

2 There will the gracious Saviour be,
To bless the little company;
There, to unveil his smiling face,
And bid his glories fill the place.

3 We meet at thy command, O Lord!
Relying on thy faithful word;
Now send the Spirit from above,
And fill our hearts with heavenly love.

862

1 When, gracious Lord! when shall it be
That I shall find my all in thee,
The fullness of thy promise prove,
The seal of thine eternal love?

2 Ah! wherefore did I ever doubt?
Thou wilt in no wise cast me out,
A helpless soul that comes to thee
With only sin and misery.

3 Lord! I am blind—be thou my sight,
Lord! I am weak—be thou my might;
A helper of the helpless be,
And let me find my all in thee.

863

1 God calling yet! shall I not hear?
Earth's pleasures shall I still hold dear?
Shall life's swift passing years all fly,
And still my soul in slumbers lie?

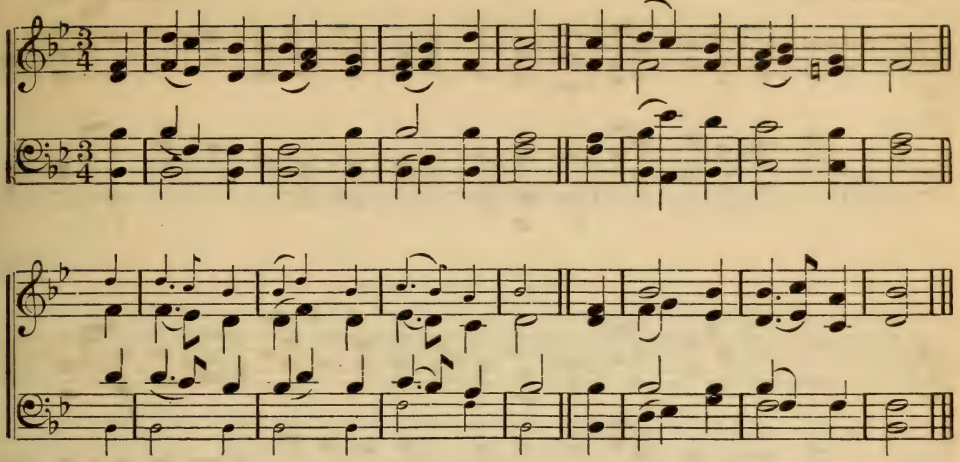
2 God calling yet! shall I not rise?
Can I his loving voice despise
And basely his kind care repay?
He calls me still; can I delay?

3 God calling yet! and shall he knock,
And I my heart the closer lock?
He still is waiting to receive,
And shall I dare his Spirit grieve?

4 God calling yet! and shall I give
No heed, but still in bondage live?
I wait, but he does not forsake;
He calls me still; my heart, awake!

5 God calling yet! I cannot stay;
My heart I yield without delay;
Vain world, farewell; from thee I part;
The voice of God hath reached my heart.

LOGAN. C. M.



864

1 Dear Father! to thy mercy-seat
My soul for shelter flies;
'T is here I find a safe retreat
When storms and tempests rise.

2 My cheerful hope can never die
If thou, my God! art near;
Thy grace can raise my comforts high,
And banish every fear.

3 My great Protector and my Lord!
Thy constant aid impart;
Oh, let thy kind, thy gracious word
Sustain my trembling heart.

4 Oh, never let my soul remove
From this divine retreat;
Still let me trust thy power and love,
And dwell beneath thy feet.

865

1 Now shall my solemn vows be paid
To that almighty power
Who heard the long requests I made
In my distressful hour.

2 My lips and cheerful heart prepare
To make his mercies known;
Come, ye who fear my God, and hear
The wonders he has done.

3 When on my head huge sorrows fell,
I sought his heavenly aid;
He saved my sinking soul from hell
And death's eternal shade.

4 If sin lay covered in my heart
While prayer employed my tongue,
The Lord had shown me no regard,
Nor I his praises sung.

5 But God—his name be ever blessed—
Has set my spirit free,
Nor turned from him my poor request,
Nor turned his heart from me.

866

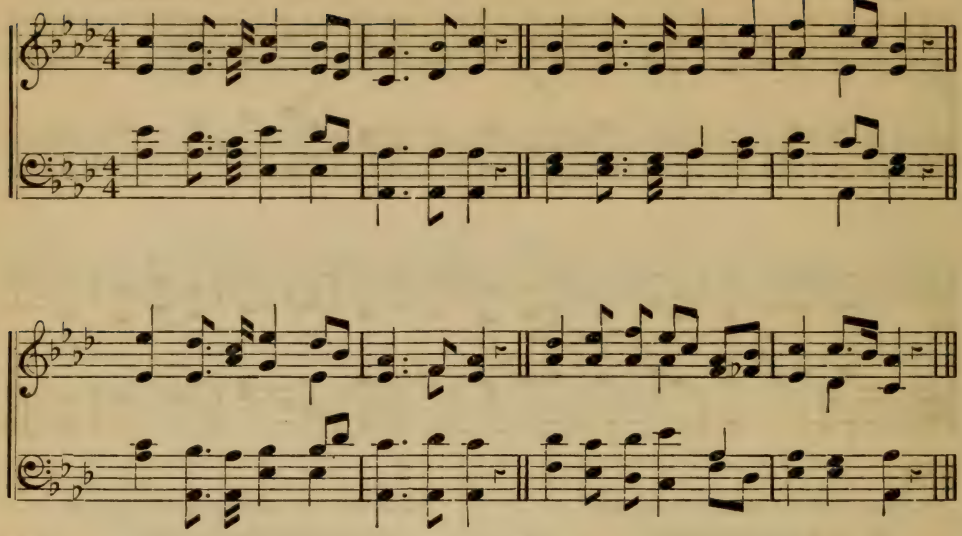
1 Grant me within thy courts a place,
Among thy saints a seat,
For ever to behold thy face,
And worship at thy feet;

2 In thy pavilion to abide
When storms of trouble blow,
And in thy tabernacle hide.
Secure from every foe

3 Then leave me not when griefs assail
And earthly comforts flee;
When father, mother, kindred, fail,
My God! remember me.

4 Wait on the Lord, with courage wait·
My soul, disdain to fear;
The righteous Judge is at the gate,
And thy redemption near.

DWIGHT. L. M.



867

1 He that hath made his refuge God
Shall find a most secure abode,
Shall walk all day beneath his shade,
And there at night shall rest his head.

2 Then will I say, "My God! thy power
Shall be my fortress and my tower;
I, who am formed of feeble dust,
Make thine almighty arm my trust."

3 Thrice happy man! thy Maker's care
Shall keep thee from the fowler's snare;
Satan, the fowler, who betrays
Unguarded souls a thousand ways.

4 If burning beams of noon conspire
To dart a pestilential fire,
God is thy life; his wings are spread
To shield thee with a healthful shade.

5 If vapors, with malignant breath,
Rise thick, and scatter midnight-death,
Israel is safe; the poisoned air
Grows pure if Israel's God be there.

868

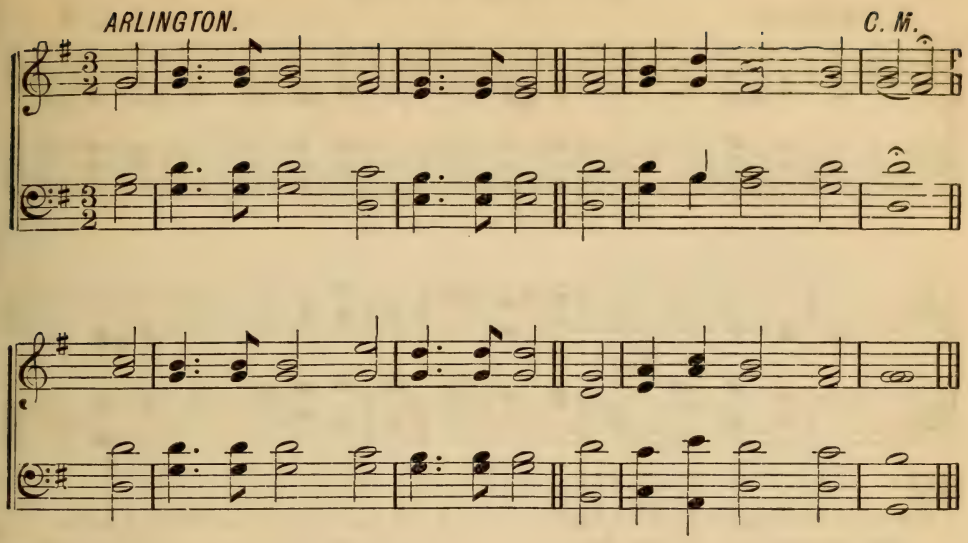
1 With all my powers of heart and tongue
I 'll praise my Maker in my song;
Angels shall hear the notes I raise,
Approve the song and join the praise.

2 I 'll sing thy truth and mercy, Lord!
I 'll sing the wonders of thy word;
Not all the works and names below
So much thy power and glory show.

3 To God I cried when troubles rose,
He heard me and subdued my foes;
He did my rising fears control,
And strength diffused through all my soul.

4 Amidst a thousand snares I stand,
Upheld and guarded by thy hand;
Thy words my fainting soul revive,
And keep my dying faith alive.

5 Grace will complete what grace begins,
To save from sorrows and from sins;
The work that wisdom undertakes
Eternal mercy ne'er forsakes.



869

1 WELCOME, O Saviour! to my heart;
Possess thine humble throne;
Bid every rival hence depart,
And claim me for thine own.

2 The world and Satan I forsake,
To thee I all resign;
My longing heart, O Jesus! take,
And fill with love divine.

3 Oh, may I never turn aside,
Nor from thy bosom flee;
Let nothing here my heart divide;
I give it all to thee.

870

1 WITH my whole heart I've sought thy face,
Oh, let me never stray
From thy commands, O God of grace!
Nor tread the sinner's way.

2 Thy word I've hid within my heart
To keep my conscience clean,
And be an everlasting guard
From every rising sin.

3 I'm a companion of the saints
Who fear and love the Lord;
My sorrows rise, my nature faints,
When men transgress thy word.

4 My God! I long, I hope, I wait,
For thy salvation still,
While thy whole law is my delight.
And I obey thy will.

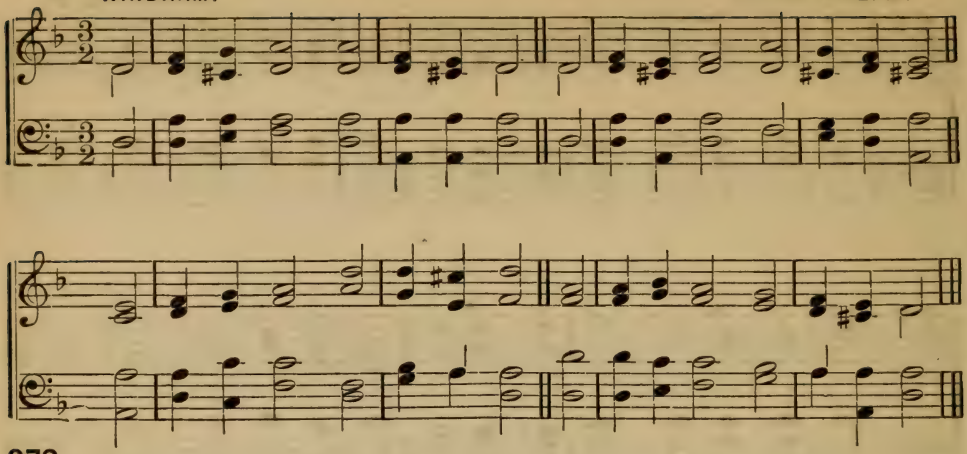
871

1 SALVATION! oh, the joyful sound;
'T is pleasure to our ears;
A sovereign balm for every wound,
A cordial for our fears.

2 Buried in sorrow and in sin,
At hell's dark door we lay;
But we arise, by grace divine,
To see a heavenly day.

3 Salvation! let the echo fly
The spacious earth around,
While all the armies of the sky
Conspire to raise the sound.

WINDHAM. L. M.



872

1 While life prolongs its precious light
Mercy is found and peace is given;
But soon, ah! soon, approaching night
Shall blot out every hope of heaven.

2 While God invites, how blest the day!
How sweet the gospel's charming sound!
Come, sinners, haste, oh, haste away,
While yet a pardoning God is found.

3 Soon, borne on time's most rapid wing,
Shall death command you to the grave,
Before his bar your spirits bring,
And none be found to hear or save.

4 In that lone land of deep despair
No Sabbath's heavenly light shall rise,
No God regard your bitter prayer,
Nor Saviour call you to the skies.

5 Now God invites, how blest the day!
How sweet the gospel's charming sound!
Come, sinners, haste, oh, haste away,
While yet a pardoning God is found.

873

1 Broad is the road that leads to death,
And thousands walk together there,
But wisdom shows a narrow path,
With here and there a traveler.

2 "Deny thyself and take thy cross"
Is the Redeemer's great command;
Nature must count her gold but dross
If she would gain this heavenly land.

3 The fearful soul that tires and faints,
And walks the ways of God no more,
Is but esteemed almost a saint,
And makes his own destruction sure.

4 Lord! let not all my hopes be vain;
Create my heart entirely new,
Which hypocrites could ne'er attain,
Which false apostates never knew.

874

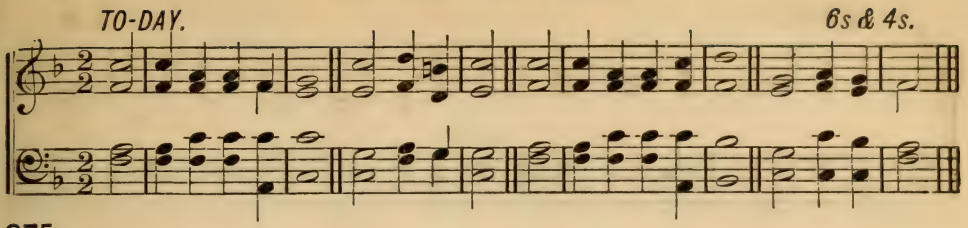
1 Say, sinner, hath a voice within
Oft whispered to thy secret soul,
Urged thee to leave the ways of sin
And yield thy heart to God's control?

2 Sinner! it was a heavenly voice,
It was the Spirit's gracious call;
It bade thee make the better choice,
And haste to seek in Christ thine all.

3 Spurn not the call to life and light;
Regard in time the warning kind
That call thou mayst not always slight
And yet the gate of mercy find.

4 God's spirit will not always strive
With hardened, self-destroying man;
Ye who persist his love to grieve
May never hear his voice again.

5 Sinner! perhaps this very day
Thy last accepted time may be;
Oh, shouldst thou grieve him now away,
Then hope may never beam on thee.



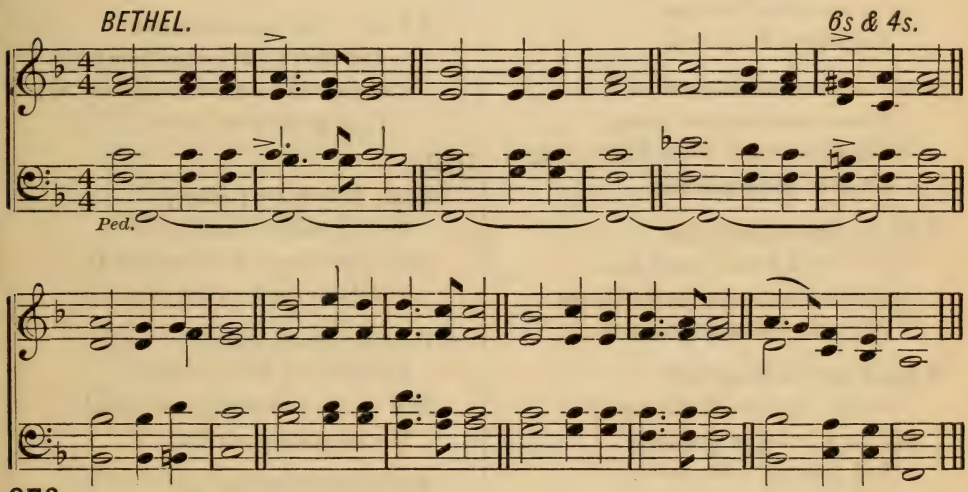
875

1 To-day the Saviour calls;
Ye wanderers, come;
O ye benighted souls!
Why longer roam?

2 To-day the Saviour calls;
Oh, hear him now;
Within these sacred walls
To Jesus bow.

3 To-day the Saviour calls;
For refuge fly;
The storm of justice falls,
And death is nigh.

4 The Spirit calls to-day;
Yield to his power;
Oh, grieve him not away;
'T is mercy's hour.



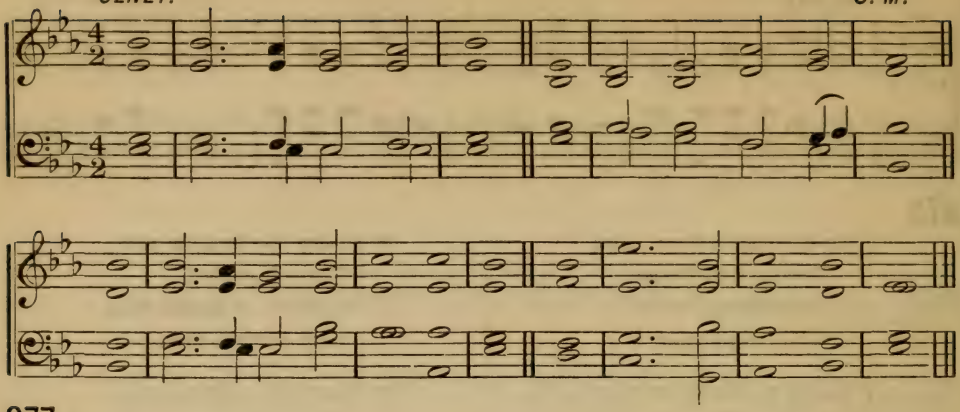
876

1 No, not despairingly
Come I to thee;
No, not distrustingly
Bend I the knee;
Sin hath gone over me,
Yet is this still my plea,
Jesus hath died.

2 Lord! I confess to thee
Sadly my sin;
All I am tell I thee,
All I have been;
Purge thou my sin away,
Wash thou my soul this day;
Lord! make me clean.

3 Faithful and just art thou,
Forgiving all;
Loving and kind art thou
When poor ones call;
Lord! let the cleansing blood,
Blood of the Lamb of God,
Pass o'er my soul!

OLNEY. S. M.



877

1 Exalt the Lord our God,
And worship at his feet;
His nature is all holiness,
And mercy is his seat.

2 When Israel was his church,
When Aaron was his priest,
When Moses cried, when Samuel prayed,
He gave his people rest.

3 Oft he forgave their sins,
Nor would destroy their race;
And oft he made his justice known
When they abused his grace.

4 Exalt the Lord our God,
Whose grace is still the same;
Still he 's a God of holiness,
And jealous for his name.

878

1 Now is th' accepted time,
Now is the day of grace;
O sinners! come, without delay,
And seek the Saviour's face.

2 Now is th' accepted time,
The Saviour calls to-day;
To-morrow it may be too late;
Then why should you delay?

3 Now is th' accepted time,
The gospel bids you come;
And every promise in his word
Declares there yet is room.

4 Lord! draw reluctant souls,
And melt them by thy love;
Then will the angels speed their way
To bear the news above.

879

1 Come, Holy Spirit! come;
Let thy bright beams arise;
Dispel the sorrow from our minds,
The darkness from our eyes.

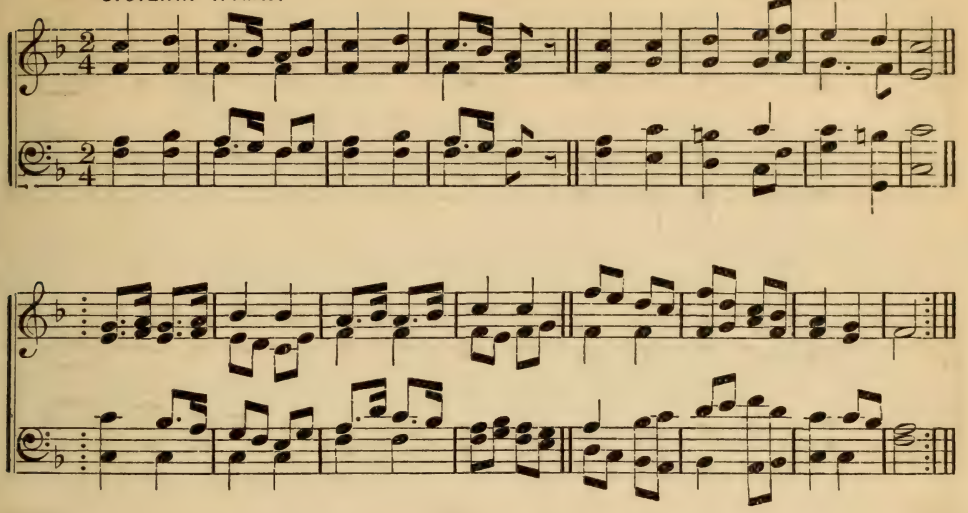
2 Convince us of our sin;
Then lead to Jesus' blood,
And to our wondering view reveal
The mercies of our God.

3 Revive our drooping faith,
Our doubts and fears remove,
And kindle in our breasts the flame
Of never-dying love.

4 'T is thine to cleanse the heart,
To sanctify the soul,
To pour fresh life in every part,
And new-create the whole.

5 Come, Holy Spirit! come;
Our minds from bondage free;
Then shall we know and praise and love
The Father, Son and thee.

SICILIAN HYMN. 8s & 7s. 6 lines.



880

1 SAVIOUR! visit thy plantation;
Grant us, Lord! a gracious rain:
All will come to desolation
Unless thou return again;
Lord! revive us,
All our help must come from thee.

2 Keep no longer at a distance,
Shine upon us from on high,
Lest for want of thine assistance
Every plant should droop and die.

3 Dearest Saviour! hasten hither,
Thou canst make them bloom again;
Oh, permit them not to wither,
Let not all our hopes be vain.

4 Break the tempter's fatal power;
Turn the stony heart to flesh;
And begin from this good hour
To revive thy work afresh.

881

1 LORD! with glowing heart I'd praise thee
For the bliss thy love bestows,
For the pardoning grace that saves me,
And the peace that from it flows.

2 Help, O God! my weak endeavor;
This dull soul to rapture raise;
Thou must light the flame, or never
Can my love be warmed to praise.

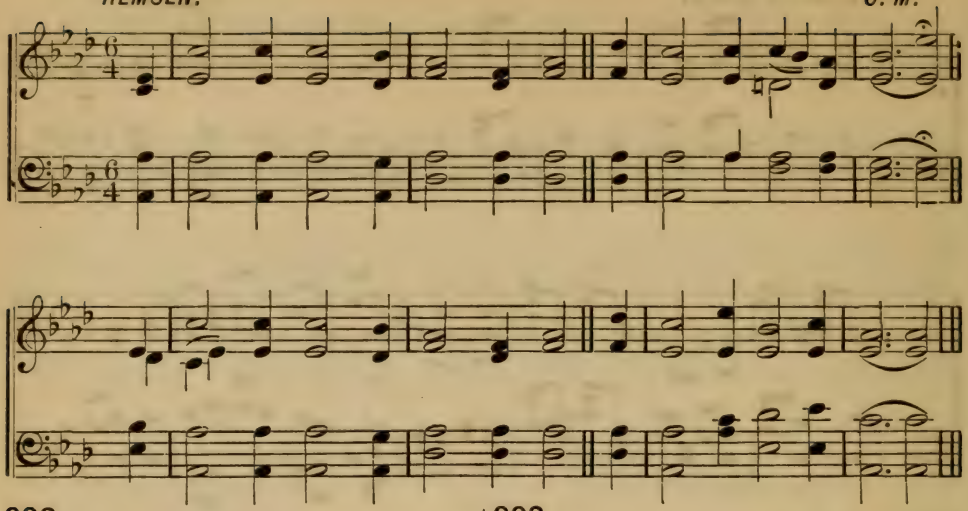
3 Praise, my soul, the God that sought thee,
Wretched wanderer, far astray;
Found thee lost and kindly brought thee
From the paths of death away;

4 Praise, with love's devoutest feeling,
Him who saw thy guilt-born fear,
And, the light of hope revealing,
Bade the blood-stained cross appear.

5 Lord! this bosom's ardent feeling
Vainly would my lips express;
Low before thy footstool kneeling,
Deign thy suppliant's prayer to bless.

6 Let thy grace, my soul's chief treasure,
Love's pure flame within me raise,
And since words can never measure,
Let my life show forth thy praise.

REMSEN. C. M.



882

1 Blest is the man whose softening heart
Feels all another's pain,
To whom the supplicating eye
Was never raised in vain;

2 Whose breast expands with generous warmth
A stranger's woes to feel,
And bleeds in pity o'er the wound
He wants the power to heal.

3 He spreads his kind, supporting arms
To every child of grief;
His secret bounty largely flows,
And brings unasked relief.

4 To gentle offices of love
His feet are never slow;
He views through mercy's melting eye
A brother in a foe.

5 Peace from the bosom of his God
The Saviour's grace shall give;
And when he kneels before the throne,
His trembling soul shall live.

883

1 Almighty God! thy word is cast
Like seed into the ground;
Oh, may it grow in humble hearts,
And righteous fruits abound.

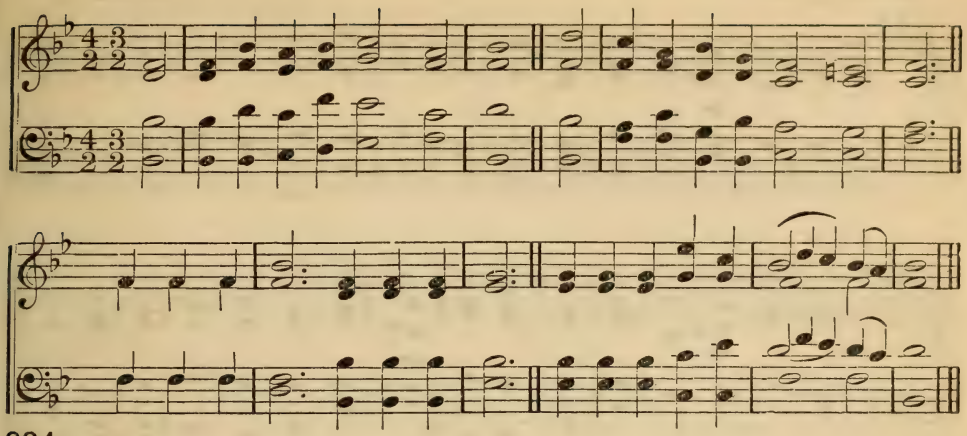
2 Let not the foe of Christ and man
This holy seed remove,
But give it root in praying souls
To bring forth fruits of love.

3 Let not the world's deceitful cares
The rising plant destroy,
But may it, in converted minds,
Produce the fruits of joy.

4 Let not thy word, so kindly sent
To raise us to thy throne,
Return to thee, and sadly tell
That we reject thy Son.

5 Great God! come down, and on thy word
Thy mighty power bestow,
That all who hear the joyful sound
Thy saving grace may know.

AMES. L. M.



884

1 O God! beneath thy guiding hand
Our exiled fathers crossed the sea;
And when they trod the wintry strand,
With prayer and psalm they worshiped thee.

2 Thou heardst, well pleased, the song, the prayer;
Thy blessing came, and still its power
Shall onward through all ages bear
The memory of that holy hour.

3 Laws, freedom, truth and faith in God
Came with those exiles o'er the waves;
And where their pilgrim feet have trod
The God they trusted guards their graves.

4 And here thy name, O God of love!
Their children's children shall adore,
Till these eternal hills remove,
And spring adorns the earth no more.

885

1 Behold, the heathen waits to know
The joy the gospel will bestow,
The exiled captive to receive
The freedom Jesus has to give.

2 Come, let us, with a grateful heart,
In this blest labor share a part;
Our prayers and offerings gladly bring
To aid the triumphs of our King.

3 Our hearts exult in songs of praise
That we have seen these latter days,
When our Redeemer shall be known
Where Satan long hath held his throne.

4 Where'er his hand hath spread the skies,
Sweet incense to his name shall rise,
And slave and freeman, Greek and Jew,
By sovereign grace be formed anew.

886

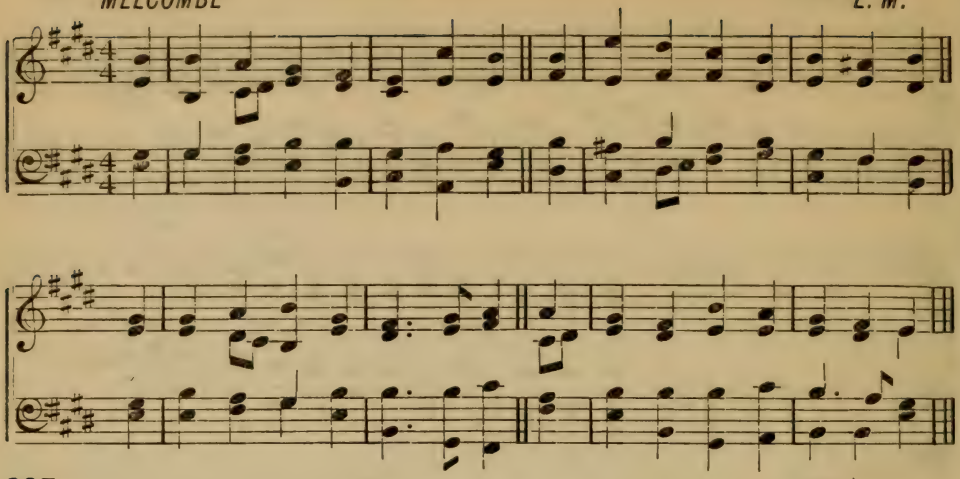
1 Lord of the harvest! bend thine ear
For Zion's heritage appear;
Oh, send forth laborers filled with zeal
Swift to obey their Master's will.

2 Our lifted eyes, O Lord! behold
The ripening harvest tinged with gold;
Wide fields are opening to our view;
The work is great, the laborers few.

3 Under the guidance of thy hand
May Zion's sons to every land
Go forth, to bless the dying race,
As heralds of redeeming grace.

4 Bid all their hearts with ardor glow
The Saviour's dying love to show,
And spread the gospel's joyful sound
Far as the race of man is found.

MELCOMBE L. M.



887

1 God of the morning! at whose voice
The cheerful sun makes haste to rise,
And like a giant doth rejoice
To run his journey through the skies,

2 Oh, like the sun, may I fulfill
Th' appointed duties of the day;
With ready mind and active will
March on, and keep my heavenly way.

3 Lord! thy commands are clean and pure,
Enlightening our beclouded eyes,
Thy threatenings just, thy promise sure,
Thy gospel makes the simple wise.

4 Give me thy counsel for my guide,
And then receive me to thy bliss;
All my desires and hopes beside
Are faint and cold compared with this.

888

1 O Jesus, Lord of heavenly grace!
Thou brightness of thy Father's face,
Thou Fountain of eternal light
Whose beams disperse the shades of night!

2 Come, holy Sun of heavenly love!
Send down thy radiance from above;
And to our inmost hearts convey
The Holy Spirit's cloudless ray.

3 May faith, deep-rooted in the soul,
The flesh subdue, the mind control;
May guile depart and discord cease,
And all within be joy and peace.

4 Oh, hallowed thus be every day;
Let meekness be our morning ray,
And faithful love our noonday light,
And hope our sunset, calm and bright.

5 O Christ! with each returning morn,
Thine image to our hearts is borne;
Oh, may we ever clearly see
Our Saviour and our God in thee.

889

1 New every morning is the love
Our wakening and uprising prove;
Thro' sleep and darkness safely brought,
Restored to life and power and thought.

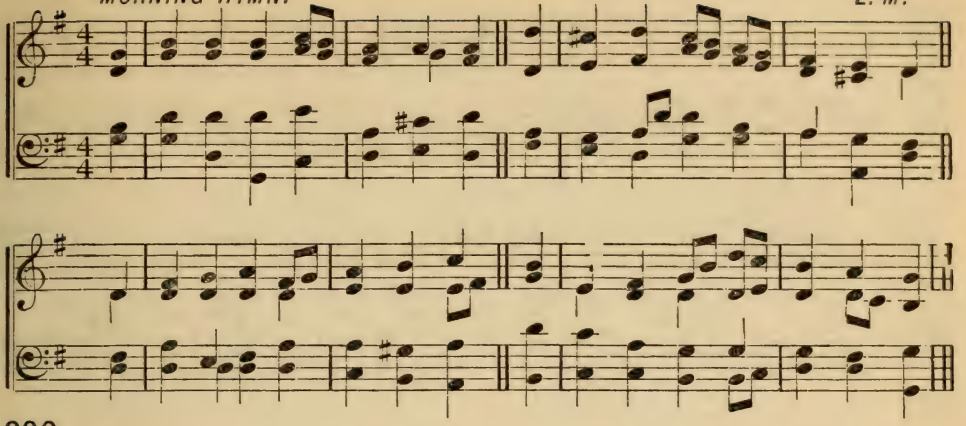
2 New mercies each returning day
Hover around us while we pray,
New perils past, new sins forgiven,
New thoughts of God, new hopes of heaven

3 If, on our daily course, our mind
Be set to hallow all we find,
New treasures still, of countless price,
God will provide for sacrifice.

4 The trivial round, the common task,
Will furnish all we need to ask,
Room to deny ourselves, a road
To bring us daily nearer God.

5 Only, O Lord! in thy dear love,
Fit us for perfect rest above,
And help us this and every day
To live more nearly as we pray.

MORNING HYMN. L. M.



890

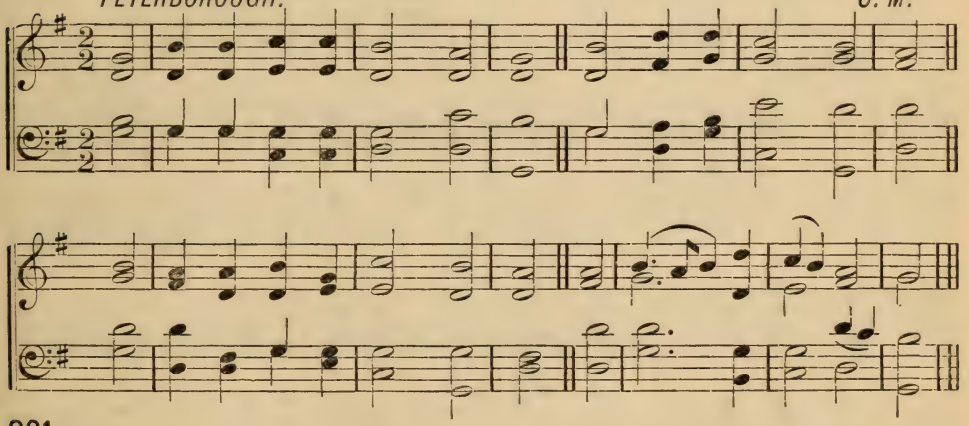
1 Awake, my soul, and with the sun
Thy daily stage of duty run;
Shake off dull sloth, and joyful rise
To pay thy morning sacrifice.

2 Wake and lift up thyself, my heart,
And with the angels bear thy part,
Who, all night long, unwearied sing
High praise to thee, eternal King!

3 All praise to thee who safe hast kept,
And hast refreshed me while I slept;
Grant, Lord! when I from death shall wake,
I may of endless life partake.

4 Lord! I my vows to thee renew;
Scatter my sins as morning dew;
Guard my first springs of thought and will,
And with thyself my spirit fill.

PETERBOROUGH. C. M.



891

1 Once more, my soul, the rising day
Salutes thy waking eyes;
Once more, my voice, thy tribute pay
To him who rules the skies.

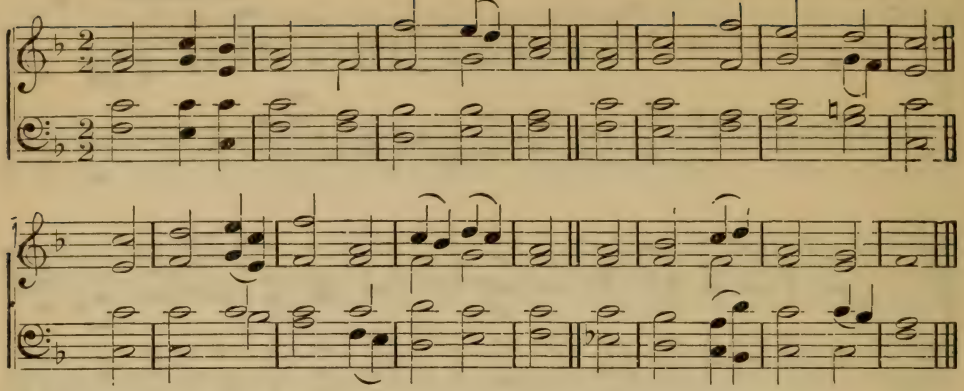
2 Night unto night his name repeats,
The day renews the sound,
Wide as the heaven on which he sits
To turn the seasons round.

3 'T is he supports my mortal frame,
My tongue shall speak his praise;
My sins would rouse his wrath to flame,
And yet his wrath delays.

4 A thousand wretched souls are fled
Since the last setting sun,
And yet he lengthens out my thread,
And yet my moments run.

5 Great God! let all my hours be thine
Whilst I enjoy the light;
Then shall my sun in smiles decline,
And bring a peaceful night.

LULLINGTON. C. M.



892

1 Lord of my life! oh, may thy praise
Employ my noblest powers,
Whose goodness lengthens out my days
And fills the circling hours.

2 Preserved by thine almighty arm,
I passed the shades of night
Secure and safe from every harm,
And see returning light.

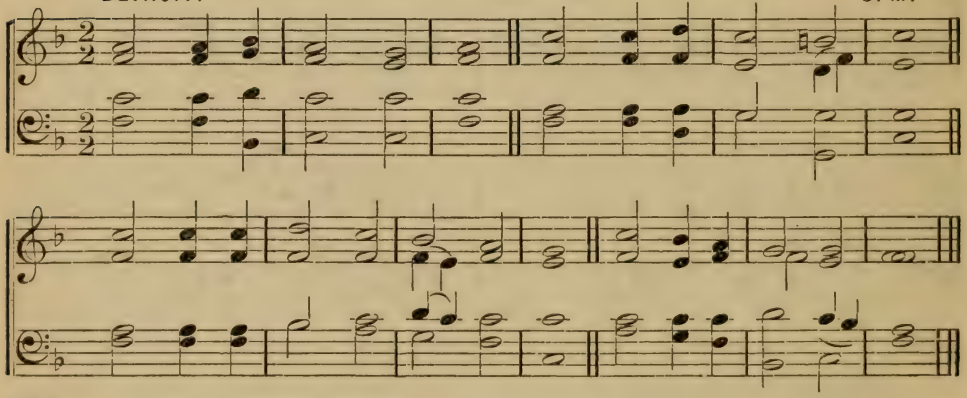
3 While many spent the night in sighs
And restless pains and woes,
In gentle sleep I closed my eyes,
In undisturbed repose.

4 When sleep, death's image, o'er me spread,
And I unconscious lay,
Thy watchful care was round my bed
To guard my feeble clay.

5 Oh, let the same almighty care
My waking hours attend;
From every danger, every snare,
My helpless steps defend.

6 Smile on my minutes as they roll,
And guide my future days,
And let thy goodness fill my soul
With gratitude and praise.

DETROIT. S. M.



893

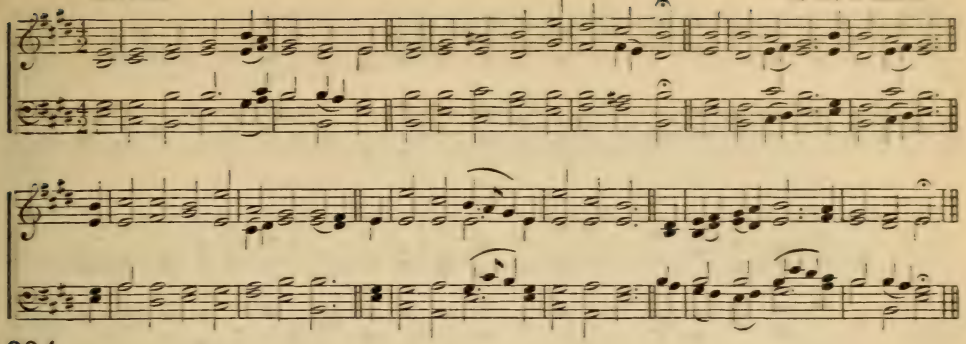
1 Serene I laid me down
Beneath God's guardian care;
I slept, and I awoke and found
My kind Preserver near.

2 Oh, how shall I repay
The bounties of my God?
This feeble spirit pants beneath
The pleasing, painful load.

3 Dear Saviour! to thy cross
I bring my sacrifice;
Tinged with thy blood, it shall ascend
With fragrance to the skies.

4 My life I would anew
Devote, O Lord! to thee,
And in thy service I would spend
A long eternity.

EATON. L. M. 6 lines.



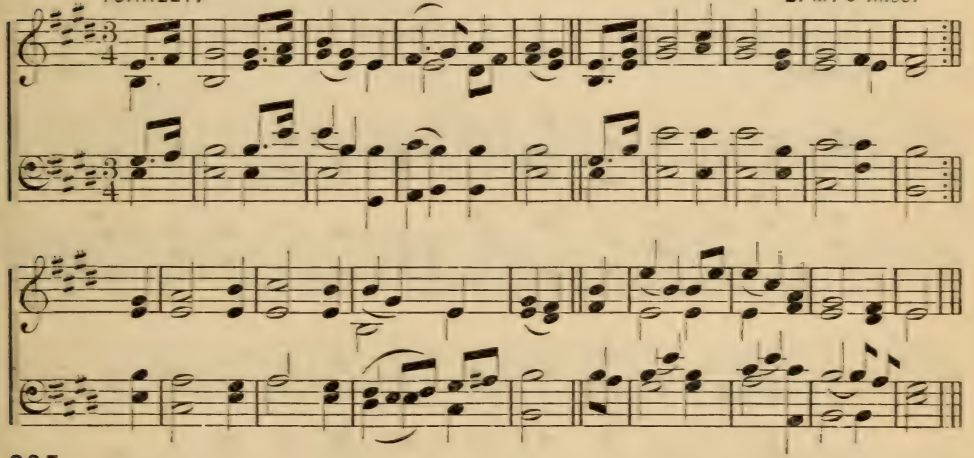
894

1 When, streaming from the eastern skies,
The morning light salutes mine eyes,
O Sun of righteousness divine!
On me with beams of mercy shine;
Chase the dark clouds of guilt away,
And turn my darkness into day.

2 And when to heav'n's all-glorious King
My morning sacrifice I bring,
And, mourning o'er my guilt and shame,
Ask mercy in my Saviour's name,
Then, Jesus! cleanse me with thy blood,
And be my Advocate with God.

3 And at my life's last setting sun,
My conflicts o'er, my labors done,
Jesus! thy heav'nly radiance shed,
To cheer and bless my dying bed,
And from death's gloom my spirit raise
To see thy face and sing thy praise.

YOAKLEY. L. M. 6 lines.



895

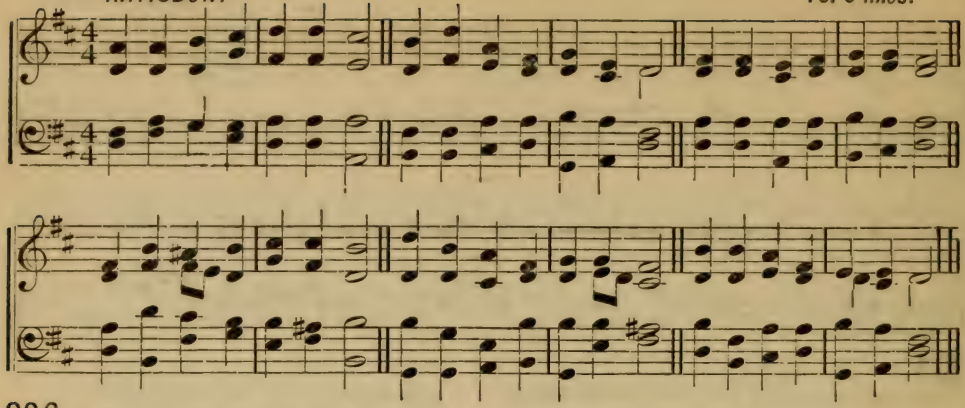
1 O God, my gracious God! to thee
My morning prayers shall offered be,
For thee my thirsty soul does pant;
My fainting flesh implores thy grace,
As in a dry and barren place,
Where I refreshing waters want.

2 Oh, to my longing eyes, once more
That view of glorious power restore
Which thy majestic house displays;
Because to me thy wondrous love
Than life itself does dearer prove,
My lips shall always speak thy praise.

3 My life, while I that life enjoy,
In blessing God I will employ,
With lifted hands adore his name;
As, with its choicest food supplied,
My soul shall be full satisfied,
While I with joy his praise proclaim.

4 When down I lie sweet sleep to find,
Thou, Lord! art present to my mind,
And when I wake in dead of night,
Because thou still dost succor bring,
Beneath the shadow of thy wing
I rest with safety and delight.

RATISBON. 7s. 6 lines.



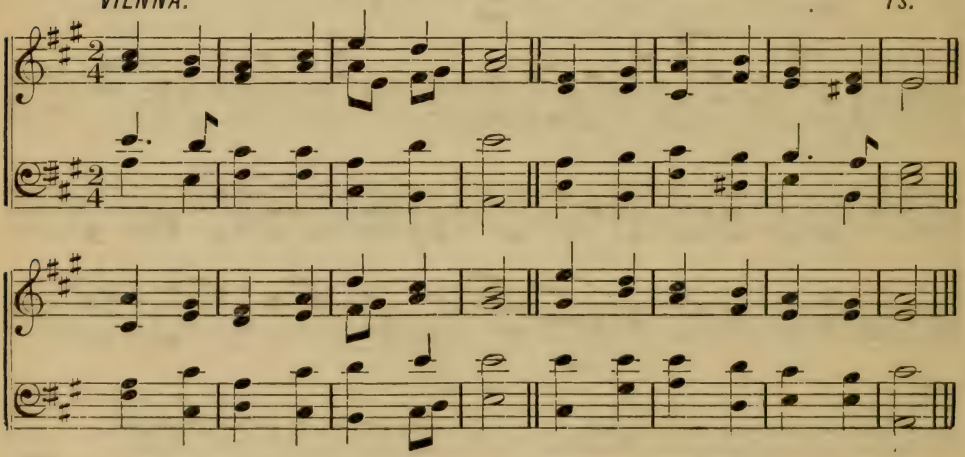
896

1 Christ, whose glory fills the skies,
Christ, the true, the only light,
Sun of righteousness! arise,
Triumph o'er the shades of night;
Day-spring from on high! be near,
Day-star! in my heart appear.

2 Dark and cheerless is the morn,
Unaccompanied by thee;
Joyless is the day's return
Till thy mercy's beams I see,
Till they inward light impart,
Glad my eyes and warm my heart.

3 Visit, then, this soul of mine,
Pierce the gloom of sin and grief;
Fill me, Radiancy divine!
Scatter all my unbelief;
More and more thyself display,
Shining to the perfect day.

VIENNA. 7s.



97

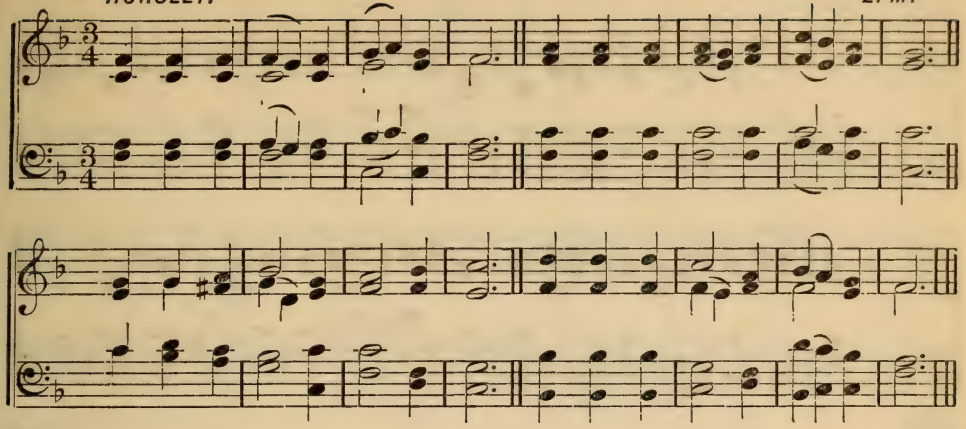
1 In the morning hear my voice,
Let me in thy light rejoice;
God, my Sun! my strength renew,
Send thy blessing down like dew.

2 Through the duties of the day
Grant me grace to watch and pray;
Live as always seeing thee,
Knowing, thou, God! seest me.

3 When the round of care is run,
And the stars succeed the sun,
Songs of prayer with praise unite,
Crown the day and hail the night.

4 Thus with thee, my God! my Friend!
Times begin, continue, end,
While life's joys and sorrows pass,
Like the changes of the grass.

HURSLEY. L. M.



898

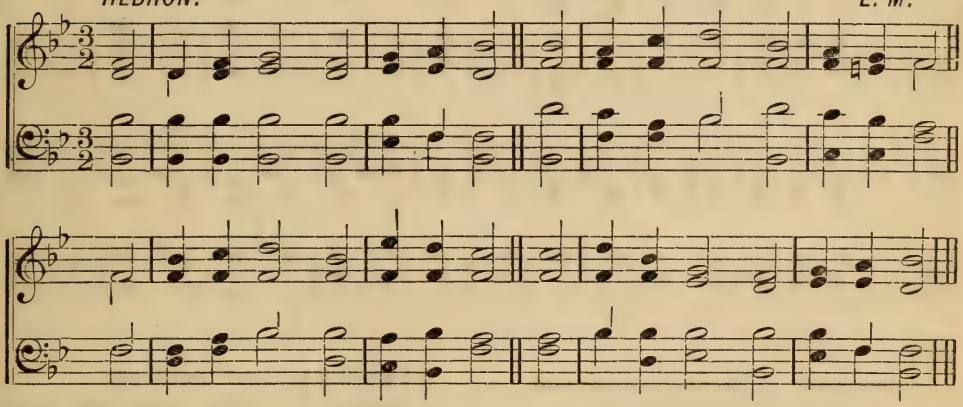
1 Sun of my soul, thou Saviour dear!
It is not night if thou be near;
Oh may no earth-born cloud arise
To hide thee from thy servant's eyes.

2 When soft the dews of kindly sleep
My wearied eyelids gently steep,
Be my last thought, how sweet to rest
For ever on my Saviour's breast!

3 Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without thee I cannot live;
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without thee I dare not die.

4 Come near to bless us when we wake,
Ere through the world our way we take,
Till in the ocean of thy love
We lose ourselves in heaven above.

HEBRON. L. M.



899

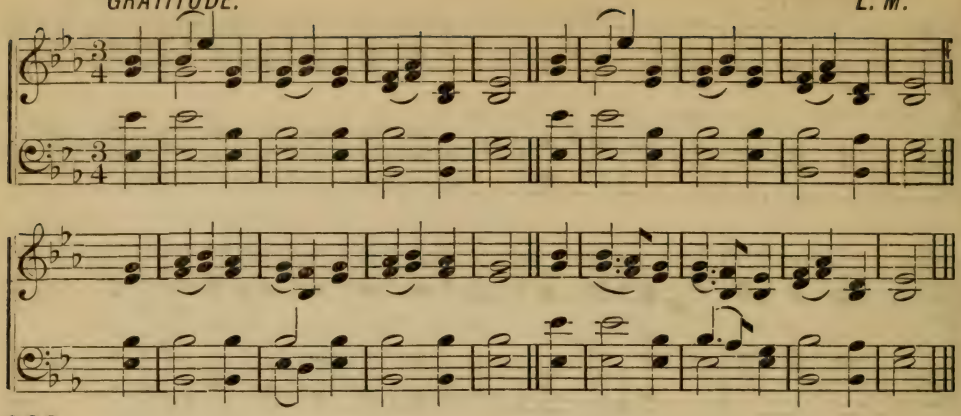
1 Thus far the Lord hath led me on,
Thus far his power prolongs my days;
And every evening should make known
Some fresh memorials of his grace.

2 Much of my time has run to waste,
And I, perhaps, am near my home;
But he forgives my follies past,
He gives me strength for days to come.

3 I lay my body down to sleep,
Peace is the pillow for my head;
While well-appointed angels keep
Their watchful stations round my bed.

4 Thus, when the night of death shall come,
My flesh shall rest beneath the ground,
And wait thy voice to rouse my tomb
With sweet salvation in the sound.

GRATITUDE. L. M.



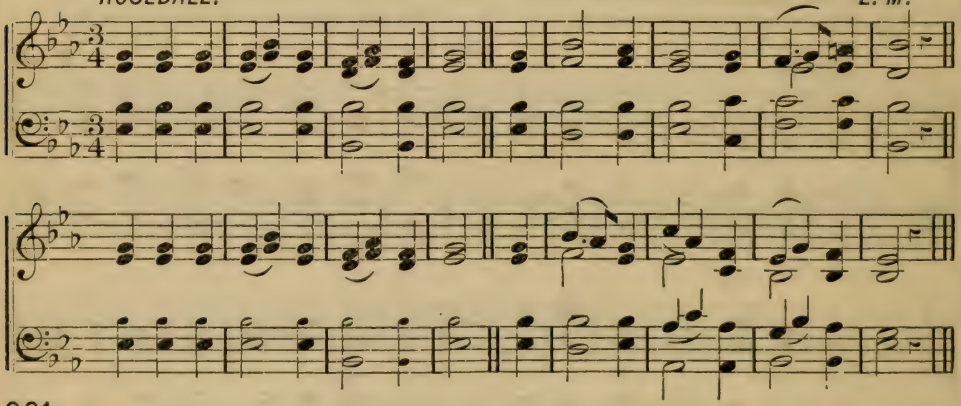
900

1 My God! how endless is thy love!
Thy gifts are ev'ry evening new,
And morning mercies from above
Gently distill like early dew.

2 Thou spread'st the curtain of the night,
Great Guardian of my sleeping hours!
Thy sov'reign word restores the light,
And quickens all my drowsy powers.

3 I yield my powers to thy command,
To thee I consecrate my days;
Perpetual blessings from thy hand
Demand perpetual songs of praise.

ROSEDALE. L. M.



901

1 Great God! to thee my evening song
With humble gratitude I raise:
Oh, let thy mercy tune my tongue,
And fill my heart with lively praise.

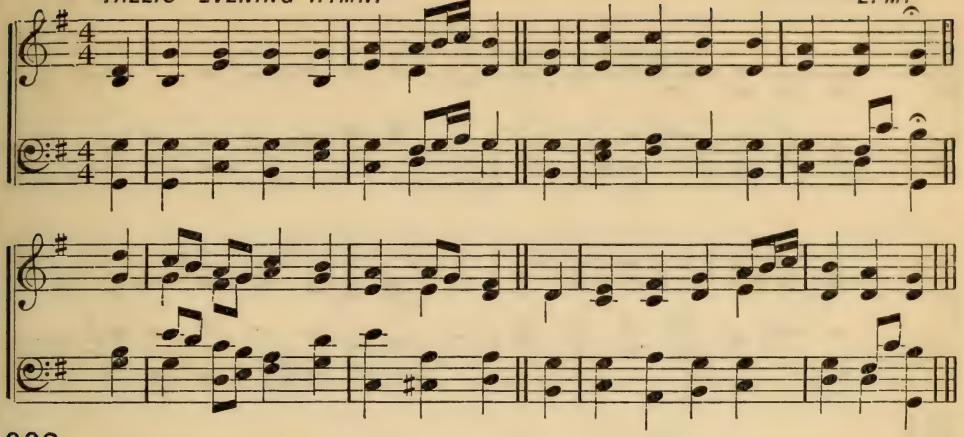
2 My days, unclouded as they pass,
And every gentle, rolling hour,
Are monuments of wondrous grace,
And witness to thy love and power.

3 And yet this thoughtless, wretched heart,
Too oft regardless of thy love,
Ungrateful can from thee depart,
And, fond of trifles, vainly rove.

4 Seal my forgiveness in the blood
Of Jesus; his dear name alone
I plead for pardon, gracious God!
And kind acceptance at thy throne.

5 Let this blest hope mine eyelids close,
With sleep refresh my feeble frame;
Safe in thy care may I repose,
And wake with praises to thy name.

TALLIS' EVENING HYMN. L. M.



902

1 All praise to thee, my God! this night,
For all the blessings of the light;
Keep me, oh keep me, King of kings!
Beneath thine own almighty wings.

2 Forgive me, Lord! for thy dear Son,
The ill that I this day have done,
That with the world, myself and thee
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

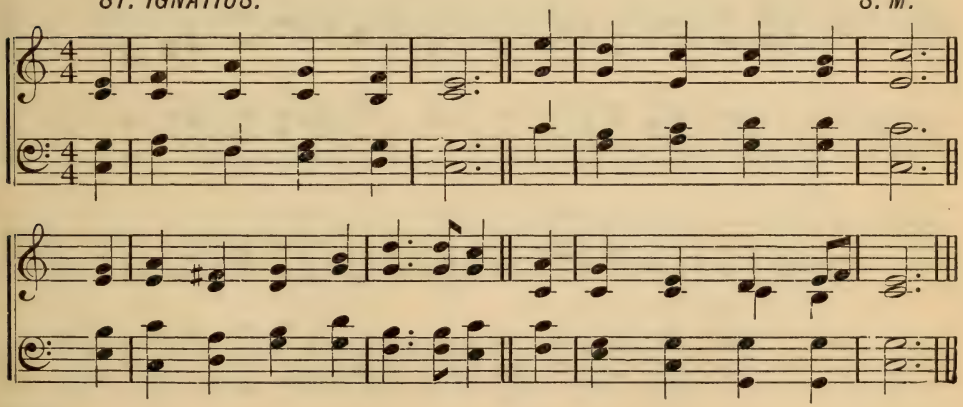
3 Teach me to live that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed,
To die that this vile body may
Rise glorious at the awful day.

4 Oh, may my soul on thee repose,
And may sweet sleep mine eyelids close—
Sleep that shall me more vigorous make
To serve my God when I awake.

5 When in the night I sleepless lie,
My soul with heavenly thoughts supply;
Let no ill dreams disturb my rest,
No power of darkness me molest.

6 Oh, when shall I in endless day
For ever chase dark sleep away,
And praise with the angelic choir
Incessant sing, and never tire?

ST. IGNATIUS. S. M.



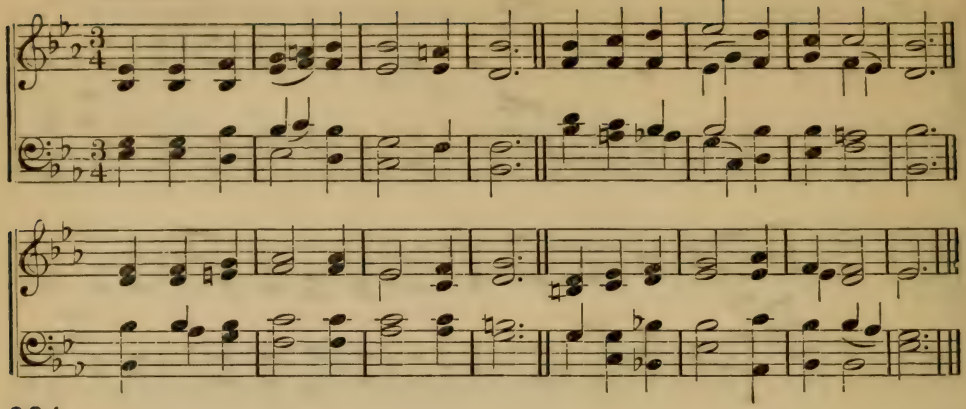
903

1 The day, O Lord! is spent;
Abide with us, and rest;
Our hearts' desires are fully bent
On making thee our guest.

2 We have not reached that land,
That happy land, as yet,
Where holy angels round thee stand
Whose sun can never set.

3 Our sun is sinking now;
Our day is almost o'er;
O Sun of righteousness! do thou
Shine on us evermore.

ANGELUS. L. M.



904

1 At even, ere the sun was set,
The sick, O Lord! around thee lay;
Oh, in what divers pains they met!
Oh, with what joy they went away!

2 Once more 't is eventide, and we,
Oppressed with various ills, draw near;
What if thy form we cannot see?
We know and feel that thou art here.

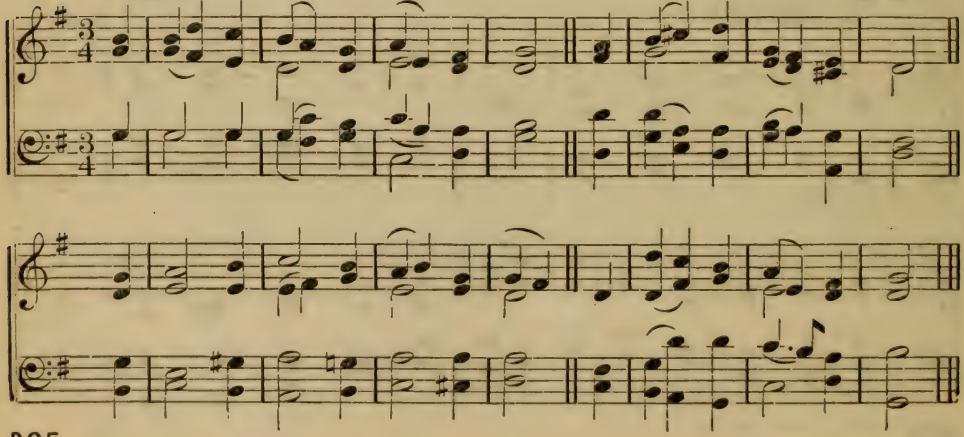
3 O Saviour Christ! our woes dispel,
For some are sick and some are sad,
And some have never loved thee well,
And some have lost the love they had;

4 And some have found the world is vain,
Yet from the world they break not free,
And some have friends who give them pain,
Yet have not sought a friend in thee.

5 O Saviour Christ! thou too art Man;
Thou hast been troubled, tempted, tried;
Thy kind but searching glance can scan
The very wounds that shame would hide.

6 Thy touch has still its ancient power;
No word from thee can fruitless fall;
Hear in this solemn evening hour,
And in thy mercy heal us all.

DUBLIN. C. M.



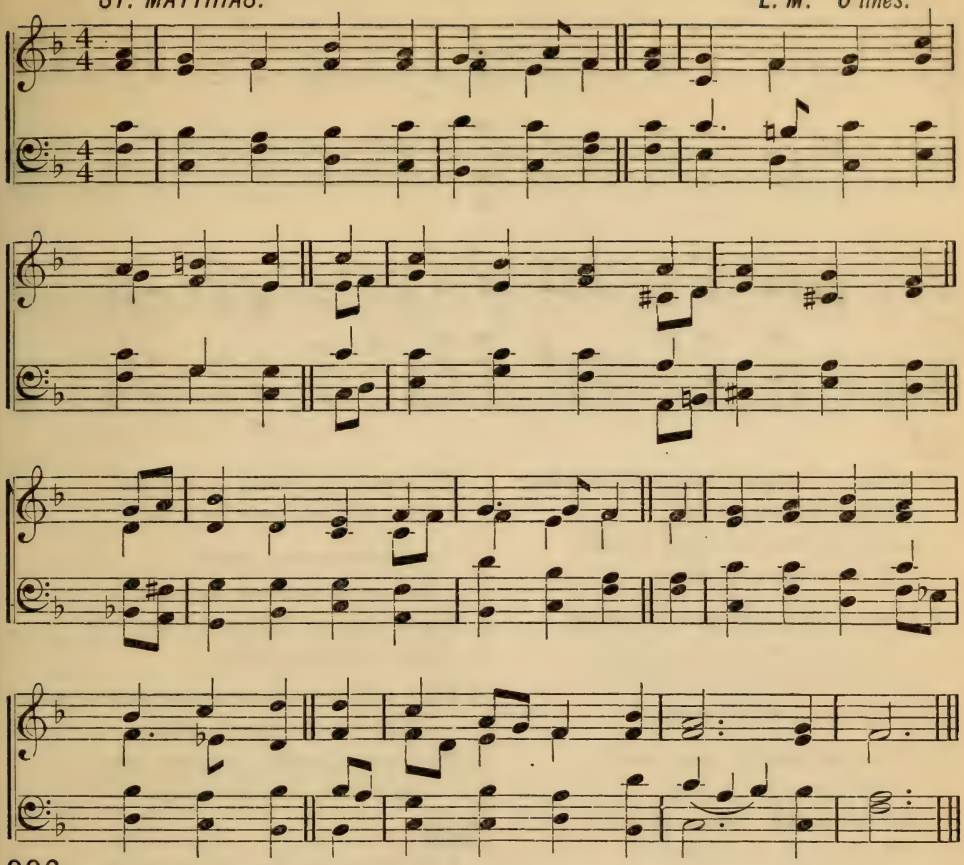
905

1 Indulgent Father! by whose care
I've passed another day,
Let me this night thy mercy share;
Oh, teach me how to pray.

2 Let each returning night declare
The tokens of thy love,
And every hour thy grace prepare
My soul for joys above.

3 And when on earth I close mine eyes,
To sleep in death's embrace,
Let me to heaven and glory rise,
To see thy smiling face.

ST. MATTHIAS. L. M. 6 lines.



906

1 Sweet Saviour! bless us ere we go;
Thy word into our minds instill,
And make our lukewarm hearts to glow
With lowly love and fervent will;
Thro' life's long day and death's dark night,
O gentle Jesus! be our Light.

2 The day is gone, its hours have run,
And thou hast taken count of all—
The scanty triumphs grace hath won,
The broken vow, the frequent fall;
Thro' life's long day and death's dark night
O gentle Jesus! be our Light.

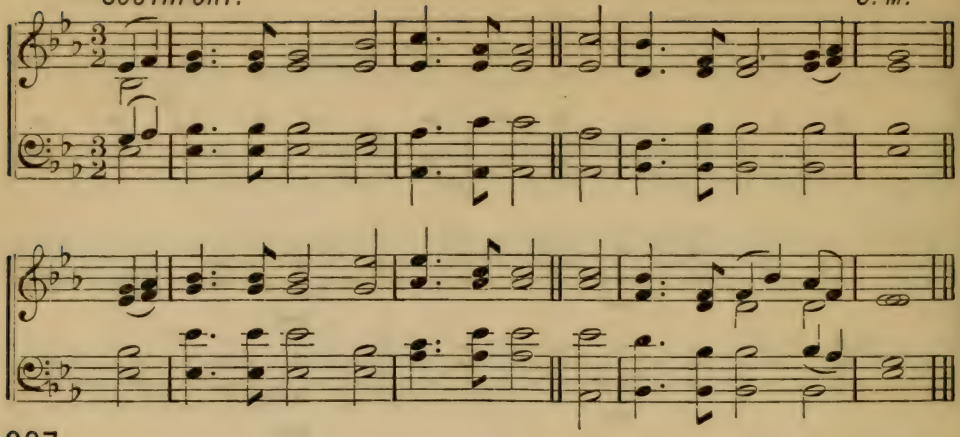
3 Grant us, dear Lord! from evil ways
True absolution and release,
And bless us more than in past days
With purity and inward peace;
Thro' life's long day and death's dark night,
O gentle Jesus! be our Light.

4 Do more than pardon, give us joy,
Sweet fear and sober liberty,
And simple hearts without alloy
That only long to be like thee;
Thro' life's long day and death's dark night,
O gentle Jesus! be our Light.

5 Labor is sweet, for thou hast toiled,
And care is light, for thou hast cared,
Ah! never let our works be soiled
With strife, or by deceit ensnared;
Thro' life's long day and death's dark night.
O gentle Jesus! be our Light.

6 For all we love, the poor, the sad,
The sinful, unto thee we call;
Oh, let thy mercy make us glad;
Thou art our Jesus and our All;
Thro' life's long day and death's dark night.
O gentle Jesus! be our Light.

SOUTHPORT. C. M.



907

1 Dread Sovereign! let my evening song
Like holy incense rise;
Assist the offerings of my tongue
To reach the lofty skies.

2 Through all the dangers of the day
Thy hand was still my guard,
And still to drive my wants away
Thy mercy stood prepared.

3 Perpetual blessings from above
Encompass me around;
But oh how few returns of love
Hath my Creator found!

4 What have I done for him who died
To save my wretched soul?
How are my follies multiplied,
Fast as the minutes roll!

5 Lord! with this guilty heart of mine
To thy dear cross I flee,
And to thy grace my soul resign,
To be renewed by thee.

908

1 Lord! thou wilt hear me when I pray;
I am for ever thine;
I fear before thee all the day,
Nor would I dare to sin.

2 And while I rest my weary head,
From cares and business free,
'T is sweet conversing on my bed
With my own heart and thee.

3 I pay this evening sacrifice;
And when my work is done,
Great God! my faith, my hope, relies
Upon thy grace alone.

4 Thus, with my thoughts composed to peace,
I 'll give mine eyes to sleep;
Thy hand in safety keeps my days,
And will my slumbers keep.

909

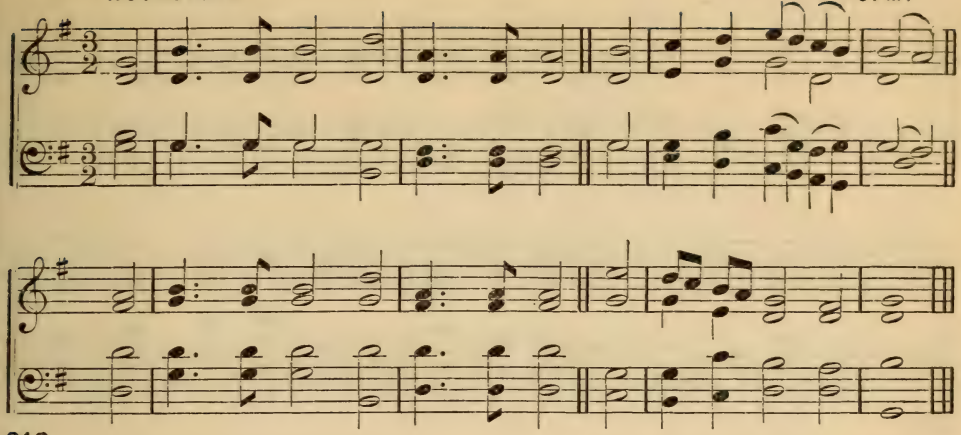
1 Now from the altar of our hearts
Let flames of love arise;
Assist us, Lord! to offer up
Our evening sacrifice.

2 Minutes and mercies multiplied
Have made up all this day;
Minutes came quick, but mercies were
More fleet, more free, than they.

3 New time, new favors and new joys
Do a new song require;
Till we shall praise thee as we would,
Accept our hearts' desire.

4 Lord of our time! whose hand hath set
New time upon our score,
Thee may we praise for all our time.
When time shall be no more.

WOODSTOCK. C. M.



910

1 Hail, tranquil hour of closing day!
Begone, disturbing care;
And look, my soul, from earth, away
To him who heareth prayer.

2 How sweet the tear of penitence
Before his throne of grace!
While to the contrite spirit's sense
He shows his smiling face.

3 How sweet, through long-remembered years,
His mercies to recall,
And, pressed with wants and griefs and fears,
To trust his love for all!

4 How sweet to look in thoughtful hope
Beyond this fading sky,
And hear him call his children up
To his fair home on high!

5 Calmly the day forsakes our heaven
To dawn beyond the west;
So let my soul in life's last even
Retire to glorious rest.

911

1 O Lord another day is flown,
And we, a lonely band,
Are met once more before thy throne
To bless thy fostering hand.

2 And wilt thou bend a listening ear
To praises low as ours?
Thou wilt; for thou dost love to hear
The song which meekness pours.

3 And, Jesus! thou thy smiles wilt deign
As we before thee pray;
For thou didst bless the infant train,
And we are less than they.

912

1 I love to steal a while away
From every cumbering care,
And spend the hours of setting day
In humble, grateful prayer.

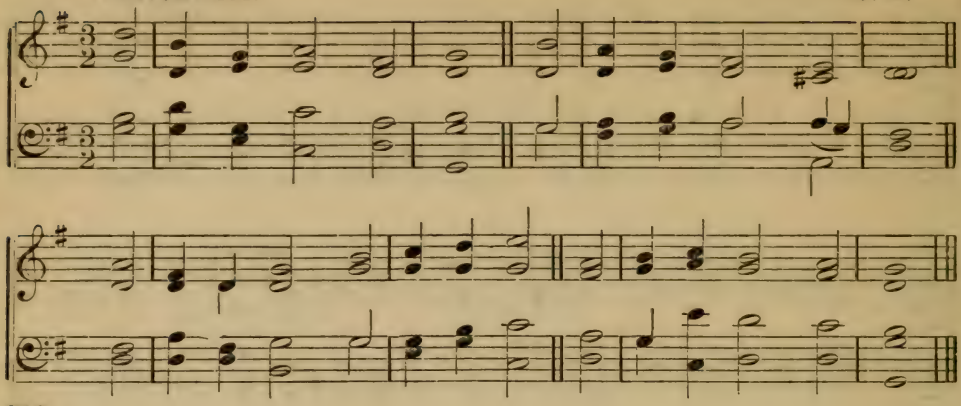
2 I love, in solitude, to shed
The penitential tear,
And all his promises to plead
Where none but God is near.

3 I love to think on mercies past
And future good implore,
And all my cares and sorrows cast
On him whom I adore.

4 I love by faith to take a view
Of brighter scenes in heaven;
The prospect doth my strength renew
While here by tempests driven.

5 Thus, when life's toilsome day is o'er,
May its departing ray
Be calm as this impressive hour,
And lead to endless day.

PENTONVILLE. S. M.



913

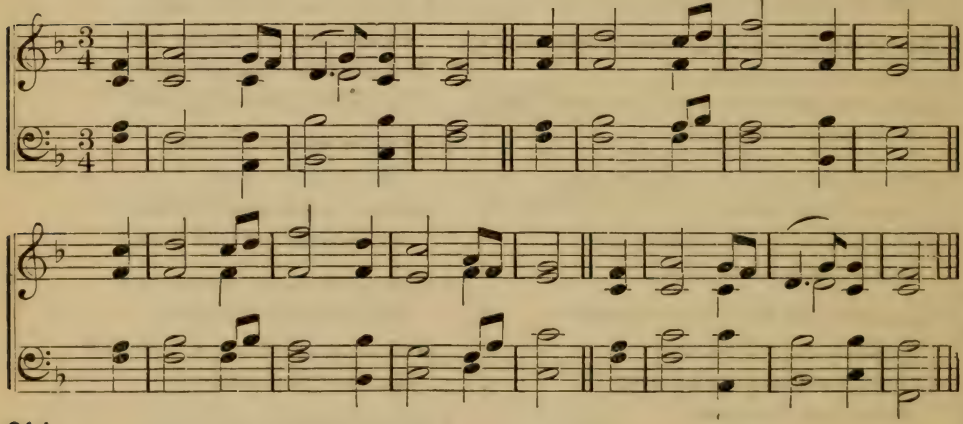
1 The day is past and gone,
The evening shades appear;
Oh, may I ever keep in mind
The night of death draws near.

2 I lay my garments by,
Upon my bed to rest;
So death will soon remove me hence,
And leave my soul undressed.

3 Lord! keep me safe this night,
Secure from all my fears;
May angels guard me while I sleep
Till morning light appears.

4 And when my days are past,
And I from time remove,
Lord! may I in thy bosom rest,
The bosom of thy love.

GOLDEN HILL. S. M.



914

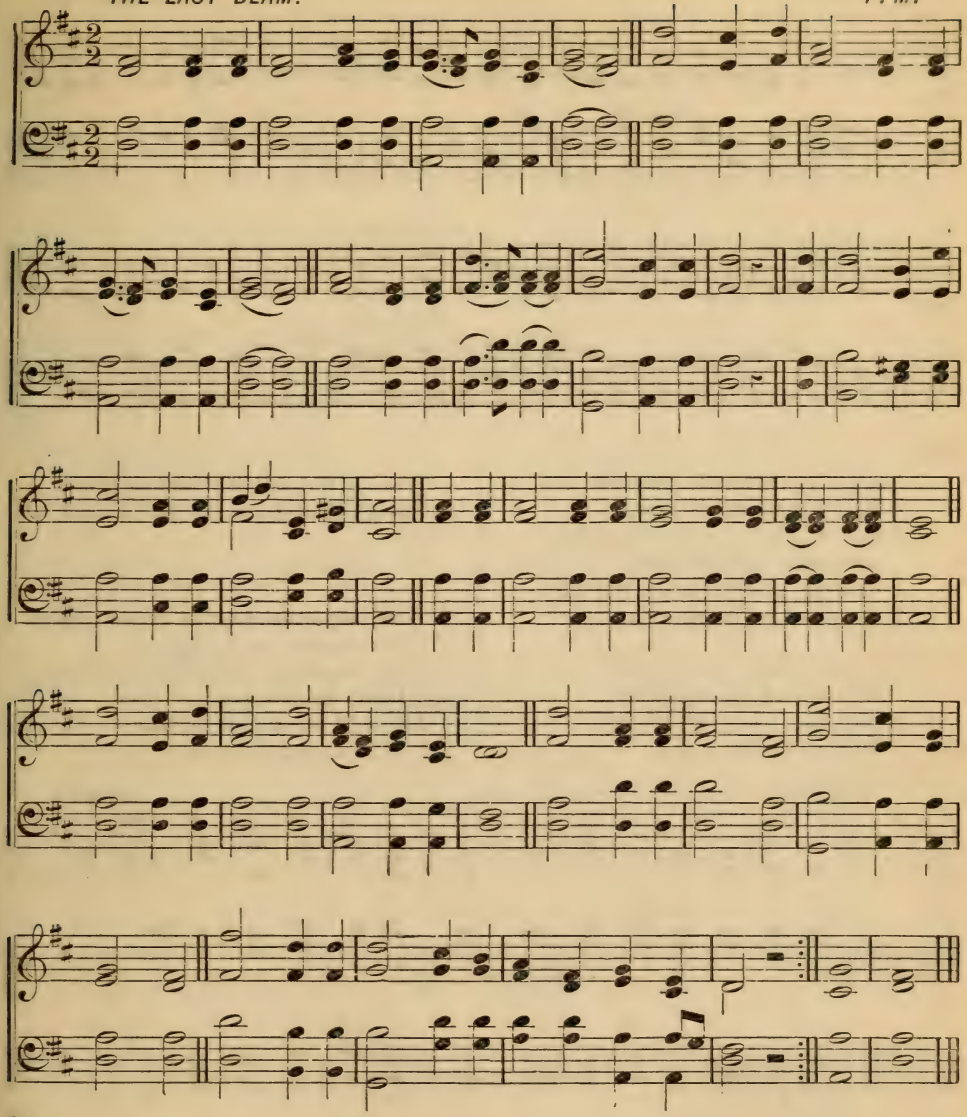
1 To-morrow, Lord! is thine,
Lodged in thy sov'reign hand;
And if its sun arise and shine,
It shines by thy command.

2 The present moment flies,
And bears our life away;
Oh, make thy servants truly wise,
That they may live to-day.

3 One thing demands our care;
Oh, be it still pursued,
Lest, slighted once, the season fair
Should never be renewed.

4 To Jesus may we fly
Swift as the morning light,
Lest life's young golden beam should die
In sudden, endless night.

THE LAST BEAM. P. M.

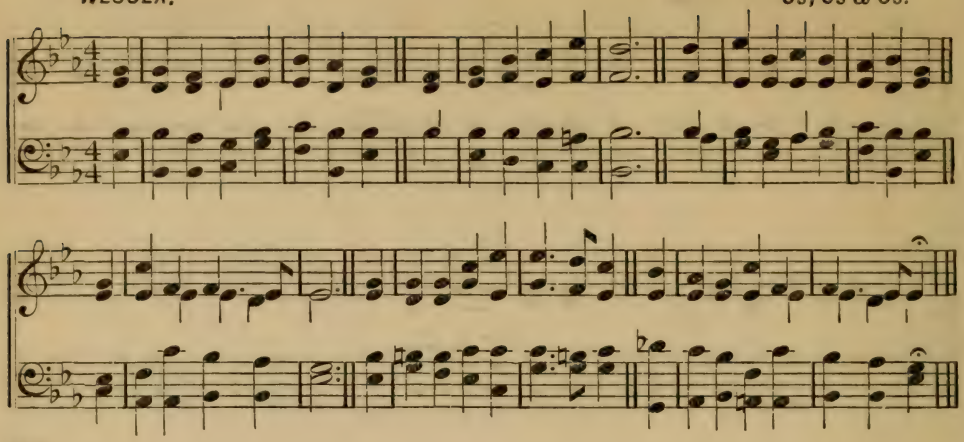


915

1 Fading, still fading, the last beam is shining,
Father in heaven! the day is declining,
Safety and innocence fly with the light,
Temptation and danger walk forth with the night;
From the fall of the shade till the morning bells chime
Shield me from danger, save me from crime,
Father, have mercy, Father, have mercy,
Father, have mercy, through Jesus Christ our Lord.

2 Father in heaven! oh, hear when we call—
Hear for Christ's sake, who is Saviour of all.
Feeble and fainting, we trust in thy might.
In doubting and darkness thy love be our light;
Let us sleep on thy breast while the night taper burns,
Wake in thy arms when morning returns.
Father, have mercy, Father, have mercy,
Father, have mercy, through Jesus Christ our Lord.

WESSEX. 8s, 6s & 8s.



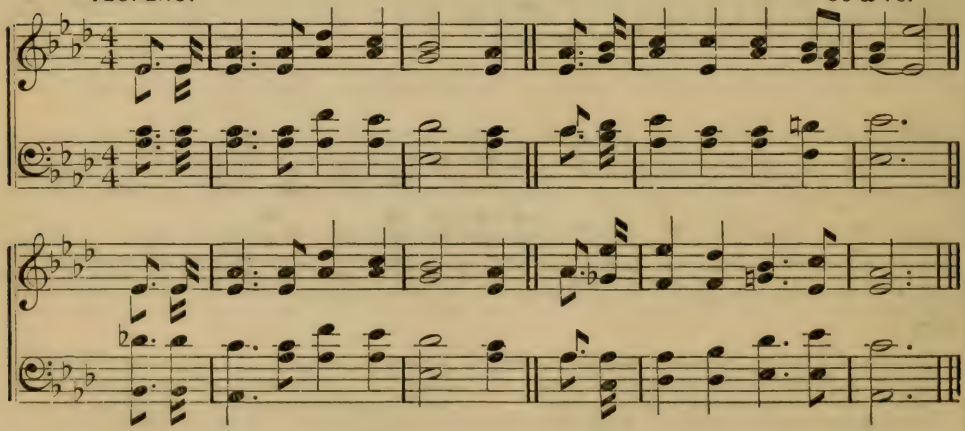
916

1 Lord of my life! whose tender care
Hath led me on till now,
Here lowly at the hour of prayer
Before thy throne I bow;
I bless thy gracious hand, and pray
Forgiveness for another day.

2 Oh, may I daily, hourly, strive
In heavenly grace to grow;
To thee and to thy glory live,
Dead to all else below,
Tread in the path my Saviour trod,
Though thorny, yet the path to God.

3 With prayer my humble praise I bring
For mercies day by day;
Lord! teach my heart thy love to sing,
Lord! teach me how to pray;
All that I have, I am, to thee
I offer, through eternity.

VESPERS. 8s & 7s.

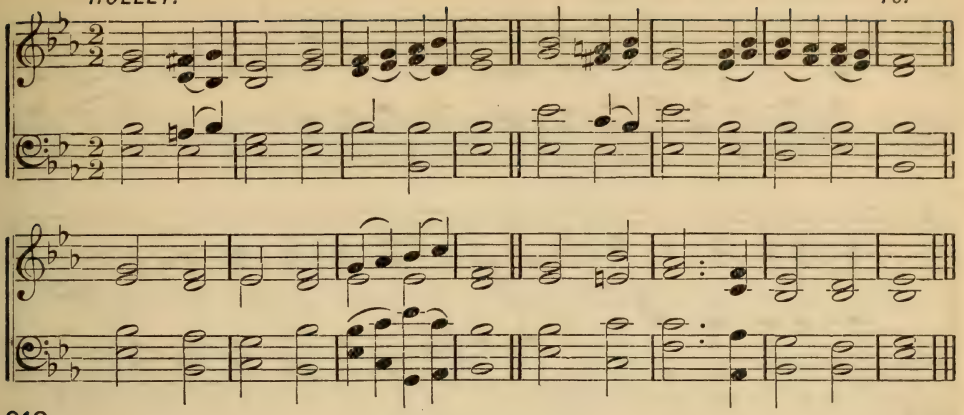


917

1 Lo! the day of rest declineth,
Gather fast the shades of night;
May the Sun which ever shineth
Fill our souls with heavenly light.

2 While, thine ear of love addressing,
Thus our parting hymn we sing,
Father! grant thine evening blessing,
Fold us safe beneath thy wing.

HOLLEY. 7s.



918

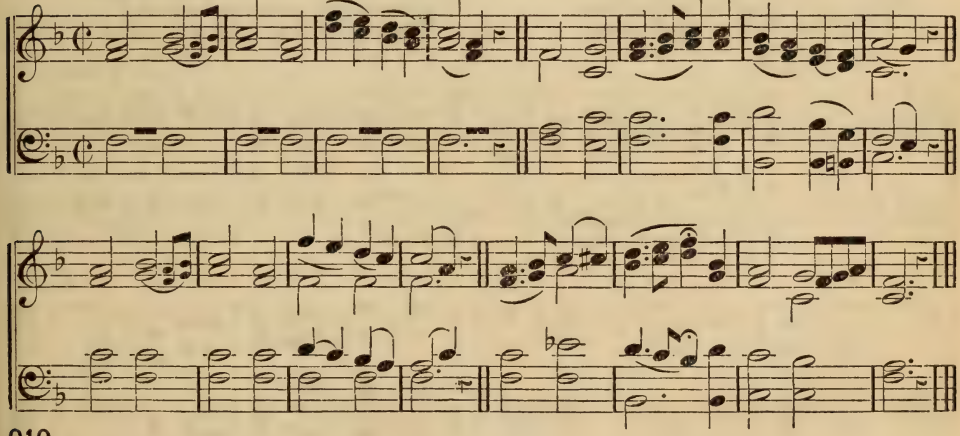
1 Softly now the light of day
Fades upon my sight away;
Free from care, from labor free,
Lord! I would commune with thee;

2 Thou whose all pervading eye
Naught escapes without, within,
Pardon each infirmity,
Open fault and secret sin.

3 Thou who, sinless, yet hast known
All of man's infirmity!
Then from thine eternal throne,
Jesus! look with pitying eye;

4 Soon for me the light of day
Shall for ever pass away;
Then, from sin and sorrow free,
Take me, Lord! to dwell with thee.

KOZELUCH. 7s.



919

1 Softly fades the twilight ray
Of the holy Sabbath day,
Gently as life's setting sun
When the Christian's course is run

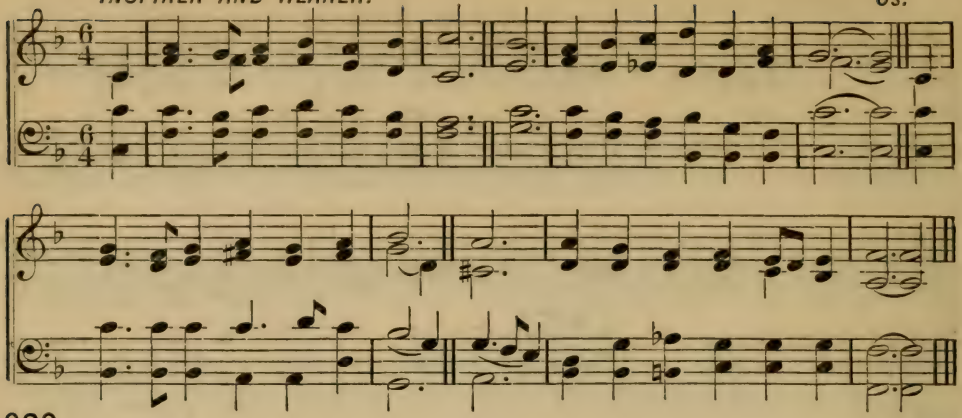
2 Night her solemn mantle spreads
O'er the earth as daylight fades;
All things tell of calm repose
At the holy Sabbath's close.

3 Peace is on the world abroad;
'T is the holy peace of God—
Symbol of the peace within
When the spirit rests from sin.

4 Still the Spirit lingers near
Where the evening worshiper
Seeks communion with the skies,
Pressing onward to the prize.

5 Saviour! may our Sabbaths be
Days of peace and joy in thee,
Till in heaven our souls repose,
Where the Sabbath ne'er shall close.

INSPIRER AND HEARER. 8s.



920

1 Inspirer and Hearer of prayer,
Thou Shepherd and Guardian of thine!
My all to thy covenant care
I sleeping and waking resign.

2 If thou art my shield and my sun,
The night is no darkness to me;
And fast as my moments roll on,
They bring me but nearer to thee.

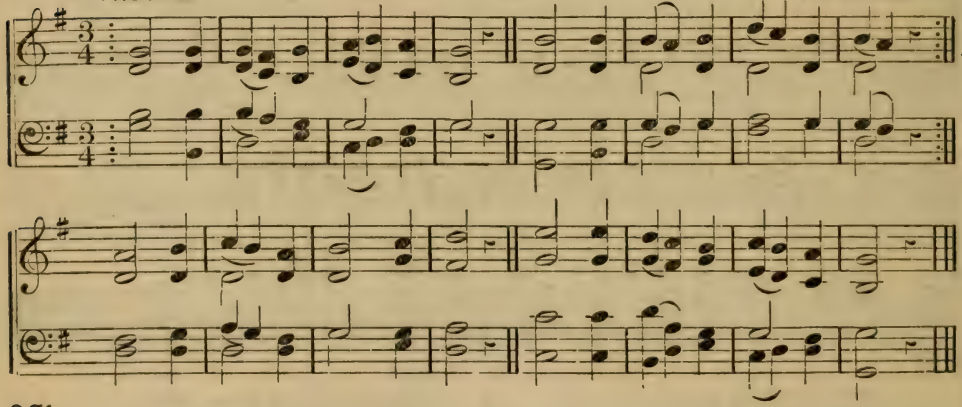
3 Thy ministering spirits descend
To watch while thy saints are asleep;
By day and by night they attend,
The heirs of salvation to keep;

4 Bright seraphs, despatched from the throne,
Repair to their stations assigned;
And angels elect are sent down
To guard the redeemed of mankind.

5 Thy worship no interval knows;
Their fervor is still on the wing;
And while they protect my repose
They chant to the praise of my King.

6 I, too, at the season ordained,
Their chorus for ever shall join,
And love and adore without end
Their faithful Creator, and mine.

PASCAL. 7s. 6 lines.



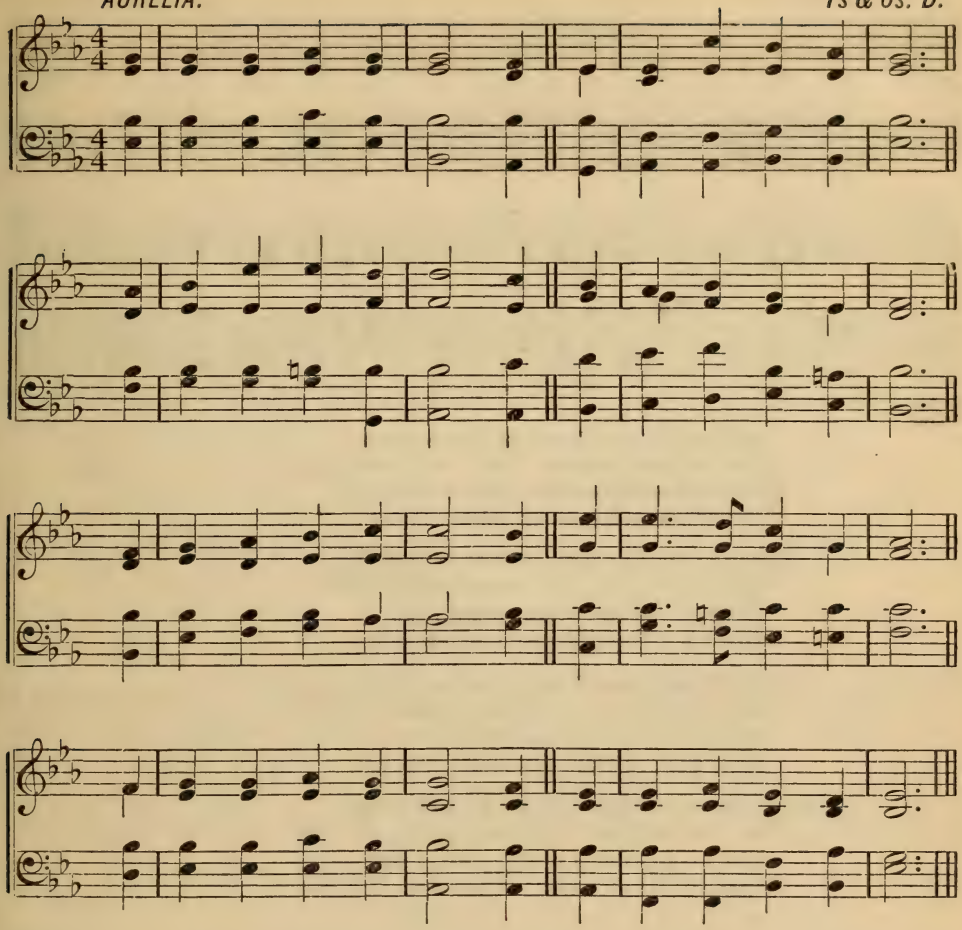
921

1 Now from labor and from care
Evening shades have set me free;
In the work of praise and prayer,
Lord! I would converse with thee;
Oh, behold me from above,
Fill me with a Saviour's love.

2 Sin and sorrow, guilt and woe,
Wither all my earthly joys;
Naught can charm me here below
But my Saviour's melting voice;
Lord! forgive; thy grace restore;
Make me thine for evermore.

3 For the blessings of this day,
For the mercies of this hour,
For the gospel's cheering ray,
For the Spirit's quickening power,
Grateful notes to thee I raise;
Oh, accept my song of praise

AURELIA. 7s & 6s. D.



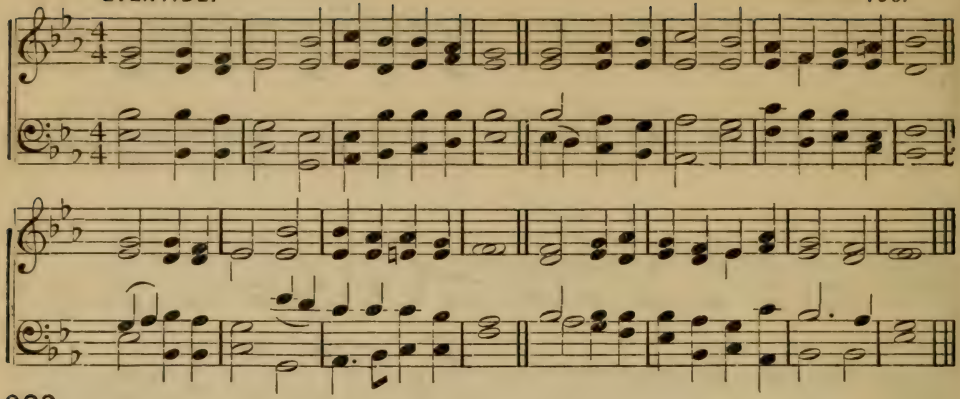
922

1 This night, O Lord! we bless thee
For thy protecting care,
And ere we rest address thee
In lowly, fervent prayer:
From evil and temptation
Defend us through the night,
And round our habitation
Be thou a wall of light.

2 On thee our whole reliance
From day to day we cast,
To thee, with firm affiance,
Would cleave from first to last:
To thee, through Jesus' merit,
For needful grace we come,
And trust that thy good Spirit
Will guide us safely home.

3 What may be on the morrow
Our foresight cannot see;
But be it joy or sorrow,
We know it comes from thee;
And nothing can take from us,
Where'er our steps may move,
The staff of thy sure promise,
The shield of thy true love.

EVENTIDE. 10s.



923

1 Abide with me! Fast falls the eventide;
The darkness deepens; Lord! with me abide;
When other helpers fail and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless! oh abide with me.

2 Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;
Earth's joys grow dim; its glories pass away;
Change and decay in all around I see;
O thou who changest not! abide with me.

3 Not a brief glance I beg, a passing word;
But as thou dwell'st with thy disciples, Lord!
Familiar, condescending, patient, free,
Come, not to sojourn, but abide, with me.

4 Come not in terrors, as the King of kings,
But kind and good, with healing in thy wings;
Tears for all woes, a heart for every plea;
Come, Friend of sinners! thus abide with me.

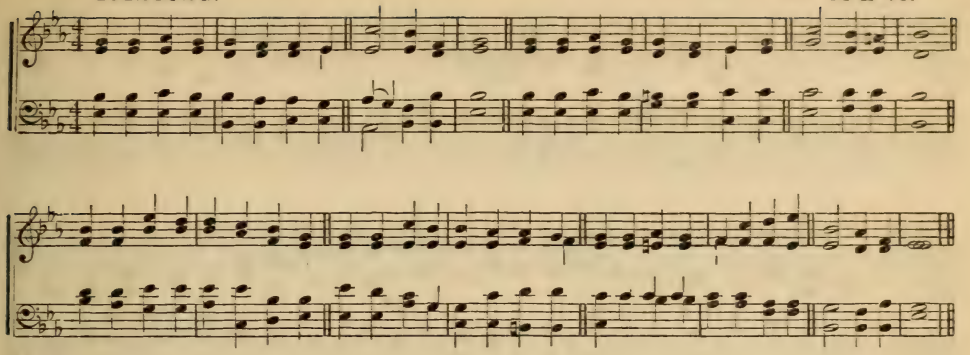
5 Thou on my head in early youth didst smile;
And though rebellious and perverse meanwhile,
Thou hast not left me, oft as I left thee;
On to the close, O Lord! abide with me.

6 I need thy presence every passing hour;
What but thy grace can foil the tempter's power?
Who like thyself my guide and stay can be?
Through cloud and sunshine, oh abide with me!

7 I fear no foe, with thee at hand to bless;
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness;
Where is death's sting? where, grave, thy victory?
I triumph still, if thou abide with me.

8 Hold thou thy cross before my closing eyes,
Shine through the gloom and point me to the skies;
Heaven's morning breaks and earth's vain shadows flee;
In life, in death, O Lord! abide with me.

EVENSONG. 8s & 4s.

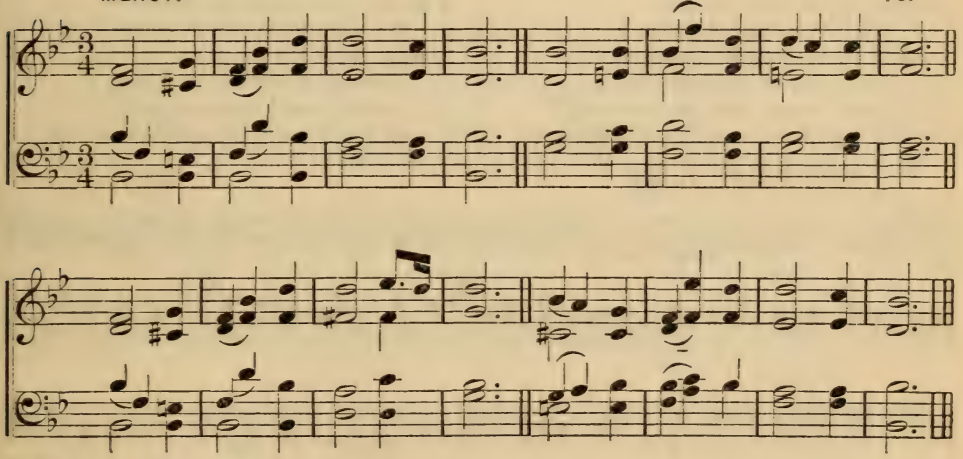


924

1 God who madest earth and heaven,
Darkness and light,
Who the day for toil hast given,
For rest the night,
May thine angel-guards defend us,
Slumber sweet thy mercy send us,
Holy dreams and hopes attend us,
This livelong night.

2 Guard us waking, guard us sleeping,
And when we die,
May we in thy mighty keeping
All peaceful lie;
When the last dread call shall wake us,
Do not thou our God forsake us,
But to reign in glory take us
With thee on high.

MERCY. 7s.



925

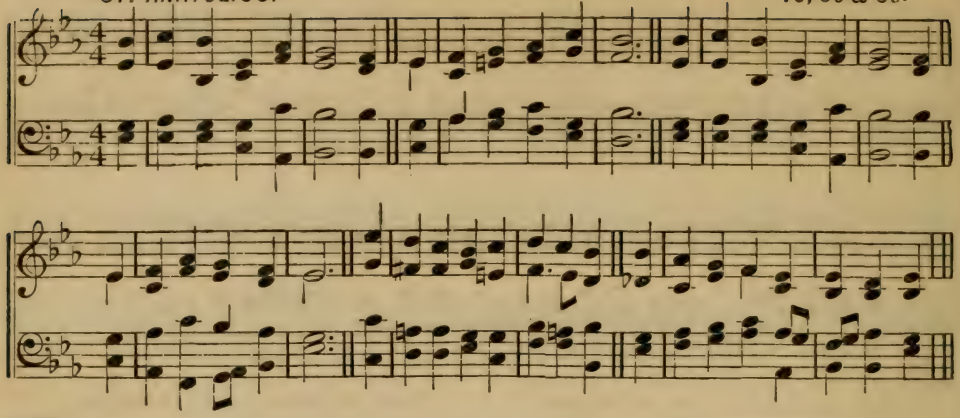
1 Day by day the manna fell;
Oh, to learn this lesson well!
Still by constant mercy fed,
Give us, Lord! our daily bread.

2 "Day by day" the promise reads,
Daily strength for daily needs;
Cast foreboding fears away,
Take the manna of to-day.

3 Lord! our times are in thy hand;
All our sanguine hopes have plann'd
To thy wisdom we resign,
And would mould our wills to thine.

4 Thou our daily task shalt give;
Day by day to thee we live;
So shall added years fulfill
Not our own, our Father's will.

ST. ANATOLIUS. 7s, 6s & 8s.



926

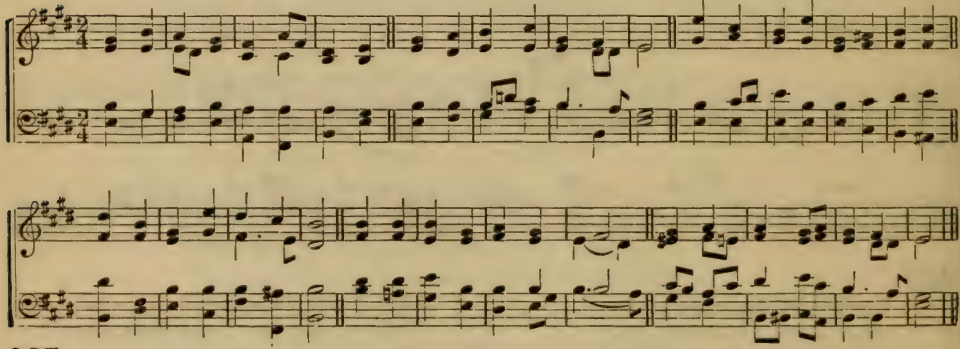
1 The day is past and over;
All thanks, O Lord! to thee;
We pray thee now that sinless
The hours of dark may be;
O Jesus! keep us in thy sight,
And save us through the coming night.

2 The joys of day are over;
We lift our hearts to thee;
And ask thee that offenceless
The hours of dark may be;
O Jesus! make their darkness light,
And save us through the coming night.

3 The toils of day are over;
We raise our hymn to thee;
And ask that free from peril
The hours of dark may be;
O Jesus! keep us in thy sight,
And guard us through the coming night.

4 Be thou our souls' preserver,
O God! for thou dost know
How many are the perils
Through which we have to go;
O loving Jesus! hear our call,
And guard and save us from them all.

NIGHTSHADE (Arabia). 8s, 7s & 7s.

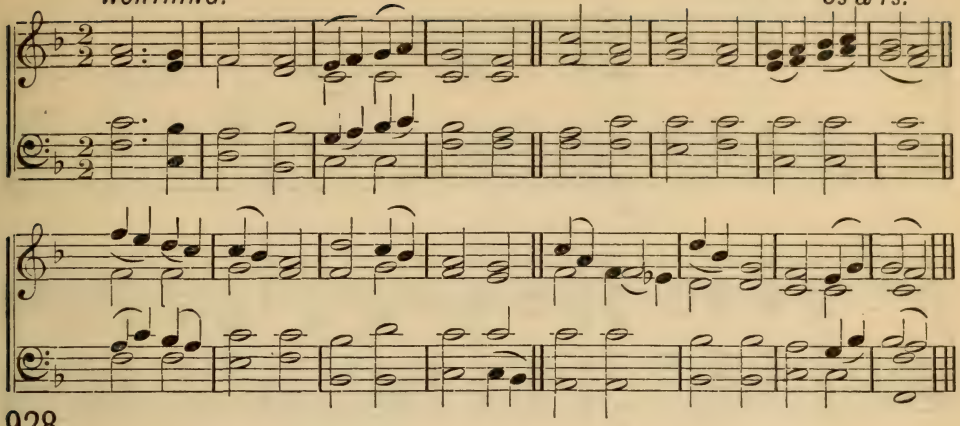


927

1 Through the day thy love has spared us;
Now we lay us down to rest,
Through the silent watches guard us,
Let no foe our peace molest;
Jesus! thou our Guardian be;
Sweet it is to trust in thee.

2 Pilgrims here on earth, and strangers
Dwelling in the midst of foes,
Us and ours preserve from dangers;
In thine arms may we repose,
And when life's short day is past
Rest with thee in heaven at last.

WORTHING. 8s & 7s.



928

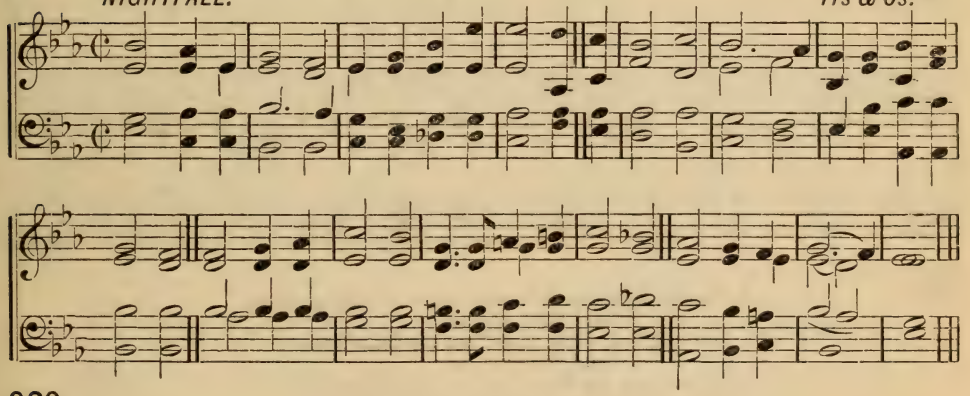
1 SAVIOUR! breathe an evening blessing
Ere repose our spirits seal;
Sin and want we come confessing;
Thou canst save, and thou canst heal.

2 Though destruction walk around us,
Though the arrows past us fly,
Angel-guards from thee surround us;
We are safe if thou art nigh.

3 Though the night be dark and dreary,
Darkness cannot hide from thee;
Thou art he who, never weary,
Watchest where thy people be.

4 Should swift death this night o'ertake us,
And our couch become our tomb,
May the morn in heaven awake us,
Clad in light and deathless bloom.

NIGHTFALL. 11s & 5s.



929

1 Now God be with us, for the night is closing,
The light and darkness are of his disposing;
And 'neath his shadow here to rest we yield us,
For he will shield us.

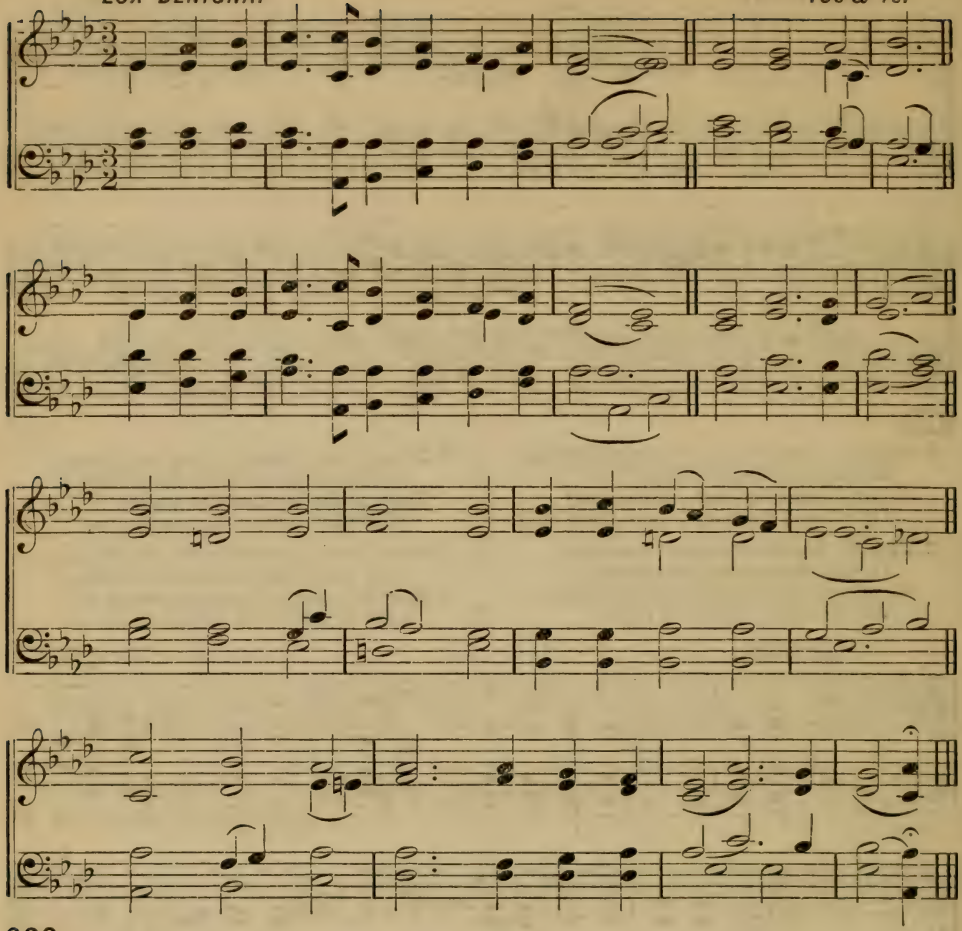
2 Let evil thoughts and spirits flee before us;
Till morning cometh, watch, O Father! o'er us;
In soul and body thou from harm defend us,
Thine angels send us.

3 Let pious thoughts be ours when sleep o'ertakes us;
Our earliest thoughts be thine when morning wakes us;
All sick and mourners we to thee commend them,
Do thou befriend them.

4 We have no refuge, none on earth to aid us,
But thee, O Father! who thine own hast made us;
Keep us in life; forgive our sins; deliver
Us now and ever.

5 Praise be to thee through Jesus our salvation,
God, three in one, the Ruler of creation,
High throned, o'er all thine eye of mercy casting,
Lord everlasting!

LUX BENIGNA. 10s & 4s.



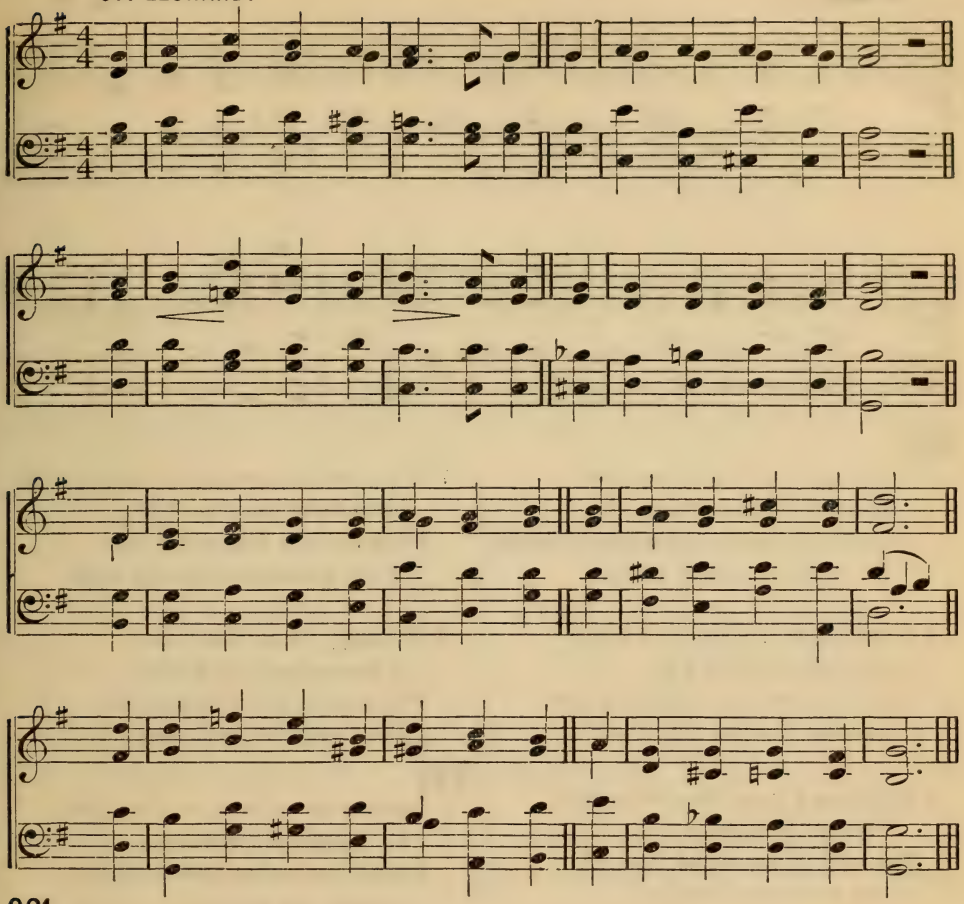
930

1 Lead, kindly Light! amid the encircling gloom,
Lead thou me on;
The night is dark, and I am far from home;
Lead thou me on;
Keep thou my feet; I do not ask to see
The distant scene; one step enough for me.

2 I was not ever thus, nor prayed that thou
Shouldst lead me on;
I loved to choose and see my path; but now
Lead thou me on;
I loved the garish day, and, spite of fears,
Pride ruled my will. Remember not past years.

3 So long thy power hast blest me, sure it still
Will lead me on
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
The night is gone,
And with the morn those angel faces smile
Which I have loved long since, and lost a while!

ST. LEONARD. C. M. D.



931

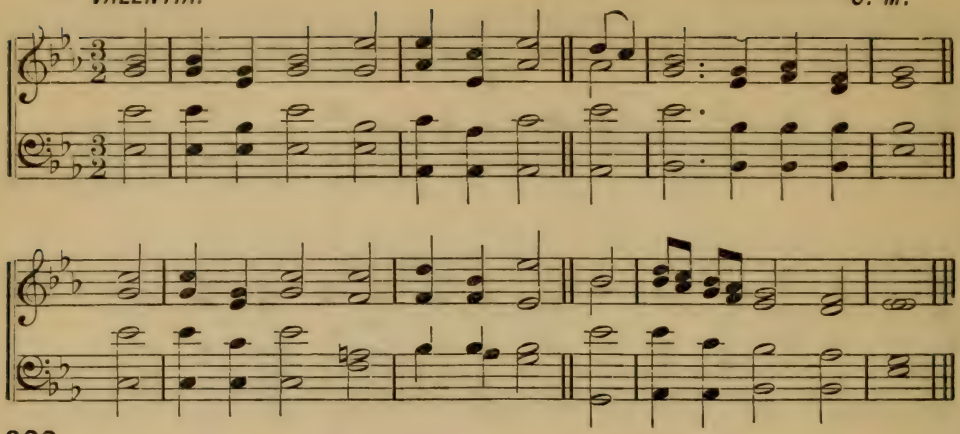
1 The shadows of the ev'ning hours
Fall from the dark'ning sky,
Upon the fragrance of the flow'rs
The dews of ev'ning lie;
Before thy throne, O Lord of heav'n!
We kneel at close of day;
Look on thy children from on high,
And hear us while we pray.

2 The sorrows of thy servants, Lord!
Oh, do not thou despise,
But let the incense of our prayers
Before thy mercy rise;
The brightness of the coming night
Upon the darkness rolls;
With hopes of future glory chase
The shadows from our souls.

3 Slowly the rays of daylight fade;
So fade within the heart
The hopes in earthly love and joy
That one by one depart;
Slowly the bright stars, one by one,
Within the heavens shine;
Give us, O Lord! fresh hopes in heaven,
And trust in things divine.

4 Let peace, O Lord! thy peace, O God!
Upon our souls descend,
From midnight fears and perils thou
Our trembling hearts defend;
Give us a respite from our toil,
Calm and subdue our woes;
Through the long day we suffer, Lord!
Oh, give us now repose!

VALENTIA. C. M.



932

1 O FAITH! thou workest miracles
Upon the hearts of men,
Choosing thy home in those same hearts,
We know not how or when.

2 O Gift of gifts! O Grace of faith!
My God! how can it be
That thou, who hast discerning love,
Shouldst give that gift to me?

3 There was a place, there was a time,
Whether by night or day,
Thy spirit came and left that gift,
And went upon his way.

4 How many hearts thou mightst have had
More innocent than mine!
How many souls more worthy far
Of that sweet touch of thine!

5 Ah, Grace! into unlikeliest hearts
It is thy boast to come,
The glory of thy light to find
In darkest spots a home.

6 How will they die, how will they die,
How bear the cross of grief,
Who have not yet the light of faith,
The courage of belief?

7 The crowd of cares, the weightiest cross,
Seem trifles less than light,
Earth looks so little and so low,
When faith shines full and bright.

8 Oh, happy, happy that I am!
If thou canst be, O Faith!
The treasure that thou art in life,
What wilt thou be in death?

933

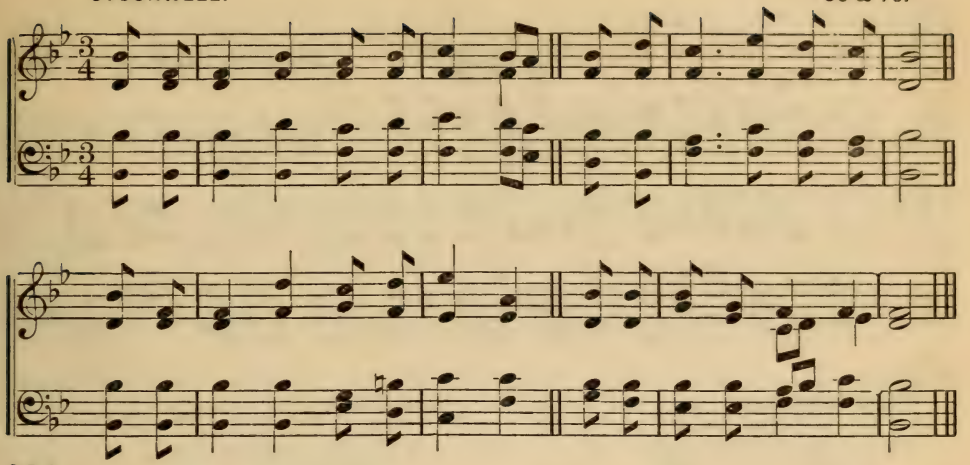
1 THERE is no sorrow, Lord! too light
To bring in prayer to thee;
There is no anxious care too slight
To wake thy sympathy.

2 Thou who hast trod the thorny road
Wilt share each small distress;
The love which bore the greater load
Will not refuse the less.

3 There is no secret sigh we breathe
But meets thine ear divine;
And every cross grows light beneath
The shadow, Lord! of thine.

4 Life's ills without, sin's strife within,
The heart would overflow,
But for that love which died for sin,
That love which wept with woe.

STOCKWELL. 8s & 7s.



934

1 Yes, for me, for me he careth
With a brother's tender care;
Yes, with me, with me he shareth
Every burden, every fear.

2 Yes, for me he standeth pleading
At the mercy-seat above,
Ever for me interceding,
Constant in untiring love.

3 Yes, in me abroad he sheddeth
Joys unearthly, love and light;
And to cover me he spreadeth
His paternal wing of might.

4 Yes, in me, in me he dwelleth,
I in him, and he in me;
And my empty soul he filleth
Here and through eternity.

5 Thus I wait for his returning,
Singing all the way to heaven!
Such the joyful song of morning,
Such the tranquil song of even.

935

1 Tarry with me, O my Saviour!
For the day is passing by;
See! the shades of evening gather,
And the night is drawing nigh.

2 Deeper, deeper grow the shadows,
Paler now the glowing west,
Swift the night of death advances;
Shall it be the night of rest?

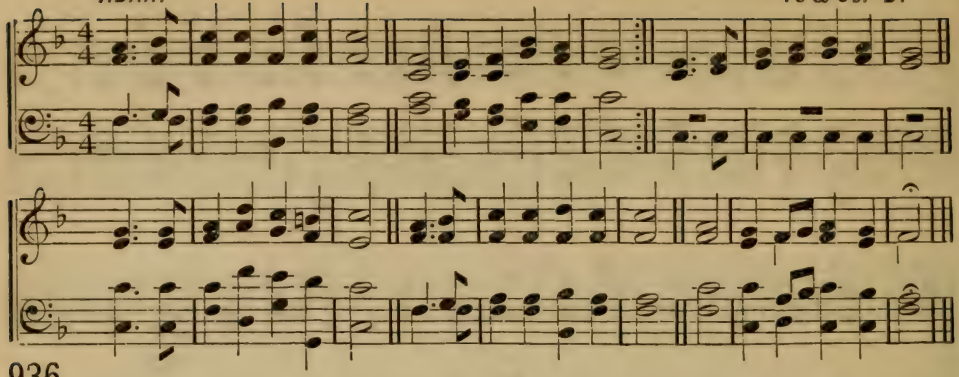
3 Lonely seems the vale of shadow;
Sinks my heart with troubled fear;
Give me faith for clearer vision,
Speak thou, Lord! in words of cheer.

4 Let me hear thy voice behind me,
Calming all these wild alarms;
Let me, underneath my weakness,
Feel the everlasting arms.

5 Feeble, trembling, fainting, dying,
Lord! I cast myself on thee;
Tarry with me through the darkness
While I sleep still watch by me.

6 Tarry with me, O my Saviour!
Lay my head upon thy breast
Till the morning; then awake me—
Morning of eternal rest.

ADAR. 7s & 6s. D.

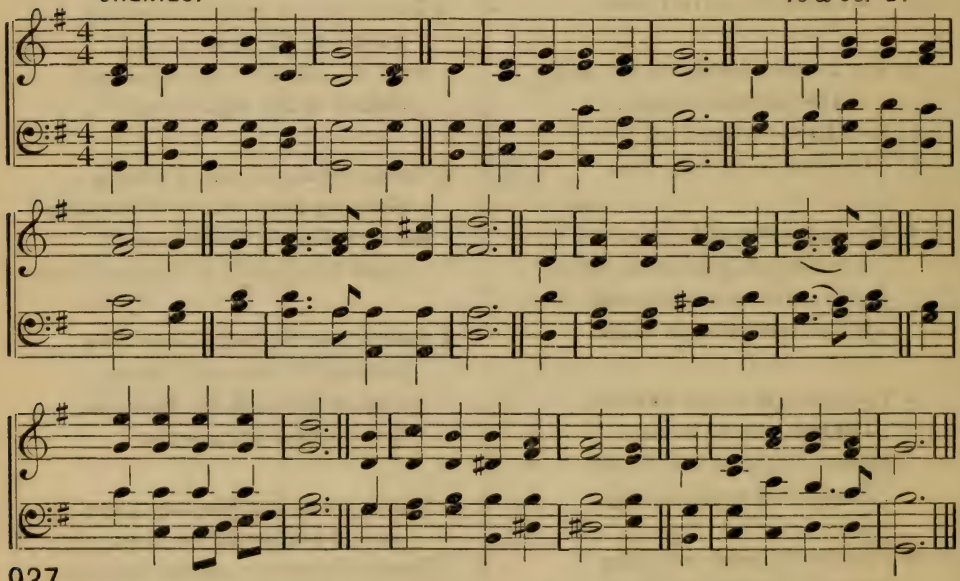


936

1 Time is winging us away
To our eternal home;
Life is but a winter's day,
A journey to the tomb;
Youth and vigor soon will flee,
Blooming beauty lose its charms;
All that's mortal soon shall be
Enclosed in death's cold arms.

2 Time is winging us away
To our eternal home;
Life is but a winter's day,
A journey to the tomb;
But the Christian shall enjoy
Health and beauty, soon, above,
Far beyond the world's alloy,
Secure in Jesus' love.

CHENIES. 7s & 6s. D.

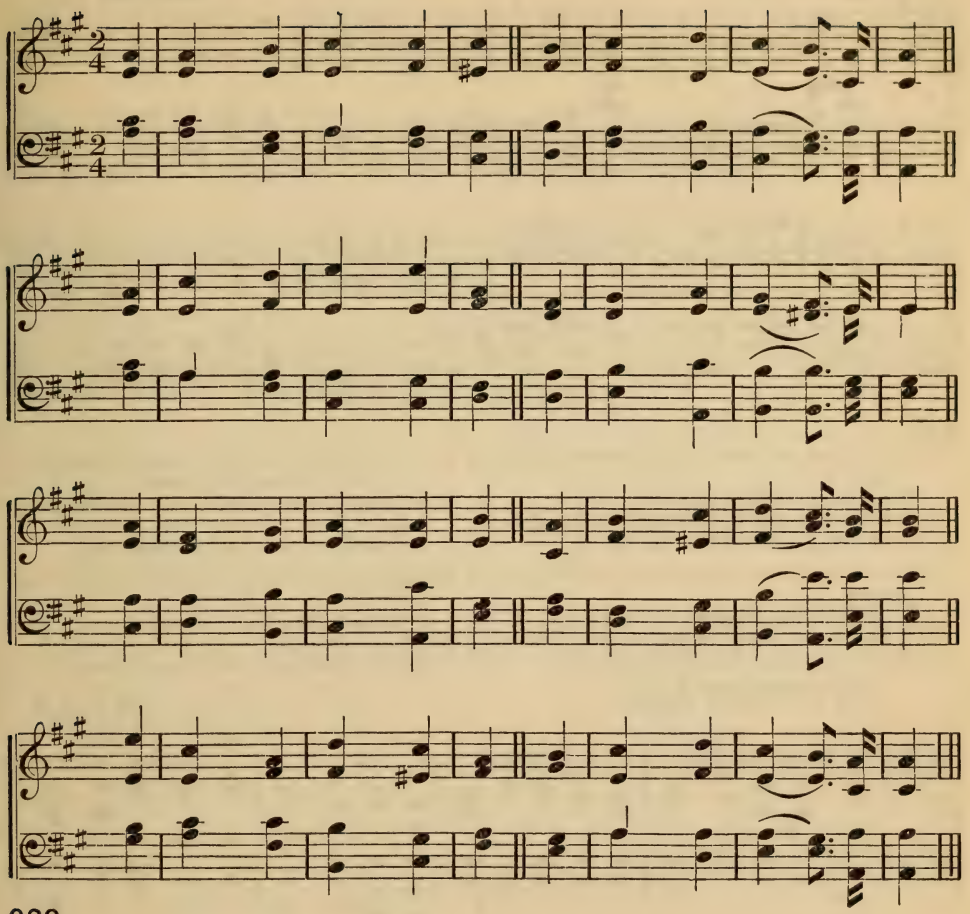


937

1 God is my strong salvation;
What foe have I to fear?
In darkness and temptation,
My Light, my Help, is near;
Though hosts encamp around me,
Firm to the fight I stand;
What terror can confound me
With God at my right hand?

2 Place on the Lord reliance;
My soul, with courage wait;
His truth be thine affiance
When faint and desolate;
His might thy heart shall strengthen,
His love thy joy increase;
Mercy thy days shall lengthen;
The Lord will give thee peace.

ST. PAUL. 6s. D.



938

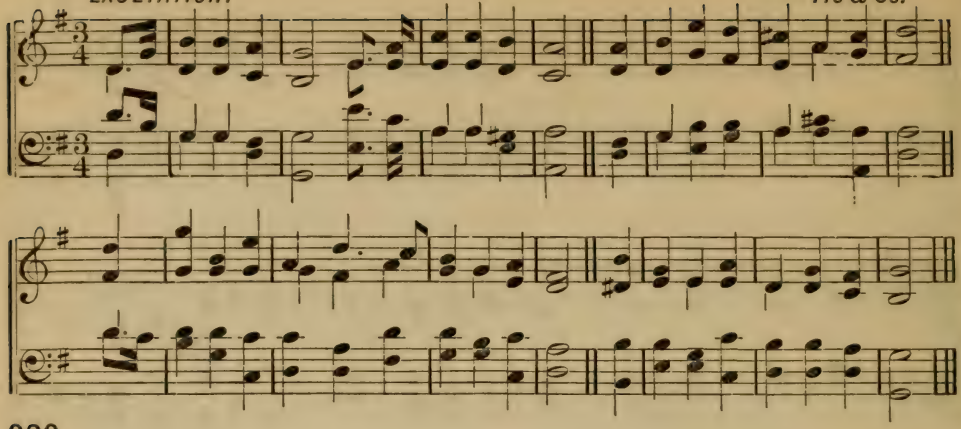
1 There is a blessed home
Beyond this land of woe
Where trials never come,
Nor tears of sorrow flow,
Where faith is lost in sight,
And patient hope is crowned,
And everlasting light
Its glory throws around.

2 There is a land of peace;
Good angels know it well;
Glad songs that never cease
Within its portals swell;
Around its glorious throne
Ten thousand saints adore
Christ, with the Father one,
And Spirit, evermore.

3 Oh, joy all joys beyond,
To see the Lamb who died,
And count each sacred wound
In hands and feet and side;
To give to him the praise
Of every triumph won,
And sing through endless days
The great things he hath done.

4 Look up, ye saints of God,
Nor fear to tread below
The path your Saviour trod
Of daily toil and woe;
Wait but a little while
In uncomplaining love;
His own most gracious smile
Shall welcome you above.

EXULTATION. 11s & 8s.



939

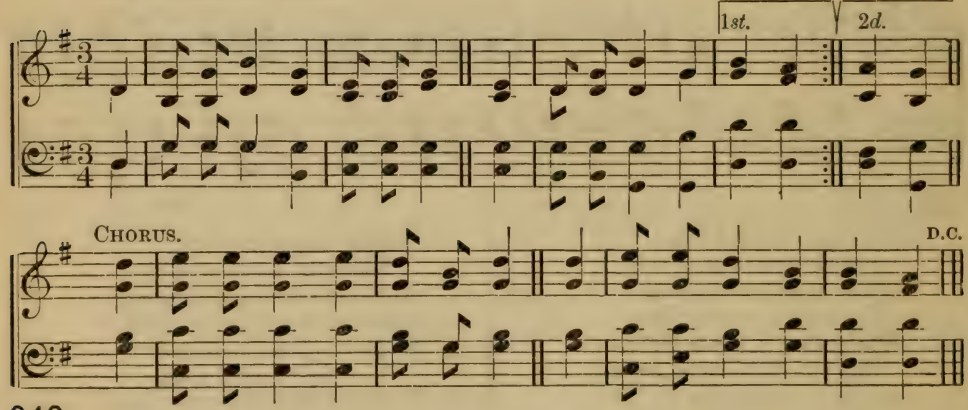
1 O THOU in whose presence my soul takes delight,
On whom in affliction I call,
My comfort by day and my song in the night,
My hope, my salvation, my all!

2 Where dost thou at noontide resort with thy sheep
To feed on the pastures of love?
Say, why in the valley of death should I weep,
Or alone in the wilderness rove?

3 Oh, why should I wander an alien from thee,
Or cry in the desert for bread?
Thy foes will rejoice when my sorrows they see,
And smile at the tears I have shed.

4 The joy of thy presence, dear Shepherd! restore;
I pant for the light of thy face;
An alien no longer, I 'll wander no more,
But dwell in my Saviour's embrace.

THE SWEETEST NAME. 8s & 7s. D.



940

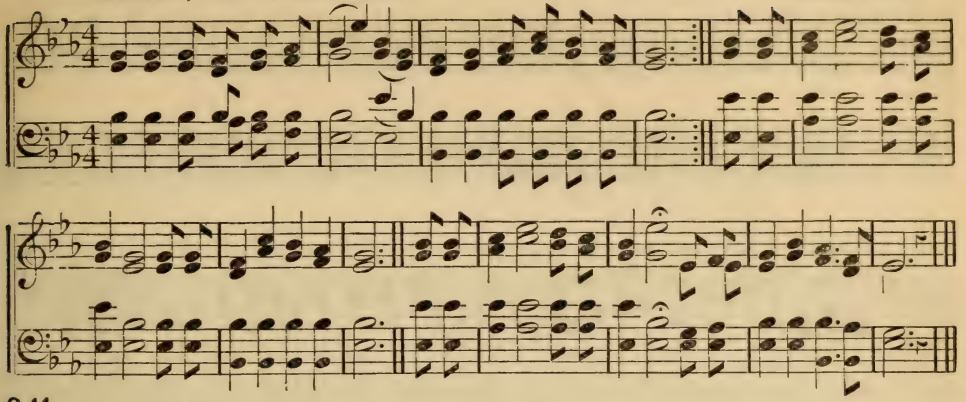
1 THERE is no name so sweet on earth,
No name so sweet in heaven,
The name before his wondrous birth
To Christ the Saviour given.
We love to sing around our King,
And hail him blessed Jesus;
For there 's no word ear ever heard
So dear, so sweet, as Jesus.

2 And when he hung upon the tree,
They wrote this name above him,
That all might see the reason we
For evermore must love him.

3 So now, upon his Father's throne,
Almighty to release us
From sin and pains, he ever reigns,
The Prince and Saviour Jesus.

4 O Jesus! by that matchless name
Thy grace shall fail us never;
To-day as yesterday the same,
Thou art the same for ever.

SAVIOUR, LIKE A SHEPHERD. 8s & 7s. D.



941

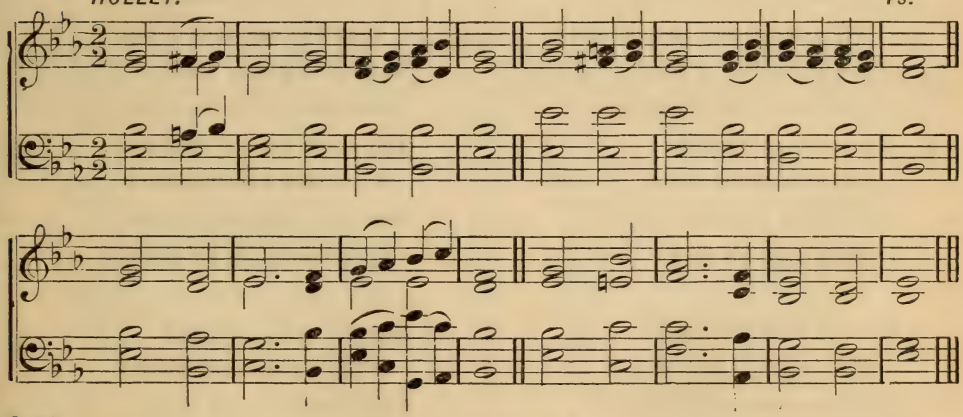
1 Saviour! like a shepherd lead us,
Much we need thy tend'rest care;
In thy pleasant pastures feed us,
For our use thy folds prepare.
Blessed Jesus, blessed Jesus!
Thou hast bought us, thine we are.
Blessed Jesus, blessed Jesus!
Thou hast bought us, thine we are.

2 We are thine, do thou befriend us,
Be the guardian of our way;
Keep thy flock, from sin defend us,
Seek us when we go astray.
Blessed Jesus!
Hear, oh hear us, when we pray.

3 Thou hast promised to receive us,
Poor and sinful though we be;
Thou hast mercy to relieve us,
Grace to cleanse and power to free.
Blessed Jesus!
We will early turn to thee.

4 Early let us seek thy favor,
Early let us do thy will;
Blessed Lord and only Saviour!
With thy love our bosoms fill.
Blessed Jesus!
Thou hast loved us, love us still.

HOLLEY. 7s.



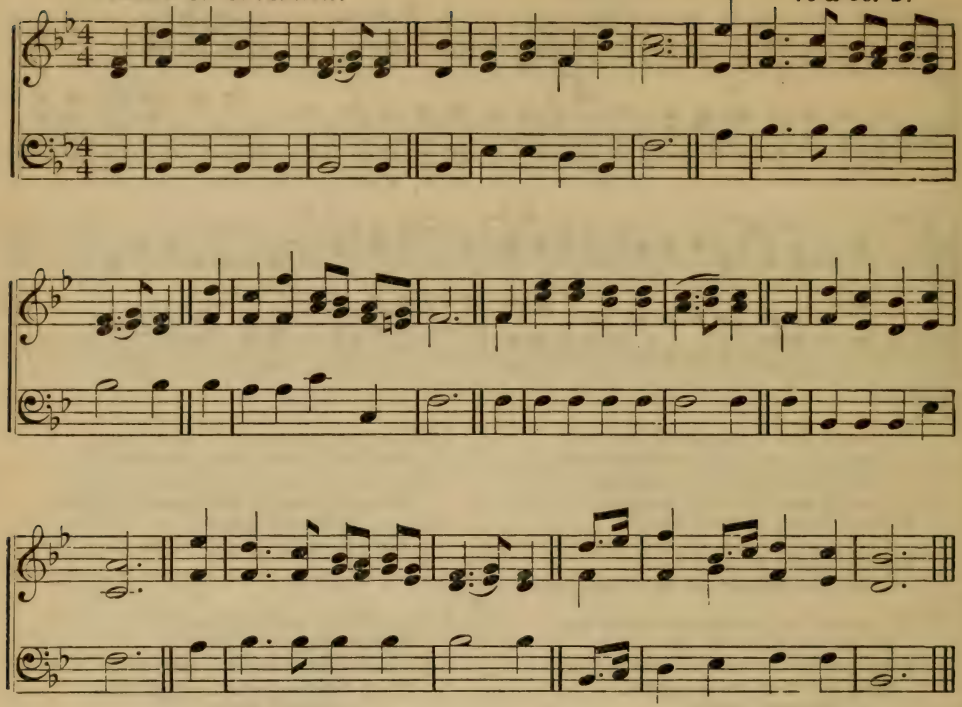
942

1 Who, O Lord, when life is o'er,
Shall to heaven's blest mansions soar?
Who, an ever-welcome guest,
In thy holy place shall rest?

2 He whose heart thy love has warmed,
He whose will, to thine conformed,
Bids his life unsullied run,
He whose words and thoughts are one;

3 He who trusts in Christ alone,
Not in aught himself hath done,
He, great God! shall be thy care,
And thy choicest blessings share.

PRAISE OF CHILDREN. 7s & 6s. D.



943

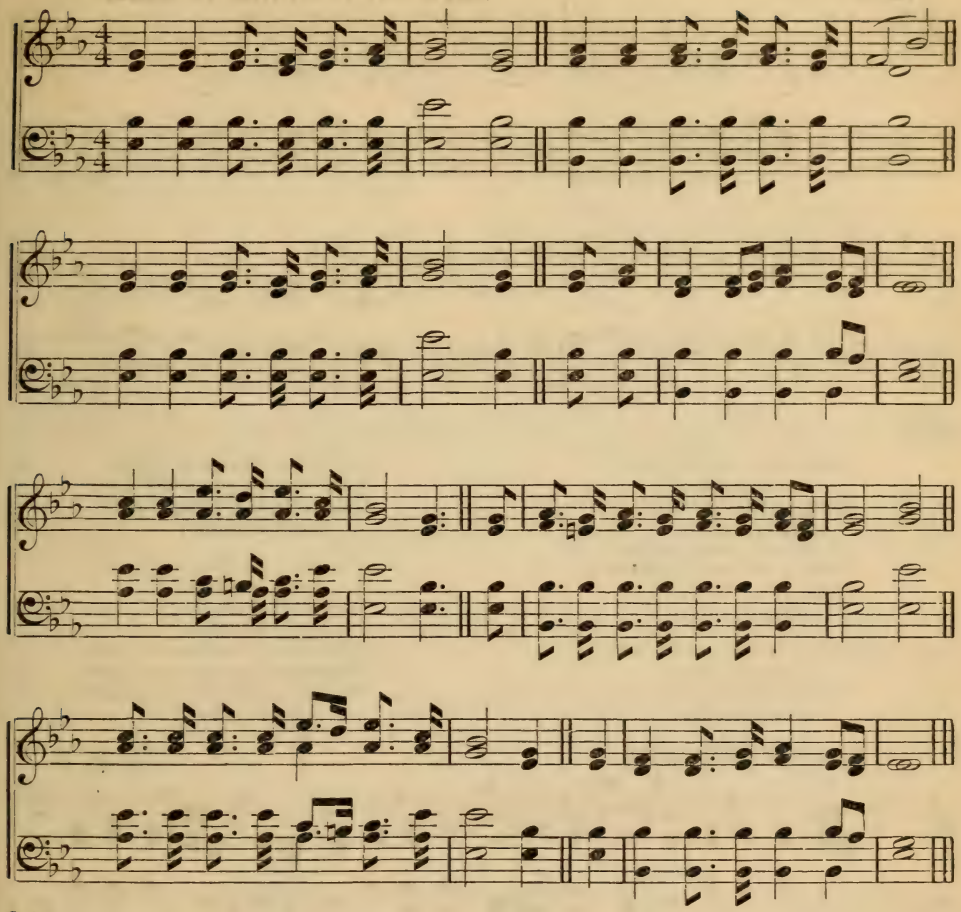
1 Come, let us sing of Jesus,
While hearts and accents blend;
Come, let us sing of Jesus,
The sinner's only Friend;
His holy soul rejoices,
Amid the choirs above,
To hear our youthful voices
Exulting in his love.

2 We love to sing of Jesus,
Who wept our path along;
We love to sing of Jesus,
The tempted and the strong;
None who besought his healing
He passed unheeded by,
And still retains his feeling
For us above the sky.

3 We love to sing of Jesus,
Who died our souls to save;
We love to sing of Jesus,
Triumphant o'er the grave;
And in our hour of danger
We 'll trust his love alone
Who once slept in a manger,
And now sits on the throne.

4 Then let us sing of Jesus
While yet on earth we stay,
And hope to sing of Jesus
Throughout eternal day;
For those who here confess nim
He will in heaven confess,
And faithful hearts that bless bim
He will for ever bless.

SHALL WE GATHER AT THE RIVER. P. M.



944

1 SHALL we gather at the river,
Where bright angel-feet have trod,
With its crystal tide for ever
Flowing by the throne of God?
Yes, we 'll gather at the river,
The beautiful, the beautiful river—
Gather with the saints at the river
That flows by the throne of God.

2 On the margin of the river,
Washing up its silver spray,
We will walk and worship ever
All the happy golden day.

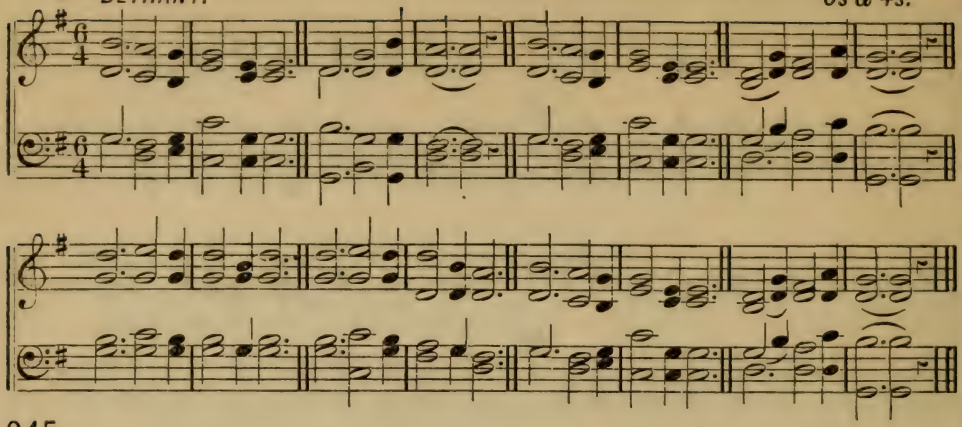
3 On the bosom of the river,
Where the Saviour-King we own,
We shall meet, and sorrow never
'Neath the glory of the throne.

4 Ere we reach the shining river
Lay we every burden down;
Grace our spirits will deliver,
And provide a robe and crown.

5 At the smiling of the river,
Rippling with the Saviour's face,
Saints whom death will never sever
Lift their songs of saving grace.

3 Soon we 'll reach the shining river,
Soon our pilgrimage shall cease,
Soon our happy hearts will quiver
With the melody of peace.

BETHANY. 6s & 4s.



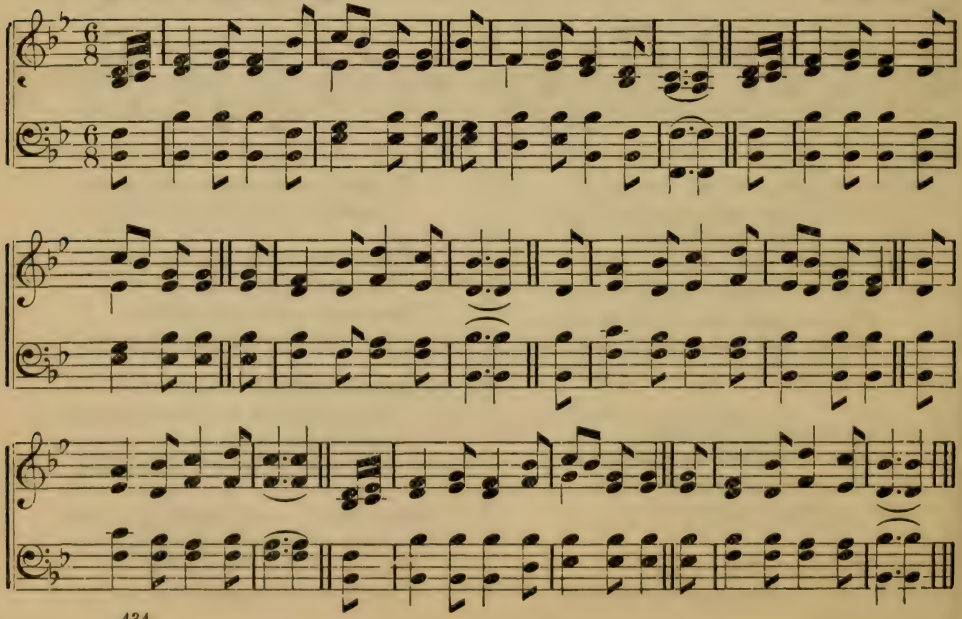
945

1 Pass away, earthly joy;
Jesus is mine!
Break, every mortal tie;
Jesus is mine!
Dark is the wilderness;
Distant the resting-place;
Jesus alone can bless;
Jesus is mine!

2 Tempt not my soul away;
Jesus is mine!
Here would I ever stay;
Jesus is mine!
Perishing things of clay,
Born but for one brief day,
Pass from my heart away;
Jesus is mine!

3 Farewell, mortality;
Jesus is mine!
Welcome, eternity;
Jesus is mine;
Welcome, ye scenes of rest,
Welcome, ye mansions blest,
Welcome, a Saviour's breast;
Jesus is mine!

SAVIOUR EVER NEAR. C. M. D.



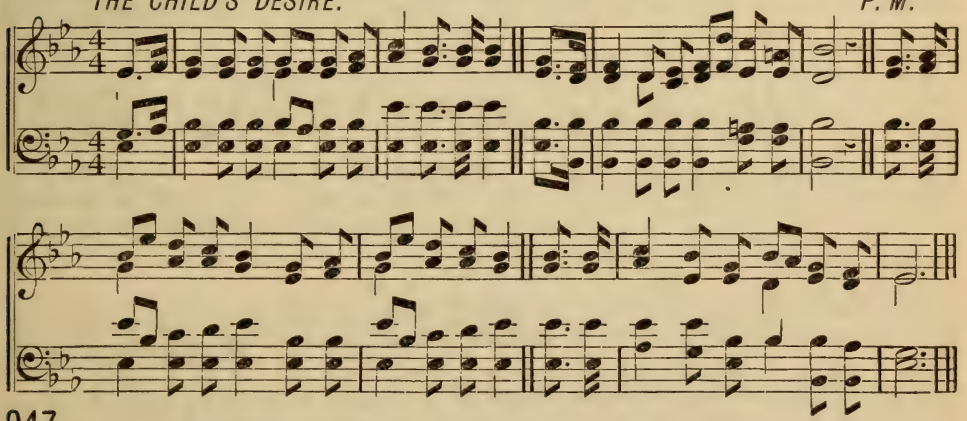
946

1 Dear Saviour! ever at my side,
How loving thou must be,
To leave thy home in heaven to guard
A little child like me!
Thy beautiful and shining face
I see not, though so near;
The sweetness of thy soft low voice
I am too deaf to hear.

2 I cannot feel thee touch my hand
With pressure light and mild,
To check me, as my mother did
When I was but a child;
But I have felt thee in my thoughts
Fighting with sin for me;
And when my heart loves God, I know
The sweetness is from thee.

3 And when, dear Saviour! I kneel down
Morning and night to pray'r,
Something there is within my heart
Which tells me thou art there;
Yes, when I pray, thou prayest too,
Thy pray'r is then for me;
And when I sleep, thou, sleeping not,
Dost watch me lovingly.

THE CHILD'S DESIRE. P. M.



947

1 I think, when I read that sweet story of old,
When Jesus was here among men,
How he called little children as lambs to his fold,
I should like to have been with them then.

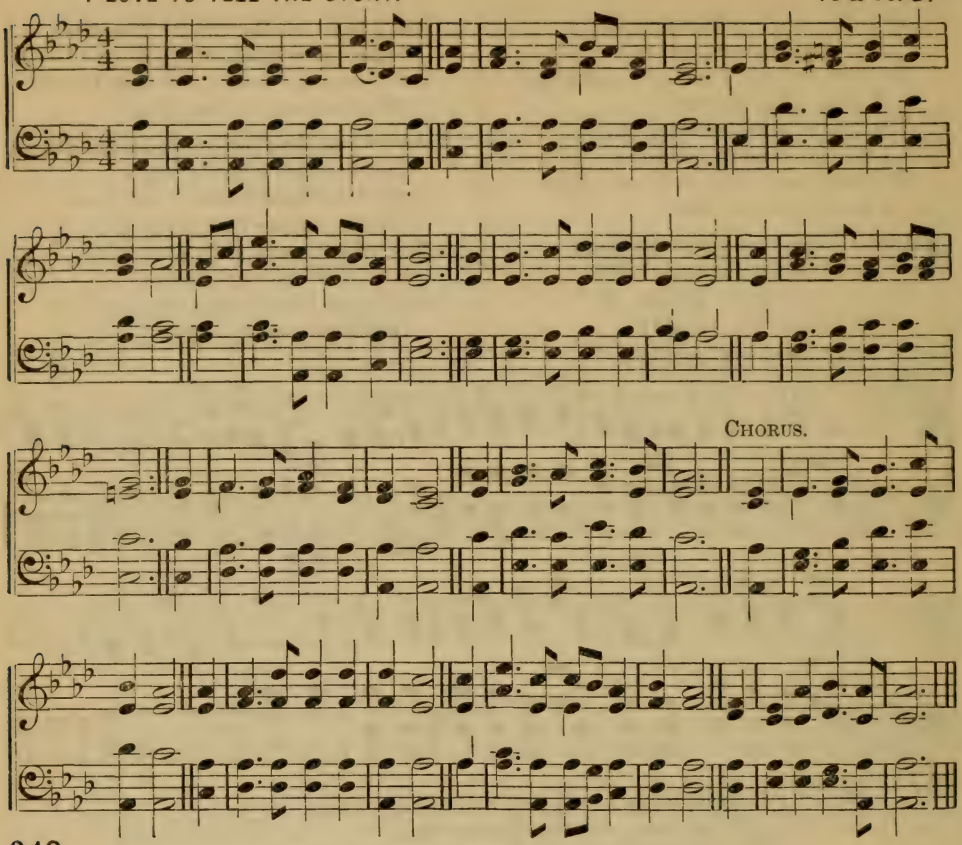
2 I wish that his hands had been placed on my head,
That his arms had been thrown around me,
And that I might have seen his kind look when he said,
"Let the little ones come unto me."

3 Yet still to his footstool in prayer I may go,
And ask for a share in his love;
And if I thus earnestly seek him below,
I shall see him and hear him above,

4 In that beautiful place he is gone to prepare
For all who are washed and forgiv'n;
And many dear children are gathering there,
"For of such is the kingdom of heav'n."

5 I long for the joys of that glorious time,
The sweetest and brightest and best,
When the dear little children of every clime
Shall crowd to his arms and be blest.

I LOVE TO TELL THE STORY. 7s & 6s. D.



948

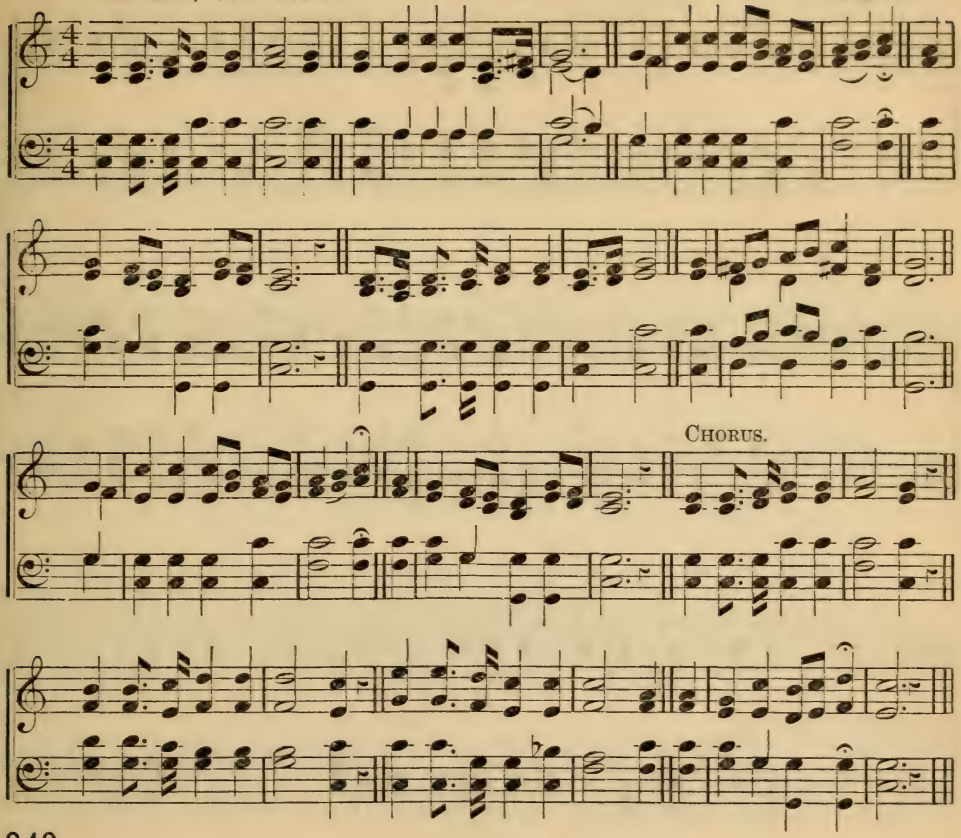
1 I LOVE to tell the story
Of unseen things above,
Of Jesus and his glory,
Of Jesus and his love.
I love to tell the story,
Because I know it 's true;
It satisfies my longings
As nothing else can do.
I love to tell the story,
'T will be my theme in glory,
To tell the old, old story,
Of Jesus and his love.

2 I love to tell the story;
More wonderful it seems
Than all the golden fancies
Of all our golden dreams.
I love to tell the story,
It did so much for me;
And that is just the reason
I tell it now to thee.

3 I love to tell the story;
'T is pleasant to repeat
What seems, each time I tell it,
More wonderfully sweet.
I love to tell the story,
For some have never heard
The message of salvation
From God's own holy word.

4 I love to tell the story;
For those who know it best
Seem hungering and thirsting
To hear it like the rest.
And when, in scenes of glory,
I sing the new, new song,
'T will be the old, old story
That I have loved so long.

THE OLD, OLD STORY. 7s & 6s.



949

1 TELL me the old, old story
Of unseen things above,
Of Jesus and his glory,
Of Jesus and his love.
Tell me the story simply,
As to a little child,
For I am weak and weary,
And helpless and defiled.
Tell me the old, old story,
Tell me the old, old story,
Tell me the old, old story,
Of Jesus and his love.

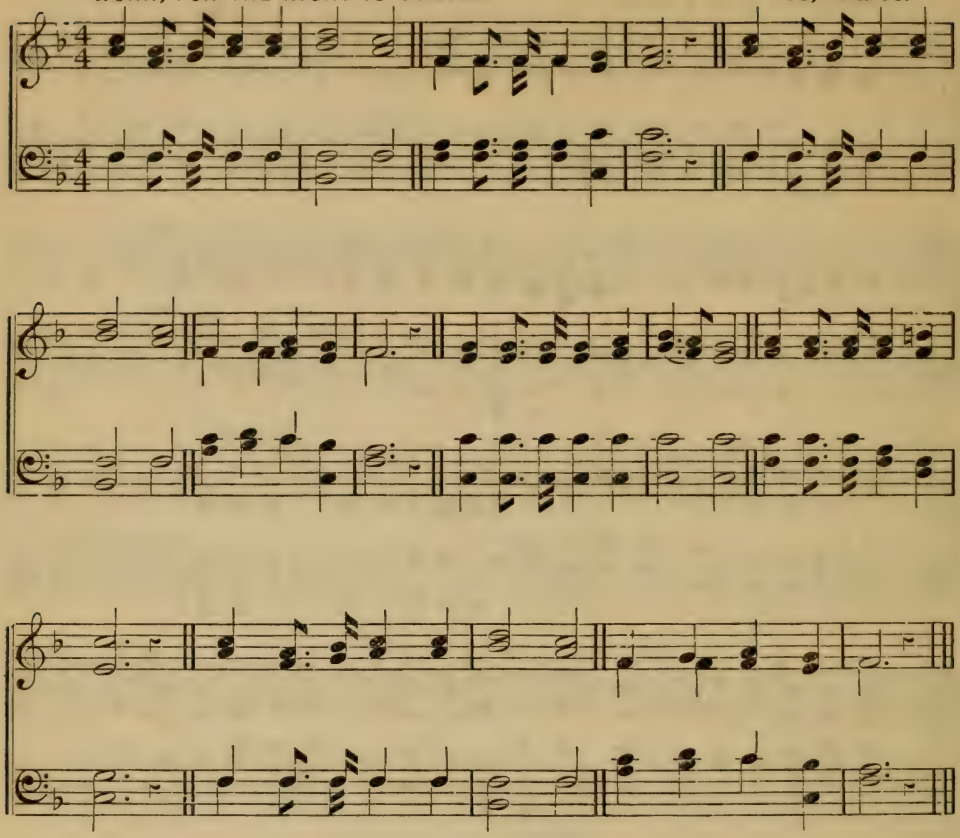
2 Tell me the story slowly,
That I may take it in—
That wonderful redemption,
God's remedy for sin.
Tell me the story often,
For I forget so soon!
The "early dew" of morning
Has passed away at noon.

3 Tell me the story softly,
With earnest tones, and grave;
Remember I 'm the sinner
Whom Jesus came to save.
Tell me the story always,
If you would really be,
In any time of trouble,
A comforter to me.

4 Tell me the same old story
When you have cause to fear
That this world's empty glory
Is costing me too dear.
Yes, and when that world's glory
Is dawning on my soul,
Tell me the old, old story:
"Christ Jesus makes thee whole."

WORK, FOR THE NIGHT IS COMING.

7s, 6s & 5s.

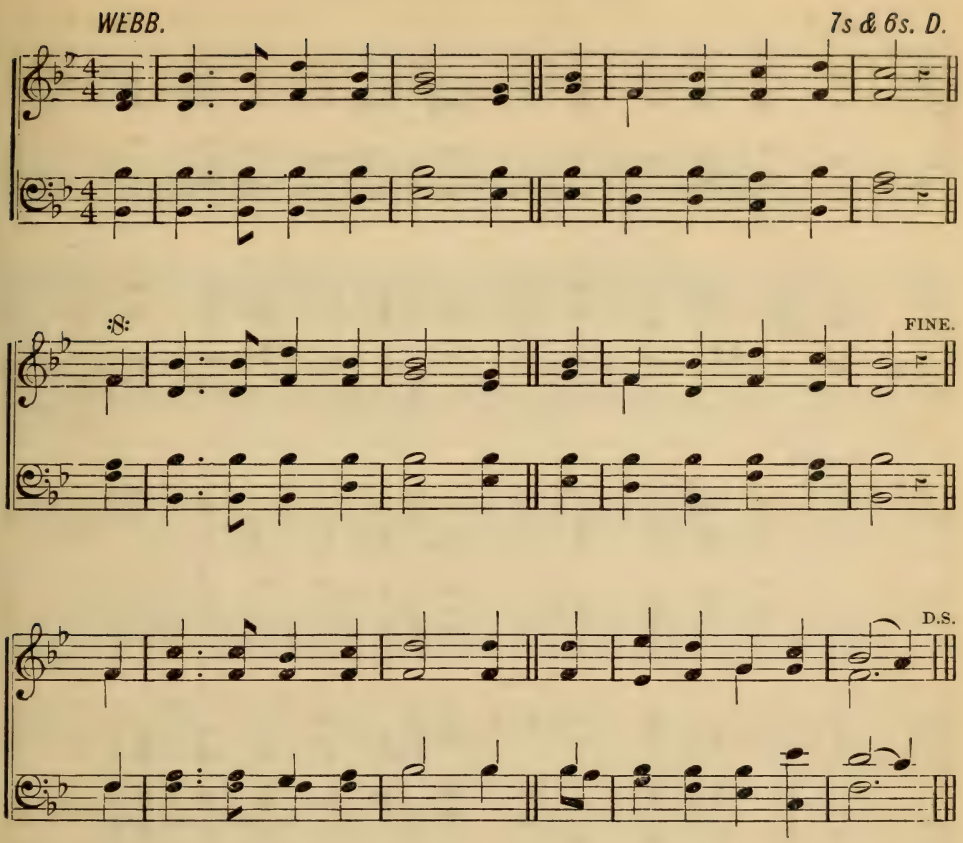


950

1 Work, for the night is coming,
Work thro' the morning hours;
Work, while the dew is sparkling,
Work 'mid springing flowers;
Work, when the day grows brighter,
Work in the glowing sun;
Work, for the night is coming,
When man's work is done.

2 Work, for the night is coming,
Work through the sunny noon
Fill brightest hours with labor,
Rest comes sure and soon.
Give every flying minute
Something to keep in store;
Work, for the night is coming,
When man works no more.

3 Work, for the night is coming,
Under the sunset skies;
While their bright tints are glowing,
Work, for daylight flies.
Work till the last beam fadeth—
Fadeth to shine no more:
Work while the night is dark'ning,
When man's work is o'er.



951

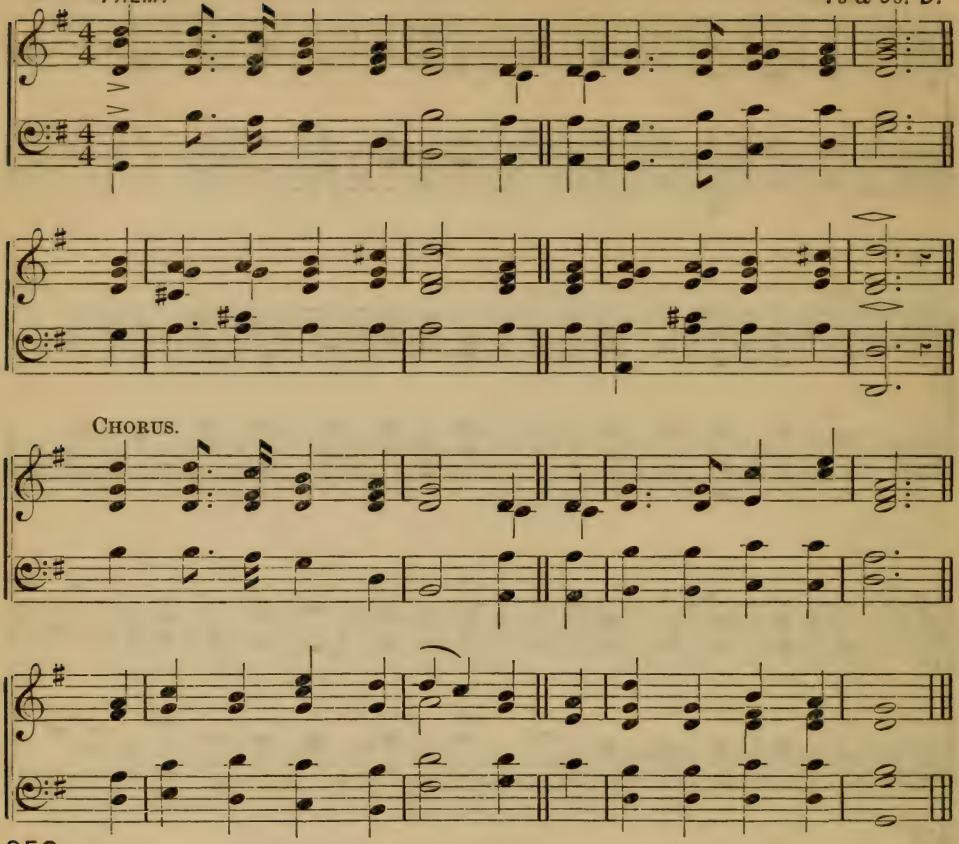
1 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
Ye soldiers of the cross;
Lift high his royal banner,
It must not suffer loss;
From victory unto victory
His army shall he lead
Till every foe is vanquished,
And Christ is Lord indeed.

2 Stand up, stand up for Jesus;
The trumpet call obey;
Forth to the mighty conflict
In this his glorious day:
"Ye that are men, now serve him"
Against unnumbered foes;
Your courage rise with danger,
And strength to strength oppose.

3 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
Stand in his strength alone;
The arm of flesh will fail you,
Ye dare not trust your own;
Put on the gospel armor,
And watching unto prayer,
Where duty calls, or danger,
Be never wanting there.

4 Stand up, stand up for Jesus;
The strife will not be long
This day the noise of battle,
The next the victor's song;
To him that overcometh
A crown of life shall be;
He with the King of glory
Shall reign eternally.

PALM. 7s & 6s. D.



952

1 GLORY and praise and honor
To thee, Redeemer, King
To whom the lips of children
Made sweet hosannas ring.
Glory and praise and honor
To thee, Redeemer, King! &c.

2 Thou art the King of Israel,
Thou David's royal Son,
Who in the Lord's name comest,
The King and blessed One.
Glory and praise and honor
To thee, Redeemer, King! &c.

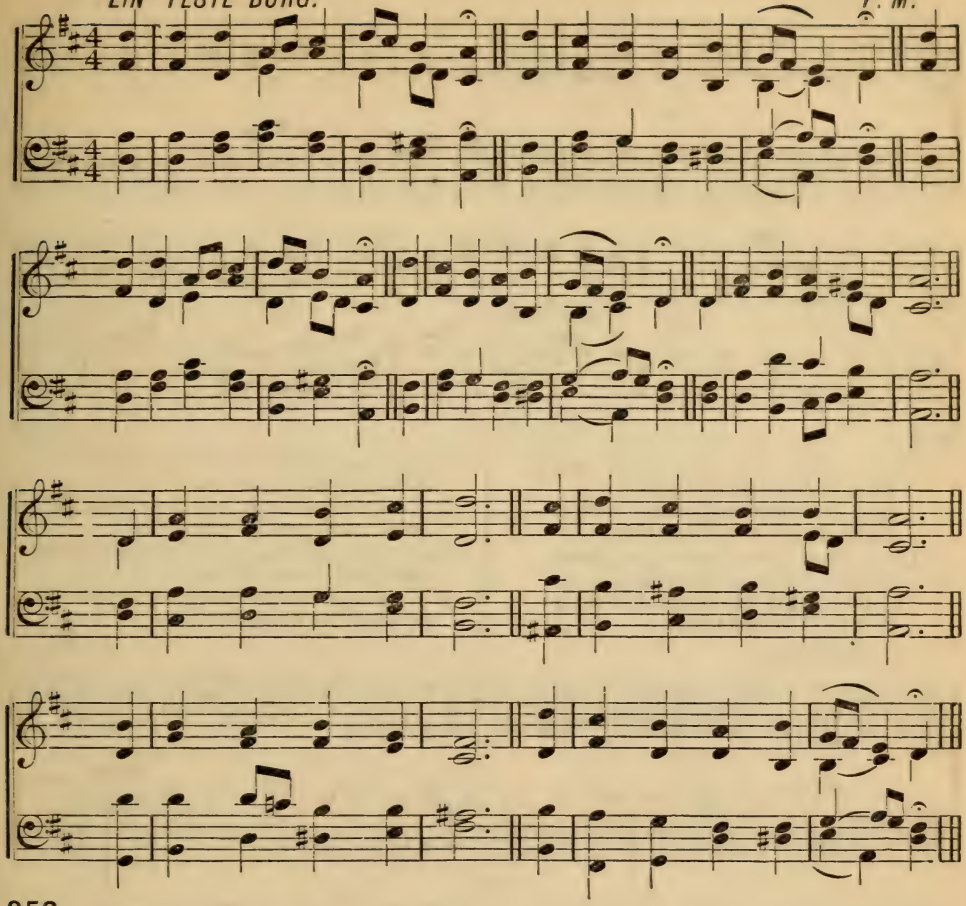
3 The company of heaven
Are praising thee on high,
And mortal men and all things
Created make reply.
Glory and praise and honor
To thee, Redeemer, King! &c.

4 The people of the Hebrews
With palms before thee went;
Our praise and prayer and anthems
Before thee we present.
Glory and praise and honor
To thee, Redeemer, King! &c.

5 Thou wentest to thy passion
Amid their shouts of praise;
Thou reignest now in glory,
While we our anthems raise.
Glory and praise and honor
To thee, Redeemer, King! &c.

6 Thou didst accept their praises;
Accept the prayers we bring,
Who in all good delightest,
Thou good and gracious King!
Glory and praise and honor
To thee, Redeemer, King! &c.

EIN' FESTE BURG. P. M.



953

1 Our God stands firm, a rock and tow'r,
A shield when danger presses;
A ready help in ev'ry hour
When doubt or pain distresses:
For our malignant foe
Unswerving aims his blow;
His fearful arms the while,
Dark pow'r and darker guile;
His hidden craft is matchless.

2 Our strength is weakness in the fight,
Our courage soon defection;
But comes a Warrior clad in might,
A prince of God's election;
Who is this wondrous Chief
That brings this glad relief?
The field of battle boasts
Christ Jesus, Lord of hosts,
Still conq'ring and to conquer.

3 Then, Lord! arise; lift up thine arm,
With mighty succor stay us;
Oh, turn aside the deadly harm
When Satan would betray us,
That, rescued by thy hand,
In triumph we may stand,
And round thy footstool crowd
In joy to sing aloud
High praise to our Redeemer.

JAPPAN. C. M.

Repeat 3d. line.

954

1 O THOU whose own vast temple stands,
Built over earth and sea!
Accept the walls that human hands
Have raised to worship thee.

2 Lord! from thine inmost glory send,
Within these courts to bide,
The peace that dwelleth without end
Serenely by thy side.

3 May erring minds that worship here
Be taught the better way,
And they who mourn and they who fear
Be strengthened as they pray.

4 May faith grow firm and love grow warm,
And pure devotion rise,
While round these hallowed walls the storm
Of earth-born passion dies.

WILHELM. L. M.

955

1 O LORD of hosts, whose glory fills
The bounds of the eternal hills,
And yet vouchsafes, in Christian lands,
To dwell in temples made with hands!

2 Oh, grant that we who here to-day
Rejoicing this foundation lay
May be in very deed thine own,
Built on the precious Corner-stone.

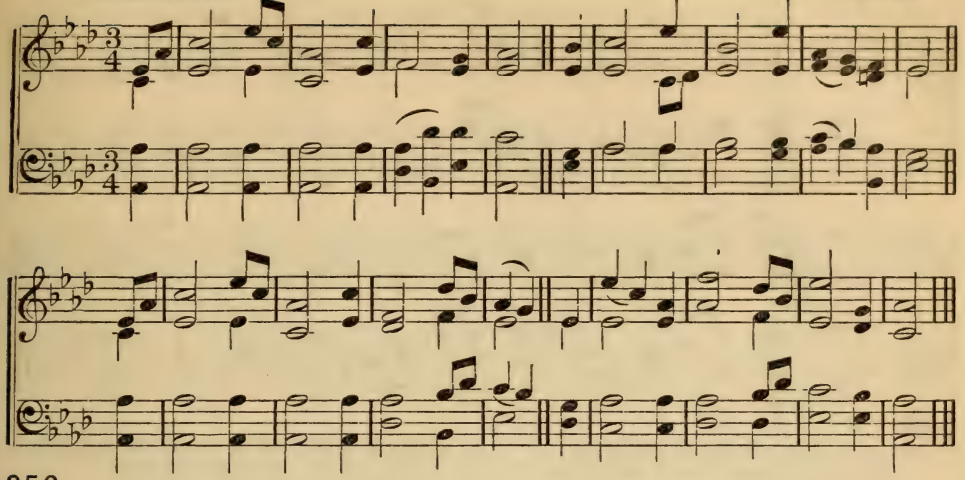
3 Endue the creatures with thy grace,
That shall adorn thy dwelling-place;
The beauty of the oak and pine,
The gold and silver, make them thine.

4 To thee they all pertain; to thee
The treasures of the earth and sea;
And when we bring them to thy throne,
We but present thee with thine own.

5 The heads that guide endue with skill,
The hands that work preserve from ill,
That we who these foundations lay
May raise the top-stone in its day.

6 Both now and ever, Lord! protect
The temple of thine own elect;
Be thou in them and they in thee,
O ever-blessed Trinity!

WILLINGTON. L. M.



956

1 An earthly temple here we raise,
Lord God, our Saviour! to thy praise;
Oh, make thy gracious presence known
While now we lay its corner-stone.

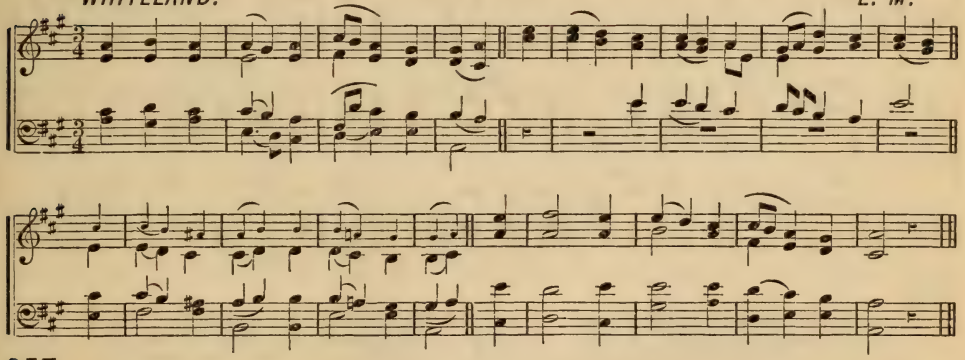
2 Within the house thy servants rear
Deign by thy Spirit to appear;
On all its walls salvation write,
From corner-stone to topmost height.

3 And when this temple "made with hands"
Upon its firm foundation stands,
Oh, may we all with loving heart
In nobler building bear a part,

4 Where every polished stone shall be
A human soul won back to thee;
All resting upon Christ alone,
The chief and precious Corner-stone.

5 So, when our toil is o'er at last,
All labor in both temples past,
Oh, may it then by works be shown
That faith hath laid the corner-stone.

WHITELAND. L. M.



957

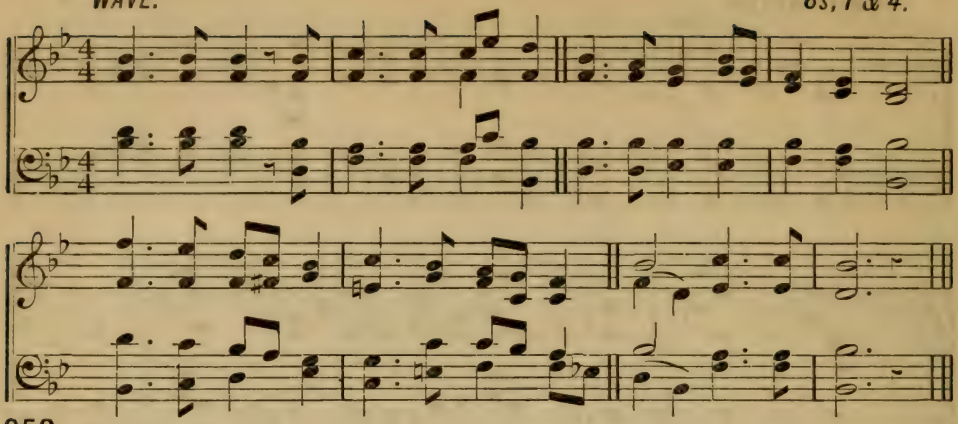
1 And will the great eternal God
On earth establish his abode?
And will he from his radiant throne
Accept our temples for his own?

2 These walls we to thy honor raise;
Long may they echo with thy praise,
And thou, descending, fill the place
With choicest tokens of thy grace.

3 Here let the great Redeemer reign
With all the graces of his train,
While power divine his word attends
To conquer foes and cheer his friends.

4 And in the great decisive day
When God the nations shall survey,
May it before the world appear
That crowds were born for glory here

WAVE. 8s, 7 & 4.



958

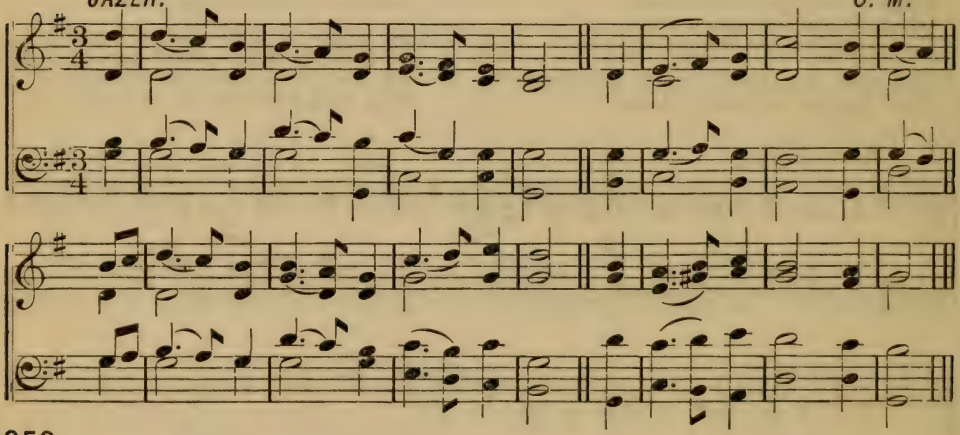
1 STAR of peace to wanderers weary!
Bright the beams that smile on me;
Cheer the pilot's vision dreary,
Far, far at sea.

2 Star of hope! gleam on the billow;
Bless the soul that sighs for thee,
Bless the sailor's lonely pillow,
Far, far at sea.

3 Star of faith! when winds are mocking
All his toil, he flies to thee;
Save him on the billows rocking,
Far, far at sea.

4 Star divine! oh, safely guide him,
Bring the wanderer home to thee;
Sore temptations long have tried him,
Far, far at sea.

JAZER. C. M.



959

1 O LORD! be with us when we sail
Upon the lonely deep,
Our guard when on the silent deck
The midnight watch we keep.

2 We need not fear, though all around
'Mid rising winds we hear
The multitude of waters surge,
For thou, O God! art near.

3 The calm, the breeze, the gale, the storm,
That pass from land to land,
All, all are thine, are held within
The hollow of thine hand.

4 If duty calls from threatened strife
To guard our native shore,
And shot and shell are answering
The booming cannon's roar,

5 Be thou the main-guard of our host
Till war and dangers cease;
Defend the right, put up the sword,
And through the world make peace.

6 To thee, the Father, thee, the Son,
Whom earth and sky adore,
And Spirit, moving o'er the deep,
Be praise for evermore.

BROWNELL. L. M. 6 lines.

Oh, hear us when we cry to thee For those in per - - il on the sea.

960

1 Eternal Father! strong to save,
Whose arm hath bound the restless wave,
Who bid'st the mighty ocean deep
Its own appointed limits keep,

2 O Christ! whose voice the waters heard
And hushed their raging at thy word,
Who walkedst on the foaming deep,
And calm amidst its rage did sleep,

3 Most Holy Spirit! who didst brood
Upon the chaos dark and rude,
And bid its angry tumult cease,
And give, for wild confusion, peace,

ARMENIA. C. M.

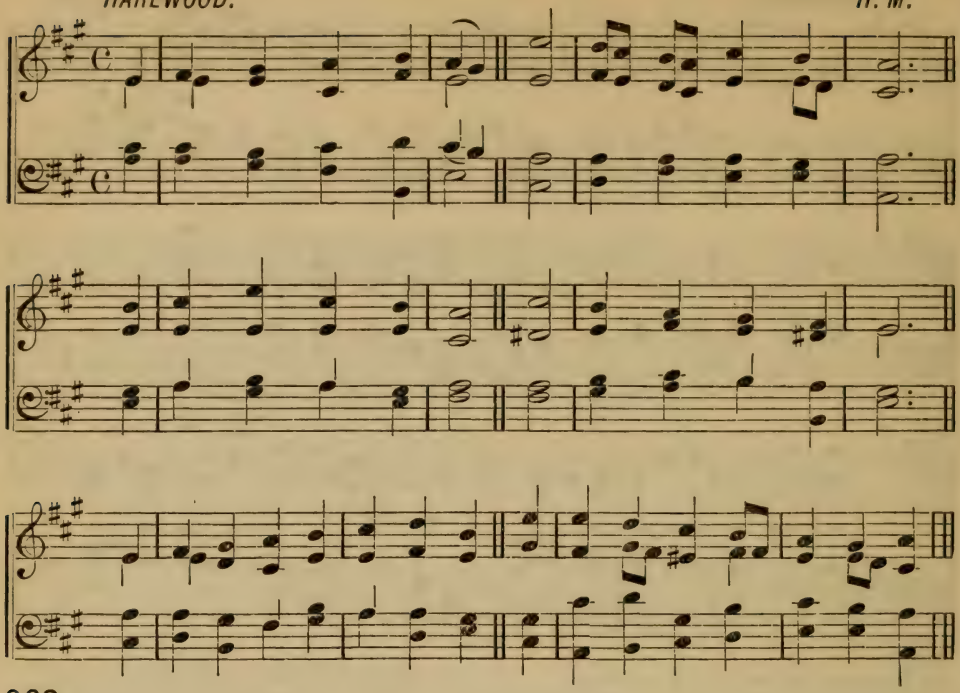
961

1 We come, O Lord! before thy throne,
And with united plea
We meet and pray for those who roam
Far off upon the sea.

2 Oh may the Holy Spirit bow
The sailor's heart to thee,
Till tears of deep repentance flow
Like rain-drops in the sea.

3 Then may a Saviour's dying love
Pour peace into his breast,
And waft him to the port above
Of everlasting rest.

HAREWOOD. H. M.



962

1 Christ is our Corner-stone,
On him alone we build;
With his true saints alone
The courts of heaven are filled;
On his great love
Our hopes we place
Of present grace
And joys above.

2 Oh, then with hymns of praise
These hallowed courts shall ring,
Our voices we will raise
The three in one to sing;
And thus proclaim
In joyful song
Both loud and long
That glorious name.

3 Here, gracious God! do thou
For evermore draw nigh;
Accept each faithful vow,
And mark each suppliant sigh;
In copious shower
On all who pray
Each holy day
Thy blessings pour.

4 Here may we gain from heaven
The grace which we implore;
And may that grace, once given,
Be with us ever more,
Until that day
When all the blest
To endless rest
Are called away.

963

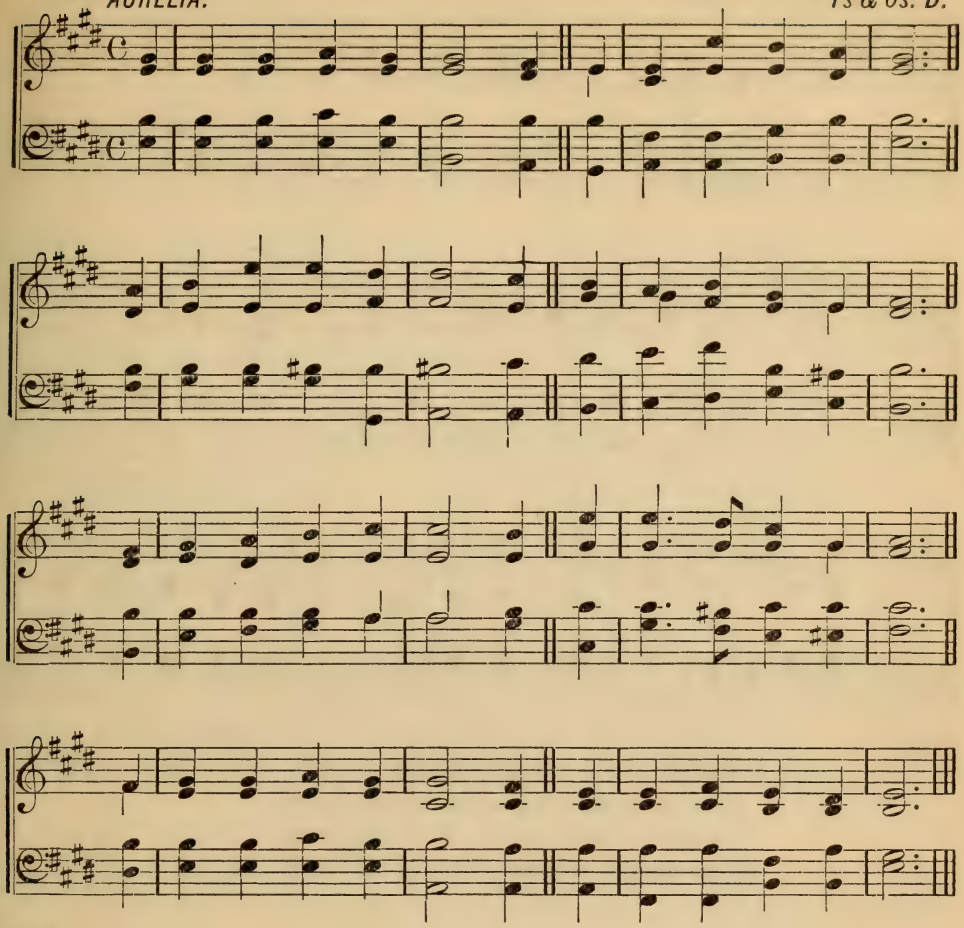
1 In sweet exalted strains
The King of glory praise;
O'er heaven and earth he reigns
Through everlasting days;
He at his will the world controls,
Sustains or sinks the distant poles.

2 To earth he bends his throne—
His throne of grace divine;
Wide is his bounty known,
And wide his glories shine;
Fair Salem, still his chosen rest,
Is with his smiles and presence blest.

3 Great King of glory! come,
And with thy favor crown
This temple as thy dome,
This people as thy own;
Beneath this roof, oh, deign to show
How God can dwell with men below.

4 Here may thine ears attend
Thy people's humble cries,
And grateful praise ascend,
All-fragrant, to the skies;
Here may thy word melodious sound
And spread celestial joys around.

AURELIA. 7s & 6s. D.



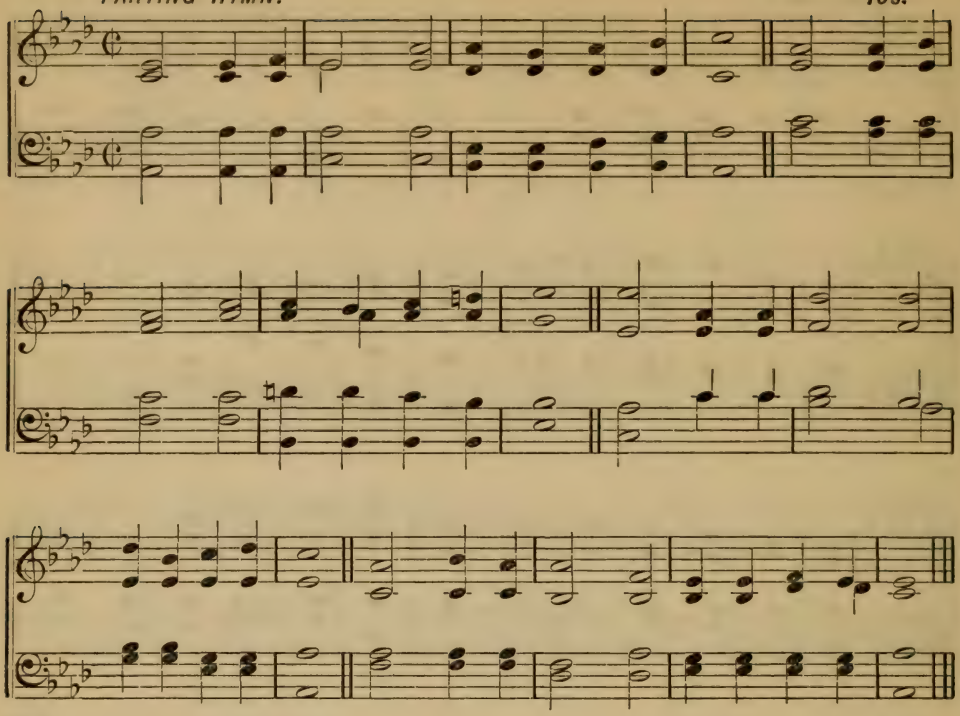
964

1 The church's one foundation
Is Jesus Christ her Lord;
She is his new creation
By water and the word;
From heaven he came and sought her
To be his holy bride,
With his own blood he bought her,
And for her life he died.

2 Though with a scornful wonder
Men see her sore oppress,
By schisms rent asunder,
By heresies distrest,
Yet saints their watch are keeping,
Their cry goes up, "How long?"
And soon the night of weeping
Shall be the morn of song.

3 'Mid toil and tribulation
And tumult of her war,
She waits the consummation
Of peace for evermore;
Till with the vision glorious
Her longing eyes are blest,
And the great church victorious
Shall be the church at rest.

PARTING HYMN. 10s.



965

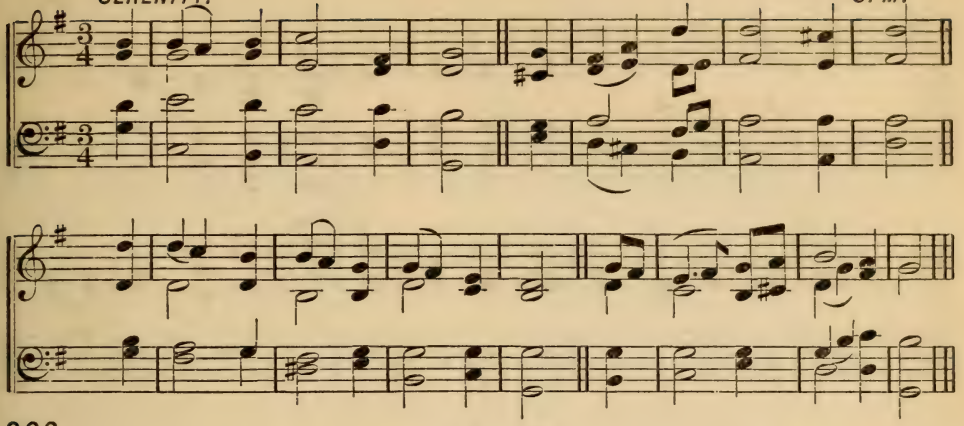
1 SAVIOUR! again to thy dear name we raise
With one accord our parting hymn of praise;
We stand to bless thee ere our worship cease,
Then, lowly kneeling, wait thy word of peace.

2 Grant us thy peace upon our homeward way;
With thee began, with thee shall end, the day;
Guard thou the lips from sin, the hearts from shame,
That in this house have called upon thy name.

3 Grant us thy peace, Lord! through the coming night,
Turn thou for us its darkness into light;
From harm and danger keep thy children free,
For dark and light are both alike to thee.

4 Grant us thy peace throughout our earthly life,
Our balm in sorrow and our stay in strife;
Then when thy voice shall bid our conflict cease,
Call us, O Lord! to thine eternal peace.

SERENITY. S. M.

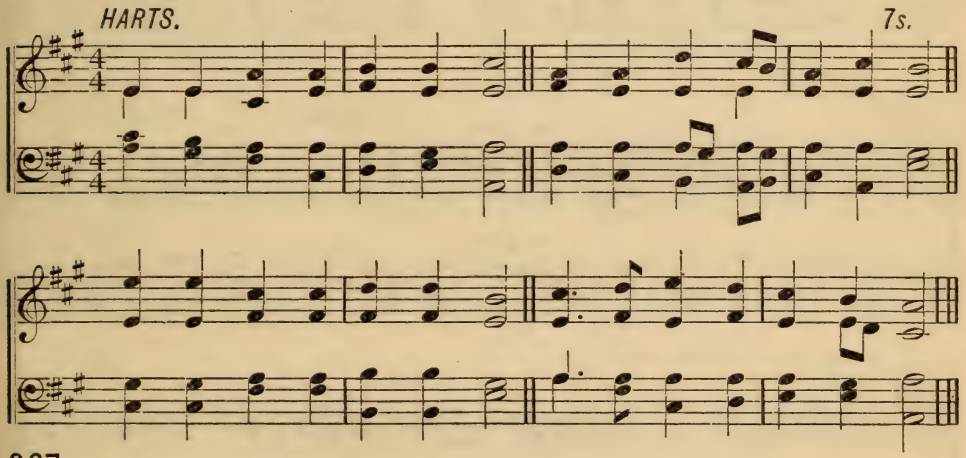


966

1 Lord! at this closing hour
Establish every heart
Upon thy word of truth and power,
To keep us when we part.

2 Peace to our brethren give;
Fill all our hearts with love;
In faith and patience may we live,
And seek our rest above.

HARTS. 7s.



967

1 For a season called to part,
Let us then ourselves commend
To the gracious eye and heart
Of our ever-present Friend.

2 Jesus! hear our humble prayer;
Tender Shepherd of thy sheep!
Let thy mercy and thy care
All our souls in safety keep.

3 In thy strength may we be strong!
Sweeten every cross and pain;
Give us, if we live, ere long
Here to meet in peace again.

968 Tune.—*Old Hundred.*

1 Dismiss us with thy blessing, Lord!
Help us to feed upon thy word;
All that has been amiss forgive,
And let thy truth within us live.

2 Though we are guilty, thou art good;
Wash all our works in Jesus' blood;
Give every fettered soul release,
And bid us all depart in peace.

VARINA C. M. D.

JORDAN. C. M. D.

1st time.

2d time.

969

See Hymn 781.

1 THERE is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign;
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.

2 There everlasting spring abides,
And never-withering flowers;
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heavenly land from ours.

3 Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood
Stand dressed in living green;
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan rolled between.

4 But timorous mortals start and shrink,
To cross this narrow sea,
And linger, shivering, on the brink,
And fear to launch away.

5 Oh, could we make our doubts remove,
Those gloomy doubts that rise,
And see the Canaan that we love
With unbeclouded eyes,

6 Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er,
Not Jordan's stream nor death's cold flood
Should fright us from the shore.

970

See Hymn 783.

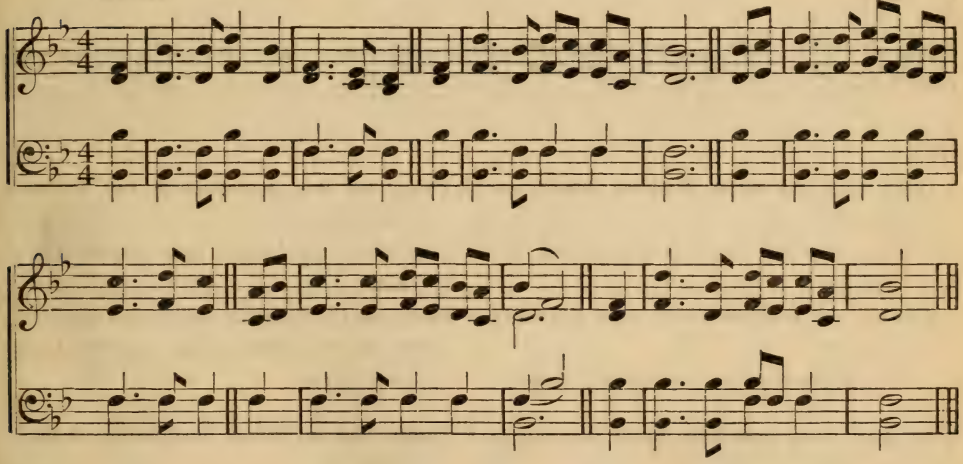
1 ON Jordan's stormy banks I stand,
And cast a wishful eye
To Canaan's fair and happy land,
Where my possessions lie.

2 Oh, the transporting, rapturous scene
That rises to my sight!
Sweet fields arrayed in living green,
And rivers of delight.

3 When shall I reach that happy place,
And be for ever blest?
When shall I see my Father's face,
And in his bosom rest?

4 Filled with delight, my raptured soul
Would here no longer stay;
Though Jordan's waves around me roll,
Fearless I'd launch away.

RHINE. C. M.



971

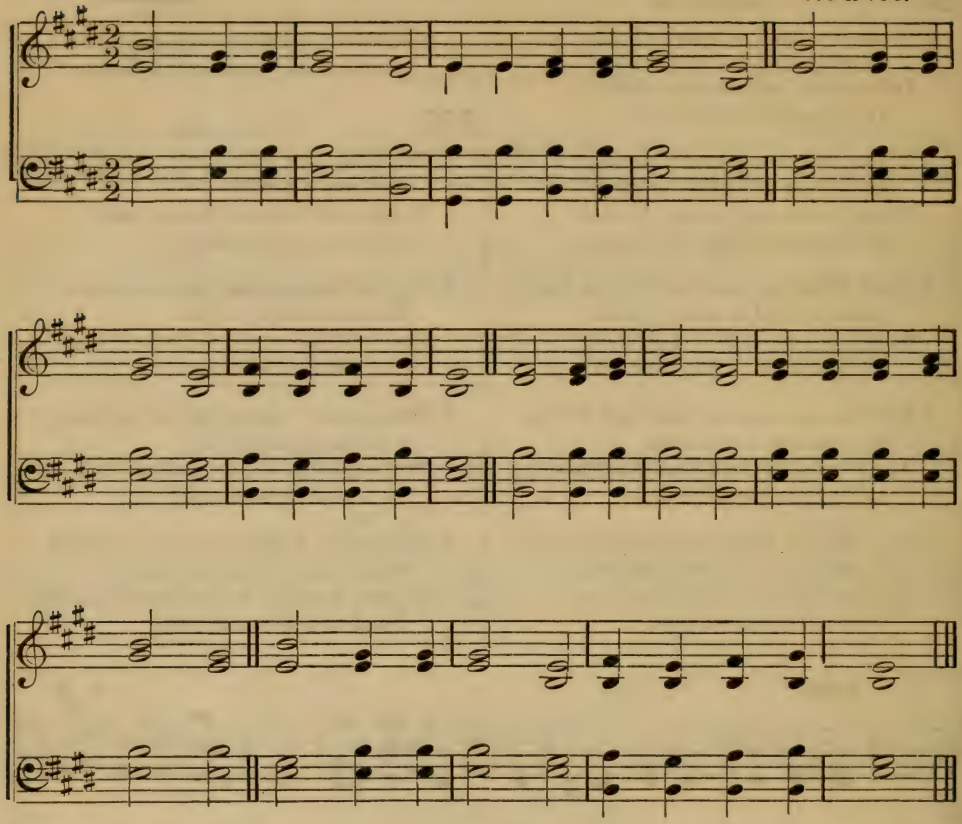
See Hymn 784.

1 O MOTHER dear, Jerusalem!
When shall I come to thee?
When shall my sorrows have an end?
Thy joys when shall I see?

2 O happy harbor of God's saints!
O sweet and pleasant soil!
In thee no sorrow can be found,
Nor grief, nor care, nor toil.

3 Thy walls are made of precious stone,
Thy bulwarks diamond-square,
Thy gates are all of Orient pearl;
O God! if I were there!

HENLEY. 11s & 10s.



972

1 Come unto me when shadows darkly gather,
When the sad heart is weary and distressed,
Seeking for comfort from your heavenly Father;
Come unto me, and I will give you rest,

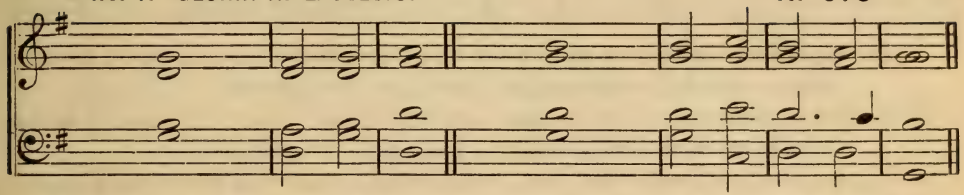
2 Ye who have mourned when the spring flowers were taken,
When the ripe fruit fell richly to the ground,
When the loved slept, in brighter homes to waken,
Where their pale brows with spirit-wreaths are crowned.

3 Large are the mansions in thy Father's dwelling,
Glad are the homes that sorrows never dim;
Sweet are the harps in holy music swelling,
Soft are the tones which raise the heavenly hymn.

4 There, like an Eden blossoming in gladness,
Bloom the fair flowers the earth too rudely pressed:
Come unto me, all ye who droop in sadness,
Come unto me, and I will give you rest.

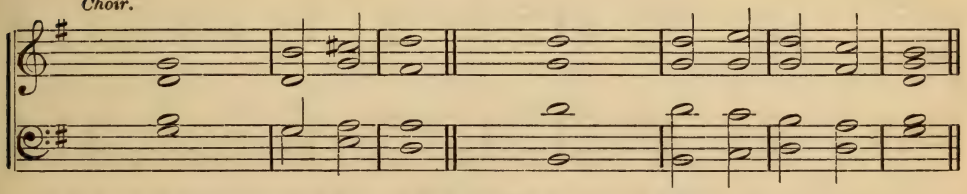
CHANTS.

No. 1.—GLORIA IN EXCELSIS. **H. 973**



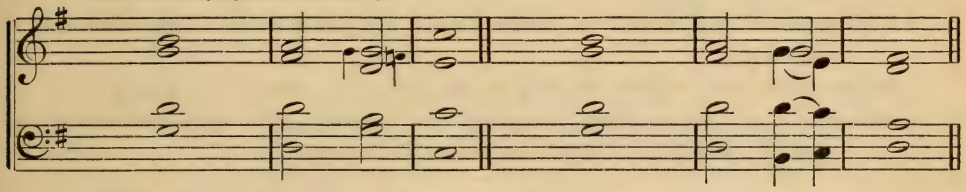
1 Glory be to | God on | high, || and on earth | peace, good- | will toward | men.
2 We praise thee, we bless thee, we | worship | thee, || we glorify thee, we give thanks to | thee for | thy great | glory.

Choir.



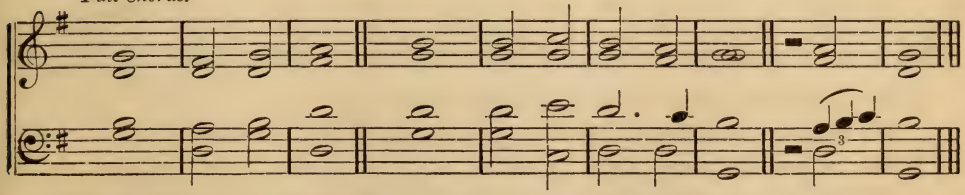
3 O Lord God, | heavenly | King, || God the | Father | al- | mighty,
4 O Lord, the only begotten Son, | Jesus | Christ; || O Lord God, Lamb of | God, Son | of the | Father,

Choir and Congregation alternately.



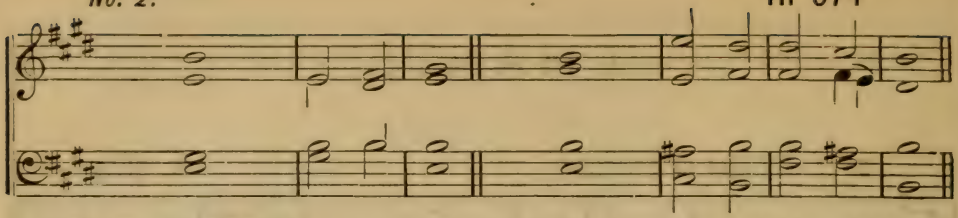
5 That takest away the | sins ·· of the world, || have mercy | upon | us.
6 Thou that takest away the | sins ·· of the | world, | have mercy | upon | us.
7 Thou that takest away the | sins ·· of the | world, || re- | ceive our | prayer.
8 Thou that sittest at the right hand of | God the | Father, || have mercy | upon | us.

Full Chorus.



9 For thou | only ·· art | holy; || thou | only | art the | Lord;
10 Thou only, O Christ! with the | Holy | Ghost, || art most high in the | glory of | God the Father. || A- | men.

No. 2. H. 974

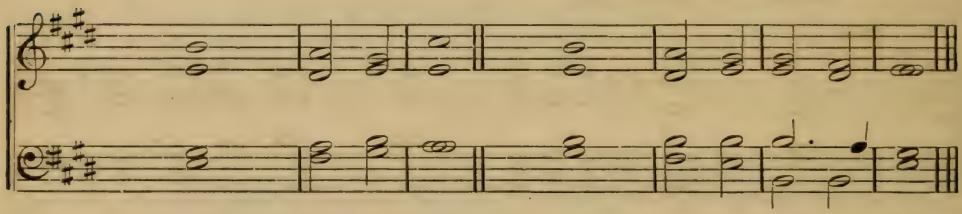


1 Oh, sing unto the Lord a new song: for he hath done | marvel - ous | things; || his right hand and his holy arm hath | got - ten | him " the | victory.

3 He hath remembered his mercy and truth toward the | house " of | Israel; || all the ends of the earth have seen the sal- | va - tion | of " our | God.

5 Sing unto the Lord | with " the | harp, || with the harp, | and " the | voice " of a | psalm.

7 Let the sea roar, and the | fullness " there- | of; || the world, and | they " that | dwell " there- | in.



2 The Lord hath made known | his " sal- | vation; || his righteousness hath he openly showed | in " the | sight " of the | heathen.

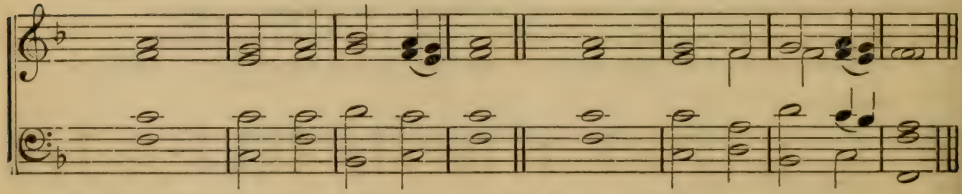
4 Make a joyful noise unto the Lord, | all " the | earth, || make a loud noise, and re- | joice " and | sing — | praise.

6 With trumpets and | sound " of | cornet || make a joyful noise be- | fore " the | Lord " the | King.

8 Let the floods | clap " their | hands, || let the | hills " be | joyful " to- | gether

9 Before the Lord; for he cometh to | judge " the | earth; || with righteousness shall he judge the world, | and " the | people " with | equity.

No. 3. H. 975

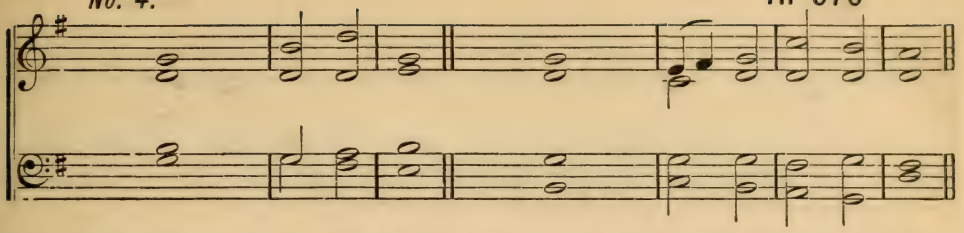


1 Our Father who art in heaven, | hallowed | be thy | name; ||
Thy kingdom come, thy will be done on | earth " as it | is in | heaven.

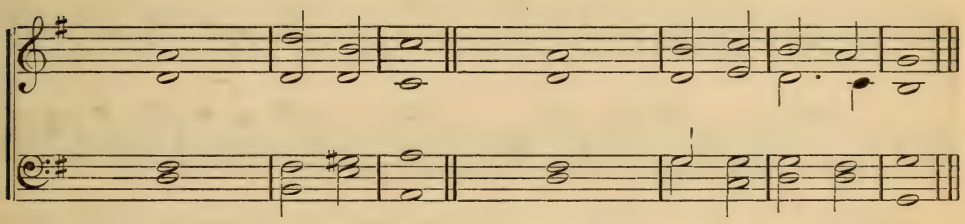
2 Give us this | day our— | daily | bread; ||
And forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive them that | trespass " a- | gainst— | us.

3 And lead us not into temptation, but de- | liver | us from | evil; ||
For thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for ever. | A- — | — | men.

No. 4. H. 976

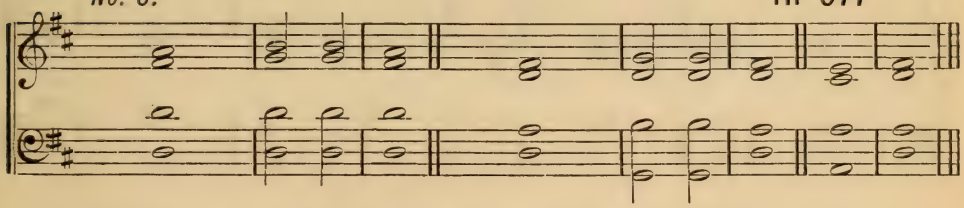


1 Praise the Lord, | O my | soul, || and all that is within me | praise his | holy | name.
3 Who forgiveth | all thy | sin || and healeth | all ·· thine in- | firmi- | ties.
5 Oh, praise the Lord, ye angels of his, ye that ex- | cel in | strength, || ye that fulfill his commandment and hearken un- | to the | voice ·· of his | word.
8 Glory be to the Father, and | to the | Son, || and | to the | Holy | Ghost;



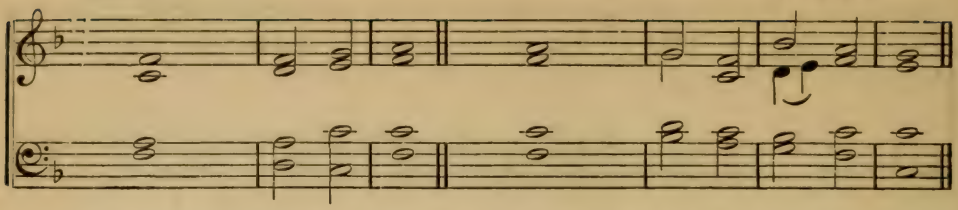
2 Praise the Lord, | O my | soul, || and forget not | all his | bene- | fits;
4 Who saveth thy life | from de- | struction | and crowneth thee with | mercy ·· and | loving- | kindness.
6 Oh, praise the Lord, all | ye his | hosts, || ye servants of | his that | do his | pleasure.
7 Oh, speak good of the Lord, all ye works of his, in all places of | his do- | minion. || Praise thou the | Lord,— | O my soul!
9 As it was in the beginning, is now, and | ever ·· shall | be, || world | without | end. A- | men.

No. 5. H. 977

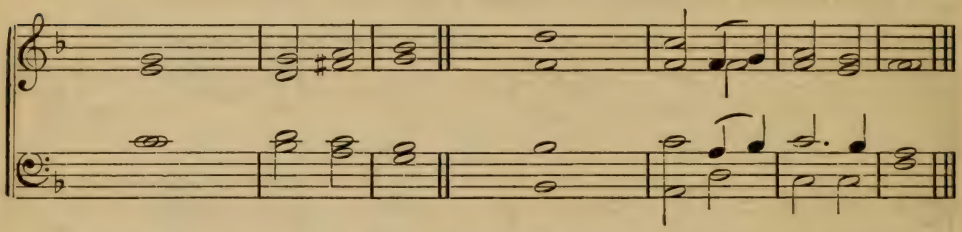


1 The Lord is my shepherd; I | shall not | want.
2 He maketh me to lie down in green pastures; he leadeth me beside the still | wa- | ters.
3 He restoreth my soul; he leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for his | name's— | sake.
4 Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they | comfort | me.
5 Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies, thou anointest my head with oil; my | cup ·· runneth | over.
6 Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life; and I will dwell in the house of the Lord for | ev- — | er. || A- | men.

No. 6. **H. 978**

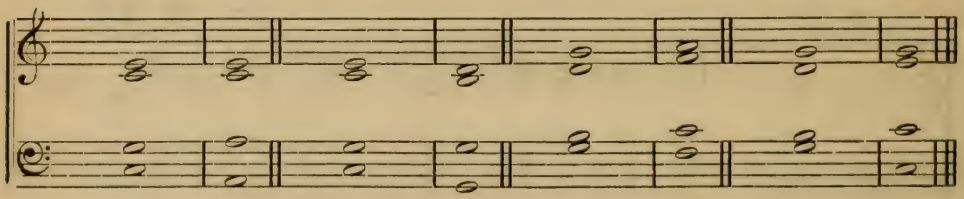


1 God be merciful unto us, and | bless — | us || and cause his | face ·· to | shine ·· up- | on us.
3 Let the people praise | thee, ·· O | God! || let all the | peo - ple | praise — | thee.
5 Let the people praise | thee, ·· O | God! || let all the | peo - ple | praise — | thee.
7 God shall | bless — | us, || and all the ends of the | earth ·· shall | fear — | him.

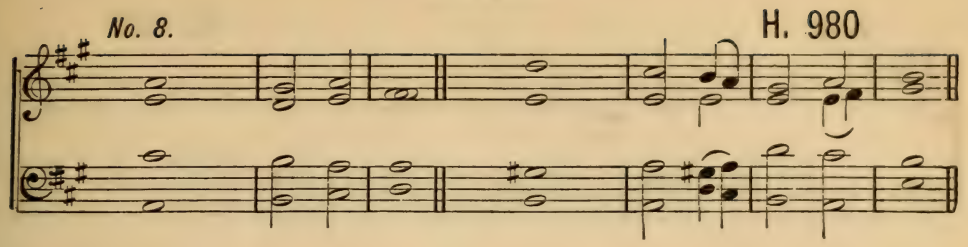


2 That thy way may be known up- | on — | earth, || thy saving | health ·· a- | mong .. all | nations.
4 Oh, let the nations be glad and | sing ·· for | joy, || for thou shalt judge the people righteously, and govern the | na - tions up- | on — | earth.
6 Then shall the earth | yield ·· her | increase, || and God, even our own | God, ·· shall | bless — | us.
8 God shall | bless | us, || and all the ends of the | earth ·· shall | fear— | him.

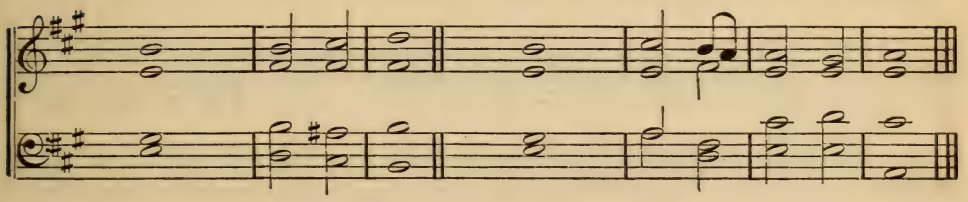
No. 7. **H. 979**



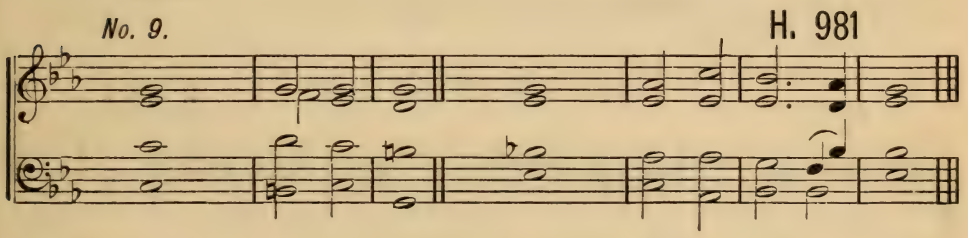
1 Out of the | depths || Have I cried unto thee, O | Lord! ||
2 Lord, hear my | voice: || Let thine ears be attentive to the voice of my suppli- | cations. ||
3 If thou, Lord, shouldst mark in- | iquities, || O Lord! who shall | stand? ||
4 But there is forgiveness with | thee, || That thou mayest be | feared. ||
5 I wait for the Lord, my soul doth | wait, || And in his word do I | hope. ||
6 My soul waiteth for the Lord more than they that watch for the | morning: || I say, more than they that watch for the | morning. ||
7 Let Israel hope in the | Lord; || For with the Lord there is mercy, and with him is plenteous re- | demption. ||
8 And he shall redeem | Israel || From all his in- | iquities. ||



1 It is a good thing to give thanks un- | to the | Lord;
And to sing praises unto thy | name, | O Most | High!
3 Upón an instrument of ten strings, and up- | on the | psaltery;
Upon the harp, | with a | solemn | sound.

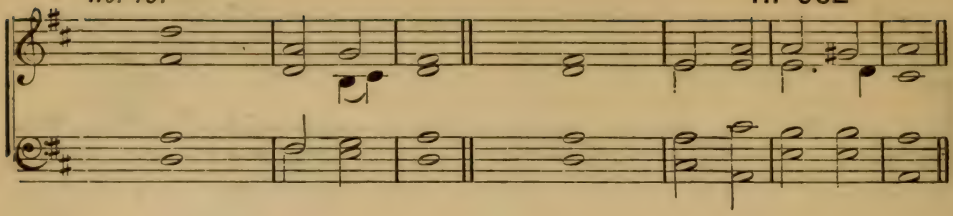


2 To show forth thy loving-kindness | in the | morning,
And thy | faithful " ness | every | night.
4 For thou, Lord! hast made me glad | through thy | work;
I will triumph in the | works | of thy | hands.



1 Holy, holy, holy, | Lord " God Al- | mighty!
2 Which was, and | is, and | is to come.
3 Thou art worthy, O Lord! to receive glory and | honor " and | power;
4 For thou hast created all things,
And for thy pleasure they | are and | were cre- | ated.
5 Worthy is the Lamb | that was | slain,
6 To receive power, and riches, and wisdom,
And strength, and | honor, " and | glory, " and blessing.
7 Blessing, and honor, and | glory, " and | power,
8 Be unto him that sitteth upon the throne,
And unto the | Lamb for | ever " and | ever.

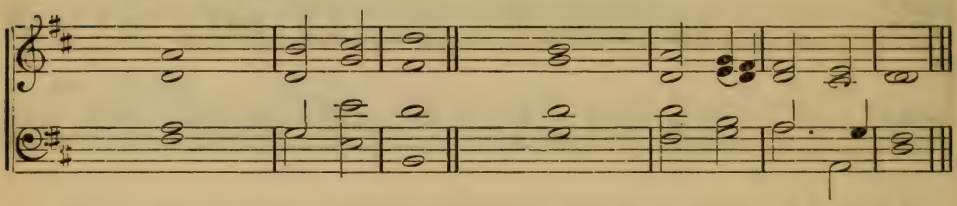
No. 10. H. 982



1 MAKE a joyful noise unto the Lord, | all " ye | lands; || Serve the Lord with gladness; come before his | pres - ence | with — | singing.

3 Enter into his gates with thanksgiving, and into his | courts " with | praise; || be thankful unto him | and — | bless " his | name.

5 Glory be to the Father, and | to " the | Son, || and | to " the | Ho - ly | Ghost;

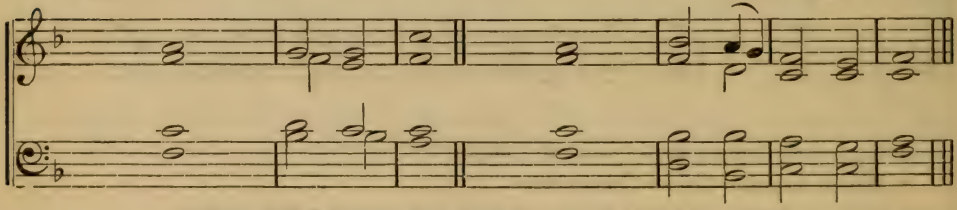


2 Know ye that the Lord | he " is | God: || It is he that hath made us, and not we our selves; we are his people, | and " the | sheep of " his | pasture.

4 For the Lord is good; his mercy is | ev - er- | lasting, || and his truth endureth to all — | gen - e- | rations.

6 As it was in the beginning, is now, and | ev -er | shall be, || world without | end. — | A- — | men.

No. 11. H. 983



1 LORD, now lettest thou thy servant de- | part " in | peace || ac- | cord - ing | to " thy | word;

2 For mine | eyes " have | seen || thy | — " sal- | va- — | tion,

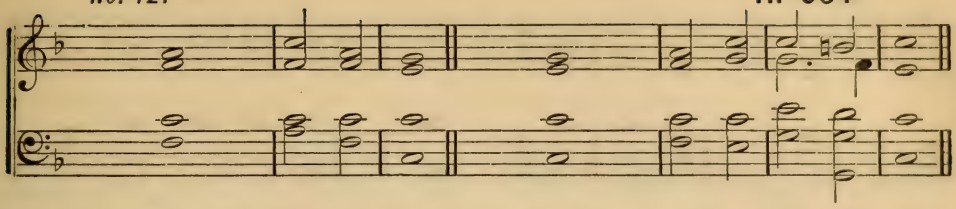
3 Which thou | hast " pre- | pared || before the | face " of | all — | people.

4 A light to | lighten " the | Gentiles || and the glory | of " thy | peo - ple | Israel.

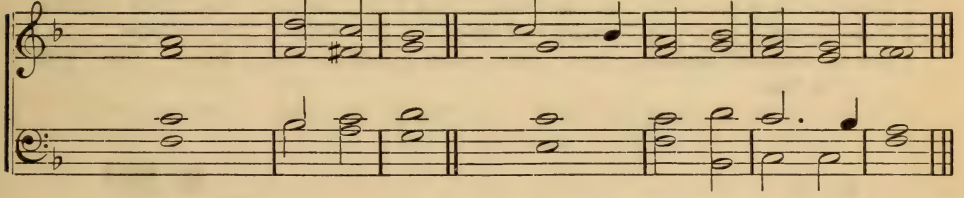
Glory be to the Father, and | to " the | Son, || and | to " the | Ho - ly | Ghost;

As it was in the beginning, is now, and | ev - er | shall be, || world without | end. — | A- — | men.

No. 12. H. 984

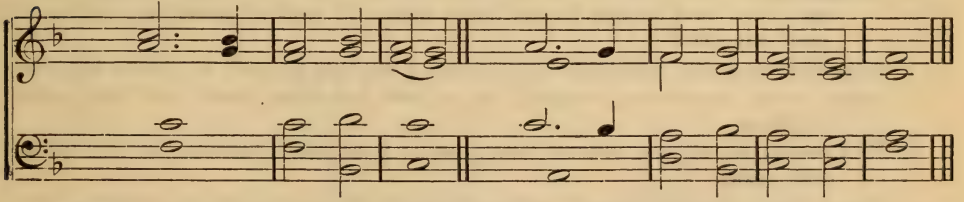


1 Oh, come, let us | sing " unto the | Lord; || let us heartily rejoice in the | strength " of | our " sal- | vation.
3 For the Lord is a | great — | God || and a great | King " a- | bove " all | gods.
5 The sea is his, | and " he | made it; || and his hands pre- | pared " the | dry — | land.
7 For he is the | Lord " our | God, || and we are the people of his pasture, and " the sheep " of his hand.



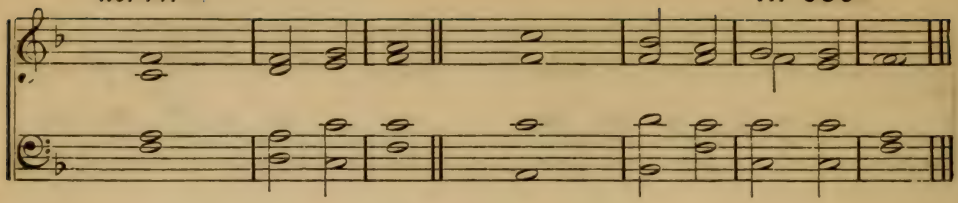
2 Let us come before his presence with | thanks- — | giving, || and show ourselves | glad " in | him " with | psalms.
4 In his hands are all the corners | of " the | earth, || and the strength of the | hills " is | his — | also.
6 Oh, come, let us worship | and " fall | down || and kneel be- | fore " the | Lord " our | Maker.
8 Oh, worship the Lord in the | beauty " of | holiness; || let the whole earth | stand " in | awe " of | him.
9 For he cometh, for he cometh to | judge " the earth, || and with righteousness to judge the world, and the | peo - ple | with " his | truth.

No. 13. H. 985



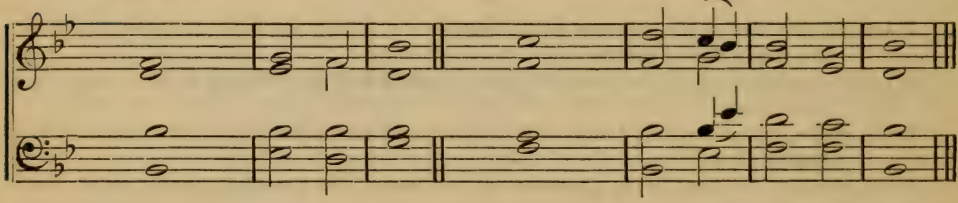
1 Come unto me, all ye that labor and are | heav - y | laden, || and | I " will | give " you rest.
2 Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me; for I am meek and | lowly " in | heart, || and ye shall find | rest — | unto " your | sou's.
3 For my yoke " is | easy || and | my — | burden " is | light.
Glory be to the Father, and | to " the | Son, || and | to " the | Ho - ly | Ghost;
As it was in the beginning, is now, and | ev - er | shall be, || world without end. — | A- — | men.

No. 14. H. 986



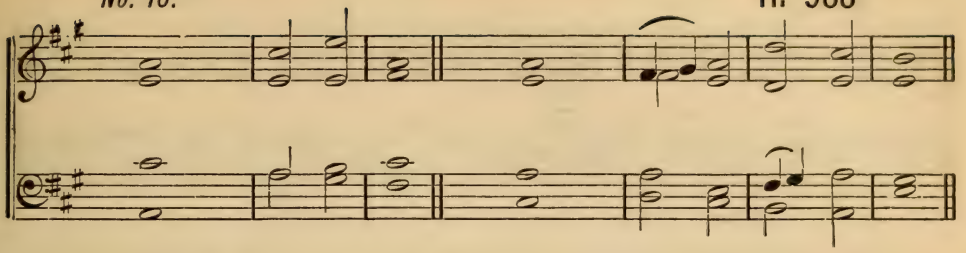
1 I WAS glad when they said | un - to me, || Let us go in- | to ·· the | house ·· of the | Lord.
2 Our feet shall stand with- | in ·· thy | gates, || O | — Je | ru - sa- | lem.
3 Jerusalem is builded | as ·· a city || that | is ·· com- | pact ·· to- | gether:
4 Whither the tribes go up, the | tribes ·· of the | Lord, || unto the testimony of Israel, to give thanks un- | to ·· the | name ·· of the | Lord.
5 For there are set | thrones ·· of | judgment, || the thrones | of ·· the | house ·· of | David.
6 Pray for the peace of Je- | ru - sa- | lem; || they shall | prosper ·· that | love — | thee.
7 Peace be with- | in ·· thy | walls || and prosperi- | ty ·· with-in ·· thy | palaces.
8 For my brethren and com- | pan - ions' | sakes || I will now say, | Peace — | be ·· with- | in thee.
9 Because of the house of the | Lord ·· our | God || I will | seek — | thy — | good.

No. 15. H. 987



1 How amiable are thy | tab - er- | nacles, || O | Lord — | of — | hosts!
2 My soul longeth, yea even fainteth, for the | courts ·· of the | Lord; || my heart and my flesh crieth out | for ·· the | liv - ing God.
3 Yea, the sparrow hath found her an house, and the swallow a nest for herself, where she may | lay ·· her | young, || even thine altars, O Lord of hosts! my | King — | and ·· my | God.
4 Blessed are they that | dwell in ·· thy | house; || they will be | still — | prais - ing | thee
5 Blessed is the man whose | strength ·· is in | thee, || in whose heart | are ·· the | ways · of | them,
6 Who passing through the valley of Baca | make ·· it a | well; || the rain | al - so | filleth · the | pools.
7 They go from | strength ·· to | strength; || every one of them in Zion ap- | peareth ·· be- | fore — | God.
8 O Lord God of hosts! | hear ·· my | prayer; || give ear, | O — | God ·· of | Jacob!
9 Behold, O | God ·· our | shield! || and look upon the | face ·· of | thine ·· an- | ointed.
10 For a day in thy courts is better | than ·· a | thousand; || I had rather be a doorkeeper in the house of my God than to dwell in the | tents ·· of | wick - ed-ness.
11 For the Lord God is a | sun ·· and | shield; || the Lord will give grace and glory; no good thing will he withhold from them ·· that | walk ·· up- | rightly.
12 O | Lord ·· of | hosts! || blessed is the | man ·· that | trusteth ·· in | thee.

No. 16. H. 988



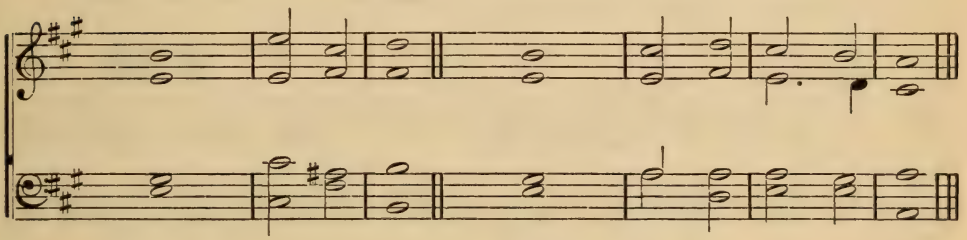
1 The earth is the Lord's, and the | fullness " there- | of, || the world, and | they " that | dwell " there- | in;

3 Who shall ascend into the hill | of " the | Lord? || or who shall stand | in " his | ho - ly | place?

5 He shall receive the blessing | from " the | Lord, || and righteousness from the | God " of | his sal- | vation.

7 Lift up your heads, O ye gates! and be ye lift up, ye ever- | last - ing | doors, || and the King of | glo - ry | shall " come | in.

9 Lift up your heads, O ye gates! even lift them up, ye ever- | last - ing | doors, || and the King of | glo - ry | shall " come | in.



2 For he hath founded it up- | on " the | seas || and established | it " up- | on " the | floods.

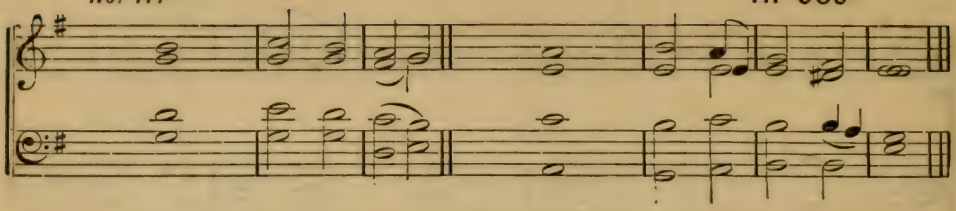
4 He that hath clean hands and a | pure — | heart, || who hath not lifted up his soul unto vanity, | nor — | sworn " de- | ceitfully.

6 This is the generation of them that | seek — | him, || that seek | thy — | face, " O | Jacob!

8 Who is this | King " of | glory? || The Lord, strong and mighty, the | Lord, | —mighty " in | battle.

10 Who is this | King " of | glory? || The Lord of hosts; | He " is the | King " of | glory.

No. 17. H. 989



1 HAVE mercy upon me, O God! according to thy | loving- | kindness: || according unto the multitude of thy tender mercies | blot out | my trans- | gressions. |

2 Wash me thoroughly from mine in- | iqui - | ty, || and | cleanse me — | from my | sin. ||

3 For I acknowledge | my trans- | gressions: || and my | sin is | ever ·· be- | fore me. ||

4 Against thee, thee only, have I sinned, and done this evil | in thy | sight: || that thou mightest be justified when thou speakest, and be | clear when thou | judg- | est. ||

5 Create in me a clean heart, O — | God! || and re- | new a right — | spirit ·· with- | in me. |

6 Cast me not away | from thy | presence; || and take not thy | Holy | Spirit | from me. ||

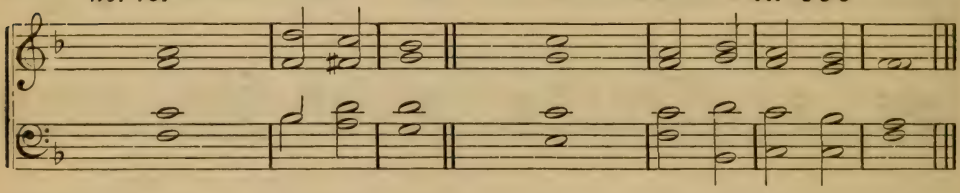
7 Restore unto me the joy of | thy sal- | vation; || and uphold me | with thy | free — | Spirit. ||

8 Then will I teach trans- | gressors ·· thy | ways; || and sinners shall be con- | verted | unto | thee. ||

9 Deliver me from blood-guiltiness, O God! thou God of | my sal- | vation: || and my tongue shall sing a- | loud of thy | righteous- | ness. ||

10 O Lord! open | thou my | lips; || and my | mouth shall show | forth thy | praise. ||

No. 18. H. 990



1 I WILL lift up mine eyes | un - to the | hills || from whence | com - eth | my — | help.

2 My help cometh | from ·· the | Lord || which | made — | heaven ·· and | earth.

3 He will not suffer thy | foot ·· to be | moved; || he that | keepeth ·· thee | will ·· not | slumber.

4 Behold, he that | keepeth | Israel || shall neither | slum - ber | nor — | sleep.

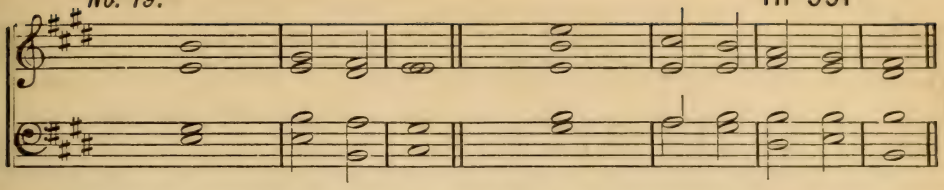
5 The Lord | is ·· thy | keeper; || the Lord is thy shade up- | on ·· thy | right — | hand.

6 The sun shall not | smite thee ·· by | day, || nor the | moon — | by — | night.

7 The Lord shall preserve thee from | all — | evil; || he | shall ·· pre- | serve ·· thy | soul.

8 The Lord shall preserve thy going out and thy | com - ing | in || from this time forth, and | even ·· for | ev - er- | more.

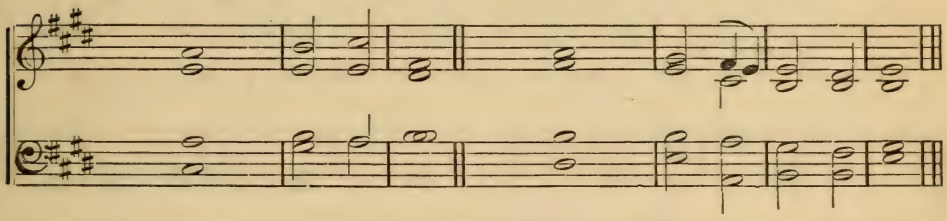
No. 19. H. 991



1 Blessed be the Lord God of | Is - ra- | el, || for he hath visited | and ·· re- | deemed ·· his | people;

3 As he spake by the mouth of his | ho - ly | prophets || which have been | since ·· the-- world ·· be- | gan;

5 Glory be to the Father, and | to ·· the | Son, || and | to ·· the | Ho - ly | Ghost;

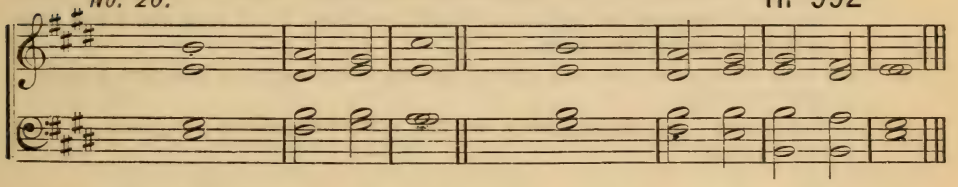


2 And hath raised up a mighty sal- | va - tion | for us | in the house | of ·· his | ser - vant || David;

4 That we should be saved | from ·· our | enemies || and from the | hand ·· of | all ·· that | hate us.

6 As it was in the beginning, is now, and | ev - er | shall be, || world without | end — | A- — | men.

No. 20. H. 992



1 God is our | refuge ·· and | strength, || a very | pres - ent | help ·· in | trouble.

2 Therefore will we not fear, though the | earth ·· be re- | moved, || and though the mountains be carried | into ·· the | midst ·· of the | sea;

3 Though the waters thereof roar | and ·· be | troubled, || though the mountains | shake ·· with the | swelling ·· there- | of.

4 There is a river the streams whereof shall make glad the | city ·· of | God, || the holy place of the tabernacles | of ·· the | Most — | High.

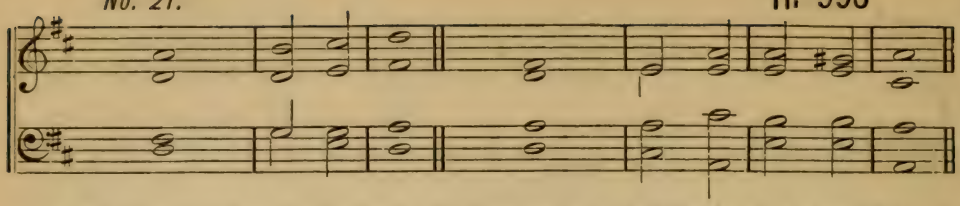
5 God is in the midst of her; she shall | not ·· be | moved; || God shall | help her, ·· and | that ·· right | early.

6 The Lord of | hosts ·· is | with us; || the God of | Ja - cob | is ·· our | refuge.

7 Be still, and know that | I ·· am | God; || I will be exalted among the heathen, I will be ex- | alt - ed | in ·· the | earth.

8 The Lord of | hosts ·· is | with us; || the God of | Ja - cob | is ·· our refuge.

No. 21. H. 993



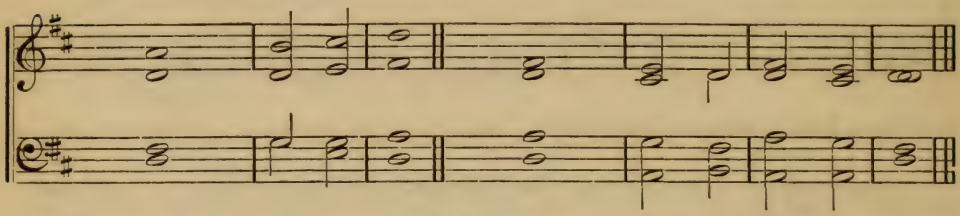
1 The Lord is my light and my salvation; whom | shall ·· I fear? || the Lord is the strength of my life; of whom | shall ·· I | be ·· a- | fraid?

3 One thing have I desired of the Lord, that will I | seek — | after,|| that I may dwell in the house of the Lord | all ·· the | days of ·· my | life,

5 For in the time of trouble he shall hide me in | his ·· pa- | vilion, || in the secret of his tabernacle shall he hide me; he shall set me | up ·· up - | on ·· a | rock.

7 Hear, O Lord! when I cry | with ·· my | voice; || have mercy also upon me, | and — | an - swer | me.

9 Hide not thy face | far — | from me; || put not thy | servant ·· a- | way ·· in anger.



2 Though a host should encamp against me, my heart | shall ·· not | fear; || though war should rise against me, in | this ·· will | I ·· be | confident.

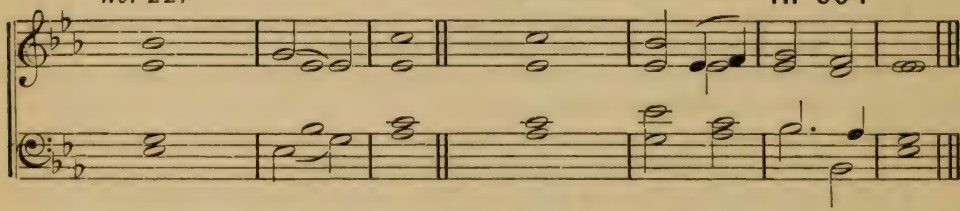
4 To behold the beauty | of ·· the | Lord || and to in- | quire — | in ·· his | temple.

6 And now shall my head be lifted up above mine enemies | round ·· a- | bout me; || therefore will I offer in his tabernacle sacrifices of joy; I will sing, yea I will sing | prais - es | unto ·· the | Lord.

8 When thou saidst, Seek | ye ·· my | face, || my heart said unto thee, Thy face, | Lord,— | will ·· I | seek.

10 Thou hast | been ·· my | help;—leave me not, neither forsake me, O | God ·· of | my ·· sal- | vation!

No. 22. H. 994



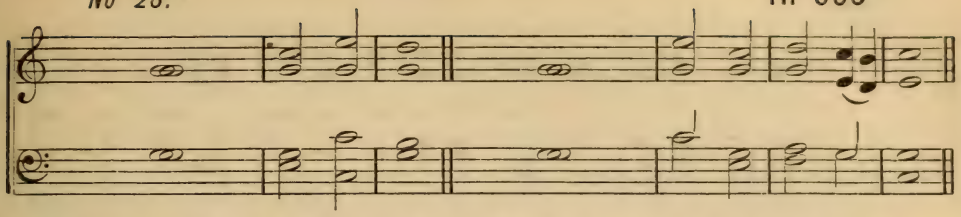
1 We have thought of thy loving-kindness, | O | God! || in the | midst | of thy | temple. ||

2 According to thy name, O God! so is thy praise unto the | ends of the | earth; || thy right hand is | full of | righteous- | ness. ||

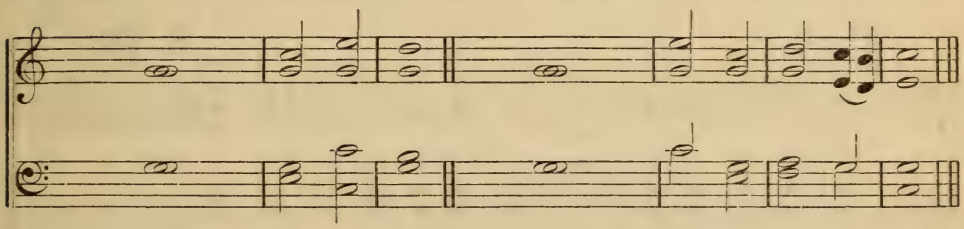
3 Great is the Lord, and greatly | to be | praised || in the city of our God, in the mountain | of his | holi- | ness. ||

4 Glory be to the Father, and | to ·· the | Son, || and | to ·· the | Ho - ly | Ghost, etc.

No 23. H. 995

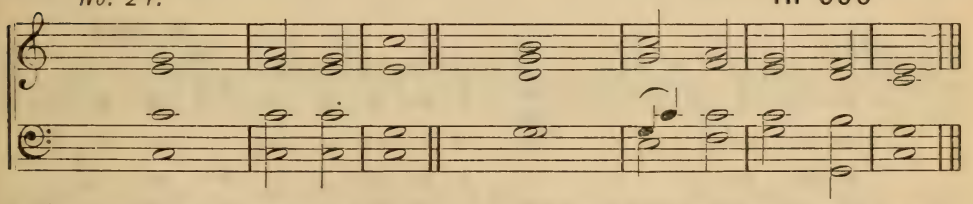


1 CHRIST our passover is | sacrificed | for us, || therefore | let us | keep the | feast;
3 Christ, being raised from the dead, | dieth no | more; || death hath no more do | minion | over | him.
5 Likewise reckon ye also yourselves to be dead indeed | unto | sin, || but alive unto God through | Jesus | Christ our | Lord.
7 For since by | man came | death, || by man came also the resur- | rection | of the | dead.
9 Glory be to the Father, | and to the Son, || and—to the | Holy | Ghost;



2 Not with the old leaven, neither with the leaven of | malice and | wickedness, || but with the unleavened bread of sin- | ceri- | ty and | truth.
4 For in that he died, he died unto | sin — | once, || but in that he liveth, he | liveth | unto | God.
6 Christ is risen | from the | dead || and become the first | fruits of | them that | slept.
8 For as in Adam | all — | die, || even so in Christ shall | all be | made a- | live.
10 As it was in the beginning, is now, and | ever shall be, || world | without | end. A- | men.

No. 24. H. 996



1 WITH tearful eyes I look around;
Life seems a dark and | stormy | sea;
Yet 'midst the gloom I hear a sound,
A heavenly | whisper, | Come to | me.

2 It tells me of a place of rest,
It tells me where my | soul may | flee;
Oh, to the weary, faint, opprest,
How sweet the | bidding, | Come to | me!

3 When nature shudders, loth to part
From all I love, en- | joy and | see,
When a faint chill steals o'er my heart,
A sweet voice | utters, | Come to | me.

4 Come, for all else must fail and die,
Earth is no resting- | place for | thee;
Heavenward direct thy weeping eye;
I am thy | portion; | come to | me.

5 O voice of mercy, voice of love!
In conflict, grief and | ago- | ny,
Support me, cheer me from above,
And gently | whisper, | Come to | me.

No. 25. H. 997

1st time.

Lord, have mer - cy up - on us, and in - cline our hearts to keep thy law.

2d time. slow. . . . . .

Lord, have mer-cy up - on us, and write all these thy laws in our hearts, we be - seech thee.

No. 26. H. 998

1st time.

Lord, have mer - cy up - on us, and in - cline our hearts to keep thy law.

2d time. slow. . . . . .

Lord, have mer-cy up - on us, and write all these thy laws in our hearts, we be - seech thee.

No. 27. H. 999

1st time.

Lord, have mer - cy up - on us, and in - cline our hearts to keep thy law.

2d time.

Lord, have mercy up - on us, and write all these thy laws in our hearts, we be - seech thee.

No. 28.—TE DEUM LAUDAMUS. H. 1000

Tempo ordinario.

We praise thee, O God we ac - know - ledge thee to be the Lord. All the earth doth

wor - ship thee, the Fa - ther ev - er - last - ing. To thee all an - gels cry a - loud, the

heav'ns and all the pow'rs there-in. To thee cher - u - bim and ser - a - phim con-tin - ual - ly do

f *p* *f*

cry, Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, Lord God of Sa - ba - oth! Heav'n and earth are

full of the ma - jes - ty of thy glo - - ry. DUO. The glo - rious com-pa - ny

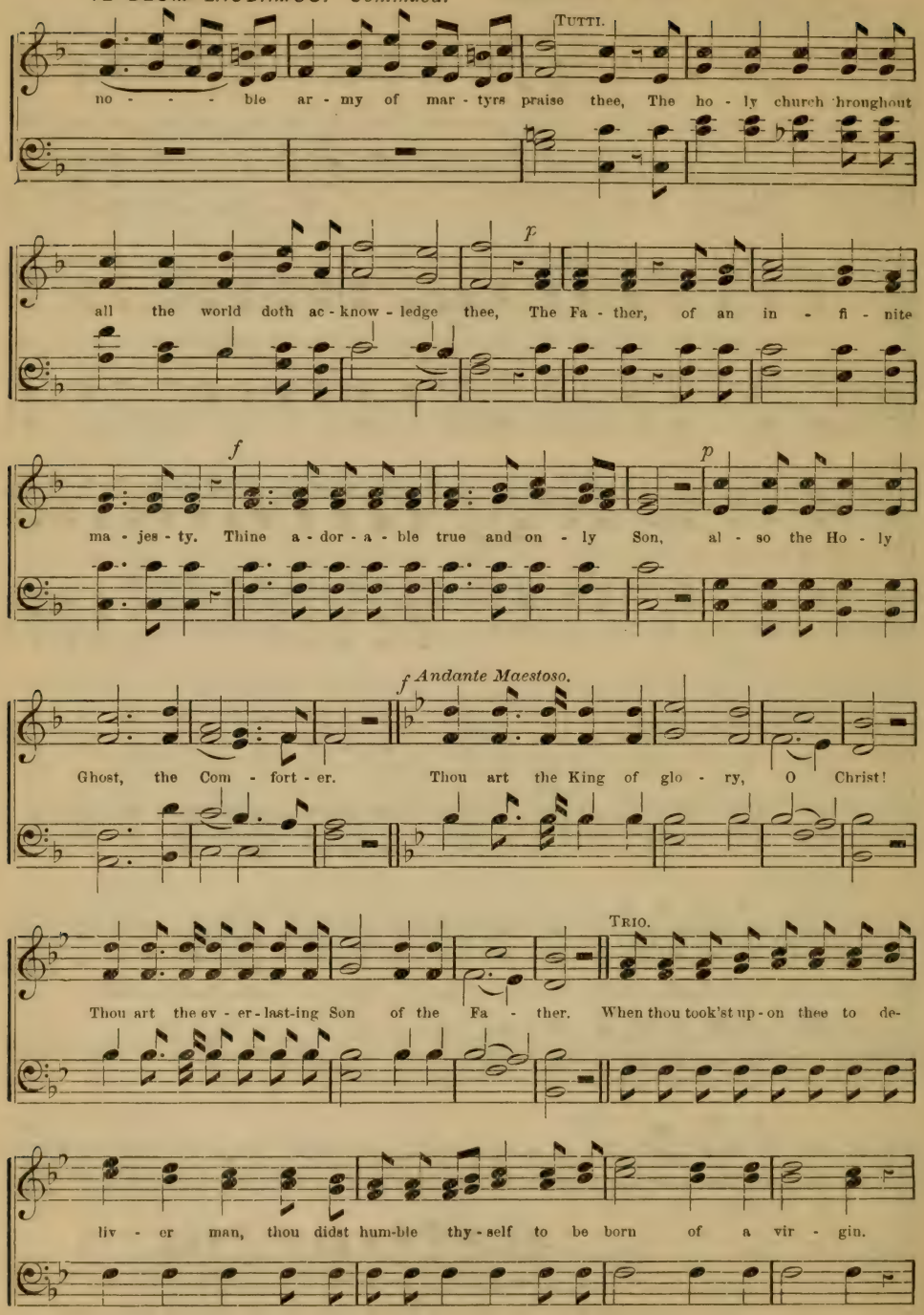
TUTTI. TUTTI. DUO.

of th' a - pos - tles praise thee. praise thee, The

DUO.

praise thee, The good - ly fel-low - ship of the prophets praise thee,

TE DEUM LAUDAMUS.—Continued.



TE DEUM LAUDAMUS.—Continued.

QUARTETTE.

When thou hadst o - ver-come the sharpness of death, thou didst o - pen the king - dom of

f TUTTI.

heav'n to all be - lie - vers. Thou sit - test at the right hand of God, in the

p TRIO.

glo - ry of the Fa - ther. We be - lieve that thou shalt come to be our Judge;

We there-fore pray thee help thy ser - vants, whom thou hast re - deem - ed with thy

pre-cious blood. Make them to be number'd with thy saints in glo - ry ev - er - last - ing.

p TUTTI.

O Lord! save thy peo - ple, and bless thine her - i - tage. Gov - ern them and

TE DEUM LAUDAMUS.—Concluded.

f

lift them up for ev - er. Day by day we mag - ni - fy thee, and we

Largo.

p

worship thy name ev - er, world without end. Vouch - safe, O Lord! to keep us this day with-

out sin. O Lord! have mer - cy up - on us, have mer - cy up - on us.

Tempo 1mo.

p

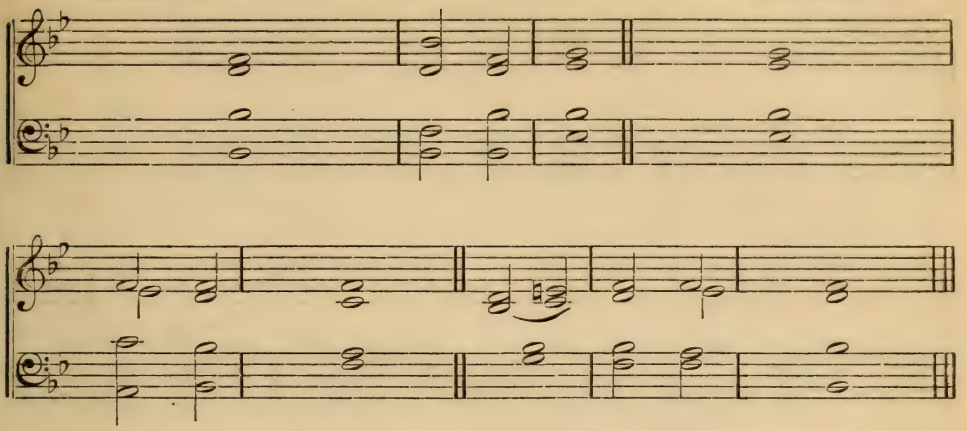
O Lord! let thy mer - cy be up - on us, as our trust, our

f

trust is in thee. O Lord! in thee, in thee have I trust - ed; let me

nev - er, let me nev er be con - - - found - - - ed.

No. 29. H. 1001



1 From the recesses of a lowly spirit
Our humble prayer ascends. O | Fa ·· ther! | hear it; ||
Borne on the trembling wings of | fear ·· and | meekness, ||
For- | give ·· its | weakness.

2 We know, we feel, how mean and how unworthy
The lowly sacrifice we | pour ·· be- | fore thee;— ||
What can we offer thee,—O | thou ·· most | holy!— ||
But | sin ·· and | folly?

3 Lord! in thy sight, who every bosom viewest,
Cold in our warmest vows, and | vain our | truest; ||
Thoughts of a hurrying hour—our | lips re- | peat them— ||
Our | hearts ·· for- || get them.

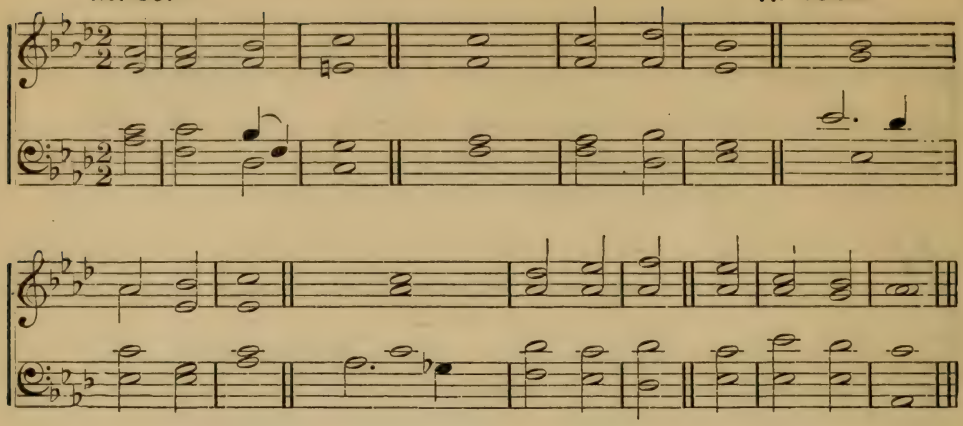
4 We see thy hand—it leads us, it supports us:—
We hear thy voice—it | counsels ·· and it | courts us:— ||
And then we turn away!—yet | still ·· thy | kindness ||
For- | gives ·· our | blindness.

5 Who can resist thy gentle call,—appealing
To every generous thought and | grateful | feeling?— ||
Oh, who can hear the accents | of ·· thy | mercy, ||
And | nev ·· er | love thee?

6 Kind Benefactor! plant within this bosom
The | seeds ·· of | holiness,— || and let them blossom
In fragrance,—and in beauty | bright ·· and | vernal,— ||
And | spring ·· e- | ternal.

7 Then place them in those everlasting gardens
Where angels walk—and | seraphs ·· are the | wardens;— ||
Where every flower, brought safe through | death's ·· dark—portal, ||
Be- | comes ·· im- | mortal.

No. 30. H. 1002



1 Come, labor on;
Who dares stand idle on the | harvest plain,
While all around him waves the | golden grain,
And every servant hears the | Master say,
"Go, work to-day"?

2 Come, labor on;
The laborers are few, the | field is wide;
New stations must be filled, and | blanks supplied;
From voices distant far or | near at home
The call is "Come."

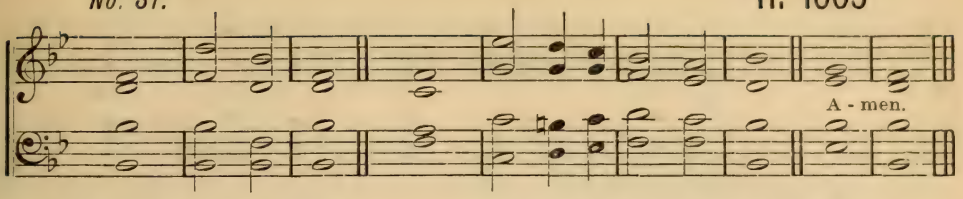
3 Come, labor on;
The enemy is watching, | night and day,
To sow the tares, to snatch the | seed away;
While we in sleep our duty | have forgot,
He slumbered not.

4 Come, labor on;
Away with gloomy doubt and | faithless fear!
No arm so weak but may do | service here;
By feeblest agents can our | God fulfill
His righteous will.

5 Come, labor on;
No time for rest till glows the | western sky,
While the long shadows o'er our | pathway lie,
And a glad sound comes with the | setting sun,
"Servants, well done!"

6 Come, labor on;
The toil is pleasant, the re- | ward is sure:
Blessed are those who to the | end endure;
How full their joy, how deep their | rest shall be,
O Lord! with thee!

No. 31. H. 1003



1 One sweetly solemn thought
Comes to me | o'er and | o'er: ||
I'm nearer my home to-day
Than I | ever have | been be- | fore; ||

2 Nearer my Father's house,
Where the many | mansions | be; ||
Nearer the great white throne,
| Nearer the | crystal | sea; ||

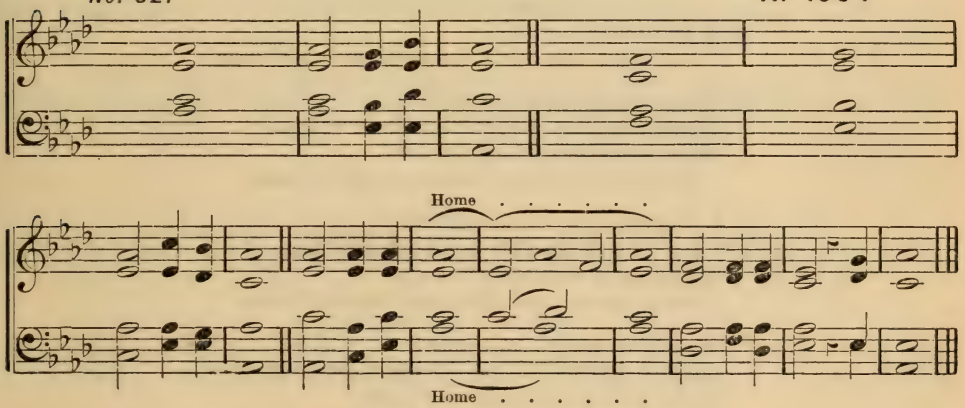
3 Nearer the bound of life,
Where we lay our | burdens | down; ||
Nearer leaving the cross,
| Nearer | gaining the | crown. ||

4 But the waves of that silent sea
Roll dark be- | fore my | sight, ||
That brightly the other side
| Break on a | shore of | light. ||

5 Oh, if my mortal feet
Have almost | gained the | brink, ||
If it be I am nearer home
| Even to- | day than I | think, ||

6 Father! perfect my trust,
Let my spirit | feel in | death ||
That her feet are firmly set
On the | Rock of a | living | faith. ||

No. 32. H. 1004



1 Beyond the smiling and the weeping |
I shall be soon; ||
Beyond the waking and the sleeping, |
Beyond the sowing and the reaping, |
I shall be soon. ||
Love, rest and home! Sweet home!
Lord! tarry not, but come.

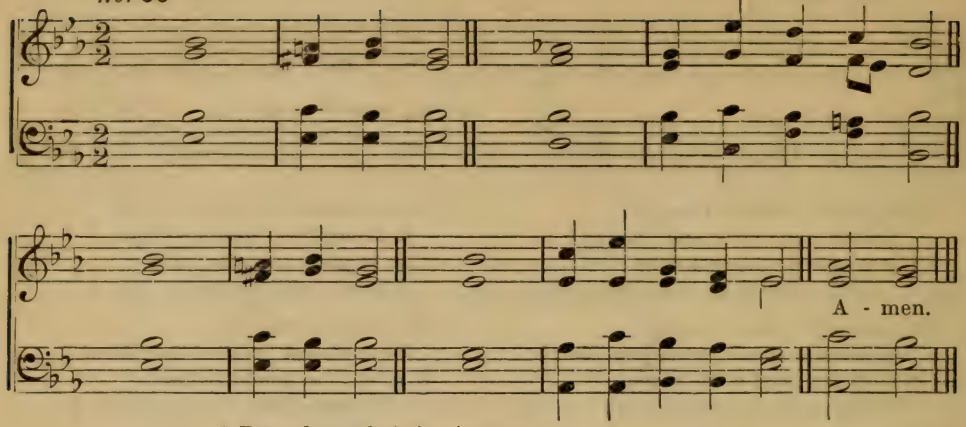
2 Beyond the blooming and the fading |
I shall be soon; ||
Beyond the shining and the shading, |
Beyond the hoping and the dreading, |
I shall be soon;
Love, rest and home! Sweet home!
Lord! tarry not, but come.

3 Beyond the parting and the meeting |
I shall be soon; ||
Beyond the farewell and the greeting, |
Beyond the pulse's fever beating, |
I shall be soon; ||
Love, rest and home! Sweet home!
Lord! tarry not, but come.

4 Beyond the frost-chain and the fever |
I shall be soon; ||
Beyond the rock-waste and the river, |
Beyond the ever and the never, |
I shall be soon. ||
Love, rest and home! Sweet home!
Lord! tarry not, but come.

No. 33

H. 1005



1 Birds have their | quiet nest,
Foxes their holes, and | man his peaceful bed;
All creatures | have their rest;
But Jesus had not | where to lay his head.

2 And yet he | came to give
The weary and the | heavy laden rest,
To bid the | sinner live,
And soothe our griefs to | slumber on his breast.

3 What, then, am | I, my God,
Permitted thus the | path of peace to tread?
Peace, purchased | by the blood
Of him who had not | where to lay his head!

4 I, who once | made him grieve,
I, who once bid his | gentle spirit mourn,
Whose hand es- | sayed to weave
For his meek brow the | cruel crown of thorn!

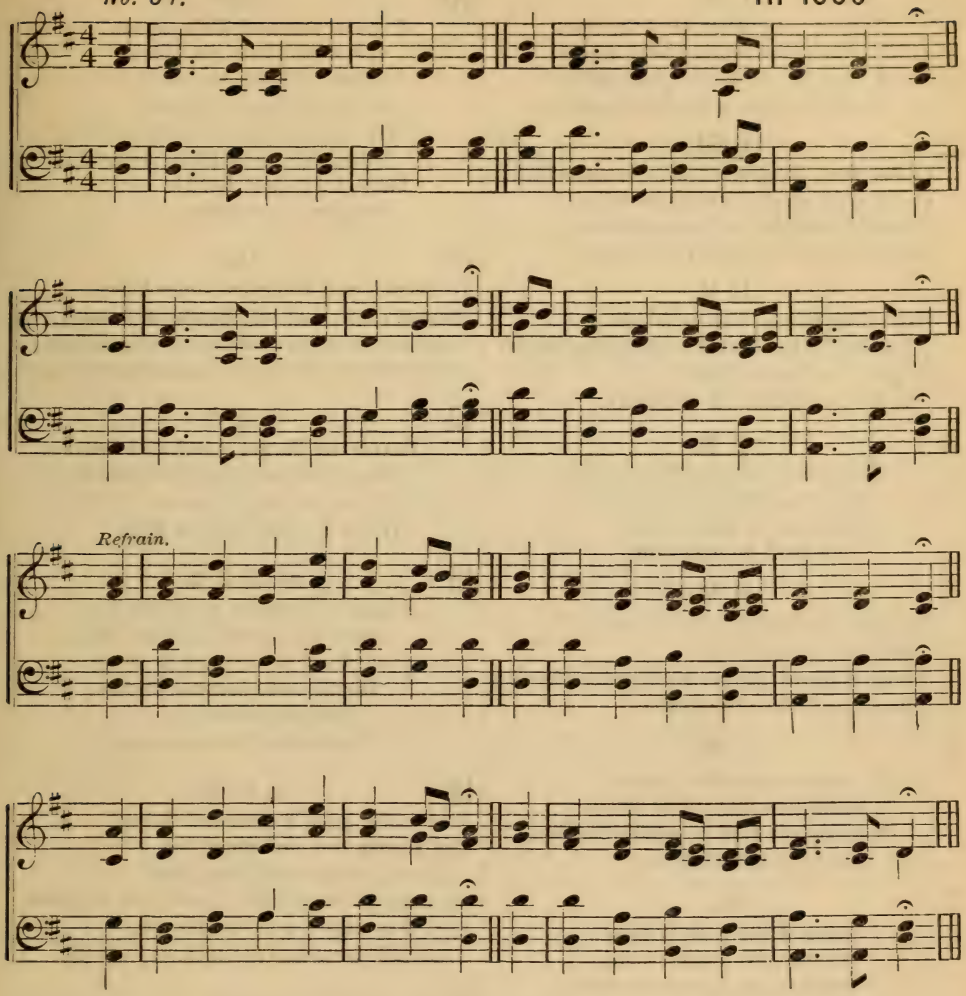
5 Oh, why should | I have peace?
Why? but for that un- | changed, undying love
Which would not, | could not cease,
Until it made me | heir of joys above?

6 Yes; but for | pardoning grace,
I feel I never | should in glory see
The brightness | of that face
That once was pale and | agonized for me.

7 Let the birds | seek their nest,
Foxes their holes, and | man his peaceful bed;
Come, Saviour, | in my breast
Deign to repose thine | oft-rejected head.

8 Come, give me | rest, and take
The only rest on | earth thou lov'st, within
A heart that | for thy sake
Lies bleeding, broken, | penitent for sin.

No. 34. H. 1006



1 He leadeth me! oh, blessed thought,
Oh, words with heavenly comfort fraught!
Whate'er I do, where'er I be,
Still 't is God's hand that leadeth me.

Refrain.

He leadeth me, he leadeth me;
By his own hand he leadeth me;
His faithful foll'wer I would be,
For by his hand he leadeth me.

2 Sometimes 'mid scenes of deepest gloom,
Sometimes where Eden's bowers bloom,
By waters still, o'er troubled sea,—
Still 't is his hand that leadeth me!
He leadeth me, etc.

3 Lord! I would clasp thy hand in mine,
Nor ever murmur nor repine,
Content, whatever lot I see,
Since 't is my God that leadeth me.
He leadeth me, etc.

4 And when my task on earth is done,
When by thy grace the victory's won,
E'en death's cold wave I will not flee,
Since God through Jordan leadeth me.
He leadeth me, etc.

1 L. M.

To God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, three in one,
Be honor, praise and glory given
By all on earth and all in heaven.

2 L. M.

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow;
Praise him, all creatures here below;
Praise him above, ye heavenly host;
Praise Father, Son and Holy Ghost.

3 L. M.

To Father, Son and Holy Ghost,
The God whom earth and heaven adore,
Be glory as it was of old,
Is now, and shall be evermore.

4 C. M.

To Father, Son and Holy Ghost,
One God whom we adore,
Be glory as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore.

5 C. M.

Let God the Father and the Son
And Spirit be adored
Where there are works to make him known
Or saints to love the Lord.

6 S. M.

Ye angels round the throne,
And saints that dwell below,
Worship the Father, praise the Son,
And bless the Spirit too.

7 7s.

Holy Father, Holy Son,
Holy Spirit, three in one,
Praise and glory be to thee
Now and through eternity.

8 7s.

Sing we to our God above
Praise eternal as his love;
Praise him, all ye heavenly host,
Father, Son and Holy Ghost.

9 7s, 6 lines.

Praise the name of God most high,
Praise him, all below the sky,
Praise him, all ye heavenly host,
Father, Son and Holy Ghost;
As through countless ages past,
Evermore his praise shall last.

10 7s & 6s.

Father, Son and Holy Ghost,
One God whom we adore,
Join we with the heavenly host
To praise thee evermore;
Live, by heaven and earth adored,
Three in one and one in three,
Holy, holy, holy Lord!
All glory be to thee.

11 10s.

To Father, Son and Spirit, ever blest,
Eternal praise and worship be addressed;
From age to age, ye saints, his name adore,
And spread his fame till time shall be no more.

12 8s & 7s.

Praise the Father, earth and heaven,
Praise the Son, the Spirit praise;
As it was, and is, be given
Glory through eternal days.

13 8s, 7s & 4s.

Great Jehovah! we adore thee,
God the Father, God the Son,
God the Spirit, joined in glory
On the same eternal throne;
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14 L. P. M.

Now to the great and sacred three,
The Father, Son and Spirit, be
Eternal praise and glory given
Through all the worlds where God is known,
By all the angels near the throne,
And all the saints in earth and heaven.

15 H. M.

To God the Father, Son
And Spirit, ever blest,
Eternal three in one,
All worship be addrest;

As heretofore	And shall be so
It was, is now,	For evermore.

16 11s.

O Father almighty! to thee be addressed,
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249 Jesus! I love thy charming.....*P. Doddridge.*
625 Jesus, immortal King! arise..*A. C. H. Seymour.*
317 Jesus! I my cross have taken .....*H. F. Lyte.*
678 Jesus is gone above the skies.....*I. Watts.*
287 Jesus, Jesus! visit me.....(*tr.*) *R. P. Dunn.*
302 Jesus, Lamb of God! for me .....*Ray Palmer.*
329 Jesus! let thy pitying eye.....*Chas. Wesley.*
305 Jesus! lover of my soul.....*Chas. Wesley.*
692 Jesus, Master! hear me now.....
307 Jesus! merciful and mild.....*Thos. Hastings.*
184 Jesus my al to heaven is gone..*John Cennick.*
230 Jesus, my Saviour! bind me fast...*B. Beddome.*
180 Jesus! my Strength, my Hope.....*Chas. Wesley.*
169 Jesus! our hope, our heart's desire.....*H. A. M.*
600 Jesus, our Lord! how rich.....*P. Doddridge.*
298 Jesus! save my dying soul.....*Thos. Hastings.*
175 Jesus shall reign where'er the sun.....*I. Watts.*
343 Jesus! still lead on.....(*tr.*) *Jane Borthwick.*
231 Jesus! these eyes have never seen..*Ray Palmer.*
181 Jesus! the Shepherd of the sheep.....*T. Kelly.*
182 Jesus, the sinner's friend! to thee .....*C. Wesley.*
201 Jesus, the spring of joys divine...*Miss A. Steele.*
232 Jesus! the very thought.*Bernard*(*tr.*)*E. Caswall.*
252 Jesus! thou art my righteousness.....*C. Wesley.*
190 Jesus! thou art the sinner's.....*R. Burnham.*
676 Jesus, thou joy of....*Bernard* (*tr.*) *Ray Palmer.*
133 Jesus! thy blood and.....(*tr.*) *John Wesley.*
195 Jesus! thy boundless love to me..(*tr.*) *J. Wesley.*
617 Jesus! thy church with..... *W. H. Bathurst.*
328 Jesus! thy name I love .....*J. G. Deck.*
62 Jesus! who knows full well.....*John Newton.*
680 Jesus! with all thy saints above.....*I. Watts.*
110 Join all the glorious names.....*I. Watts.*

HYMN

98 Joy to the world, the Lord is come.....*I. Watts.*
860 Just are thy ways and true thy worth..*I. Watts.*
192 Just as I am, without one plea..*Miss C. Elliott.*

372 KEEP silence, all created things.....*I. Watts.*
351 Kingdoms and thrones to God.....*Isaac Watts.*
293 King of kings! and wilt... *Wm. A. Muhlenberg.*

606 LABORERS of Christ! arise.....*L. H. Sigourney*
689 Lamb of God! whose bleeding love..*C. Wesley.*
541 Laden with guilt and full of fears .....*I. Watts*
930 Lead, kindly light.....*J. H. Newman.*
373 Let children hear the mighty deeds....*I. Watts.*
543 Let everlasting glories crown .....*I. Watts.*
214 Let me but hear my Saviour say.....*I. Watts.*
445 Let sinners take their course.....*I. Watts.*
43 Let them neglect thy glory, Lord.....*I. Watts.*
18 Let us with a gladsome mind.....*John Milton.*
247 Let worldly minds the world pursue..*J. Newton*
825 Let Zion praise the mighty God.....
589 Let Zion's watchmen all awake ..*P. Doddridge.*
552 Life is the time to serve the Lord.....*I. Watts.*
80 Light of life! seraphic fire.....*Chas. Wesley.*
699 Light of light! enlighten...(*tr.*) *C. Winckworth.*
627 Light of the lonely pilgrim's....*Sir Ed. Denny.*
319 Light of those whose dreary dwelling..*C. Wesley.*
564 Like Noah's weary dove... *Wm. A. Muhlenberg.*
135 Like sheep we went astray.....*Isaac Watts.*
582 Lo! God is here, let us adore.....*Chas. Wesley.*
725 Lo! he comes with clouds.....*Chas. Wesley.*
483 Lo! on a narrow neck of land....*Chas. Wesley*
236 Lord! as to thy dear cross .....*John H. Gurney.*
966 Lord! at this closing hour.....*Eleazar T. Fitch.*
86 Lord! dismiss us with thy.....*Walter Shirley.*
464 Lord! for ever at thy side.....*Jas. Montgomery.*
494 Lord God the Holy Ghost.....*Jas. Montgomery.*
997 Lord! have mercy upon us .....
998 Lord! have mercy upon us .....
999 Lord! have mercy upon us .....
211 Lord! I am thine, entirely .....*Saml. Davies.*
467 Lord! I cannot let thee go .....*John Newton.*
537 Lord! I have made thy word my.....*I. Watts.*
496 Lord! I hear of showers of.....*Miss E. Codner.*
318 Lord! I know thy grace is nigh...*H. D. Ganse.*
41 Lord! in the morning thou.....*Isaac Watts.*
279 Lord! in this thy mercy's .....*I. Williams.*
121 Lord! in thy temple we appear ..... *Williams.*
235 Lord! it belongs not to my care..*Richd. Baxter.*
385 Lord! I will bless thee all my days...*I. Watts.*
245 Lord Jesus! are we one with thee. .*J. G. Deck.*
983 Lord! now lettest thou.....*Luke ii.* 29–32.
353 Lord of all being! throned afar..*O. W. Holmes.*
81 Lord of hosts! how lovely fair...*Danl. Turner.*
892 Lord of my life! oh, may thy.....*Miss A. Steele.*
916 Lord of my life! whose tender care..*"Chelsea."*

HYMN
584 Lord of the gospel harvest! send.....
886 Lord of the harvest! bend thine...*T. Hastings.*
821 Lord of the harvest! thee we.....*J. H. Gurney.*
703 Lord of the Sabbath! hear our...*P. Doddridge.*
579 Lord of the worlds above.....*Isaac Watts.*
586 Lord! pour thy Spirit from on..*J. Montgomery.*
193 Lord! take my heart and let..(*tr.*) *John Wesley.*
65 Lord! teach us how to pray...*Jas. Montgomery.*
836 Lord! thou hast scourged our guilty ..*I. Watts.*
354 Lord! thou hast searched and seen me..*I. Watts.*
908 Lord! thou wilt hear me when I pray..*I. Watts.*
59 Lord! we come before thee.....*Wm. Hammond.*
697 Lord! when before thy throne we meet.....
521 Lord! when I all things would...*Thos. H. Gill.*
430 Lord! when my raptured .....*Miss A. Steele.*
176 Lord! when thou didst ascend.....*Isaac Watts.*
78 Lord! when we bend before thy..*J. D. Carlyle.*
835 Lord! while for all mankind..*John R. Wreford.*
881 Lord! with glowing heart.....*Francis S. Key.*
917 Lo! the day of rest declineth .....*Robbins.*
314 Love divine, all loves excelling...*Chas. Wesley.*
780 Lo! what a glorious sight appears.....*I. Watts.*

124 MAJESTIC sweetness sits.....*Saml. Stennett.*
982 Make a joyful noise unto the Lord.....*Psalm c.*
173 Mighty God! while angels.....*Robt. Robinson.*
459 Mine eyes and my desire .....*Isaac Watts.*
333 More love to thee, O Christ..*Mrs. E. P. Prentiss.*
157 Morning breaks upon the tomb..*Wm. B. Collyer.*
525 Most ancient of all mysteries...*Fred. W. Faber.*
223 Must Jesus bear the cross alone.....*G. N. Allen.*
791 My days are gliding swiftly by...*David Nelson.*
216 My dear Redeemer and my Lord...*Isaac Watts.*
335 My faith looks up to thee.....*Ray Palmer.*
24 My God! accept my early vows.....*Isaac Watts.*
687 My God! accept my heart.....*Matthew Bridges.*
673 My God! and is thy table.....*Philip Doddridge.*
900 My God! how endless is thy.....*Isaac Watts.*
417 My God! how wonderful thou art..*F. W. Faber.*
399 My God! I leave to thee my ways...*Neumarck.*
244 My God! I love thee, not .....*Francis Xavier.*
854 My God! is any hour so sweet....*Miss C. Elliot.*
416 My God, my Father! blissful.....*Miss A. Steele.*
482 My God, my Father! while I.....*Miss C. Elliot.*
30 My God, my King! thy various.....*Isaac Watts.*
450 My God, my life, my love.....*Isaac Watts.*
391 My God! permit me not to be.....*Isaac Watts.*
455 My God! permit my tongue.....*Isaac Watts.*
434 My God! the covenant of thy..*Philip Doddridge.*
241 My God! the spring of all my joys.....*I. Watts.*
422 My God! thy service well.....*P. Doddridge.*
427 My God! 't is to thy mercy-seat ..*Miss A. Steele.*
738 My God! to thee I now commend .....*Hiller.*
209 My gracious Lord! I own thy.....*P. Doddridge.*
801 My gracious Redeemer I love.....*Benj. Francis.*

HYMN
811 My Helper, God, I bless his name..*P. Doddridge.*
312 My Jesus! as thou wilt .....*Benj. Schmolke.*
700 My opening eyes with rapture see.. ...*Hutton.*
47 My Saviour, my almighty Friend .....*I. Watts.*
511 My soul, be on thy guard.....*Geo. Heath.*
572 My soul, how lovely is the place.....*I. Watts.*
49 My soul, repeat his praise.....*Isaac Watts*
264 My spirit on thy care.....*Henry F. Lyte.*
401 My spirit sinks within me, Lord .....*I. Watts*
778 My thoughts surmount these lower.....*I. Watts.*
814 My times are in thy hand..... *Wm. F. Lloyd.*

677 NATURE with open volume stands.....*I. Watts.*
474 Nearer, my God! to thee.....*Mrs. S. F. Adams.*
889 New every morning is the love .....*John Keble.*
387 No change of time shall ever.....*Tate & Brady.*
390 No more, my God! I boast no more....*I Watts.*
876 No, not despairingly.....*Temple Ch. Chorals.*
134 Not all the blood of beasts.....*Isaac Watts.*
696 Not worthy, Lord! to gather...*Ed. Bickersteth.*
207 Not yet, ye people of his choice..*Thos. H. Gill.*
88 Now begin the heavenly theme .....*M. Madan.*
27 Now be my heart inspired to sing.....*I. Watts.*
644 Now be the gospel banner..... *Thos. Hastings.*
921 Now from labor and from care..*Thos. Hastings.*
909 Now from the altar of our hearts..*John Mason.*
929 Now God be with us, for...*Miss C. Winckworth.*
208 Now I resolve with all .....*Miss A. Steele.*
878 Now is the accepted time.....*John Dobell.*
164 Now let our cheerful eyes survey..*P. Doddridge.*
13 Now let our songs arise ..... *Wm. Goode.*
771 Now let our souls on wings sublime..*T. Gibbons.*
691 Now may he who from the dead..*John Newton.*
66 Now may the God of power and grace..*I. Watts.*
865 Now shall my solemn vows be paid....*I. Watts.*
820 Now thank we...*M. Reukart, tr. C. Winckworth.*
28 Now to the Lord a noble song.....*Isaac Watts.*

690 O BREAD to pilgrims given...(*tr.*) *Ray Palmer.*
105 O Christ! our true and.....(*tr.*) *C. Winckworth.*
721 O day of rest and gladness....*Chr. Wordsworth.*
356 O dreadful glory, that doth make ...*T. H. Gill.*
650 O'er the gloomy hills of darkness. *Wm. Williams.*
932 O faith! thou workest miracles....*F. W. Faber.*
228 O Fount of good! to own thy.....*P. Doddridge.*
500 Oft in danger, oft in woe.....*Henry K. White.*
884 O God! beneath thy guiding...*Leonard Bacon.*
895 O God, my gracious God! to thee..*Ang. Psalter.*
665 O God of Abraham! hear..... *Thos. Hastings*
441 O God of Bethel! by whose.....*P. Doddridge*
526 O God of life, whose power benign .....*Russell.*
403 O God of mercy! hear my call.....*I. Watts.*
632 O God of sovereign grace.....*Melrose.*
381 O God! thou art my God alone..*J. Montgomery.*
731 O God! thy grace and blessing give .....

HYMN

375 O God! we praise thee and confess.....*Patrick.*
772 O happy saints who dwell in light..*J. Berridge.*
52 Oh, bless the Lord, my soul.....*Isaac Watts.*
63 Oh, blessed souls are they.....*Isaac Watts.*
564 Oh, cease, my wandering....*W. A. Muhlenberg.*
111 Oh, come, all ye faithful.....(*tr.*) *Edw. Caswall.*
132 Oh, come and mourn with me..*Fred. W. Faber.*
984 Oh, come, let us sing unto the Lord..*Psalm xcv.*
419 Oh, could I find from day.....*Benj. Cleveland.*
90 Oh, could I speak the matchless..*Saml. Medley.*
777 Oh, could our thoughts and.....*Miss A. Steele.*
426 Oh, for a closer walk with God...*Wm. Cowper.*
739 Oh, for a faith that will not..*Wm. H. Bathurst.*
522 Oh, for a heart of calm repose.....
410 Oh, for a heart to praise my God...*Chas. Wesley.*
741 Oh, for an overcoming faith.....*Isaac Watts.*
33 Oh, for a thousand tongues to.....*Chas. Wesley.*
770 Oh, for a sweet, inspiring ray.....*Miss A. Steele.*
222 Oh, for that tenderness of heart..*Chas. Wesley.*
754 Oh, for the death of those.....*Jas. Montgomery.*
411 Oh, greatly blest the people are...*U. P. Psalter.*
210 Oh, happy day that fixed my.....*P. Doddridge.*
185 O Holy Saviour, Friend unseen..*Miss C. Elliot.*
493 O Holy Spirit! come, and.....*Oswald Allen.*
538 Oh, how I love thy holy law.....*Isaac Watts.*
218 Oh, may my heart, by grace.....*John Fawcett.*
974 Oh, sing unto the Lord a new.....*Psalm xcviii.*
601 Oh, still in accents sweet...*Henry W. Longfellow.*
204 Oh, that I could for ever dwell...*Andrew Reed.*
260 Oh, that I could repent.....*Chas. Wesley.*
196 Oh, that my load of sin were gone..*Chas. Wesley.*
415 Oh, that the Lord would guide.....*Isaac Watts.*
534 Oh, that thy statutes every hour...*Isaac Watts.*
277 Oh, what if we are Christ's...*Henry W. Baker.*
569 Oh, where are kings and empires....*A. C. Coxe.*
767 Oh, where shall rest be found..*Jas. Montgomery.*
362 Oh, worship the King, all glorious..*Robt. Grant.*
610 O Israel! to thy tents repair.....*Thos. Kelly.*
256 O Jesus Christ! if aught there be.....*H. A. M.*
258 O Jesus, Jesus, dearest Lord...*Fred. W. Faber.*
251 O Jesus, King most wonderful..(*tr.*) *E. Caswall.*
888 O Jesus, Lord of heavenly..(*tr.*) *John Chandler.*
191 O Jesus, Saviour of the lost...*Edw. Bickersteth.*
250 O Jesus! thou the beauty art..(*tr.*) *Edw. Caswall.*
911 O Lord! another day is flown...*H. Kirk White.*
959 O Lord! be with us when we.....*David Nelson.*
382 O Lord! how full of sweet...*Madam J. Guyon.*
243 O Lord! I would delight in thee..*John Ryland.*
425 O Lord! my best desires fulfill....*Wm. Cowper.*
128 O Lord of health and life! what...*G. Phillimore.*
570 O Lord of hosts! how lovely is.....*U. P. Psalter.*
955 O Lord of hosts! whose glory...*John M. Neale.*
628 O Lord, our God! arise.....*Ralph Wardlaw.*
497 O Lord! thy heavenly grace.....*J. F. Oberlin.*
604 O Lord! thy work revive....*Mrs. P. H. Brown.*

HYMN

278 O Love divine! how sweet.....*Chas. Wesley.*
186 O love divine! that stooped..*Oliver W. Holmes.*
784, 971 O mother dear, Jerusalem..*David Dickson.*
785 O my sweet home, Jerusalem. .....*Quarles.*
891 Once more, my soul, the rising day...*I. Watts.*
592 One sole baptismal sign.....*Geo. Robinson.*
1003 One sweetly solemn thought.....*Miss P. Cary*
320 One there is above all others.....*John Newton.*
783, 970 On Jordan's stormy banks..*Saml. Stennett.*
648 On the mountain's top appearing..*Thos. Kelly.*
722 On this day, the first of..(*tr.*) *Henry W. Baker.*
768 O paradise, O paradise.....*Fred. W. Faber.*
149 O sacred Head! now..(*tr.*) *Jas. W. Alexander.*
152 O Saviour! who for man.....*Chas. Coffin.*
616 O Spirit of the living God....*Jas. Montgomery.*
236 O thou from whom all goodness..*Thos. Haweis.*
939 O thou in whose presence.....*Jos. Swain.*
367 O thou, my soul, bless God the..*U. P. Psalter.*
859 O thou that hearest prayer. .....*John Burton.*
281 O thou that hearest the..... .*Aug. M. Toplady.*
395 O thou that hearest when sinners cry..*I. Watts.*
187 O thou, the contrite sinner's.....*Miss C. Elliot.*
188 O thou to whose all-searching.(*tr.*) *John Wesley.*
97 O thou who by a star didst guide.*John M. Neale.*
259 O thou who driest the mourner's..*Thos. Moore.*
75 O thou who hast thy servants...*Henry Alford.*
652 O thou whom we adore.....*Chas. Wesley.*
431 O thou whose bounty fills..*Mrs. Jane Crewdson.*
667 O thou whose glory and whose grace.....
954 O thou whose own vast temple..*Wm. C. Bryant.*
253 O thou whose sacred feet have..*Jas. D. Burns.*
402 O thou whose tender mercy hears.*Miss A. Steele.*
495 Our blest Redeemer, ere he breathed..*H. Auber.*
975 Our Father who art in heaven...*Matt. vi.* 9–13.
435 Our God, our help in ages past.....*I. Watts.*
953 Our God stands firm, a rock.....*M. Luther.*
833 Our land, O Lord! with songs...*Chas. Wesley.*
151 Our Lord is risen from the dead.*Chas. Wesley.*
405 Out of the deeps of long distress.....*I. Watts.*
979 Out of the depths have I cried.....*Psalm cxxx.*
19 O Zion! tune thy voice.....*Philip Doddridge.*

945 PASS away, earthly joy.....*Mrs. H. Bonar.*
311 People of the living God .....*Jas. Montgomery.*
856 Pleasant are thy courts above..*Henry F. Lyte.*
100 Plunged in a gulf of dark despair.....*I. Watts.*
383 Praise, everlasting praise, be paid.....*I. Watts.*
827 Praise, Lord! for thee in Zion.....*H. F. Lyte.*
832 Praise, my soul, the King of heaven..*H. F. Lyte.*
823 Praise on thee in Zion's gates...*Josiah Conder.*
470 Praise the Lord, his glories show...*H. F. Lyte.*
976 Praise the Lord, O my soul .....*Psalm ciii.*
380 Praise the Lord, ye heavens....*J. Kempthorne.*
829 Praise to God, immortal..*Mrs. A. L. Barbauld*
567 Praise waits in Zion, Lord! for thee..*I. Watts.*

HYMN

7 Praise ye the Lord, exalt his name.....*I. Watts.*
29 Praise ye the Lord, my heart shall.....*I. Watts.*
851 Prayer is the soul's sincere.....*Jas. Montgomery.*
289 Prince of peace, control my will .....
220 Prostrate, dear Jesus! at thy feet....*S. Stennett.*

476 QUIET, Lord! my froward heart.....*J. Newton.*

16 RAISE your triumphant songs.....*Isaac Watts.*
24 Rejoice...*L. Laurente, tr. by Miss J. Berthwick.*
39 Resting from his work to-day.....*T. Whytehead.*
397 Return, my roving heart, return..*P. Doddridge.*
547 Return, O wanderer, return....*Wm. B. Collyer.*
580 Rise, gracious God! and shine.....*Pratt's Coll.*
797 Rise, my soul, and stretch thy...*Robt. Seagrave.*
591 Rise, O my soul, pursue the.....*John Needham.*
304 Rock of ages, cleft for me.....*Aug. M. Toplady.*

83 SAFELY through another week...*John Newton.*
839 Salvation doth to God belong.....*P. Doddridge.*
871 Salvation! oh, the joyful sound....*Isaac Watts.*
965 Saviour! again to thy dear name...*J. Ellerton.*
92 Saviour, blessed Saviour.....*Godfrey Thring.*
928 Saviour! breathe an evening.....*Jas. Edmeston.*
679 Saviour divine! we know thy.....*P. Doddridge.*
334 Saviour, I follow on.....*Chas. S. Robinson.*
336 Saviour, I look to thee .....*Thos. Hastings.*
504 Saviour, I thy word believe...*Aug. M. Toplady.*
941 Saviour, like a.....*Miss Dorothy A. Thrupp.*
880 Saviour, visit thy plantation.....*John Newton.*
79 Saviour, when in dust to thee .....*Robt. Grant.*
661 Saviour, who thy flock.....*Wm. A. Muhlenberg.*
874 Say, sinner, hath a voice .....*Mrs. A. B. Hyde.*
658 See Israel's gentle Shepherd.....*P. Doddridge.*
698 See, Jesus stands with open.....*Miss A. Steele.*
730 See the ransomed millions stand.....*J. Conder.*
53 See what a living stone.....*Isaac Watts.*
893 Serene I laid me down.....*Scott.*
944 Shall we gather at the river.....*Rev. R. Lowry.*
257 Shepherd divine! our wants relieve. *C. Wesley.*
669 Shepherd of Israel! from.....*Wm. H. Bathurst.*
659 Shepherd of tender youth .....*Alexandrinus.*
626 Shine, mighty God! on Zion.....*Isaac Watts.*
639 Shout the glad tidings.....*Wm. A. Muhlenberg.*
393 Show pity, Lord! O Lord, forgive..*Isaac Watts.*
371 Since all the varying scenes of time..*J. Hervey.*
365 Sing to the Lord Jehovah's name..*Isaac Watts.*
10 Sing to the Lord, ye distant lands..*Isaac Watts.*
557 Sinners, turn; why will ye die....*Chas. Wesley.*
554 Sinners! will you scorn the message..*Jas. Allen.*
734 So fades the lovely, blooming.....*Miss A. Steele.*
146 Soft be the gently breathing....*Wm. B. Collyer.*
919 Softly fades the twilight ray....*Saml. F. Smith.*
918 Softly now the light of day.....*Geo. W. Doane.*
666 Soldiers of Christ! arise.....*Chas. Wesley*

HYMN

215 So let our lips and lives express....*Isaac Watts.*
479 Sometimes a light surprises.....*John Newton.*
17 Songs of praise the angels sang..*J. Montgomery*
752 Soon and for ever .....*John S. B. Monsell.*
418 Soon as I heard my Father say.....*Isaac Watts.*
615 Soon may the last glad song arise.....*Mrs. Voke.*
838 Sovereign of all the worlds above.....*Furman.*
620 Sovereign of worlds! display.....*Mrs. Voke.*
707 Spirit of truth! on this thy.....*Reginald Heber.*
16 Stand up and bless the Lord..*Jas. Montgomery.*
515 Stand up, my soul! shake off.....*Isaac Watts.*
951 Stand up, stand up for Jesus.....*Geo. Duffield.*
958 Star of peace, to wanderers weary.....
488 Stay, thou insulted Spirit! stay...*Chas. Wesley.*
824 Summer ended, harvest o'er.....*G. Phillimore.*
898 Sun of my soul, thou Saviour dear..*John Keble.*
144 Surely Christ thy griefs has...*Aug. M. Toplady.*
486 Sure the blest Comforter is nigh..*Miss A. Steele.*
849 Sweet hour of prayer.....*Miss Fanny Crosby.*
702 Sweet is the light of Sabbath....*Jas. Edmeston.*
437 Sweet is the memory of thy grace..*Isaac Watts.*
20 Sweet is the work, my God, my King..*I. Watts.*
54 Sweet is the work, O Lord.....*Miss H. Auber.*
906 Sweet Saviour, bless us ere we..*Fred. W. Faber.*
688 Sweet the moments..*Jas. Allen & Walter Shirley.*
238 Sweet was the time when first.....*J. Newton.*
834 Swell the anthem, raise the.....*Nathan Strong.*

935 TARRY with me, O my .....*Mrs. C. S. Smith.*
605 Teach me, my God..*Geo. Herbert & Chas. Wesley.*
743 Teach me the measure of my days..*Isaac Watts.*
949 Tell me the old, old story...*Miss Kate Hankey.*
765 That awful day will surely come...*Isaac Watts.*
749 That day of wrath, that.....*Sir Walter Scott.*
727 The church has waited long...*Horatius Bonar.*
964 The church's one foundation.....*S. J. Stone.*
913 The day is past and gone.....*John Leland.*
926 The day is past and over.....*St. Anatolius.*
715 The day of praise is done.....*J. Ellerton.*
903 The day, O Lord! is spent.....*John M. Neale.*
988 The earth is the Lord's.....*Psalm xxiv.*
352 Thee we adore, eternal Lord.....*Thos. Cotterill.*
817 Thee we adore, eternal name.....*Isaac Watts.*
42 Thee will I bless, my God and King.....
360 The glory of the Lord.....
828 The God of harvest praise.....*Jas. Montgomery.*
168 The head that once was crowned...*Thos. Kelly.*
350 The heavens declare thy glory.....*Isaac Watts.*
733 The hour of my departure's.....*Michael Bruce.*
443 The Lord himself, the mighty...*Tate & Brady.*
357 The Lord, how wondrous are .....*Isaac Watts.*
348 The Lord is king, lift up thy.....*Josiah Conder.*
993 The Lord is my light.....*Psalm xxvii.*
977 The Lord is my shepherd .....*Psalm xxiii.*
323 The Lord is my shepherd.....*Jas. Montgomery.*

HYMN
363 The Lord Jehovah reigns, and.....*Isaac Watts.*
576 The Lord Jehovah reigns, let.....*Isaac Watts.*
374 The Lord Jehovah unto all.....*U. P. Psalter.*
284 The Lord my pasture shall.....*Jos. Addison.*
266 The Lord my shepherd is.....*Isaac Watts.*
571 The Lord of glory is my light.....*Isaac Watts.*
377 The Lord our God is clothed..*Henry K. White.*
442 The Lord's my shepherd, I'll not want..*Rouse.*
629 The Lord to my Lord said.....*U. P. Psalter.*
643 The morning light is breaking..*Saml. Fr. Smith.*
102 The people that in darkness sat..*John Morrison.*
50 The pity of the Lord.....*Isaac Watts.*
686 The promise of my Father's love...*Isaac Watts.*
938 There is a blessed home.....*Henry W. Baker.*
788 There is a fold whence none can.....*John East.*
136 There is a fountain filled with.....*Wm. Cowper.*
781 969 There is a land of pure delight....*I. Watts.*
805 There is an hour of peaceful..*Wm. B. Tappan.*
412 There is a safe and secret place..*Henry F. Lyte.*
940 There is no name so sweet on earth..*E. Roberts.*
197 There is none other name than thine.....
933 There is no sorrow, Lord ...*Mrs. Jane Crewdson.*
803 The roseate hues of early..*Mrs. C. F. Alexander.*
233 The Saviour, oh, what endless....*Miss A. Steele.*
931 The shadows of the evening ..*Adelaide Procter.*
344 The spacious firmament on high...*Jos. Addison.*
535 The Spirit breathes upon the..... *Wm. Cowper.*
563 The Spirit in our hearts..*Henry U. Onderdonk.*
310 The Sun of righteousness on me ..*Chas. Wesley.*
637 The voice of free grace cries...*Richd. Burdsall.*
291 Thine for ever, God of love..*Mrs. M. F. Maude.*
709 This is the day the Lord has made.....*I. Watts.*
922 This night, O Lord! we bless thee .....
421 Thou art my hiding-place, O Lord..*Thos. Raffles.*
413 Thou art my portion, O my God.....*I. Watts.*
239 Thou art the way, to thee alone..*Geo. W. Doane.*
283 Thou hidden source of calm repose...*C. Wesley.*
763 Thou Judge of quick and dead.....*C. Wesley.*
242 Thou lovely Source of true.....*Miss A. Steele.*
205 Thou only Sovereign of my.....*Miss A. Steele.*
269 Thou very present aid.....*Chas. Wesley.*
662 Thou who a tender Parent art.....
671 Thou whom my soul admires above ...*I. Watts.*
528 Thou whose almighty word.....*John Marriott.*
45 Through all the changing scenes..*Nahum Tate.*
745 Through sorrow's night and.....*H. K. White.*
927 Through the day thy love has .....*Thos. Kelly.*
899 Thus far the Lord hath led me on..*Isaac Watts.*
523 Thy home is with the humble..*Fred. W. Faber.*
633 Thy name, almighty Lord.....*Isaac Watts.*
618 Thy people, Lord! who trust thy.....*Mrs. Voke.*
313 Thy way, not mine, O Lord.....*H. Bonar.*
370 Thy way, O God! is in the sea...*John Fawcett.*
936 Time is winging us away.....*John Burton.*
296 'T is a point I long to know.....*John Newton.*

HYMN
506 'T is by the faith of joys to come.... *I. Watts*
818 'T is by thy strength the mountains...*I. Watts.*
129 'T is midnight, and on..... *Wm. B. Tappan.*
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8	It is a good thing to give thanks unto the Lord.	Psalm xcii	*Dr. Depuis.*
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Smyrna, 8 lines 315
Stockwell 608, 934
St. Oswald 759
The Sweetest Name, 8 lines 940
Vespers 917
Wilmot 318, 378
Worthing (Solney) 928

8s, 7s & 7s.

BELMONT 562
Nightshade (Arabia) 927

8s, 6s & 8s.

WESSEX 472, 697, 916

8s & 6s. (Peculiar.)

CEDRON 145
O Paradise 768
Repose 805
Silverstone 192

8s & 4s.

ELLIOTT 481, 854
Evensong 924
St. Cuthbert 495

8s.

DE FLEURY, 8 lines 340
Inspirer and Hearer 920
Sidonia, 8 lines 801
Trinity, 3 lines 526
Vernon, 8 lines 481

7s, 8s & 7s.

MEINHOLD 699, 760

7s & 8s.

GERMANIA 668

7s, 6s & 8s.

FAITH 688
Penitence 329
St. Anatolius 926

7s & 6s

ABINGDON 724
Adar 936
Amsterdam 797
Aurelia 922, 964
Bentley 795
Chenies 937
Crucifix 149
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Hodnet 91
I Love to tell the Story 948
Mendebras 721
Miriam 690
Missionary Hymn, ... 645
Palm 952
Praise of Children 943
St. Theodulph 480
The Old, Old Story 949
Tichfield (Peculiar) 504
Weimar, 4 lines 593
Webb 643, 951

7s, 6s & 5s.

WORK, for the Night is Coming 950

7s & 5s.

CAPETOWN 607
Churton 63*
Paraclete 502

7s.

ALETTA 142
Amboy 726
Beersheba 813
Benevento, 8 lines 807
Blumenthal (Refuge), 8 lines 79, 799
Canonbury 670
Come, my Soul, thy Suit Prepare 60
Dallas 293
Dix, 6 lines 115, 301, 635, 829
Durham (Innocents) 17, 471
Dykes 557
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NAME	HYMN
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Eshtemoa	298
Ferrier	660
Fulton	498
Gethsemane, 6 lines, 138, 304, 477, 831	
Harts	967
Herold	824
Hendon	574
Hewlett, 8 lines	722
Holbrook, 8 lines	634
Holley	918, 942
Hollingside, 8 lines	305
Horton	289, 466, 558
Indiana, 8 lines	302
Innocents (Durham)	17, 471
Kozeluch	919
Litany (Spanish Hymn), 8 lines	80, 296, 694
Lord! in this Thy Mercy's Day, 3 lines	279
Martyn, 8 lines	301, 305, 556
Mendelssohn, 8 lines	114, 729
Mercy	468, 498, 925
Messiah, 8 lines	306, 856
Monkland	834
Mozart	115, 155
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Newton, 6 lines	83
Nuremberg	823
Onido, 8 lines	311
Pascal, 6 lines	921
Pleyel's Hymn	87, 153, 693
Pruen	466
Ratisbon, 6 lines	530, 896
Refuge (Blumenthal), 8 lines	79, 799
Rosefield, 6 lines	475, 561
Seymour	59
Solitude	287, 463, 691
St. George, 8 lines	822
Supplication	144, 297, 761
Telemann's Chant	500
Toplady, 6 lines	304
Vienna	897
6s, 4s & 8s.	
AGNUS	337
6s, 7s & 6s.	
ERFURT	820
6s & 5s.	
ST. ALBAN, 8 lines	92
6s & 4s.	
AGAPÉ	328, 659
America	830
Bethany	333, 474, 945
Bethel	876
Dort	528
Italian Hymn	56, 828, 847
Oak	802
Olivet	335
St. Nicholas	474
To-day	875
6s.	
JEWETT, 8 lines	312
St. Paul, 8 lines	938
5s, 8s & 5s.	
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Abridge	437	*I. Smith.*
Adar (d.)	936	*Dr. L. Mason.*
Agapé	328, 659	*W. F. Sherwin.*
Agnus	337	
Aletta	142	*W. B. Bradbury.*
Alexandria (Fletcher),	426, 682	
Alfreton	837	*Wm. Beastall.*
All Saints (Wareham)	582, 616	*Wm. Knapp.*
Amboy	726	
America	830	*H. Carey.*
Ames	884	*S. Neukomm.*
Amsterdam, 8 lines	797	*J. Nares.*
Angelus	904	*J. Scheffler.*
Antioch	98	*Handel.*
Anvern	748	*Arr. Dr. L. Mason.*
Arabia (Nightshade)	473	
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Arcadia (Auburn)	567	*Dr. Hastings.*
Ariel	90	*Dr. L. Mason.*
Arlington	436, 591, 709, 869	*Dr. T. A. Arne.*
Armenia	961	*S. B. Pond.*
Arnolds	520	*Dr. Arnold.*
Asaph	124	*Geo. Kingsley.*
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Aurelia	922, 964	*Dr. S. S. Wesley.*
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Avison	639	*Ch. Avison.*
Avon (Martyrdom),	220, 402, 679	*H. Wilson.*
Azmon (Denfield)	519, 698	*Arr. Dr. L. Mason.*

B

NAME	HYMN	AUTHOR OR SOURCE
BADEA	767	*German.*
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Barby	739	*W. Tansur.*
Batty	840	*German.*
Bavaria	808	*German.*
Bayley	314	*Arr. J. P. Holbrook.*
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Beethoven (Germany)	487	*Beethoven.*
Beersheba, 8 lines	813	*German.*
Belville, 6 lines	399	*Dr. L. Mason*
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Bemerton	73, 719	*Greatorex.*
Benevento, 8 lines	807	*S. Webbe.*
Bentley	795	*J. Hullah.*
Bera	844, 860	*J. E. Gould.*
Bernard	232, 536	*Mozart.*
Bethany	333, 474, 945	*Dr. L. Mason.*
Bethel	876	*A. B. Spratt.*
Bethune	821	*U. C. Burnap.*
Beverly	579, 592	*J. S. Mayer.*
Bishop	603	*J. P. Holbrook.*
Blendon	387	*Giardini.*
Blumenthal (d.) (Refuge)	79, 799	*J. Blumenthal.*
Bowdoin Square	226	*Arr. S. Hill.*
Bowen	774	*Haydn.*
Boylston	48, 597	*Dr. L. Mason.*
Bradford	162, 438	*Arr. from Handel.*
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Burlington	121, 698	*J. F. Burrowes.*
Byefield	851	*Dr. Hastings.*
Byzantium	738	*T. Jackson.*

C

NAME	HYMN	AUTHOR OR SOURCE
CAMBRIDGE	15	*Rev. R. Williams.*
Canonbury	670	
Capetown	607	*Filitz.*
Carey's	772	*H. Carey.*
Carlisle	715	*C. Lockhart.*
Carthage	170	*Arr. G. F. Root.*

NAME	HYMN	AUTHOR OR SOURCE
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Chesterfield	421, 745	*Dr. Haweis.*
Chenies	937	*T. R. Matthews.*
China	742	*T. Swan.*
Christmas	95, 517	*Handel.*
Church	833	*J. P. Holbrook.*
Churton	638	
Clarendon	782	*I. Tucker.*
Clinton	789	*J. P. Holbrook.*
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Come, my Soul, thy Suit Prepare	60	*H. Baker.*
Come, ye Disconsolate	58	*S. Webbe.*
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Cooling	489	*A. J. Abbey.*
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Cowper (Fountain)	136	*Dr. L. Mason.*
Creation, 8 lines	344	*F. J. Haydn.*
Cross	16	*W. H. W. Darley.*
Crucifix, 8 lines	149	*Greek Melody.*

D

NAME	HYMN	AUTHOR OR SOURCE
DALLAS	293	*Cherubini.*
Dalston	363, 577	*A. Williams.*
Darley	20	*W. H. W. Darley.*
Dedham	33, 418	*W. Gardiner.*
De Fleury, 8 lines	340	*De Fleury.*
Dennis	450	*Ad. Dr. L. Mason.*
Detroit	893	*E. P. Hastings.*
Ditchling	249	*Anon.*
Dix, 6 lines	115, 301, 635, 829	*Arr. W. H. Monk.*
Dorrnance	501, 688	*I. B. Woodbury.*
Dort	528	*Dr. L. Mason.*
Dover	632	*Eng. Melody.*
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Duke Street	505	*J. Hatton.*
Dublin	905	*I. Smith.*
Dundee	372, 435, 685	*Scotch Psalter.*
Dupont	669	*L. H. Webb.*
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Duren	323	*B. A. Coll.*
Dwight	867	*Arr. J. P. Holbrook.*
Dykes	557	*J. B. Dykes.*

E

NAME	HYMN	AUTHOR OR SOURCE
EASTER HYMN	150	*Dr. Worgan.*
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Eaton	894	*Z. Wyvill.*
Eckhardtsheim	533	*Ch. Zeuner.*
"Ein' Feste Burg"	953	*Luther.*
Elizabethtown	238	*G. Kingsley.*
Elliott	482, 854	*Rev. J. B. Dykes.*
Eltham, 8 lines	636	*Dr. L. Mason.*
Erfurt	820	*J. Cruger.*
Ernan	178	*Dr. L. Mason.*
Eshtemoa	298	*T. B. Mason.*
Evan	410	*Arr. Dr. Havergal.*
Evening	848	*J. E. Gould.*
Evensong	924	*E. J. Hopkins.*
Eventide	923	*W. H. Monk.*
Even Me	496	*W. B. Bradbury.*
Ewing, 8 lines	331, 479, 793	*Alex. Ewing.*
Exultation	939	*Horn.*

F

NAME	HYMN	AUTHOR OR SOURCE
FAITH	688	*Dr. S. S. Wesley.*
Farrant	757	*R. Farrant.*
Federal Street, 70, 105, 546,	671	*H. K. Oliver.*
Ferguson	666, 843	*Geo. Kingsley.*
Ferrier	660	*J. B. Dykes.*
Forest	497	*A. Chapin.*
Franconia	118, 456	*German.*
Frederick	792	*Geo. Kingsley.*
Fulton	498	*W. B. Bradbury.*

G

NAME	HYMN	AUTHOR OR SOURCE
GEER	835	*H. W. Greatorex.*
Geneva	429	*J. Cole.*
Gerar	598	*Carmina Sacra*
Germania	668	*J. R. Ahle.*
Gethsemane, 6 lines, 138, 304, 477,	831	*R. Redhead.*
Gilead	151	*E. H. Mehul.*
Golden Hill	914	*A. Chapin.*
Gorton	260, 763	*Beethoven.*
Goshen	560	*German.*
Gratitude	900	*Ad. Dr. Hastings.*
Greenville	84	*Rosseau.*
Greenwood	753	*J. E. Sweetzer.*
Grostete	22	*H. W. Greatorex.*
Groton	165, 625	*C. Zeuner.*

H

NAME	HYMN	AUTHOR OR SOURCE
HADDAM	360, 528	*Arr. Dr. L. Mason.*
Hail to the Brightness	641	*Dr. L. Mason.*
Hamburg	182, 677	*Ad. Dr. L. Mason.*
Harewood	962	*Dr. S. S. Wesley.*
Harmony Grove	103	*H. K. Oliver.*
Harts	967	*B. Milgrove.*
Harvey	108	*Harvey.*
Harwell	161	*Dr. L. Mason.*
Harwood	578	*Harwood.*
Haven	841	*Dr. Hastings.*
Haydn	492	*Haydn.*
Heavenly Fold, 8 lines	787	*W. F. Sherwin.*
Heavenly Home, 8 lines	803	*Giornivichi.*
Heber	229, 662	*Geo. Kingsley.*

NAME	HYMN	AUTHOR OR SOURCE
Hebron	390, 653, 899	*Dr. L. Mason.*
Helena	258	*W. B. Bradbury.*
Hendon	574	*C. Malan.*
Henley	972	*Dr. L. Mason.*
Hermon	100, 369	*Dr. L. Mason.*
Herold	824	*Herold.*
Hewlett	722	
Hodnet, 8 lines	91	*From Thalberg.*
Holbrook	634	*J. P. Holbrook.*
Holland	364	*Ch. Zeuner.*
Holley	918, 942	*Geo. Hews.*
Hollingside, 8 lines	305	*J. B. Dykes.*
Horton	289, 466, 558	*Schnyder Von Wartensee.*
Houghton	362	*Dr. Gardiner.*
Howard	631	*Mrs. Cuthbert.*
How Calm and Beautiful	160	*Dr. Hastings.*
Hummel	38, 784	*C. Zeuner.*
Hursley	181, 590, 898	*W. H. Monk.*
I		
ILLA	400	*Carmina Sacra.*
I Love to Tell the Story	948	*W. G. Fischer.*
I'm a Pilgrim	798	*Anon.*
Indiana	302	*Donizetti.*
INNOCENTS (Durham)	17, 471	*W. H. Monk.*
Inspirer and Hearer	920	*"Pearce's Hymns."*
Inverness	263, 563	*Dr. L. Mason.*
Italian Hymn	56, 828, 847	*Giardini.*
J		
JAZER	959	*W. B. Bradbury.*
Jewett	312	*Arr. J. P. Holbrook.*
Jordan	969	*W. Billings.*
Judgment Hymn	750, 764	*Jos. Klug.*
K		
KENT	517	*Ld. Mornington.(?)*
Kentucky (Iowa)	456	*A. Chapin.*
Kozeluch	919	*Kozeluch.*
L		
LABAN	16, 511	*Dr. L. Mason.*
Laight Street	780	*Dr. Hastings.*
Lanesboro'	46	*Eng. Melody.*
Lebanon, 8 lines	179	*J. Zundel.*
Lee	585	*Carmina Sacra.*
Leighton (Ahira)	272, 454, 604	*H. W. Greatorex.*
Lenox	19, 158, 640	*J. Edson.*
Lentwood	716	*Carmina Sacra.*
Lily	657	*St. Albans H. & T. B.*
Lisbon	712	*D. Read.*
Lischer	718	*Arr. Dr. L. Mason.*
Litany (Spanish Hymn), 8 lines	80, 296, 694	*Spanish Melody.*
Logan	864	*E. L. White.*
London New (Newton)	762	*Dr. W. Croft.(?)*
Lord, in this thy Mercy's Day, 3 lines	279	*W. H. Monk.*
Louvan	381, 838	*V. C. Taylor.*
Loving-kindness	25	*Western Melody.*
Lullington	892	*Frazer*
Luther	628	*Dr. Hastings*
Luton	29	*Stanley Burder*
Lux Benigna	930	*Rev. J. B. Dykes.*
Lyons	1	*Haydn.*
M		
MAITLAND	223	*G. N. Allen.*
Malvern	737	*Dr. L. Mason.*
Manoah	235, 416	*Rossini.*
Marlow	570, 720	*Arr. Dr. L. Mason.*
Martyn, 8 lines	301, 305, 556	*S. B. Marsh.*
Mear	367, 573, 836	*A. Williams' Coll.*
Meinhold	699, 760	*J. S. Bach.*
Melcombe (Nazareth)	125, 887	*S. Webbe.*
Melody	765	*A. Chapin.*
Memorial	695	*E. J. Hopkins.*
Mendebras	721	*Arr. Dr. L. Mason.*
Mendelssohn	114, 729	*Mendelssohn.*
Mendon	354, 612	*Arr. Dr. L. Mason.*
Mercy	468, 498, 925	*From Gottschalk.*
Meribah	280, 483, 747	*Dr. L. Mason.*
Merton	168	*H. K. Oliver.*
Messiah, 8 lines	306, 856	*Arr. Geo. Kingsley.*
Middleton, 8 lines	651	
Migdol	351	*Dr. L. Mason.*
Miles' Lane	32	*W. Shrubsole.*
Milwaukee	661	*J. Zundel.*
Miriam, 8 lines	690	*J. P. Holbrook.*
Missionary Chant	6, 609	*C. Zeuner.*
Missionary Hymn, 8 lines	645	*Dr. L. Mason.*
Monkland	834	*J. B. Wilkes.*
Monson	407	*S. R. Brown.*
Morning Hymn	25, 890	*F. H. Barthelemon.*
Mornington	52, 727	*Lord Mornington.*
Mount Auburn	539	*Geo. Kingsley.*
Mount Ephraim	583	*B. Milgrove.*
Mozart	115, 155	*Mozart.*
Murray	36	
Myra	178	*Haydn.*
N		
NAOMI	423, 587	*Dr. L. Mason.*
Nashville	553	*Ad. Dr. L. Mason.*
Nassau, 6 lines	475	*J. Rosenmuller*
Nettleton	94, 321, 554	*Rev. A. Nettleton.*
Newbold	531	*Geo. Kingsley.*
Newcourt	55	*H. Bond.*

NAME	HYMN	AUTHOR OR SOURCE
Newton, 6 lines	83	*Arr. Dr. L. Mason.*
Newton (London New)	762	*Scotch Psalter.*
Nicæa	527	*J. B. Dykes.*
Nightfall	929	*J. Barnby.*
Nightshade (Arabia)	927	
Northampton	825	*Geo. Kingsley.*
Nottingham	815	*J. Clark.*
Nuremburg	823	*J. R. Ahle.*
O		
OAK	802	*Dr. L. Mason.*
Oaksville	9	*C. Zeuner.*
Old Hundred	2	*G. Franck.*
Oliphant	473	*Dr. L. Mason.*
Olive's Brow	129	*W. B. Bradbury.*
Olivet	835	*Dr. L. Mason.*
Olmutz	134, 458, 758	*Arr. Dr. L. Mason.*
Olney	877	*Dr. L. Mason.*
Onido, 8 lines	311	*Ad. Dr. L. Mason.*
O Paradise	768	*J. Barnby.*
Orford	700	*Dr. L. Mason.*
Ortonville	124	*Dr. Hastings.*
P		
PALESTRINA	246	*From Palestrina.*
Palm	952	*"Catholic Hymns."*
Paraclete	502	
Parah	665	*Dr. L. Mason.*
Park Street	175, 769	*F. M. A. Venua.*
Parting Hymn	965	*E. J. Hopkins.*
Pascal	921	*Haydn.*
Patria	842	*Arr. S. T. Gordon.*
Penitence	329	*W. H. Oakley.*
Pentonville	913	*Th. Lindley.*
Peterborough	891	*R. Harrison.*
Phenice	327	*Oates.*
Phuvah	244	*Har. Ludwig Erk.*
Pleyel's Hymn	87, 153, 693	*Pleyel.*
Portsmouth	19	*J. Darwell.*
Portuguese Hymn	111, 325	*J. Reading.*
Praise of Children, 8 lines	943	*"Sab. School Bell."*
Prospect	752	*From Czerny.*
Pruen	466	*Rev. Sir F. A. G. Ousley.*
Purleigh	647	*A. H. Brown.*
Q		
QUEBEC	542	*"Pearce's Hymns."*
R		
RATHBUN	141, 339, 503	*I. Conkey.*
Ratisbon, 6 lines	530, 896	*Werner.*
Refuge, 8 lines (Blumenthal)	79, 799	*J. Blumenthal.*
Regent Square	832	*H. Smart.*
Remsen	599, 882	*J. P. Holbrook.*
Repose	805	*From J. A. Naumann.*
Resignation	453	
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Retreat	855	*Dr. Hastings.*
Rhine	971	*Arr. fr. F. Bergmüller.*
Rockingham	146, 208	*Dr. L. Mason.*
Rolland	581	*W. B. Bradbury.*
Rosedale	901	*G. F. Root.*
Rosefield, 6 lines	475, 561	*Dr. Malan.*
Rosehill	200	*J. E. Sweetzer.*
Rothwell	514	*W. Tansur.*
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SALZBURG, 8s & 7s (Second Advent)	161, 725	*M. Haydn.*
Salzburgh, C. M.	241, 667	*M. Haydn.*
Sardis	94	*Beethoven.*
Saviour Ever Near, 8 l's	946	*W. B. Bradbury.*
Saviour, like a Shepherd	941	*W. B. Bradbury.*
Scotland	637	*Dr. J. Clark.*
Seasons	810	*Pleyel.*
Second Advent (Salzburg)	161, 725	*M. Haydn.*
Serenity	966	*C. Bryan.*
Seymour	59	*Weber.*
Shall we Gather at the River	944	*Rev. R. Lowry.*
Shawmut	756	*Arr. Dr. L. Mason.*
Shining Shore	791	*G. F. Root.*
Shirland	545, 575	*S. Stanley.*
Sicilian Hymn	880	*Italian.*
Sidonia, 8 lines	801	*J. E. Gould.*
Siloam	64, 657	*I. B. Woodbury.*
Silverstone	192	*T. M. Mudie.*
Silver Street	12, 544	*I. Smith.*
Smyrna	315	*Mozart.*
Solitude	287, 463, 691	*L. T. Downs.*
Southport	907	*Geo. Kingsley.*
Spohr, 6 lines (C. M.)	461	*Spohr.*
Spohr	814	*Spohr.*
State Street	61	*J. C. Woodman.*
Steibelt	447	*D. Steibelt.*
Stella, 6 lines	308	*"Crown of Jesus."*
Stillingfleet	652	*Swiss Coll.*
Stirling	602	*R. Harrison.*
Stockwell	608, 934	*D. E. Jones.*
Stonefield	619	*S. Stanley.*
St. Alban	92	*Haydn.*
St. Anatolius	926	*A. H. Brown.*
St. Andrew	806	*J. Barnby.*
St. Ann	375	*Dr. W. Croft.*
St. Benedict	524	*Cong. H. & T. B.*
St. Bride	134, 453, 766	*Dr. Howard.*
St. Cross	749	*J. B. Dykes.*

NAME	HYMN	AUTHOR OR SOURCE
St. Cuthbert	495	*J. B. Dykes.*
St. Edmonds	731	*Haydn.*
St. Fulbert	65	*Dr. Gauntlett.*
St. George	822	*Dr. G. J. Elvey.*
St. Ignatius	903	*Dr. Gauntlett.*
St. Leonard	931	*H. Hiles.*
St. Martins	405	*W. Tansur.*
St. Matthias, 6 lines	906	*W. H. Monk.*
St. Nicholas	474	
St. Oswald	759	*J. B. Dykes.*
St. Paul	938	
St. Peter	256, 435	*A. R. Reinagle.*
St. Polycarp	837	
St. Stephen	76	*Rev. W. Jones.*
St. Theodulph	480	*M. Teschner.*
St. Thomas	15	*A. Williams.*
Supplication	144, 297, 761	*R. Redhead.*
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Swabia	576	*Dr. Havergal.*
Sweet Hour	849	*W. B. Bradbury.*
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TALLIS' Evening Hymn	902	*Th. Tallis.*
Tappan	954	*Geo. Kingsley.*
Telemann's Chant	500	*Ch. Zeuner.*
Temple	509	*Ch. Zeuner.*
Thatcher	116	*Handel.*
The Child's Desire	947	
The Last Beam	915	*Anon.*
The Old, Old Story	949	*W. H. Doane.*
The Sweetest Name	940	*W. B. Bradbury.*
Tichfield	504	*"Crown of Jesus."*
To-day	875	*Dr. L. Mason.*
Toplady	304	*Dr. Hastings.*
Toulon	128	*C. Goudimel.*
Trent	521	*Greatorex Coll.*
Trinity	526	*W. H. Monk.*
Truro	357	*C. Burney.*
Tucker	269, 512	*H. G. Abbey.*
Tyndal	189	*German Arr.*
U		
UXBRIDGE	348, 542	*Dr. L. Mason.*
V		
VALENTIA (Florence)	817, 932	*M. Eberwein*
Varina	969	*Arr. G. F. Root.*
Venice	563	*English.*
Vernon	481	*German.*
Vespers	917	*Flotow.*
Vienna	897	*J. H. Knecht.*
Vigil	275	*"St. Alban's H. & T. B Holborn."*
W		
WALDRON	259	*Ger. Choral.*
Ward	384, 678	*Arr. Dr. L. Mason.*
Ware	26, 345	*Geo. Kingsley.*
Wareham (All Saints)	582, 616	*Wm. Knapp.*
Warner	396	*Arr. Geo. Kingsley.*
Warsaw	109	*Th. Clark.*
Warwick	41	*S. Stanley.*
Waterstock	717	*J. Goss.*
Wave	958	*Arr. W. B. Bradbury.*
Webb	643, 951	*G. J. Webb.*
Weimar	593	*German.*
Welton	674	*Theme by Malan.*
Wessex	472, 697, 916	*E. J. Hopkins.*
Westminster	751	
Whiteland	507, 957	*German Melody.*
Wilhelm	955	*H. W. Greatorex.*
Willington	956	*Williams.*
Wilmot	318, 378	*Weber.*
Wiltshire	510	
Wimborne	66, 484	*Greatorex Coll.*
Windham	393, 872	*D. Read.*
Winchester New	773	*Ad. B. Crasselius.*
Woodland	565, 790	*N. D. Gould.*
Woodstock	594, 910	*D. Dutton*
Woodworth	192	*W. B. Bradbury.*
Work, for the Night is	950	*Dr. L. Mason*
Worthing (Solney)	928	*J. A. P. Schulz.*
Y		
YOAKLEY	284, 584, 895	*W. Yoakley.*
Z		
ZEBULON	338, 858	*Dr. L. Mason.*
Zephyr	487, 550	*W. B. Bradbury.*
Zion	140, 555, 648	*Dr. Hastings*

THE

FORM OF GOVERNMENT

AND

FORMS OF PROCESS

OF THE

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA;

AS AMENDED AND RATIFIED BY THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY.

BOOK I.

OF GOVERNMENT.

CHAPTER I.

PRELIMINARY PRINCIPLES.*

THE Presbyterian Church in the United States of America, in presenting to the Christian public the system of union, and the form of government and discipline which they have adopted, have thought proper to state, by way of introduction, a few of the general principles by which they have been governed in the formation of the plan. This, it is hoped, will, in some measure, prevent those rash misconstructions and uncandid reflections, which usually proceed from an imperfect view of any subject; as well as make the several parts of the system plain, and the whole perspicuous and fully understood.

They are unanimously of opinion:

I. That "God alone is Lord of the conscience; and hath left it free from the doctrine and commandments of men, which are in anything contrary to his word, or beside it in matters of faith or worship:" Therefore they consider the rights of private judgment in all matters that respect religion, as universal and unalienable: they do not even wish to see any religious constitution aided by the civil power, further than may be necessary for protection and security, and, at the same time, be equal and common to all others.

II. That, in perfect consistency with the above principle of common right, every Christian church, or union or association of particular churches, is entitled to declare the terms of admission into its *communion*, and the qualifications of its ministers and members, as well as the whole system of its internal government which Christ hath appointed: that, in the exercise of this right, they may, notwithstanding, err, in making the terms of communion either too lax or too narrow: yet, even in this case, they do not infringe upon the liberty or the rights of others, but only make an improper use of their own.

III. That our blessed Saviour, for the edification of the visible church, which is his body, hath appointed officers, not only to preach the gospel *and administer the sacraments;* but also to exercise discipline, for the preservation both of truth and duty; and, that it is incumbent upon these *officers*, and upon the whole church, in whose name they act, to censure or cast out the erroneous and scandalous; observing, in *all* cases, the rules contained in the word of God.

IV. That truth is in order to goodness; and the great touchstone of truth, its tendency to promote holiness; according to our Saviour's rule, "by their fruits ye shall know them." And that no opinion can be either more pernicious or more absurd, than that which brings truth and falsehood upon a level, and represents it as of no consequence what a man's opinions are. On the contrary, they are persuaded that there is an inseparable connection between faith and practice, truth and duty. Otherwise it would be of no consequence either to discover truth, or to embrace it.

V. That while under the conviction of the above principle, they think it necessary to make effectual provision, that all who are admitted as teachers, be sound in the faith; they also believe that there are truths and forms, with respect to which men of good characters and principles may differ. And in all these they think it the duty, both of private Christians and societies, to exercise mutual forbearance towards each other.

VI. That though the character, qualifications and authority of church officers, are laid down in the holy Scriptures, as well as the proper method of their investiture and institution; yet the election of the persons to the exercise of this authority, in any particular society, is in that society.

VII. That all church power, whether exercised by the body in general, or in the way of representation by delegated authority, is only ministerial and declarative; *that is to say*, that the Holy Scriptures are the only rule of faith and manners; that no church judicatory ought to pretend to make laws, to bind the conscience, in virtue of their own authority; and that all their decisions should be founded upon the revealed will of God. Now though it will easily be admitted,

* NOTE.—This introductory chapter, with the exception of the first sentence, was first drawn up by the Synod of New York and Philadelphia, and prefixed to the Form of Government, &c., as published by that body in 1788. In that year, after arranging the plan on which the Presbyterian Church is now governed, the Synod was divided into four Synods, and gave place to the General Assembly, which met for the first time in 1789.

that all synods and councils may err, through the frailty inseparable from humanity; yet there is much greater danger from the usurped claim of making laws, than from the right of judging upon laws already made, and common to all who profess the gospel; although this right, as necessity requires in the present state, be lodged with fallible men.

VIII. *Lastly.* That, if the preceding scriptural and rational principles be steadfastly adhered to, the vigor and strictness of its discipline will contribute to the glory and happiness of any church. Since ecclesiastical discipline must be purely moral or spiritual in its object, and not attended with any civil effects, it can derive no force whatever, but from its own justice, the approbation of an impartial public, and the countenance and blessing of the great Head of the church universal.

CHAPTER II.

OF THE CHURCH.

I. JESUS CHRIST, who is now exalted far above all principality and power, hath erected, in this world, a kingdom, which is his Church.

II. The universal church consists of all those persons, in every nation, together with their children who make profession of the holy religion of Christ, and of submission to his laws.

III. As this immense multitude cannot meet together in one place, to hold communion, or to worship God, it is reasonable, and warranted by Scripture example, that they should be divided into many particular churches.

IV. A particular church consists of a number of professing Christians, with their offspring, voluntarily associated together, for divine worship and godly living, agreeably to the Holy Scriptures; and submitting to a certain form of government.

CHAPTER III.

OF THE OFFICERS OF THE CHURCH.

I. OUR blessed Lord at first collected his church out of different nations, and formed it into one body, by the mission of men endued with miraculous gifts, which have long since ceased.

II. The ordinary and perpetual officers in the church are Bishops, or Pastors; the representatives of the people, usually styled Ruling Elders; and Deacons.

CHAPTER IV.

OF BISHOPS OR PASTORS.

THE pastoral office is the first in the church, both for dignity and usefulness. The person who fills this office, hath, in Scripture, obtained different names expressive of his various duties. As he has the oversight of the flock of Christ, he is termed bishop.* As he feeds them with spiritual food, he is termed pastor. As he serves Christ in his church, he is termed minister. As it is his duty to be grave and prudent, and an example to the flock, and to govern well in the house and kingdom of Christ, he is termed presbyter or elder. As he is the messenger of God, he is termed the angel of the church. As he is sent to declare the will of God to sinners, and to beseech them to be reconciled to God through Christ, he is termed ambassador. And, as he dispenses the manifold grace of God, and the ordinances instituted by Christ, he is termed steward of the mysteries of God.

* As the office and character of the gospel minister is particularly and fully described in the Holy Scriptures under the title of bishop; and as this term is peculiarly expressive of his duty as an overseer of the flock, it ought not to be rejected.

CHAPTER V.

OF RULING ELDERS.

RULING elders are properly the representatives of the people, chosen by them for the purpose of exercising government and discipline, in conjunction with pastors or ministers. This office has been understood by a great part of the Protestant Reformed Churches, to be designated in the holy Scriptures, by the title of governments; and of those who rule well, but do not labor in the word and doctrine.

CHAPTER VI.

OF DEACONS.

THE Scriptures clearly point out deacons as distinct officers in the church, whose business it is to take care of the poor, and to distribute among them the collections which may be raised for their use. To them also may be properly committed the management of the temporal affairs of the church.

CHAPTER VII.

OF ORDINANCES IN A PARTICULAR CHURCH.

THE ordinances established by Christ, the head, in a particular church, which is regularly constituted with its proper officers, are prayer, singing praises, reading, expounding and preaching the word of God; administering baptism and the Lord's supper; public solemn fasting and thanksgiving, catechizing, making collections for the poor and other pious purposes; exercising discipline; and blessing the people.

CHAPTER VIII.

OF CHURCH GOVERNMENT, AND THE SEVERAL KINDS OF JUDICATORIES.

I. IT is absolutely necessary that the government of the church be exercised under some certain and definite form. And we hold it to be expedient, and agreeable to Scripture and the practice of the primitive Christians, that the church be governed by congregational, presbyterial, and synodical assemblies. In full consistency with this belief, we embrace, in the spirit of charity, those Christians who differ from us, in opinion and practice, on these subjects.

II. These assemblies ought not to possess any civil jurisdiction, nor to inflict any civil penalties. Their power is wholly moral or spiritual, and that only ministerial and declarative. They possess the right of requiring obedience to the laws of Christ; and of excluding the disobedient and disorderly from the privileges of the church. To give efficiency, however, to this necessary and scriptural authority, they possess the powers requisite for obtaining evidence and inflicting censure. They can call before them any offender against the order and government of the church; they can require members of their own society to appear and give testimony in the cause; but the highest punishment to which their authority extends, is to exclude the contumacious and impenitent from the congregation of believers.

CHAPTER IX.

OF THE CHURCH SESSION.

I. The Church session consists of the pastor or pastors, and ruling elders, of a particular congregation.

II. Of this judicatory, two elders, if there be as many in the congregation, with the pastor, shall be necessary to constitute a quorum.

III. The pastor of the congregation shall always be the moderator of the session; except when, for prudential reasons, it may appear advisable that some other minister should be invited to preside; in which case the pastor may, with the concurrence of the session, invite such other minister as they may see meet, belonging to the same presbytery, to preside in that case. The same expedient may be adopted in the case of the sickness or absence of the pastor.

IV. It is expedient, at every meeting of the session, more especially when constituted for judicial business, that there be a presiding minister. When, therefore, a church is without a pastor, the moderator of the session shall be, either the minister appointed for that purpose by the presbytery, or one invited by the session to preside on a particular occasion. But where it is impracticable, without great inconvenience, to procure the attendance of such a moderator, the session may proceed without it.

V. In congregations where there are two or more pastors, they shall, when present, alternately preside in the session.

VI. The Church session is charged with maintaining the spiritual government of the congregation; for which purpose, they have power to inquire into the knowledge and Christian conduct of the members of the church; to call before them offenders and witnesses, being members of their own congregation, and to introduce other witnesses, where it may be necessary to bring the process to issue, and when they can be procured to attend; to receive members into the church; to admonish, to rebuke, to suspend, or exclude from the sacraments, those who are found to deserve censure; to concert the best measures for promoting the spiritual interests of the congregation; and to appoint delegates to the higher judicatories of the church.

VII. The pastor has power to convene the session when he may judge it requisite; and he shall always convene them when requested to do so by any two of the elders. The session shall also convene when directed so to do by the presbytery.

VIII. Every session shall keep a fair record of its proceedings; which record shall be, at least once in every year, submitted to the inspection of the presbytery.

IX. It is important that every church session keep a fair register of marriages; of baptisms, with the times of the birth of the individuals baptized; of persons admitted to the Lord's table, and of deaths, and other removals of church members.

CHAPTER X.

OF THE PRESBYTERY.

I The Church being divided into many separate congregations, these need mutual counsel and assistance, in order to preserve soundness of doctrine, and regularity of discipline, and to enter into common measures for promoting knowledge and religion, and for preventing infidelity, error, and immorality. Hence arise the importance and usefulness of presbyterial and synodical assemblies.

II. A presbytery consists of all the ministers, in number not less than five, and one ruling elder from each congregation, within a certain district.

III. Every congregation, which has a stated pastor, has a right to be represented by one elder; and every collegiate church by two or more elders, in proportion to the number of its pastors.

IV. When two or more congregations are united under one pastor, all such congregations shall have but one elder to represent them.

V. Every vacant congregation, which is regularly organized, shall be entitled to be represented by a ruling elder in presbytery.

VI. Every elder not known to the presbytery, shall produce a certificate of his regular appointment from the church which he represents.

VII. Any three ministers, and as many elders as may be present belonging to the presbytery, being met at the time and place appointed, shall be a quorum competent to proceed to business.

VIII. The presbytery has power to receive and issue appeals from church sessions and references brought before them in an orderly manner; to examine and license candidates for the holy ministry; to ordain, install, remove, and judge ministers; to examine and approve or censure the records of church sessions; to resolve questions of doctrine or discipline seriously and reasonably proposed; to condemn erroneous opinions which injure the purity or peace of the church; to visit particular churches, for the purpose of inquiring into their state, and redressing the evils that may have arisen in them; to unite or divide congregations, at the request of the people, or to form or receive new congregations, and in general to order whatever pertains to the spiritual welfare of the churches under their care.

IX. It shall be the duty of the presbytery to keep a full and fair record of their proceedings, and to report to the synod every year, licensures, ordinations, the receiving or dismissing of members, the removal of members by death, the union or division of congregations, or the formation of new ones; and in general, all the important changes which may have taken place within their bounds in the course of the year.

X. The presbytery shall meet on its own adjournment; and when any emergency shall require a meeting sooner than the time to which it stands adjourned, the moderator, or in case of his absence, death or inability to act, the stated clerk, shall, with the concurrence, or at the request of two ministers and two elders, the elders being of different congregations, call a special meeting. For this purpose he shall send a circular letter, specifying the particular business of the intended meeting, to every minister belonging to the presbytery, and to the session of every vacant congregation, in due time previous to the meeting; which shall not be less than ten days. And nothing shall be transacted at such special meeting besides the particular business for which the judicatory has been thus convened.

XI. At every meeting of presbytery, a sermon shall be delivered, if convenient; and every particular session shall be opened and closed with prayer.

XII. Ministers in good standing in other presbyteries, or in any sister churches, who may happen to be present, may be invited to sit with the presbytery as corresponding members. Such members shall be

entitled to deliberate and advise, but not to vote in any decisions of the presbytery.

CHAPTER XI.

OF THE SYNOD.

I. As a presbytery is a convention of the bishops and elders within a certain district: so a synod is a convention of the bishops and elders within a larger district, including at least three presbyteries. The ratio of the representation of elders in the synod is the same as in the presbytery.

II. Any seven ministers, belonging to the synod, who shall convene at the time and place of meeting, with as many elders as may be present, shall be a quorum to transact synodical business; provided not more than three of the said ministers belong to one presbytery.

III. The same rule, as to corresponding members, which was laid down with respect to the presbytery, shall apply to the synod.

IV. The synod has power to receive and issue all appeals regularly brought up from presbyteries; *provided*, that in the trial of judicial cases the synod shall have power to act by Commission, in accordance with the provisions on the subject of Judicial Commissions in the Book of Discipline; to decide all references made to them; its decisions on appeals, complaints, and references, which do not affect the doctrine or constitution of the church, being final; to review the records of presbyteries, and approve or censure them; to redress whatever has been done by presbyteries contrary to order; to take effectual care that presbyteries observe the constitution of the church; to erect new presbyteries, and unite or divide those which were before erected; generally to take such order with respect to the presbyteries, sessions, and people under their care, as may be in conformity with the word of God and the established rules, and which tend to promote the edification of the church; and, finally, to propose to the general assembly, for their adoption, such measures as may be of common advantage to the whole church.

V. The synod shall convene at least once in each year; at the opening of which a sermon shall be delivered by the moderator, or, in case of his absence, by some other member; and every particular session shall be opened and closed with prayer.

VI. It shall be the duty of the synod to keep full and fair records of its proceedings, to submit them anually to the inspection of the General Assembly, and to report to the Assembly the number of its presbyteries, and of the members and alterations of the presbyteries.

CHAPTER XII.

OF THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY.*

I. THE General Assembly is the highest judicatory of the Presbyterian Church. It shall represent, in one body, all the particular churches of this denomination; and shall bear the title of THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY OF THE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

II. The General Assembly shall consist of an equal delegation of bishops and elders from each presbytery, in the following proportion; viz.: each presbytery consisting of not more than twenty-four ministers, shall send one minister and one elder; and each presbytery consisting of more than twenty-four ministers, shall send one minister and one elder for each twenty-four ministers, or for each additional fractional number of ministers not less than twelve; and these delegates, so appointed, shall be styled, Commissioners to the General Assembly.

III. Any fourteen or more of these commissioners, one half of whom shall be ministers, being met on the day, and at the place appointed, shall be a quorum for the transaction of business.

IV. The General Assembly shall receive and issue all appeals, complaints, and references that affect the doctrine or constitution of the church, which may be regularly brought before them from the inferior judicatories; *provided*, that in the trial of judicial cases the General Assembly shall have power to act by Commission, in accordance with the provisions on the subject of Judicial Commissions in the Book of Discipline. They shall review the records of every synod, and approve or censure them: they shall give their advice and instruction in all cases submitted to them in conformity with the constitution of the church; and they shall constitute the bond of union, peace, correspondence, and mutual confidence, among all our churches.

V. To the General Assembly also belongs the power of deciding in all controversies respecting doctrine and discipline; of reproving, warning, or bearing testimony against error in doctrine, or immorality in practice, in any church, presbytery, or synod; of erecting new synods when it may be judged necessary; of superintending the concerns of the whole church; of corresponding with foreign churches, on such terms as may be agreed upon by the Assembly and the corresponding body; of suppressing schismatical contentions and disputations; and, in general, of recommending and attempting reformation of manners, and the promotion of charity, truth, and holiness, through all the churches under their care.

VI. Before any overtures or regulations, proposed by the Assembly to be established as constitutional rules, shall be obligatory on the churches, it shall be necessary to transmit them to all the presbyteries, and to receive the returns of at least a majority of them, in writing, approving thereof.

VII. The General Assembly shall meet at least once in every year. On the day appointed for that purpose, the moderator of the last Assembly, if present, or in case of his absence, some other minister, shall open the meeting with a sermon, and preside until a new moderator be chosen. No commissioner shall have a right to deliberate or vote in the Assembly, until his name shall have been enrolled by the clerk, and his commission examined, and filed among the papers of the Assembly.

VIII. Each session of the Assembly shall be opened and closed with prayer. And the whole business of the Assembly being finished, and the vote taken for dissolving the present Assembly, the moderator shall say from the chair,—"By virtue of the authority delegated to me, by the church, let this General Assembly

* The radical principles of Presbyterian church government and discipline are:—That the several different congregations of believers, taken collectively, constitute one church of Christ, called emphatically the church;—that a larger part of the church, or a representation of it, should govern a smaller, or determine matters of controversy which arise therein;—that, in like manner, a representation of the whole should govern and determine in regard to every part, and to all the parts united; that is, that a majority shall govern: and consequently that appeals may be carried from lower to higher judicatories, till they be finally decided by the collected wisdom and united voice of the whole church. For these principles and this procedure, the example of the apostles, and the practice of the primitive church, are considered as authority.

be dissolved, and I do hereby dissolve it, and require another General Assembly, chosen in the same manner, to meet at on the day of A. D. "—after which he shall pray and return thanks, and pronounce on those present the apostolic benediction.

CHAPTER XIII.

OF ELECTING AND ORDAINING RULING ELDERS AND DEACONS.

I HAVING defined the officers of the church, and the judicatories by which it shall be governed, it is proper here to prescribe the mode in which ecclesiastical rulers should be ordained to their respective offices, as well as some of the principles by which they shall be regulated in discharging their several duties.

II. Every congregation shall elect persons to the office of ruling elder, and to the office of deacon, or either of them, in the mode most approved and in use in that congregation. But in all cases the persons elected must be male members in full communion in the church in which they are to exercise their office.

III. When any person shall have been elected to either of these offices, and shall have declared his willingness to accept thereof, he shall be set apart in the following manner:

IV. After sermon, the minister shall state, in a concise manner, the warrant and nature of the office of ruling elder or deacon, together with the character proper to be sustained, and the duties to be fulfilled by the officer elect: having done this, he shall propose to the candidate, in the presence of the congregation, the following questions:—viz.

1. Do you believe the Scriptures of the Old and New Testaments to be the word of God, the only infallible rule of faith and practice?

2. Do you sincerely receive and adopt the confession of faith of this church, as containing the system of doctrine taught in the Holy Scriptures?

3. Do you approve of the government and discipline of the Presbyterian church in these United States?

4. Do you accept the office of ruling elder (or deacon, as the case may be) in this congregation, and promise faithfully to perform all the duties thereof?

5. Do you promise to study the peace, unity, and purity of the church?

The elder, or deacon elect, having answered these questions in the affirmative, the minister shall address to the members of the church the following question: —viz.

Do you, the members of this church, acknowledge and receive this brother as a ruling elder, (or deacon) and do you promise to yield him all that honor, encouragement, and obedience, in the Lord, to which his office, according to the word of God, and the constitution of this church, entitles him?

The members of the church having answered this question in the affirmative, by holding up their right hands, the minister shall proceed to set apart the candidate, by prayer, to the office of ruling elder, (or deacon, as the case may be) and shall give to him, and to the congregation, an exhortation suited to the occasion.

V. Where there is an existing session, it is proper that the members of that body, at the close of the service, and in the face of the congregation, take the newly ordained elder by the hand, saying in words to this purpose,—"We give you the right hand of fellowship, to take part of this office with us."

VI. The offices of ruling elder and deacon are both perpetual, and cannot be laid aside at pleasure. No person can be divested of either office but by deposition. Yet an elder or deacon may become, by age or infirmity, incapable of performing the duties of his office; or he may, though chargeable with neither heresy nor immorality, become unacceptable, in his official character, to a majority of the congregation to which he belongs. In either of these cases he may, as often happens with respect to a minister, cease to be an acting elder or deacon.

VII. Whenever a ruling elder or deacon, from either of these causes, or from any other, not inferring crime, shall be incapable of serving the church to edification, the session shall take order on the subject, and state the fact, together with the reasons of it, on their records. *Provided always*, that nothing of this kind shall be done without the concurrence of the individual in question, unless by the advice of presbytery.

VIII. If any particular church, by a vote of members in full communion, shall prefer to elect ruling elders for a limited time in the exercise of their functions, this may be done; *provided*, the full time be not less than three years, and the session be made to consist of three classes, one of which only shall be elected every year; and *provided*, that elders, once ordained, shall not be divested of the office when they are not re-elected, but shall be entitled to represent that particular church in the higher judicatories, when appointed by the session or the presbytery.

CHAPTER XIV.

OF LICENSING CANDIDATES OR PROBATIONERS TO PREACH THE GOSPEL.

I. THE Holy Scriptures require that some trial be previously had of those who are to be ordained to the ministry of the gospel, that this sacred office may not be degraded, by being committed to weak or unworthy men; and that the churches may have an opportunity to form a better judgment respecting the talents of those by whom they are to be instructed and governed. For this purpose presbyteries shall license probationers to preach the gospel, that after a competent trial of their talents, and receiving from the churches a good report, they may, in due time, ordain them to the sacred office.

II. Every candidate for licensure shall be taken on trials by that presbytery to which he most naturally belongs; and he shall be considered as most naturally belonging to that presbytery within the bounds of which he has ordinarily resided. But in case any candidate should find it more convenient to put himself under the care of a presbytery at a distance from that to which he most naturally belongs, he may be received by the said presbytery, on his producing testimonials either from the presbytery within the bounds of which he has commonly resided, or from any two ministers of that presbytery in good standing, of his exemplary piety, and other requisite qualifications.

III. It is proper and requisite that candidates applying to the presbytery to be licensed to preach the gospel, produce satisfactory testimonials of their good moral character, and of their being regular members of some particular church. And it is the duty of the presbytery, for their satisfaction with regard to the real piety of such candidates, to examine them respecting their experimental acquaintance with religion, and the motives which influence them to desire the

sacred office. This examination shall be close and particular, and, in most cases, may best be conducted in the presence of the presbytery only. And it is recommended that the candidate be also required to produce a diploma of bachelor or master of arts, from some college or university: or, at least, authentic testimonials of his having gone through a regular course of learning.

IV. Because it is highly reproachful to religion, and dangerous to the church, to intrust the holy ministry to weak and ignorant men, the presbytery shall try each candidate as to his knowledge of the Latin language; and the original languages in which the Holy Scriptures were written. They shall also examine him on the arts and sciences; on theology, natural and revealed; and on ecclesiastical history, the sacraments and church government. And in order to make trial of his talents to explain and vindicate, and practically to enforce, the doctrines of the gospel, the presbytery shall require of him,

1. A Latin exegesis on some common head in divinity.

2. A critical exercise; in which the candidate shall give a specimen of his taste and judgment in sacred criticism; presenting an explication of the original text, stating its connection, illustrating its force and beauties, removing its difficulties, and solving any important questions which it may present.

3. A lecture, or exposition of several verses of scripture; and,

4. A popular sermon.

V. These, or other similar exercises, at the discretion of the presbytery, shall be exhibited until they shall have obtained satisfaction as to the candidate's piety, literature, and aptness to teach in the churches. The lecture and popular sermon, if the presbytery think proper, may be delivered in the presence of a congregation.

VI. That the most effectual measures may be taken to guard against the admission of insufficient men into the sacred office, it is recommended that no candidate, except in extraordinary cases, be licensed, unless, after his having completed the usual course of academical studies, he shall have studied divinity at least two years, under some approved divine or professor of theology.

VII. If the presbytery be satisfied with his trials, they shall then proceed to license him in the following manner: The moderator shall propose to him the following questions:—viz.

1. Do you believe the Scriptures of the Old and New Testaments to be the word of God, and only infallible rule of faith and practice?

2. Do you sincerely receive and adopt the confession of faith of this church, as containing the system of doctrine taught in the Holy Scriptures?

3. Do you promise to study the peace, unity, and purity of the church?

4. Do you promise to submit yourself, in the Lord, to the government of this presbytery, or of any other presbytery in the bounds of which you may be called?

VIII. The candidate having answered these questions in the affirmative, and the moderator having offered up a prayer suitable to the occasion, he shall address himself to the candidate to the following purpose:—"In the name of the Lord Jesus Christ, and by that authority which he hath given to the church for its edification, we do license you to preach the gospel, wherever God in his providence may call you: and for this purpose, may the blessing of God rest upon you, and the Spirit of Christ fill your heart.—*Amen!*"

and record shall be made of the licensure in the following or like form:—viz.

At the day of the presbytery of having received testimonials in favor of of his having gone through a regular course of literature; of his good moral character; and of his being in the communion of the church; proceeded to take the usual parts of trial for his licensure: and he having given satisfaction as to his accomplishments in literature; as to his experimental acquaintance with religion; and as to his proficiency in divinity and other studies; the presbytery did, and hereby do, express their approbation of all these parts of trial: and he having adopted the confession of faith of this church, and satisfactorily answered the questions appointed to be put to candidates to be licensed; the presbytery did, and hereby do license him, the said to preach the Gospel of Christ, as a probationer for the holy ministry, within the bounds of this presbytery, or wherever else he shall be orderly called.

IX. When any candidate for licensure shall have occasion while his trials are going on, to remove from the bounds of his own presbytery into those of another, it shall be considered as regular for the latter presbytery, on his producing proper testimonials from the former, to take up his trials at the point at which they were left, and conduct them to a conclusion, in the same manner as if they had been commenced by themselves.

X. In like manner, when any candidate, after licensure, shall by the permission of his presbytery, remove without its limits, an extract of the record of his licensure, accompanied with a presbyterial recommendation, signed by the clerk, shall be his testimonials to the presbytery under whose care he shall come.

XI. When a licentiate shall have been preaching for a considerable time, and his services do not seem to be edifying to the churches, the presbytery may, if they think proper, recall his license.

CHAPTER XV.

OF THE ELECTION AND ORDINATION OF BISHOPS OR PASTORS, AND EVANGELISTS.

I. When any probationer shall have preached so much to the satisfaction of any congregation, as that the people appear prepared to elect a pastor, the session shall take measures to convene them for this purpose: and it shall always be a duty of the session to convene them, when a majority of the persons entitled to vote in the case, shall, by a petition, request that a meeting may be called.

II. When such a meeting is intended, the session shall solicit the presence and counsel of some neighboring minister to assist them in conducting the election contemplated, unless highly inconvenient on account of distance; in which case they may proceed without such assistance.

III. On a Lord's-day, immediately after public worship, it shall be intimated from the pulpit, that all the members of that congregation are requested to meet on ensuing, at the church, or usual place for holding public worship; then and there, if it be agreeable to them, to proceed to the election of a pastor for that congregation.

IV. On the day appointed, the minister invited to preside, if he be present, shall, if it be deemed expedient, preach a sermon; and after sermon he shall announce to the people, that he will immediately pro-

ceed to take the votes of the electors of that congregation for a pastor, if such be their desire: and when this desire shall be expressed by a majority of voices, he shall then proceed to take votes accordingly. In this election, no person shall be entitled to vote who refuses to submit to the censures of the church, regularly administered; or who does not contribute his just proportion, according to his own engagements, or the rules of that congregation, to all its necessary expenses.

V. When the votes are taken, if it appear that a large minority of the people are averse from the candidate who has a majority of votes, and cannot be induced to concur in the call, the presiding minister shall endeavor to dissuade the congregation from prosecuting it further. But if the people be nearly, or entirely, unanimous; or if the majority shall insist upon their right to call a pastor, the presiding minister, in that case, after using his utmost endeavors to persuade the congregation to unanimity, shall proceed to draw a call, in due form, and to have it subscribed by the electors; certifying at the same time, in writing, the number and circumstances of those who do not concur in the call; all which proceedings shall be laid before the presbytery, together with the call.

VI. The call shall be in the following or like form: —viz.

The congregation of being, on sufficient grounds, well satisfied of the ministerial qualifications of you and having good hopes, from our past experience of your labors, that your ministrations in the Gospel will be profitable to our spiritual interests, do earnestly call and desire you to undertake the pastoral office in said congregation; promising you, in the discharge of your duty, all proper support, encouragement, and obedience in the Lord. And that you may be free from worldly cares and avocations, we hereby promise and oblige ourselves to pay to you the sum of in regular quarterly (or half yearly, or yearly) payments, during the time of your being and continuing the regular pastor of this church. In testimony whereof, we have respectively subscribed our names, this day of A. D.

Attested by A. B. *Moderator of the meeting.*

VII. But if any congregation shall choose to subscribe their call by their elders and deacons, or by their trustees, or by a select committee, they shall be at liberty to do so. But it shall, in such case, be fully certified to the presbytery, by the minister, or other persons who presided, that the persons signing have been appointed, for this purpose, by a public vote of the congregation; and that the call has been, in all other respects, prepared as above directed.

VIII. When a call shall be presented to any minister or candidate, it shall always be viewed as a sufficient petition from the people for his instalment. The acceptance of a call, by a minister or candidate, shall always be considered as a request, on his part, to be installed at the same time. And when a candidate shall be ordained in consequence of a call from any congregation, the presbytery shall, at the same time, if practicable, install him pastor of that congregation.

IX. The call, thus prepared, shall be presented to the presbytery, under whose care the person called shall be; that, if the presbytery think it expedient to present the call to him, it may be accordingly presented: and no minister or candidate shall receive a call but through the hands of the presbytery.

X. If the call be to a licentiate of another presbytery, in that case the commissioners deputed from the congregation to prosecute the call, shall produce, to that judicatory, a certificate from their own presbytery, regularly attested by the moderator and clerk, that the call has been laid before them, and that it is in order. If that presbytery present the call to their licentiate, and he be disposed to accept it, they shall then dismiss him from their jurisdiction, and require him to repair to that presbytery, into the bounds of which he is called; and there to submit himself to the usual trials preparatory to ordination.

XI. Trials for ordination, especially in a different presbytery from that in which the candidate was licensed, shall consist of a careful examination as to his acquaintance with experimental religion; as to his knowledge of philosophy, theology, ecclesiastical history, the Greek and Hebrew languages, and such other branches of learning as to the presbytery may appear requisite; and as to his knowledge of the constitution, the rules and principles of the government, and discipline of the church; together with such written discourse, or discourses, founded on the word of God, as to the presbytery shall seem proper. The presbytery, being fully satisfied with his qualifications for the sacred office, shall appoint a day for his ordination, which ought to be, if convenient, in that church of which he is to be the minister. It is also recommended that a fast day be observed in the congregation previous to the day of ordination.

XII. The day appointed for ordination being come, and the presbytery convened, a member of the presbytery, previously appointed to that duty, shall preach a sermon adapted to the occasion. The same, or another member appointed to preside, shall afterwards briefly recite from the pulpit, in the audience of the people, the proceedings of the presbytery preparatory to this transaction: he shall point out the nature and importance of the ordinance; and endeavor to impress the audience with a proper sense of the solemnity of the transaction.

Then addressing himself to the candidate, he shall propose to him the following questions:—viz.

1. Do you believe the Scriptures of the Old and New Testaments to be the word of God, the only infallible rule of faith and practice?

2. Do you sincerely receive and adopt the confession of faith of this church, as containing the system of doctrine taught in the Holy Scriptures?

3. Do you approve of the government and discipline of the Presbyterian Church in these United States?

4. Do you promise subjection to your brethren in the Lord?

5. Have you been induced, as far as you know your own heart, to seek the office of the holy ministry from love to God, and a sincere desire to promote his glory in the gospel of his Son?

6. Do you promise to be zealous and faithful in maintaining the truths of the gospel, and the purity and peace of the church; whatever persecution or opposition may arise unto you on that account?

7. Do you engage to be faithful and diligent in the exercise of all private and personal duties, which become you as a Christian and a minister of the gospel; as well as in all relative duties, and the public duties of your office; endeavoring to adorn the profession of the gospel by your conversation; and walking with exemplary piety before the flock over which God shall make you overseer?

8. Are you now willing to take the charge of this congregation, agreeably to your declaration at accepting their call? And do you promise to discharge the

duties of a pastor to them, as God shall give you strength?

XIII. The candidate having answered these questions in the affirmative, the presiding minister shall propose to the people the following questions:

1. Do you, the people of this congregation, continue to profess your readiness to receive whom you have called to be your minister?

2. Do you promise to receive the word of truth from his mouth, with meekness and love; and to submit to him in the due exercise of discipline?

3. Do you promise to encourage him in his arduous labor, and to assist his endeavors for your instruction and spiritual edification?

4. And do you engage to continue to him, while he is your pastor, that competent worldly maintenance which you have promised; and whatever else you may see needful for the honor of religion, and his comfort among you?

XIV. The people having answered these questions in the affirmative, by holding up their right hands, the candidate shall kneel down in the most convenient part of the church. Then the presiding minister shall, by prayer, and with the laying on of the hands of the presbytery, according to the apostolic example, solemnly ordain him to the holy office of the gospel ministry. Prayer being ended, he shall rise from his knees; and the minister who presides shall first, and afterward all the members of the presbytery in their order, take him by the right hand, saying, in words to this purpose, "We give you the right hand of fellowship, to take part of this ministry with us." After which the minister presiding, or some other appointed for the purpose, shall give a solemn charge in the name of God, to the newly ordained bishop, and to the people, to persevere in the discharge of their mutual duties; and shall then, by prayer, recommend them both to the grace of God, and his holy keeping, and finally, after singing a psalm, shall dismiss the congregation with the usual blessing. And the presbytery shall duly record the transaction.

XV. As it is sometimes desirable and important that a candidate who has not received a call to be the pastor of a particular congregation, should, nevertheless, be ordained to the work of the gospel ministry, as an evangelist to preach the gospel, administer sealing ordinances, and organize churches, in frontier or destitute settlements; in this case, the last of the preceding questions shall be omitted, and the following used as a substitute:—viz.

Are you now willing to undertake the work of an evangelist; and do you promise to discharge the duties which may be incumbent on you in this character, as God shall give you strength?

CHAPTER XVI.

OF TRANSLATION, OR REMOVING A MINISTER FROM ONE CHARGE TO ANOTHER.

I. No bishop shall be translated from one church to another, nor shall he receive any call for that purpose, but by the permission of the presbytery.

II. Any church desiring to call a settled minister from his present charge, shall, by commissioners properly authorized, represent to the presbytery the ground on which they plead his removal. The presbytery, having maturely considered their plea, may, according as it appears more or less reasonable, either recommend to them to desist from prosecuting the call, or may order it to be delivered to the minister to whom it is directed. If the parties be not prepared to have the matter issued at that presbytery, a written citation shall be given to the minister and his congregation, to appear before the presbytery at their next meeting. This citation shall be read from the pulpit in that church, by a member of the presbytery appointed for that purpose, immediately after public worship; so that at least two Sabbaths shall intervene betwixt the citation and the meeting of the presbytery at which the cause of translation is to be considered. The presbytery being met, and having heard the parties, shall, upon the whole view of the case, either continue him in his former charge, or translate him, as they shall deem to be most for the peace and edification of the church; or refer the whole affair to the synod at their next meeting, for their advice and direction.

III. When the congregation calling any settled minister is within the limits of another presbytery, that congregation shall obtain leave from the presbytery to which they belong, to apply to the presbytery of which he is a member: and that presbytery, having cited him and his congregation as before directed, shall proceed to hear and issue the cause. If they agree to the translation, they shall release him from his present charge; and having given him proper testimonials, shall require him to repair to that presbytery, within the bounds of which the congregation calling him lies, that the proper steps may be taken for his regular settlement in that congregation: and the presbytery to which the congregation belongs, having received an authenticated certificate of his release, under the hand of the clerk of that presbytery, shall proceed to install him in the congregation, as soon as convenient. Provided always, that no bishop or pastor shall be translated without his own consent previously obtained.

IV. When any minister is to be settled in a congregation, the instalment, which consists in constituting a pastoral relation between him and the people of that particular church, may be performed either by the presbytery, or by a committee appointed for that purpose, as may appear most expedient: and the following order shall be observed therein:

V. A day shall be appointed for the instalment at such time as shall appear most convenient, and due notice thereof given to the congregation.

VI. When the presbytery, or committee shall be convened and constituted, on the day appointed, a sermon shall be delivered by some one of the members previously appointed thereto; immediately after which, the bishop who is to preside shall state to the congregation the design of their meeting, and briefly recite the proceedings of the presbytery relative thereto. And then, addressing himself to the minister to be installed, shall propose to him the following or similar questions:

1. Are you now willing to take the charge of this congregation, as their pastor, agreeably to your declaration at accepting their call?

2. Do you conscientiously believe and declare, as far as you know your own heart, that in taking upon you this charge, you are influenced by a sincere desire to promote the glory of God, and the good of his church?

3. Do you solemnly promise, that, by the assistance of the grace of God, you will endeavor faithfully to discharge all the duties of a pastor to this congregation, and will be careful to maintain a deportment in all respects becoming a minister of the gospel of Christ, agreeably to your ordination engagements?

To all these having received satisfactory answers, he shall propose to the people the same or like ques

tions as those directed under the head of ordination; which, having been also satisfactorily answered, by holding up the right hand in testimony of assent, he shall solemnly pronounce and declare the said minister to be regularly constituted the pastor of that congregation. A charge shall then be given to both parties, as directed in the case of ordination; and, after prayer, and singing a psalm adapted to the transaction, the congregation shall be dismissed with the usual benediction.

VII. It is highly becoming, that, after the solemnity of the instalment, the heads of families of that congregation who are then present, or at least the elders, and those appointed to take care of the temporal concerns of that church, should come forward to their pastor, and give him their right hand, in token of cordial reception and affectionate regard.

CHAPTER XVII.

OF RESIGNING A PASTORAL CHARGE.

When any minister shall labor under such grievances in his congregation, as that he shall desire leave to resign his pastoral charge, the presbytery shall cite the congregation to appear, by their commissioners, at their next meeting, to show cause, if any they have, why the presbytery should not accept the resignation. If the congregation fail to appear, or if their reasons for retaining their pastor be deemed by the presbytery insufficient, he shall have leave granted to resign his pastoral charge, of which due record shall be made: and that church shall be held to be vacant, till supplied again, in an orderly manner, with another minister: and if any congregation shall desire to be released from their pastor, a similar process, *mutatis mutandis*, shall be observed.

CHAPTER XVIII.

OF MISSIONS.

When vacancies become so numerous in any presbytery that they cannot be supplied with the frequent administration of the word and ordinances, it shall be proper for such presbytery, or any vacant congregation within their bounds, with the leave of the presbytery, to apply to any other presbytery, or to any synod, or to the General Assembly, for such assistance as they can afford. And, when any presbytery shall send any of their ministers or probationers to distant vacancies, the missionary shall be ready to produce his credentials to the presbytery or presbyteries, through the bounds of which he may pass, or at least to a committee thereof, and obtain their approbation. And the General Assembly may, of their own knowledge, send missions to any part to plant churches, or to supply vacancies: and, for this purpose, may direct any presbytery to ordain evangelists, or ministers without relation to particular churches: provided always, that such missions be made with the consent of the parties appointed; and that the judicatory sending them, make the necessary provision for their support and reward in the performance of this service.

CHAPTER XIX.

OF MODERATORS.

I. It is equally necessary in the judicatories of the church, as in other assemblies, that there should be a moderator or president; that the business may be conducted with order and despatch.

II. The moderator is to be considered as possessing by delegation from the whole body, all authority necessary for the preservation of order; for convening and adjourning the judicatory; and directing its operations according to the rules of the church. He is to propose to the judicatory every subject of deliberation that comes before them. He may propose what appears to him the most regular and speedy way of bringing any business to issue. He shall prevent the members from interrupting each other; and require them, in speaking, always to address the chair. He shall prevent a speaker from deviating from the subject; and from using personal reflections. He shall silence those who refuse to obey order. He shall prevent members who attempt to leave the judicatory without leave obtained from him. He shall, at a proper season, when the deliberations are ended, put the question and call the votes. If the judicatory be equally divided, he shall possess the casting vote. If he be not willing to decide, he shall put the question a second time; and if the judicatory be again equally divided, and he decline to give his vote, the question shall be lost. In all questions he shall give a concise and clear state of the object of the vote; and the vote being taken, shall then declare how the question is decided. And he shall likewise be empowered, on any extraordinary emergency, to convene the judicatory, by his circular letter, before the ordinary time of meeting.

III. The moderator of the presbytery shall be chosen from year to year, or at every meeting of the presbytery, as the presbytery may think best. The moderator of the synod, and of the General Assembly, shall be chosen at each meeting of those judicatories: and the moderator, or, in case of his absence, another member appointed for the purpose, shall open the next meeting with a sermon, and shall hold the chair till a new moderator be chosen.

CHAPTER XX.

OF CLERKS.

Every judicatory shall choose a clerk, to record their transactions, whose continuance shall be during pleasure. It shall be the duty of the clerk, besides recording the transactions, to preserve the records carefully; and to grant extracts from them, whenever properly required: and such extracts, under the hand of the clerk, shall be considered as authentic vouchers of the fact which they declare, in any ecclesiastical judicatory, and to every part of the church.

CHAPTER XXI.

OF VACANT CONGREGATIONS ASSEMBLING FOR PUBLIC WORSHIP.

Considering the great importance of weekly assembling the people, for the public worship of God, in order thereby to improve their knowledge; to confirm their habits of worship, and their desire of the public ordinances; to augment their reverence for the most high God; and to promote the charitable affections which unite men most firmly in society: it is recommended, that every vacant congregation meet together, on the Lord's day, at one or more places, for the purpose of prayer, singing praises, and reading the holy Scriptures, together with the works of such approved divines, as the presbytery, within whose bounds they are, may recommend, and they may be able to procure; and that the elders or deacons be the persons who shall preside, and select the portions of Scripture, and of the other books to be read; and to

ave that the whole be conducted in a becoming and orderly manner.

CHAPTER XXII.

OF COMMISSIONERS TO THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY.

I. THE commissioners to the General Assembly shall always be appointed by the presbytery from which they come, at its last stated meeting, immediately preceding the meeting of the General Assembly; provided, that there be a sufficient interval between that time and the meeting of the Assembly, for the commissioners to attend to their duty in due season; otherwise, the presbytery may make the appointment at any stated meeting, not more than seven months preceding the meeting of the Assembly And as much as possible to prevent all failure in the representation of the presbyteries, arising from unforeseen accidents to those first appointed, it may be expedient for each presbytery, in the room of each commissioner, to appoint also an alternate commissioner to supply his place, in case of necessary absence.

II. Each commissioner, before his name shall be enrolled as a member of the Assembly, shall produce from his presbytery, a commission under the hand of the moderator and clerk, in the following, or like form:—viz.

"The presbytery of being met at on the day of doth hereby appoint bishop of the congregation of [or ruling elder in the congregation of as the case may be;"] (to which the presbytery may, if they think proper, make a substitution in the following form) "or in case of his absence, then bishop of the congregation of [or ruling elder in the congregation of as the case may be:] to be a commissioner, on behalf of this presbytery, to the next General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church in the United States of America, to meet at on the day of A. D. or wherever, and whenever the said Assembly may happen to sit; to consult, vote, and determine, on all things that may come before that body, according to the principles and constitution of this church, and the word of God. And of his diligence herein, he is to render an account at his return.

Signed by order of the presbytery,
Moderator,
Clerk."

And the presbytery shall make record of the appointment.

III. In order, as far as possible, to procure a respectable and full delegation to all our judicatories, it is proper that the expenses of ministers and elders in their attendance on these judicatories, be defrayed by the bodies which they respectively represent.

BOOK II.

OF DISCIPLINE.

[As RATIFIED BY THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY, 1884–85.]

CHAPTER I.

OF DISCIPLINE: ITS NATURE, ENDS AND SUBJECTS.

1. DISCIPLINE is the exercise of that authority, and the application of that system of laws, which the Lord Jesus Christ has appointed in his Church; embracing the care and control, maintained by the Church, over its members, officers and judicatories.

2. The ends of Discipline are the maintenance of the truth, the vindication of the authority and honor of Christ, the removal of offences, the promotion of the purity and edification of the Church, and the spiritual good of offenders. Its exercise, in such a manner as to secure its appropriate ends, requires much prudence and discretion. Judicatories, therefore, should take into consideration all the circumstances which may give a different character to conduct, and render it more or less offensive; and which may require different action, in similar cases, at different times, for the attainment of the same ends.

3. An offence is anything, in the doctrine, principles or practice of a church member, officer or judicatory, which is contrary to the Word of God; or which, if it be not in its own nature sinful, may tempt others to sin, or mar their spiritual edification.

4. Nothing shall, therefore, be the object of judicial process, which cannot be proved to be contrary to the Holy Scriptures, or to the regulations and practice of the Church founded thereon; nor anything which does not involve those evils which Discipline is intended to prevent.

5. All children born within the pale of the visible Church are members of the Church, are to be baptized, are under the care of the Church, and subject to its government and discipline, and when they have arrived at years of discretion, they are bound to perform all the duties of church members.

CHAPTER II.

OF THE PARTIES IN CASES OF PROCESS.

6. PROCESS against an alleged offender shall not be commenced unless some person undertakes to sustain the charge; or unless a judicatory finds it necessary for the ends of discipline to investigate the alleged offence.

7. An offence, gross in itself, may have been committed in such circumstances, that plainly the offender cannot be prosecuted to conviction. In all such cases, it is better to wait until God, in his righteous providence, shall give further light, than, by unavailing prosecution, to weaken the force of discipline.

8. No prosecution shall be allowed in a case of alleged personal injury, where the injured party is the prosecutor, unless those means of reconciliation have been tried, which are required by our Lord, Matthew xviii. 15–17: "If thy brother shall trespass against thee, go and tell him his fault between thee and him alone; if he shall hear thee, thou hast gained thy brother. But if he will not hear thee, then take with thee one or two more, that in the mouth of two or three witnesses every word may be established. And if he shall neglect to hear them, tell it unto the Church."

9. The course prescribed by the preceding section shall not be required when the prosecution is initiated by a judicatory; but in all such cases, and in every case of prosecution by a private person other than the injured party, effort should be made, by private conference with the accused, to avoid, if possible, the necessity of actual process.

10. When the prosecution is initiated by a judicatory, THE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA shall be the prosecutor, and an

original party; in all other cases, the individual prosecutor shall be an original party.

11. When the prosecution is initiated by a judicatory, it shall appoint one or more of its own members a Committee to conduct the prosecution in all its stages in whatever judicatory, until the final issue be reached: *provided*, that any appellate judicatory before which the case is pending shall, if desired by the prosecuting committee, appoint one or more of its own members to assist in the prosecution, upon the nomination of the prosecuting committee.

12. If one, who considers himself slandered, requests an investigation which a judicatory finds it proper to institute, one or more of its members shall be appointed to investigate the alleged slander, and make report in writing: and a record thereafter made may conclude the matter.

13. Great caution ought to be exercised in receiving accusations from any person who is known to indulge a malignant spirit toward the accused, or who is not of good character, or who is himself under censure or process, or who is personally interested in any respect in the conviction of the accused, or who is known to be litigious, rash or highly imprudent.

14. Any person who appears as a prosecutor, without appointment by the judicatory, shall be warned before the charges are presented that, if he fail to show probable cause for the charges, he must himself be censured, as a slanderer of the brethren, in proportion to the malignancy or rashness which may appear in the prosecution.

CHAPTER III.

OF CHARGES AND SPECIFICATIONS.

15. The charge shall set forth the alleged offence; and the specifications shall set forth the facts relied upon to sustain the charge. Each specification shall declare, as far as possible, the time, place, and circumstances, and shall be accompanied with the names of the witnesses to be cited for its support.

16. A charge shall not allege more than one offence; several charges against the same person, however, with the specifications under each of them, may be presented to the judicatory at one and the same time, and may, in the discretion of the judicatory, be tried together. But, when several charges are tried at the same time, a vote on each charge must be separately taken.

17. In all cases of alleged personal injury, where the prosecution is by the injured person or persons, the charge must be accompanied by an averment, that the course prescribed by our Lord, Matt. xviii. 15–17, has been faithfully tried.

CHAPTER IV.

OF PROCESS: GENERAL RULES PERTAINING TO ALL CASES.

18. Original jurisdiction, in relation to Ministers, pertains to the Presbytery; in relation to others, to the Session. But the higher judicatories may institute process in cases in which the lower have been directed so to do, and have refused or neglected to obey.

19. When a judicatory enters on the consideration of an alleged offence, the charge and specifications, which shall be in writing, shall be read; and nothing more shall be done at that meeting, unless by consent of parties, than to furnish the accused with a copy of the charge and specifications, together with the names of all the witnesses then known to support each specification; and to cite all concerned to appear at a subsequent meeting of the judicatory, to be held not less than ten days after the service of the citations. The citations shall be signed, in the name of the judicatory, by the Moderator, or Clerk; who shall, also, furnish citations for such witnesses as either party shall name. The accused shall not be required to disclose the names of his witnesses.

20. Citations shall be served personally, unless the person to be cited cannot be found, in which case the citation shall be sent to his last known place of residence; and, before proceeding to trial, it must appear that the citations have been served.

21. If an accused person refuses to obey a citation, a second citation shall issue, accompanied by a notice that, if he do not appear at the time appointed, unless providentially hindered, he will be censured for his contumacy, according to the subsequent provisions of the Book of Discipline. (*See Sections* 33, 38 *and* 46.) If he does not then appear, the judicatory may proceed to trial and judgment in his absence; in which case it shall appoint some person to represent him as counsel. The time allowed for his appearance, on any citation subsequent to the first, shall be determined by the judicatory, with proper regard for all the circumstances. The same rule, as to the time allowed for appearance, shall apply to all witnesses cited at the request of either party.

22. At the meeting at which the citations are returnable, the accused shall appear, or, if unable to be present, may appear by counsel. He may file objections to the regularity of the organization, or to the jurisdiction of the judicatory, or to the sufficiency of the charges and specifications in form or in legal effect, or any other substantial objection affecting the order or regularity of the proceeding, on which objections the parties shall be heard. The judicatory upon the filing such objections shall, or on its own motion may, determine all such preliminary objections, and may dismiss the case, or permit, in the furtherance of justice, amendments to the specifications or charges not changing the general nature of the same. If the proceedings be found in order, and the charges and specifications be considered sufficient to put the accused on his defence, he shall plead "guilty," or "not guilty," to the same, which shall be entered on the record. If the plea be "guilty," the judicatory shall proceed to judgment; but if the plea be "not guilty," or if the accused decline to answer, a plea of "not guilty" shall be entered of record and the trial proceed.

23. The witnesses shall be examined, and, if desired, cross-examined, and any other competent evidence introduced, at a meeting of which the accused shall be properly notified; after which new witnesses and other evidence, in rebuttal only, may be introduced by either party. But evidence, discovered during the progress of the trial, may be admitted, in behalf of either party, under such regulations, as to notice of the names of witnesses and the nature of the proof, as the judicatory shall deem reasonable and proper; and then the parties themselves shall be heard. The judicatory shall then go into private session—the parties, their counsel and all other persons not members of the body being excluded; when, after careful deliberation, the judicatory shall proceed to vote on each specification and on each charge separately, and judgment shall be entered accordingly.

24. The charge and specifications, the plea and the judgment, shall be entered on the minutes of the judicatory. The minutes shall also exhibit all the acts and orders of the judicatory relating to the case, with the reasons therefor, together with the notice of appeal, and the reasons therefor, if any shall have been filed; all which, together with the evidence in the case, duly filed and authenticated by the Clerk of the judicatory, shall constitute the record of the case; and, in case of a removal thereof by appeal, the lower judicatory shall transmit the record to the higher. Nothing which is not contained in the record shall be taken into consideration in the higher judicatory.

25. Exceptions may be taken by either of the original parties in a trial, to any part of the proceedings, except in the judicatory of last resort, and shall be entered on the record.

26. No professional counsel shall be permitted to appear and plead in cases of process in any of our ecclesiastical judicatories. But if any accused person feel unable to represent and plead his own cause to advantage, he may request any minister or elder, belonging to the judicatory before which he appears, to prepare and exhibit his cause as he may judge proper. But the minister or elder so engaged shall not be allowed, after pleading the cause of the accused, to sit in judgment as a member of the judicatory.

27. Questions as to order or evidence, arising in the course of a trial, shall, after the parties have had an opportunity to be heard, be decided by the Moderator, subject to appeal; and the question on the appeal shall be determined without debate. All such decisions, if desired by either party, shall be entered upon the record of the case.

28. No member of a judicatory, who has not been present during the whole of a trial, shall be allowed to vote on any question arising therein, except by unanimous consent of the judicatory and of the parties; and, when a trial is in progress, except in an appellate judicatory, the roll shall be called after each recess and adjournment, and the names of the absentees shall be noted.

29. The parties shall be allowed copies of the record at their own expense; and, on the final disposition of a case in a higher judicatory, the record of the case, with the judgment, shall be transmitted to the judicatory in which the case originated.

30. In the infliction and removal of church censures, judicatories shall observe the modes prescribed in Chapter X. of the Directory for Worship.

31. In all cases of judicial process, the judicatory may, at any stage of the case, determine, by a vote of two-thirds, to sit with closed doors.

32. A judicatory may, if the edification of the Church demands it, require an accused person to refrain from approaching the Lord's Table, or from the exercise of office, or both, until final action in the case shall be taken: *provided*, that in all cases a speedy investigation or trial shall be had.

CHAPTER V.

SPECIAL RULES PERTAINING TO CASES BEFORE SESSIONS.

33. When an accused person has been twice duly cited, and refuses to appear, by himself or counsel, before a Session, or, appearing, refuses to answer the charge brought against him, he shall be suspended, by act of Session, from the communion of the Church, and shall so remain until he repents of his contumacy, and submits himself to the orders of the judicatory.

34. The censures to be inflicted by the Session are, Admonition, Rebuke, Suspension or Deposition from office, Suspension from the communion of the Church, and, in the case of offenders who will not be reclaimed by milder measures, Excommunication.

35. The sentence shall be published, if at all, only in the Church or Churches which have been offended

CHAPTER VI.

GENERAL RULES PERTAINING TO THE TRIAL OF A MINISTER, ELDER, OR DEACON.

36. As the honor and success of the gospel depend, in a great measure, on the character of its Ministers, each Presbytery ought, with the greatest care and impartiality, to watch over their personal and professional conduct. But as, on the one hand, no Minister ought, on account of his office, to be screened from the hand of justice, or his offences to be slightly censured, so neither ought charges to be received against him on slight grounds.

37. If a Minister be accused of an offence, at such a distance from his usual place of residence as that it is not likely to become otherwise known to his Presbytery, it shall be the duty of the Presbytery within whose bounds the offence is alleged to have been committed, if it shall be satisfied that there is probable ground for the accusation, to notify his Presbytery thereof, and of the nature of the offence; and his Presbytery, on receiving such notice, shall, if it appears that the honor of religion requires it, proceed to the trial of the case.

38. If a Minister accused of an offence refuses to appear by himself or counsel, after being twice duly cited, he shall, for his contumacy, be suspended from his office; and if, after another citation, he refuses to appear by himself or counsel, he shall be suspended from the communion of the Church.

39. If a judicatory so decides, a member shall not be allowed, while charges are pending against him, to deliberate or vote on any question.

40. If the accused be found guilty, he shall be admonished, rebuked, suspended or deposed from office (with or without suspension from church privileges, in either case), or excommunicated. A Minister, suspended from office, may, at the expiration of one year, unless he gives satisfactory evidence of repentance, be deposed without further trial.

41. Heresy and schism may be of such a nature as to call for deposition; but errors ought to be carefully considered, whether they strike at the vitals of religion and are industriously spread, or whether they arise from the weakness of the human understanding, and are not likely to do much injury.

42. If the Presbytery finds, on trial, that the matter complained of amounts to no more than such acts of infirmity as may be amended and the people satisfied, so that little or nothing remains to hinder the usefulness of the offender, it shall take all prudent measures to remove the evil.

43. A Minister deposed for immoral conduct shall not be restored, even on the deepest sorrow for his sin, until after some considerable time of eminent and exemplary, humble and edifying conduct; and he ought in no case to be restored, until it shall clearly appear to the judicatory, within whose bounds he resides, that the restoration can be effected without injury to the cause of religion; and then only by the

judicatory inflicting the censure, or with its advice and consent.

44. If a Minister is deposed without excommunication, his pulpit, if he is a Pastor, shall be declared vacant; and the Presbytery shall give him a letter to any church with which he may desire to connect himself where his lot may be cast, in which shall be stated his exact relation to the Church. If a Pastor is suspended from office only, the Presbytery may, if no appeal from the sentence of suspension is pending, declare his pulpit vacant.

45. A Presbytery may, if the edification of the Church demand it, require an accused Minister to refrain from the exercise of his office until final action in the case shall be taken: *provided*, that in all cases a speedy investigation or trial shall be had.

46. In process by a Session against a ruling elder or a deacon, the provisions of this chapter, so far as applicable, shall be observed.

CHAPTER VII.

OF CASES WITHOUT PROCESS.

47. If a person commits an offence in the presence of a judicatory, or comes forward as his own accuser and makes known his offence, the judicatory may proceed to judgment without process, giving the offender an opportunity to be heard; and in the case first named he may demand a delay of at least two days before judgment. The record must show the nature of the offence, as well as the judgment and the reasons therefor, and appeal may be taken from the judgment as in other cases.

48. If a communicant, not chargeable with immoral conduct, inform the Session that he is fully persuaded that he has no right to come to the Lord's Table, the Session shall confer with him on the subject, and may, should he continue of the same mind, and his attendance on the other means of grace be regular, excuse him from attendance on the Lord's Supper; and, after fully satisfying themselves that his judgment is not the result of mistaken views, shall erase his name from the roll of communicants, and make record of their action in the case.

49. If a communicant, not chargeable with immoral conduct, removes out of the bounds of his Church, without asking for or receiving a regular certificate of dismission to another Church, and his residence is known, the Session may, within two years, advise him to apply for such certificate; and, if he fails so to do, without giving sufficient reason, his name may be placed on the roll of suspended members, until he shall satisfy the Session of the propriety of his restoration. But, if the Session has no knowledge of him for the space of three years, it may erase his name from the roll of communicants, making record of its action and the reasons therefor. In either case, the member shall continue subject to the jurisdiction of the Session. A separate roll of all such names shall be kept, stating the relations of each to the Church.

50. If any communicant, not chargeable with immoral conduct, neglects the ordinances of the Church for one year, and in circumstances such as the Session shall regard to be a serious injury to the cause of religion, he may, after affectionate visitation by the Session, and admonition if need be, be suspended from the communion of the Church until he gives satisfactory evidence of the sincerity of his repentance, but he shall not be excommunicated without due process of discipline.

51. If a Minister, otherwise in good standing, shall make application to be released from the office of the ministry, he may, at the discretion of the Presbytery, be put on probation, for one year at least, in such a manner as the Presbytery may direct, in order to ascertain his motives and reasons for such a relinquishment. And if, at the end of this period, the Presbytery be satisfied that he cannot be useful and happy in the exercise of his ministry, they may allow him to demit the office, and return to the condition of a private member in the Church, ordering his name to be stricken from the roll of the Presbytery, and giving him a letter to any Church with which he may desire to connect himself.

52. If a communicant renounces the communion of this Church by joining another denomination, without a regular dismission, although such conduct is disorderly, the Session shall take no other action in the case than to record the fact, and order his name to be erased from the roll. If charges are pending against him, these charges may be prosecuted.

53. If a Minister, not otherwise chargeable with an offence, renounces the jurisdiction of this Church, by abandoning the ministry, or becoming independent, or joining another denomination not deemed heretical, without a regular dismission, the Presbytery shall take no other action than to record the fact and to erase his name from the roll. If charges are pending against him, he may be tried thereon. If it appears that he has joined another denomination deemed heretical, he may be suspended, deposed, or excommunicated.

CHAPTER VIII.

OF EVIDENCE.

54. Judicatories ought to be very careful and impartial in receiving testimony. Not every person is competent, and not every competent person is credible, as a witness.

55. All persons, whether parties or otherwise, are competent witnesses, except such as do not believe in the existence of God, or a future state of rewards and punishments, or have not sufficient intelligence to understand the obligation of an oath. Any witness may be challenged for incompetency, and the judicatory shall decide the question.

56. The credibility of a witness, or the degree of credit due to his testimony, may be affected by relationship to any of the parties; by interest in the result of the trial; by want of proper age; by weakness of understanding; by infamy or malignity of character; by being under church censure; by general rashness or indiscretion; or by any other circumstances that appear to affect his veracity, knowledge or interest in the case.

57. A husband or wife shall be a competent witness for or against the other, but shall not be compelled to testify.

58. Evidence may be oral, written or printed, direct or circumstantial. A charge may be proven by the testimony of one witness, only when supported by other evidence; but, when there are several specifications under the same general charge, the proof of two or more of the specifications, by different credible witnesses, shall be sufficient to establish the charge.

59. No witness, afterwards to be examined, except a member of the judicatory, shall be present during

the examination of another witness if either party object.

60. Witnesses shall be examined first by the party producing them; then cross-examined by the opposite party; after which any member of the judicatory or either party may put additional interrogatories. Irrelevant or frivolous questions shall not be admitted, nor leading questions by the parties producing the witness, except under permission of the judicatory as necessary to elicit the truth.

61. The oath or affirmation shall be administered by the Moderator in the following, or like, terms: "You solemnly promise, in the presence of the omniscient and heart-searching God, that you will declare the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, according to the best of your knowledge, in the matter in which you are called to testify, as you shall answer to the Great Judge of quick and dead."

62. Every question put to a witness shall, if required, be reduced to writing. And, if either party desire it, or if the judicatory shall so decide, both question and answer shall be recorded. The testimony, thus recorded, shall be read to the witnesses, in the presence of the judicatory, for their approbation and subscription.

63. The records of a judicatory, or any part of them, whether original or transcribed, if regularly authenticated by the Clerk, or in case of his death, absence, disability or failure from any cause, by the Moderator, shall be deemed good and sufficient evidence in every other judicatory.

64. In like manner, testimony taken by one judicatory, and regularly certified, shall be received by every other judicatory, as no less valid than if it had been taken by themselves.

65. Any judicatory, before which a case may be pending, shall have power, whenever the necessity of parties or witnesses shall require it, to appoint, on the application of either party, a Commission of Ministers, or Elders, or both, to examine witnesses; which Commission, if the case requires it, may be of persons within the jurisdiction of another body. The Commissioners so appointed shall take such testimony as may be offered by either party. The testimony shall be taken in accordance with the rules governing the judicatory, either orally or on written interrogatories and cross-interrogatories, duly settled by the judicatory, due notice having been given of the time when, and place where, the witnesses are to be examined. All questions, as to the relevancy or competency of the testimony so taken, shall be determined by the judicatory. The testimony, properly authenticated by the signatures of the Commissioners, shall be transmitted, in due time, to the Clerk of the judicatory before which the case is pending.

66. A member of the judicatory may be called upon to testify in a case which comes before it. He shall be qualified as other witnesses are, and, after having given his testimony, may immediately resume his seat as a member of the judicatory.

67. A member of the Church, summoned as a witness, and refusing to appear, or, having appeared, refusing to testify, shall be censured according to the circumstances of the case for his contumacy.

68. If, after a trial before any judicatory, new evidence is discovered, supposed to be important to the exculpation of the accused, he may ask, if the case has not been appealed, and the judicatory shall grant, if justice seems to require it, a new trial.

69. If, in the prosecution of an appeal, new evidence is offered, which, in the judgment of the appellate judicatory, has an important bearing on the case, it shall either refer the whole case to the inferior judicatory for a new trial; or, with the consent of the parties, take the testimony, and hear and determine the case.

CHAPTER IX.

OF THE WAYS IN WHICH A CAUSE MAY BE CARRIED FROM A LOWER TO A HIGHER JUDICATORY.

70. ALL proceedings of the Session, the Presbytery, and the Synod (except as limited by Chapter XI., Section 4, of the Form of Government), are subject to review by, and may be taken to, a superior judicatory, by General Review and Control, Reference, Complaint or Appeal.

I. OF GENERAL REVIEW AND CONTROL.

71. All proceedings of the Church shall be reported to, and reviewed by, the Session, and by its order incorporated with its Records. Every judicatory above a Session shall review, at least once a year, the records of the proceedings of the judicatory next below; and, if the lower judicatory shall omit to send up its records for this purpose, the higher may require them to be produced, either immediately, or at a specified time, as circumstances may determine.

72. In such review, the judicatory shall examine, first, whether the proceedings have been correctly recorded; second, whether they have been constitutional and regular; and third, whether they have been wise, equitable and for the edification of the Church.

73. Members of a judicatory, the records of which are under review, shall not be allowed to vote thereon.

74. In most cases the superior judicatory may discharge its duty, by simply placing on its own records, and on those under review, the censure which it may pass. But irregular proceedings may be found so disreputable and injurious, that the inferior judicatory must be required to review and correct, or reverse them, and report, within a specified time, its obedience to the order: *provided*, however, that no judicial decision shall be reversed, unless regularly taken up by appeal or complaint.

75. If a judicatory is, at any time, well advised of any unconstitutional proceedings of a lower judicatory, the latter shall be cited to appear, at a specified time and place, to produce the records, and to show what it has done in the matter in question; after which, if the charge is sustained, the whole matter shall be concluded by the judicatory itself, or be remitted to the lower judicatory, with direction as to its disposition.

76. Judicatories may sometimes neglect to perform their duty, by which neglect heretical opinions or corrupt practices may be allowed to gain ground, or offenders of a gross character may be suffered to escape; or some part of their proceedings may have been omitted from the record, or not properly recorded. If, therefore, at any time, the superior judicatory is well advised of such neglects, omissions, or irregularities on the part of the inferior judicatory, it may require its records to be produced, and shall either proceed to examine and decide the whole matter, as completely as if proper record had been made; or it shall cite the lower judicatory, and proceed as in the next preceding section.

II. OF REFERENCES.

77. A Reference is a representation in writing, made by an inferior to a superior judicatory, of a judicial case not yet decided. Generally, however, it is more conducive to the public good that each judicatory should fulfil its duty by exercising its own judgment.

78. Cases which are new, important, difficult, or of peculiar delicacy, the decision of which may establish principles or precedents of extensive influence, on which the inferior judicatory is greatly divided, or on which for any reason it is desirable that a superior judicatory should first decide, are proper subjects of Reference.

79. References are, either for mere advice, preparatory to a decision by the inferior judicatory, or for ultimate trial and decision by the superior; and are to be carried to the next higher judicatory. If for advice, the Reference only suspends the decision of the inferior judicatory; if for trial, it submits the whole case to the final judgment of the superior.

80. In case of Reference, members of the inferior judicatory may sit, deliberate, and vote.

81. A judicatory is not necessarily bound to give a final judgment in a case of Reference, but may remit the whole case, either with or without advice, to the inferior judicatory.

82. The whole record of proceedings shall be promptly transmitted to the superior judicatory, and, if the Reference is accepted, the parties shall be heard.

III. OF COMPLAINTS.

83. A Complaint is a written representation, made to the next superior judicatory, by one or more persons subject and submitting to the jurisdiction of the judicatory complained of, respecting any delinquency, or any decision, by an inferior judicatory.

84. Written notice of Complaint, with the reasons therefor, shall be given, within ten days after the action was taken, to the Clerk, or, in case of his death, absence, or disability, to the Moderator, of the judicatory complained of, who shall lodge it, with the records and all the papers pertaining to the case, with the Clerk of the superior judicatory, before the close of the second day of its regular meeting next ensuing the date of the reception of said notice.

85. Whenever a Complaint, in cases non-judicial, is entered against a decision of a judicatory, signed by at least one-third of the members recorded as present when the action was taken, the execution of such decision shall be stayed, until the final issue of the case by the superior judicatory.

86. The complainant shall lodge his Complaint, and the reasons therefor, with the Clerk of the superior judicatory before the close of the second day of its meeting next ensuing the date of the notice thereof.

87. If the higher judicatory finds that the Complaint is in order, and that sufficient reasons for proceeding to trial have been assigned, the next step shall be to read the record of the action complained of, and so much of the record of the lower judicatory as may be pertinent; then the parties shall be heard, and, after that, the judicatory shall proceed to consider and determine the case, as provided for in cases of original process. In cases of Complaint involving a judicial decision, proceedings in an appellate judicatory shall be had in the order and as provided in Section 100, Chapter IV., entitled "Of Appeals."

88. The effect of a Complaint, if sustained, may be the reversal, in whole or in part, of the action of the lower judicatory; and may also, in cases non-judicial, be the infliction of censure upon the judicatory complained of. When a Complaint is sustained, the lower judicatory shall be directed how to dispose of the matter.

89. The parties to a Complaint, in cases non-judicial, shall be known, respectively, as Complainant and Respondent—the latter being the judicatory complained of, which should always be represented by one or more of its number appointed for that purpose, who may be assisted by counsel.

90. Neither the Complainant nor the members of the judicatory complained of shall sit, deliberate, or vote in the case.

91. Either of the parties to a Complaint may appeal to the next superior judicatory, except as limited by Chapter XI., Section 4, of the Form of Government.

92. The judicatory against which a Complaint is made shall send up its records, and all the papers relating to the matter of the Complaint, and filed with the record; and, for failure to do this, it shall be censured by the superior judicatory, which shall have power to make such orders, pending the production of the records and papers, and the determination of the Complaint, as may be necessary to preserve the rights of all the parties.

93. If a case should be carried to an appellate judicatory by both Appeal and Complaint, the same shall be consolidated for trial, if deemed proper by the appellate judicatory. If the Appeal be abandoned, the case shall be heard only on the Complaint.

IV. OF APPEALS.

94. An Appeal is the removal of a judicial case, by a written representation, from an inferior to a superior judicatory; and may be taken, by either of the original parties, from the final judgment of the lower judicatory. These parties shall be called Appellant and Appellee.

95. The grounds of Appeal may be such as these: Irregularity in the proceedings of the inferior judicatory; refusal to entertain an Appeal or Complaint; refusal of reasonable indulgence to a party on trial; receiving improper, or declining to receive important, testimony; hastening to a decision before the testimony is fully taken; manifestation of prejudice in the conduct of the case; and mistake or injustice in the decision.

96. Written notice of Appeal, with specifications of the errors alleged, shall be given, within ten days after the judgment has been rendered, to the Clerk, or, in case of his death, absence, or disability, to the Moderator, of the judicatory appealed from, who shall lodge it, with the records and all the papers pertaining to the case, with the Clerk of the superior judicatory, before the close of the second day of its regular meeting next ensuing the date of his reception of said notice.

97. The appellant shall appear in person or by counsel before the judicatory appealed to, on or before the close of the second day of its regular meeting next ensuing the date of the filing of his notice of Appeal, and shall lodge his Appeal and specifications of the errors alleged, with the Clerk of the superior judicatory, within the time above

specified. If he fail to show to the satisfaction of the judicatory that he was unavoidably prevented from so doing, he shall be considered as having abandoned his Appeal, and the judgment shall stand.

98. Neither the appellant, nor the members of the judicatory appealed from, shall sit, deliberate, or vote in the case.

99. When due notice of an Appeal has been given, and the Appeal and the specifications of the errors alleged have been filed in due time, the Appeal shall be considered in order. The judgment, the notice of Appeal, the Appeal, and the specifications of the errors alleged, shall be read; and the judicatory may then determine, after hearing the parties, whether the Appeal shall be entertained. If it be entertained, the following order shall be observed:

(1) The record in the case, from the beginning, shall be read, except what may be omitted by consent.

(2) The parties shall be heard, the appellant opening and closing.

(3) Opportunity shall be given to the members of the judicatory appealed from to be heard.

(4) Opportunity shall be given to the members of the superior judicatory to be heard.

(5) The vote shall then be separately taken, without debate, on each specification of error alleged, the question being taken in the form: "Shall the specification of error be sustained?" If no one of the specifications be sustained, and no error be found by the judicatory in the record, the judgment of the inferior judicatory shall be affirmed. If one or more errors be found, the judicatory shall determine whether the judgment of the inferior judicatory shall be reversed or modified, or the case remanded for a new trial; and the judgment, accompanied by a recital of the error or errors found, shall be entered on the record. If the judicatory deem it wise, an explanatory minute may be adopted which shall be a part of the record of the case.

100. When the judgment directs admonition or rebuke, notice of Appeal shall suspend all further proceedings; but in other cases the judgments shall be in force until the Appeal is decided.

101. The judicatory whose judgment is appealed from shall send up its records, and all the papers relating thereto, and filed with the record. If it fails to do this, it shall be censured; and the sentence appealed from shall be suspended, until a record is produced on which the issue can be fairly tried.

102. Appeals are, generally, to be taken to the judicatory immediately superior to that appealed from.

CHAPTER X.

OF DISSENTS AND PROTESTS.

103. A Dissent is a declaration of one or more members of a minority in a judicatory, expressing disagreement with a decision of the majority in a particular case.

104. A Protest is a more formal declaration, made by one or more members of a minority, bearing testimony against what is deemed a mischievous or erroneous proceeding, decision or judgment, and including a statement of the reasons therefor.

105. If a Dissent or Protest be couched in decorous and respectful language, and be without offensive reflections or insinuations against the majority, it shall be entered on the records.

106. The judicatory may prepare an answer to any protest which imputes to it principles or reasonings which its action does not import, and the answer shall also be entered upon the records. Leave may thereupon be given to the protestant or protestants, if they desire it, to modify their Protest; and the answer of the judicatory may also, in consequence, be modified. This shall end the matter.

107. No one shall be allowed to dissent or protest who has not a right to vote on the question decided, —and, in judicial cases, no one shall be allowed to dissent or protest who did not vote against the decision.

CHAPTER XI.

OF JURISDICTION IN CASES OF DISMISSION.

108. The judicatory, to which a church-member or a Minister belongs, shall have sole jurisdiction for the trial of offences whenever or wherever committed by him.

109. A member of a Church, receiving a certificate of dismission to another Church, shall continue to be a member of the Church giving him the certificate, and subject to the jurisdiction of its Session (but shall not deliberate or vote in a church meeting, nor exercise the functions of any office), until he has become a member of the Church to which he is recommended, or some other evangelical Church; and, should he return the certificate within a year from its date, the Session shall make record of the fact, but he shall not thereby be restored to the exercise of the functions of any office previously held by him in that Church.

110. In like manner, a Minister shall be subject to the jurisdiction of the Presbytery which dismissed him (but shall not deliberate or vote, nor be counted in the basis of representation to the General Assembly), until he actually becomes a member of another Presbytery; but, should he return the certificate of dismission within a year from its date, the Presbytery shall make record of the fact, and restore him to the full privileges of membership.

111. A Presbytery, giving a certificate of dismission to a Minister, Licentiate, or Candidate for licensure, shall specify the particular body to which he is recommended; and, if recommended to a Presbytery, no other than the one designated, if existing, shall receive him.

112. If a Church becomes extinct, the Presbytery with which it was connected shall have jurisdiction over its members, and grant them letters of dismission to some other Church. It shall, also, determine any case of discipline begun by the Session and not concluded.

113. If a Presbytery becomes extinct, the Synod, with which it was connected, shall have jurisdiction over its members, and may transfer them to any Presbytery within its bounds. It shall, also, determine any case of discipline begun by the Presbytery and not concluded.

CHAPTER XII.

OF REMOVALS, AND LIMITATION OF TIME.

114. When any member shall remove from one Church to another, he shall produce a certificate, ordinarily not more than one year old, of his church-membership and dismission, before he shall be admitted as a regular member of that Church.

The names of the baptized children of a parent seeking dismission to another Church shall, if such children are members of his household and remove with him and are not themselves communicants, be included in the certificate of dismission. The certificate shall be addressed to a particular Church, and the fact of the reception of the person or persons named in it shall be promptly communicated to the Church which gave it.

115. In like manner, when a Minister, Licentiate, or Candidate, is dismissed from one Presbytery to another, the certificate shall be presented to the Presbytery, to which it is addressed, ordinarily within one year from its date, and the fact of his reception shall be promptly communicated to the Presbytery dismissing him.

116. If a church-member, more than two years absent from the place of his ordinary residence and Church connections, applies for a certificate of membership, his absence, and the knowledge of the Church respecting his demeanor for that time, or its want of information concerning it, shall be distinctly stated in the certificate.

117. Prosecution for an alleged offence shall commence within one year from the time of its alleged commission, or from the date when it becomes known to the judicatory which has jurisdiction thereof.

CHAPTER XIII.

JUDICIAL COMMISSIONS.

118. The General Assembly, and each Synod under its care, shall have power to appoint a Judicial Commission from their respective bodies, consisting of ministers and elders, in number not less than a quorum of the judicatory appointing.

All judicial cases may be submitted to this Commission, and its decisions shall be final, except in matters of law, which shall be referred to the appointing court for final adjudication; and also all matters of Constitution and Doctrine, which may be reviewed in the appointing body, and upon final adjudication by the General Assembly. The Commission shall sit at the same time and place as the body appointing it, and its findings shall be entered upon the minutes of such body.

THE DIRECTORY FOR THE WORSHIP OF GOD

IN THE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

AS AMENDED AND RATIFIED BY THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY.

CHAPTER I.

OF THE SANCTIFICATION OF THE LORD'S DAY.

I. It is the duty of every person to remember the Lord's day; and to prepare for it, before its approach. All worldly business should be so ordered, and seasonably laid aside, as that we may not be hindered thereby from sanctifying the Sabbath, as the Holy Scriptures require.

II. The whole day is to be kept wholly to the Lord; and to be employed in the public and private exercises of religion. Therefore, it is requisite, that there be a holy resting, all the day, from unnecessary labors; and an abstaining from those recreations which may be lawful on other days; and also, as much as possible, from worldly thoughts and conversation.

III. Let the provisions for the support of the family on that day, be so ordered, that servants or others be not improperly detained from the public worship of God; nor hindered from sanctifying the Sabbath.

IV. Let every person and family, in the morning, by secret and private prayer, for themselves and others, especially for the assistance of God to their minister, and for a blessing upon his ministry, by reading the Scriptures, and by holy meditation, prepare for communion with God in his public ordinances.

V. Let the people be careful to assemble at the appointed time; that, being all present at the beginning, they may unite, with one heart, in all the parts of public worship; and let none unnecessarily depart, till after the blessing be pronounced.

VI. Let the time after the solemn services of the congregation in public are over, be spent in reading, meditation, repeating of sermons, catechizing, religious conversation, prayer for a blessing upon the public ordinances, the singing of psalms, hymns, or spiritual songs;—visiting the sick, relieving the poor, and in performing such like duties of piety, charity, and mercy.

CHAPTER II.

OF THE ASSEMBLING OF THE CONGREGATION AND THEIR BEHAVIOR DURING DIVINE SERVICE.

I. When the time appointed for public worship is come, let the people enter the church, and take their seats in a decent, grave, and reverent manner.

II. In time of public worship, let all the people attend with gravity and reverence; forbearing to read anything, except what the minister is then reading or citing; abstaining from all whisperings, from salutations of persons present, or coming in; and from gazing about, sleeping, smiling, and all other indecent behavior.

CHAPTER III.

OF THE PUBLIC READING OF THE HOLY SCRIPTURES.

I. The reading of the Holy Scriptures, in the congregation, is a part of the public worship of God, and ought to be performed by the ministers and teachers.

II. The Holy Scriptures of the Old and New Testament, shall be publicly read, from the most approved translation, in the vulgar tongue, that all may hear and understand.

III. How large a portion shall be read at once, is

left to the discretion of every minister: however, in each service, he ought to read, at least, one chapter; and more, when the chapters are short, or the connection requires it. He may, when he thinks it expedient, expound any part of what is read: always having regard to the time, that neither reading, singing, praying, preaching, or any other ordinance, be disproportionate the one to the other; nor the whole rendered too short, or too tedious.

CHAPTER IV.

OF THE SINGING OF PSALMS.

I. It is the duty of Christians to praise God, by singing psalms, or hymns, publicly in the church, as also privately in the family.

II. In singing the praises of God, we are to sing with the spirit, and with the understanding also; making melody in our hearts unto the Lord. It is also proper, that we cultivate some knowledge of the rules of music; that we may praise God in a becoming manner with our voices, as well as with our hearts.

III. The whole congregation should be furnished with books, and ought to join in this part of worship. It is proper to sing without parceling out the psalms, line by line. The practice of reading the psalm, line by line, was introduced in times of ignorance, when many in the congregation could not read: therefore, it is recommended, that it be laid aside, as far as convenient.

IV. The proportion of the time of public worship to be spent in singing, is left to the prudence of every minister: but it is recommended, that more time be allowed for this excellent part of divine service than has been usual in most of our churches.

CHAPTER V.

OF PUBLIC PRAYER.

I. It seems very proper to begin the public worship of the sanctuary by a short prayer; humbly adoring the infinite majesty of the living God; expressing a sense of our distance from him as creatures, and unworthiness as sinners; and humbly imploring his gracious presence, the assistance of his Holy Spirit in the duties of his worship, and his acceptance of us through the merits of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.

II. Then, after singing a psalm, or hymn, it is proper that, before sermon, there should be a full and comprehensive prayer: *First*, Adoring the glory and perfections of God, as they are made known to us in the works of creation, in the conduct of providence, and in the clear and full revelation he hath made of himself in his written word: *Second*, Giving thanks to him for all his mercies of every kind, general and particular, spiritual and temporal, common and special; above all, for Christ Jesus, his unspeakable gift, and the hope of eternal life through him: *Third*, Making humble confession of sin, both original and actual; acknowledging, and endeavoring to impress the mind of every worshiper, with a deep sense of the evil of all sin, as such; as being a departure from the living God; and also taking a particular and affecting view of the various fruits which proceed from this root of bitterness:—as sins against God, our neighbor and ourselves; sins in thought, in word, and in deed; sins secret and presumptuous; sins accidental and habitual. Also, the aggravations of sin, arising from knowledge, or the means of it; from distinguishing mercies; from valuable privileges; from breach of vows, etc.: *Fourth*, Making earnest supplication for the pardon of sin, and peace with God, through the blood of the atonement, with all its important and happy fruits; for the Spirit of sanctification, and abundant supplies of the grace that is necessary to the discharge of our duty; for support and comfort, under all the trials to which we are liable, as we are sinful and mortal; and for all temporal mercies that may be necessary, in our passage through this valley of tears: always remembering to view them as flowing in the channel of covenant love, and intended to be subservient to the preservation and progress of the spiritual life: *Fifth*, Pleading from every principle warranted in Scripture; from our own necessity; the all-sufficiency of God; the merit and intercession of our Saviour; and the glory of God in the comfort and happiness of his people: *Sixth*, Intercession for others, including the whole world of mankind; the kingdom of Christ, or his church universal; the church or churches with which we are more particularly connected; the interest of human society in general, and in that community to which we immediately belong; all that are invested with civil authority; the ministers of the everlasting gospel; and the rising generation: with whatever else, more particular, may seem necessary, or suitable, to the interest of that congregation where divine worship is celebrated.

III. Prayer after sermon, ought generally to have a relation to the subject that has been treated of in the discourse; and all other public prayers, to the circumstances that gave occasion for them.

IV. It is easy to perceive, that in all the preceding directions there is a very great compass and variety; and it is committed to the judgment and fidelity of the officiating pastor to insist chiefly on such parts, or to take in more or less of the several parts, as he shall be led to by the aspect of Providence; the particular state of the congregation in which he officiates; or the disposition and exercise of his own heart at the time. But we think it necessary to observe, that although we do not approve, as is well known, of confining ministers to set or fixed forms of prayer for public worship; yet it is the indispensable duty of every minister, previously to his entering on his office, to prepare and qualify himself for this part of his duty, as well as for preaching. He ought, by a thorough acquaintance with the Holy Scriptures, by reading the best writers on the subject, by meditation, and by a life of communion with God in secret, to endeavor to acquire both the spirit and the gift of prayer. Not only so, but when he is to enter on particular acts of worship, he should endeavor to compose his spirit, and to digest his thoughts for prayer, that it may be performed with dignity and propriety, as well as to the profit of those who join in it; and that he may not disgrace that important service by mean, irregular, or extravagant effusions.

CHAPTER VI.

OF THE PREACHING OF THE WORD.

I. The preaching of the word being an institution of God for the salvation of men, great attention should be paid to the manner of performing it. Every minister ought to give diligent application to it; and endeavor to prove himself a workman that needeth not to be ashamed; rightly dividing the word of truth.

II. The subject of a sermon should be some verse or

verses of Scripture; and its object, to explain, defend, and apply some part of the system of divine truth; or, to point out the nature, and state the bounds and obligation, of some duty. A text should not be merely a motto, but should fairly contain the doctrine proposed to be handled. It is proper also that large portions of Scripture be sometimes expounded, and particularly improved, for the instruction of the people in the meaning and use of the Sacred Oracles.

III. The method of preaching requires much study, meditation, and prayer. Ministers ought, in general, to prepare their sermons with care; and not to indulge themselves in loose, extemporary harangues; nor to serve God with that which cost them naught. They ought, however, to keep to the simplicity of the Gospel; expressing themselves in language agreeable to Scripture, and level to the understanding of the meanest of their hearers; carefully avoiding ostentation, either of parts or learning. They ought also to adorn, by their lives, the doctrine which they teach; and to be examples to the believers, in word, in conversation, in charity, in spirit, in faith, in purity.

IV. As one primary design of public ordinances is to pay social acts of homage to the most high God, ministers ought to be careful not to make their sermons so long as to interfere with or exclude the more important duties of prayer and praise; but preserve a just proportion between the several parts of public worship.

V. The sermon being ended, the minister is to pray, and return thanks to almighty God: then let a psalm be sung; a collection raised for the poor, or other purposes of the church; and the assembly dismissed with the apostolic benediction.

VI. It is expedient that no person be introduced to preach in any of the churches under our care, unless by the consent of the pastor or church session.

CHAPTER VII.

OF THE ADMINISTRATION OF BAPTISM.

I. Baptism is not to be unnecessarily delayed; nor to be administered, in any case, by any private person; but by a minister of Christ, called to be the steward of the mysteries of God.

II. It is usually to be administered in the church, in the presence of the congregation; and it is convenient that it be performed immediately after sermon.

III. After previous notice is given to the minister, the child to be baptized is to be presented, by one or both the parents, signifying their desire that the child may be baptized.

IV. Before baptism, let the minister use some words of instruction, respecting the institution, nature, use, and ends of this ordinance, showing,

"That it is instituted by Christ; that it is a seal of the righteousness of faith: that the seed of the faithful have no less a right to this ordinance, under the gospel, than the seed of Abraham to circumcision, under the Old Testament; that Christ commanded all nations to be baptized; that he blessed little children, declaring that of such is the kingdom of heaven; that children are federally holy, and therefore ought to be baptized; that we are, by nature, sinful, guilty, and polluted, and have need of cleansing by the blood of Christ, and by the sanctifying influences of the Spirit of God."

The minister is also to exhort the parents to the careful performance of their duty: requiring,

"That they teach the child to read the word of God; that they instruct it in the principles of our holy religion, as contained in the Scriptures of the Old and New Testament; an excellent summary of which we have in the Confession of Faith of this church, and in the Larger and Shorter Catechisms of the Westminster Assembly, which are to be recommended to them, as adopted by this church, for their direction and assistance, in the discharge of this important duty; that they pray with and for it; that they set an example of piety and godliness before it, and endeavor, by all the means of God's appointment, to bring up their child in the nurture and admonition of the Lord."

V. Then the minister is to pray for a blessing to attend this ordinance; after which, calling the child by its name, he shall say,

"I baptize thee, in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost."

As he pronounces these words, he is to baptize the child with water, by pouring or sprinkling it on the face of the child, without adding any other ceremony: and the whole shall be concluded with prayer.

Although it is proper that baptism be administered in the presence of the congregation; yet there may be cases when it will be expedient to administer this ordinance in private houses: of which the minister is to be the judge.

CHAPTER VIII.

OF THE ADMINISTRATION OF THE LORD'S SUPPER.

I. The communion, or supper of the Lord, is to be celebrated frequently; but how often, may be determined by the minister and eldership of each congregation, as they may judge most for edification.

II. The ignorant and scandalous are not to be admitted to the Lord's supper.

III. It is proper that public notice should be given to the congregation, at least the Sabbath before the administration of this ordinance, and that, either then, or on some day of the week, the people be instructed in its nature, and a due preparation for it; that all may come in a suitable manner to this holy feast.

IV. When the sermon is ended, the minister shall show,

"That this is an ordinance of Christ; by reading the words of institution, either from one of the evangelists, or from 1 Cor. xi. chapter; which, as to him may appear expedient, he may explain and apply; that it is to be observed in remembrance of Christ, to show forth his death till he come; that it is of inestimable benefit, to strengthen his people against sin: to support them under troubles; to encourage and quicken them in duty; to inspire them with love and zeal; to increase their faith and holy resolution; and to beget peace of conscience, and comfortable hopes of eternal life."

He is to warn the profane, the ignorant, and scandalous, and those that secretly indulge themselves in any known sin, not to approach the holy table. On the other hand, he shall invite to this holy table, such as, sensible of their lost and helpless state of sin, depend upon the atonement of Christ for pardon and acceptance with God; such as, being instructed in the gospel doctrine, have a competent knowledge to discern the Lord's body, and such as desire to renounce their sins, and are determined to lead a holy and godly life.

V. The table on which the elements are placed, being decently covered, the bread in convenient dishes, and the wine in cups, and the communicants orderly and gravely sitting around the table, (or in their seats be-

fore it,) in the presence of the minister; let him set the elements apart, by prayer and thanksgiving.

The bread and wine being thus set apart by prayer and thanksgiving, the minister is to take the bread, and break it, in the view of the people, saying, in expressions of this sort:—

"Our Lord Jesus Christ, on the same night in which he was betrayed, having taken bread, and blessed and broken it, gave it to his disciples; as I, ministering in his name, give this bread unto you; saying, [here the bread is to be distributed] Take, eat: this is my body, which is broken for you: this do in remembrance of me."

After having given the bread, he shall take the cup, and say—

"After the same manner our Saviour also took the cup; and having given thanks, as hath been done in his name, he gave it to the disciples; saying, [while the minister is repeating these words let him give the cup] This cup is the new testament in my blood, which is shed for many, for the remission of sins: drink ye all of it."

The minister himself is to communicate, at such time as may appear to him most convenient.

The minister may, in a few words, put the communicants in mind—

"Of the grace of God, in Jesus Christ, held forth in this sacrament; and of their obligation to be the Lord's; and may exhort them to walk worthy of the vocation wherewith they are called; and, as they have professedly received Christ Jesus the Lord, that they be careful so to walk in him, and to maintain good works."

It may not be improper for the minister to give a word of exhortation also to those who have been only spectators, reminding them—

"Of their duty; stating their sin and danger, by living in disobedience to Christ, in neglecting this holy ordinance; and calling upon them to be earnest in making preparation for attending upon it, at the next time of its celebration."

Then the minister is to pray and give thanks to God.

"For his rich mercy, and invaluable goodness, vouchsafed to them in that sacred communion; to implore pardon for the defects of the whole service; and to pray for the acceptance of their persons and performances; for the gracious assistance of the Holy Spirit, to enable them, as they have received Christ Jesus the Lord, so to walk in him; that they may hold fast that which they have received, that no man take their crown; that their conversation may be as becometh the gospel; that they may bear about with them, continually, the dying of the Lord Jesus, that the life also of Jesus may be manifested in their mortal body; that their light may so shine before men, that others, seeing their good works, may glorify their Father who is in heaven."

The collection for the poor, and to defray the expense of the elements, may be made after this; or at such other time as may seem meet to the eldership.

Now let a psalm or hymn be sung, and the congregation dismissed, with the following or some other gospel benediction:

"Now the God of peace, that brought again from the dead our Lord Jesus, that great Shepherd of the sheep, through the blood of the everlasting covenant, make you perfect in every good work to do his will, working in you that which is well-pleasing in his sight, through Jesus Christ; to whom be glory for ever and ever. *Amen.*"

VI. As it has been customary, in some parts of our church, to observe a fast before the Lord's supper to have a sermon on Saturday and Monday; and to invite two or three ministers on such occasions; and as these seasons have been blessed to many souls, and may tend to keep up a stricter union of ministers and congregations; we think it not improper that they who choose it may continue in this practice.

CHAPTER IX.

OF THE ADMISSION OF PERSONS TO SEALING ORDINANCES.

I. Children, born within the pale of the visible church, and dedicated to God in baptism, are under the inspection and government of the church; and are to be taught to read and repeat the catechism, the apostles' creed, and the Lord's prayer. They are to be taught to pray, to abhor sin, to fear God, and to obey the Lord Jesus Christ. And when they come to years of discretion, if they be free from scandal, appear sober and steady, and to have sufficient knowledge to discern the Lord's body, they ought to be informed it is their duty and their privilege to come to the Lord's supper.

II. The years of discretion, in young Christians, cannot be precisely fixed. This must be left to the prudence of the eldership. The officers of the church are the judges of the qualifications of those to be admitted to sealing ordinances; and of the time when it is proper to admit young Christians to them.

III. Those who are to be admitted to sealing ordinances, shall be examined as to their knowledge and piety.

IV. When unbaptized persons apply for admission into the church, they shall, in ordinary cases, after giving satisfaction with respect to their knowledge and piety, make a public profession of their faith, in the presence of the congregation; and thereupon be baptized.

CHAPTER X.

OF THE MODE OF INFLICTING AND REMOVING CENSURES.

I. The power which Christ has given the rulers of his Church is for edification, and not destruction. When, therefore, a communicant shall have been found guilty of a fault deserving censure, the judicatory shall proceed with all tenderness, and restore the offending brother in the spirit of meekness, its members considering themselves, lest they also be tempted. Censure ought to be inflicted with great solemnity; that it may be the means of impressing the mind of the delinquent with a proper sense of his sin; and that, with the divine blessing, it may lead him to repentance.

II. When the judicatory has resolved to pass sentence, suspending a communicant from church privileges, the Moderator shall pronounce the sentence in the following form:

"Whereas you have been found guilty [*by your own confession, or by sufficient proof, as the case may be*] of the sin of [*here mention the particular offence*], we declare you suspended from the sacrament of the Lord's Supper, till you give satisfactory evidence of repentance."

To this shall be added such advice, admonition, or rebuke, as may be judged necessary; and the whole shall be concluded with prayer to Almighty God, that

he would follow this act of discipline with his blessing. In general, such censure should be inflicted in the presence of the judicatory only; but, if the judicatory think it expedient to rebuke the offender publicly, this solemn suspension may be in the presence of the Church.

III. After a person has been thus suspended, the Minister and Elders should frequently converse with him, as well as pray for him in private, that it would please God to give him repentance. And, particularly on days preparatory to the dispensing of the Lord's Supper, the prayers of the Church should be offered up for those who have shut themselves out from this holy communion.

IV. When the judicatory shall be satisfied as to the reality of the repentance of any suspended member, he shall be allowed to profess his repentance, and be restored to fellowship, in the presence of the Session, or of the Church.

V. When a suspended person has failed to manifest repentance for his offence, and has continued in obstinate impenitence not less than a year, it may become the duty of the judicatory to excommunicate him without further trial. The design of excommunication is to operate upon the offender as a means of reclaiming him, to deliver the Church from the scandal of his offence, and to inspire all with fear by the example of his punishment.

VI. When a judgment of excommunication is to be executed, with or without previous suspension, it is proper that the sentence be publicly pronounced against the offender.

The Minister shall, therefore, at a regular meeting of the Church, make a brief statement of the several steps which have been taken, with respect to the offender, announcing that it has been found necessary to excommunicate him.

He shall begin by showing (from Matt. xviii. 15, 16, 17, 18; 1 Cor. v. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5) the power of the Church to cast out unworthy members, and shall briefly explain the nature, use, and consequences of this censure.

Then he shall pronounce the sentence in the following or like form, viz.:

"Whereas A. B. hath been, by sufficient proof, convicted of [*here insert the sin*], and after much admonition and prayer refuseth to hear the Church, and hath manifested no evidence of repentance; therefore, in the name, and by the authority, of the Lord Jesus Christ, I pronounce him to be excluded from the communion of this Church."

After which prayer shall be made for the conviction and reformation of the excommunicated person, and for the establishment of all true believers.

But the judicatory may omit the publication of the excommunication, when it judges that there is sufficient reason for such omission.

VII. When an excommunicated person shall be so affected by his state as to be brought to repentance, and desires to be readmitted to the privileges of the Church, the Session of the Church which excommunicated him, having obtained, and placed on record, sufficient evidence of his sincere repentance and deep contrition, shall proceed to restore him, recording, in explicit terms, the grounds on which such conclusion has been reached.

The sentence of restoration shall be pronounced by the Minister, at a regular meeting of the Church on the Lord's Day, in the following words:

"Whereas A. B. has been excluded from the communion of the Church, but has now given satisfactory evidence of repentance; in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ, and by his authority, I declare him absolved from the sentence of excommunication formerly pronounced against him; and I do restore him to the communion of the Church, that he may be a partaker of all the benefits of the Lord Jesus, to his eternal salvation."

After which, he shall be commended to God in prayer.

VIII. Censures, other than suspension from church privileges, or excommunication, shall be inflicted in such mode as the judicatory may direct.

CHAPTER XI.

OF THE SOLEMNIZATION OF MARRIAGE.

I. MARRIAGE is not a sacrament; nor peculiar to the church of Christ. It is proper that every commonwealth, for the good of society, make laws to regulate marriage; which all citizens are bound to obey.

II. Christians ought to marry in the Lord: therefore it is fit that their marriage be solemnized by a lawful minister; that special instruction may be given them, and suitable prayers made, when they enter into this relation.

III. Marriage is to be between one man and one woman only: and they are not to be within the degrees of consanguinity or affinity prohibited by the word of God.

IV. The parties ought to be of such years of discretion as to be capable of making their own choice: and if they be under age, or live with their parents, the consent of the parents or others, under whose care they are, ought to be previously obtained, and well certified to the minister, before he proceeds to solemnize the marriage.

V. Parents ought neither to compel their children to marry contrary to their inclinations, nor deny their consent without just and important reasons.

VI. Marriage is of a public nature. The welfare of civil society, the happiness of families, and the credit of religion, are deeply interested in it. Therefore the purpose of marriage ought to be sufficiently published a proper time previously to the solemnization of it. It is enjoined on all ministers to be careful that, in this matter, they neither transgress the laws of God, nor the laws of the community; and that they may not destroy the peace and comfort of families, they must be properly certified with respect to the parties applying to them, that no just objections lie against their marriage.

VII. Marriage must always be performed before a competent number of witnesses; and at any time, except on a day of public humiliation. And we advise that it be not on the Lord's day. And the minister is to give a certificate of the marriage when required.

VIII. When the parties present themselves for marriage, the minister is to desire, if there is any person present who knows any lawful reason why these persons may not be joined together in the marriage relation, that they will now make it known, or ever after hold their peace.

No objections being made, he is then severally to address himself to the parties to be married, in the following or like words:

"You, the man, declare in the presence of God, that you do not know any reason, by precontract or otherwise, why you may not lawfully marry this woman."

Upon his declaring he does not, the minister shall address himself to the bride, in the same or similar terms:

"You, the woman, declare in the presence of God, that you do not know any reason, by precontract or otherwise, why you may not lawfully marry this man."

Upon her declaring she does not, he is to begin with prayer for the presence and blessing of God.

The minister shall then proceed to give them some instruction from the scriptures, respecting the institution and duties of this state, showing—

"That God hath instituted marriage for the comfort and happiness of mankind, in declaring a man shall forsake his father and mother, and cleave unto his wife; and that marriage is honorable in all; that he hath appointed various duties, which are incumbent upon those who enter into this relation; such as, a high esteem and mutual love for one another; bearing with each other's infirmities and weaknesses, to which human nature is subject in its present lapsed state; to encourage each other under the various ills of life; to comfort one another in sickness; in honesty and industry to provide for each other's temporal support; to pray for and encourage one another in the things which pertain to God, and to their immortal souls; and to live together as the heirs of the grace of life."

Then the minister shall cause the bridegroom and bride to join their hands, and shall pronounce the marriage covenant, first to the man, in these words:

"You take this woman, whom you hold by the hand, to be your lawful and married wife; and you promise, and covenant, in the presence of God and these witnesses, that you will be unto her a loving and faithful husband, until you shall be separated by death."

The bridegroom shall express his consent, by saying, "Yes, I do."

Then the minister shall address himself to the woman, in these words:

"You take this man, whom you hold by the hand, to be your lawful and married husband: and you promise, and covenant in the presence of God and these witnesses, that you will be unto him a loving, faithful, and obedient wife until you shall be separated by death."

The bride shall express her consent, by saying, "Yes, I do."

Then the minister is to say,

"I pronounce you husband and wife, according to the ordinance of God; whom therefore God hath joined together let no man put asunder."

After this the minister may exhort them in a few words, to the mutual discharge of their duty.

Then let him conclude with prayer suitable to the occasion.

Let the minister keep a proper register for the names of all persons whom he marries, and of the time of their marriage, for the perusal of all whom it may concern.

CHAPTER XII.

OF THE VISITATION OF THE SICK.

I. When persons are sick, it is their duty, before their strength and understanding fail them, to send for their minister, and to make known to him, with prudence, their spiritual state; or to consult him on the concerns of their precious souls. And it is his duty to visit them, at their request, and to apply himself, with all tenderness and love, to administer spiritual good to their immortal souls.

II. He shall instruct the sick out of the scriptures, that diseases arise not out of the ground, nor do they come by chance; but that they are directed and sent by a wise and holy God, either for correction of sin, for the trial of grace, for improvement in religion, or for other important ends; and that they shall work together for good to all those who make a wise improvement of God's visitation, neither despising his chastening hand, nor fainting under his rebukes.

III. If the minister finds the sick person to be grossly ignorant, he shall instruct him in the nature of repentance and faith, and the way of acceptance with God, through the mediation and atonement of Jesus Christ.

IV. He shall exhort the sick to examine himself, to search his heart, and try his former ways, by the word of God; and shall assist him, by mentioning some of the obvious marks and evidences of sincere piety.

V. If the sick shall signify any scruple, doubt, or temptation under which he labors, the minister must endeavor to resolve his doubts, and administer instruction and direction, as the case may seem to require.

VI. If the sick appear to be a stupid, thoughtless, and hardened sinner, he shall endeavor to awaken his mind; to arouse his conscience; to convince him of the evil and danger of sin; of the curse of the law, and the wrath of God due to sinners; to bring him to an humble and penitential sense of his iniquities; and to state before him the fullness of the grace and mercy of God, in and through the glorious Redeemer; the absolute necessity of faith and repentance, in order to his being interested in the favor of God, or his obtaining everlasting happiness.

VII. If the sick person shall appear to have knowledge, to be of a tender conscience, and to have been endeavoring to serve God in uprightness, though not without many failings and sinful infirmities; or if his spirit be broken with a sense of sin, or through apprehensions of the want of the divine favor: then it will be proper to administer consolation and encouragement to him, by setting before him the freeness and riches of the grace of God, the all-sufficiency of the righteousness of Christ, and the supporting promises of the Gospel.

VIII. The minister must endeavor to guard the sick person against ill-grounded persuasions of the mercy of God, without a vital union to Christ; and against unreasonable fears of death, and desponding discouragements; against presumption upon his own goodness and merit, upon the one hand, and against despair of the mercy and grace of God in Jesus Christ, on the other.

IX. In one word, it is the minister's duty to administer to the sick person instruction, conviction, support, consolation, or encouragement, as his case may seem to require.

At a proper time, when he is most composed, the minister shall pray with and for him.

X. Lastly, the minister may improve the present occasion to exhort those about the sick, to consider their mortality; to turn to the Lord and make their peace with him; in health to prepare for sickness, death and judgment.

CHAPTER XIII.

OF THE BURIAL OF THE DEAD.

I. When any person departs this life, let the corpse be taken care of in a decent manner; and be kept a proper and sufficient time before interment.

II. When the season for the funeral comes, let the dead body be decently attended to the grave, and interred. During such solemn occasions, let all who attend conduct themselves with becoming gravity:

and apply themselve to serious meditation or discourse; and the minister, if present, may exhort them to consider the frailty of life, and the importance of being prepared for death and eternity.

CHAPTER XIV.

OF FASTING, AND OF THE OBSERVATION OF THE DAYS OF THANKSGIVING.

I. THERE is no day under the gospel commanded to be kept holy, except the Lord's day, which is the Christian Sabbath.

II. Nevertheless, to observe days of fasting and thanksgiving, as the extraordinary dispensations of divine providence may direct, we judge both scriptural and rational.

III. Fasts and thanksgivings may be observed by individual Christians; or families, in private; by particular congregations; by a number of congregations contiguous to each other; by the congregations under the care of a presbytery, or of a synod; or by all the congregations of our church.

IV. It must be left to the judgment and discretion of every Christian and family to determine when it is proper to observe a private fast or thanksgiving; and to the church-sessions to determine for particular congregations, and to the presbyteries or synods to determine for larger districts. When it is deemed expedient that a fast or thanksgiving should be general, the call for them must be judged of by the synod or General Assembly. And if at any time the civil power should think it proper to appoint a fast or thanksgiving, it is the duty of the ministers and people of our communion, as we live under a Christian government, to pay all due respect to the same.

V. Public notice is to be given a convenient time before the day of fasting or thanksgiving comes, that persons may so order their temporal affairs, that they may properly attend to the duties thereof.

VI. There shall be public worship upon all such days: and let the prayers, psalms, portions of Scripture to be read, and sermons, be all in a special manner adapted to the occasion.

VII. On fast days, let the minister point out the authority and providences calling to the observation thereof; and let him spend a more than usual portion of time in solemn prayer, particular confession of sin, especially of the sins of the day and place, with their aggravations, which have brought down the judgments of heaven. And let the whole day be spent in deep humiliation and mourning before God.

VIII. On days of thanksgiving, he is to give the like information respecting the authority and providences which call to the observance of them; and to spend a more than usual part of the time in the giving of thanks, agreeably to the occasion, and in singing psalms or hymns of praise.

It is the duty of people on these days to rejoice with holy gladness of heart; but let trembling be so joined with our mirth, that no excess or unbecoming levity be indulged.

CHAPTER XV.

THE DIRECTORY FOR SECRET AND FAMILY WORSHIP.

I. BESIDES the public worship in congregations, it is the indispensable duty of each person, alone, in secret; and of every family, by itself in private, to pray to, and worship God.

II. Secret worship is most plainly enjoined by our Lord. In this duty every one, apart by himself, is to spend some time in prayer, reading the Scriptures, holy meditation, and serious self-examination. The many advantages arising from a conscientious discharge of these duties, are best known to those who are found in the faithful discharge of them.

III. Family worship, which ought to be performed by every family, ordinarily morning and evening, consists in prayer, reading the Scriptures, and singing praises.

IV. The head of the family, who is to lead in this service, ought to be careful that all the members of his household duly attend; and that none withdraw themselves unnecessarily from any part of family worship; and that all refrain from their common business while the Scriptures are read, and gravely attend to the same, no less than when prayer or praise is offered up.

V. Let the heads of families be careful to instruct their children and servants in the principles of religion. Every proper opportunity ought to be embraced for such instruction. But we are of opinion, that the Sabbath evenings, after public worship, should be sacredly preserved for this purpose. Therefore we highly disapprove of paying unnecessary private visits on the Lord's day; admitting strangers into the families, except when necessity or charity requires it; or any other practices, whatever plausible pretences may be offered in their favor, if they interfere with the above important and necessary duty.

GENERAL RULES FOR JUDICATORIES.

ADOPTED BY THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY IN 1871 AND AMENDED IN 1885.*

I. THE Moderator shall take the chair precisely at the hour to which the judicatory stands adjourned; and shall immediately call the members to order; and on the appearance of a quorum, shall open the session with prayer.

II. If a quorum be assembled at the hour appointed, and the Moderator be absent, the last Moderator present, or if there be none, the senior member present, shall be requested to take his place without delay, until a new election.

III. If a quorum be not assembled at the hour ap-

* The following "General Rules for Judicatories," not having been submitted to the presbyteries, make no part of the Constitution of the Presbyterian Church. Yet the General Assembly of 1871, considering uniformity in proceedings in all the subordinate judicatories as greatly conducive to order and despatch in business, having revised and approved these rules, recommended them to all the lower judicatories of the Church for adoption.

pointed, any two members shall be competent to adjourn from time to time, that an opportunity may be given for a quorum to assemble.

IV. It shall be the duty of the Moderator, at all times, to preserve order, and to endeavor to conduct all business before the judicatory to a speedy and proper result.

V. It shall be the duty of the Moderator, carefully to keep notes of the several articles of business which may be assigned for particular days, and to call them up at the time appointed.

VI. The Moderator may speak to points of order, in preference to other members, rising from his seat for that purpose; and shall decide questions of order subject to an appeal to the judicatory by any two members.

VII. The Moderator shall appoint all committees, except in those cases in which the judicatory shall decide otherwise. In appointing the standing committees, the Moderator may appoint a Vice-Moderator, who may occupy the chair at his request, and otherwise assist him in the discharge of his duties.

VIII. When a vote is taken by ballot in any judicatory, the Moderator shall vote with the other members; but he shall not vote in any other case, unless the judicatory be equally divided; when, if he do not choose to vote, the question shall be lost.

IX. The person first named on any committee shall be considered as the chairman thereof, whose duty it shall be to convene the committee; and, in case of his absence or inability to act, the second named member shall take his place and perform his duties.

X. It shall be the duty of the clerk, as soon as possible after the commencement of the sessions of every judicatory, to form a complete roll of the members present, and put the same into the hands of the Moderator. And it shall also be the duty of the clerk, whenever any additional members take their seats, to add their names, in their proper places, to the said roll.

XI. It shall be the duty of the clerk immediately to file all papers, in the order in which they have been read, with proper indorsements, and to keep them in perfect order. The Stated Clerk shall receive all overtures, memorials and miscellaneous papers addressed to the judicatory; shall make record of the same and deliver them to the Committee on Bills and Overtures for appropriate disposition or reference. This committee shall have the floor on the reassembling of the judicatory after each adjournment to report its recommendations as to orders of business or reference of papers, and this right of the committee shall take precedence of the Orders of the Day.

XII. The minutes of the last meeting of the judicatory shall be presented at the commencement of its sessions, and, if requisite, read and corrected.

XIII. Business left unfinished at the last sitting is ordinarily to be taken up first.

XIV. A motion made must be seconded, and afterwards repeated by the Moderator, or read aloud, before it is debated; and every motion shall be reduced to writing if the Moderator or any member require it.

XV. Any member who shall have made a motion, shall have liberty to withdraw it, with the consent of his second, before any debate has taken place thereon; but not afterwards, without the leave of the judicatory.

XVI. If a motion under debate contain several parts, any two members may have it divided, and a question taken on each part.

XVII. When various motions are made with respect to the filling of blanks, with particular numbers or times, the question shall always be first taken on the highest number and the longest time.

XVIII. Motions to lay on the table, to take up business, to adjourn, and the call for the previous question, shall be put without debate. On questions of order, postponement, or commitment, no member shall speak more than once. On all other questions, each member may speak twice, but not oftener, without express leave of the judicatory.

XIX. When a question is under debate, no motion shall be received, unless to adjourn, to lay on the table, to postpone indefinitely, to postpone to a day certain, to commit, or to amend; which several motions shall have precedence in the order in which they are herein arranged; and the motion for adjournment shall always be in order.

XX. An amendment, and also an amendment to an amendment, may be moved on any motion; but a motion, to amend an amendment to an amendment, shall not be in order. Action on amendments shall precede action on the original motion. A substitute shall be treated as an amendment.

XXI. A distinction shall be observed between a motion to lay on the table *for the present*, and a motion to lay on the table *unconditionally*, viz.: A motion to lay on the table, *for the present*, shall be taken without debate; and if carried in the affirmative, the effect shall be to place the subject on the docket, and it may be taken up and considered at any subsequent time. But a motion to lay on the table, *unconditionally*, shall be taken without debate; and, if carried in the affirmative, it shall not be in order to take up the subject during the same meeting of the judicatory, without a vote of reconsideration.

XXII. The previous question shall be put in this form, namely, Shall the main question be now put? It shall only be admitted when demanded by a majority of the members present; and the effect shall be to put an end to all debate, and bring the body to a direct vote; First, on a motion to commit the subject under consideration (if such motion shall have been made; secondly, if the motion for commitment does not prevail, on pending amendments; and lastly, on the main question.

XXIII. A question shall not be again called up or reconsidered at the same sessions of the judicatory at which it has been decided, unless by the consent of two-thirds of the members who were present at the decision; and unless the motion to reconsider be made and seconded, by persons who voted with the majority.

XXIV. A subject which has been indefinitely postponed, either by the operation of the previous question, or by a motion for indefinite postponement, shall not be again called up during the same sessions of the judicatory, unless by the consent of three-fourths of the members who were present at the decision.

XXV. Members ought not, without weighty reasons, to decline voting, as this practice might leave the decision of very interesting questions to a small proportion of the judicatory. Silent members, unless excused from voting, must be considered as acquiescing with the majority.

XXVI. When the Moderator has commenced taking the vote, no further debate or remark shall be admitted, unless there has evidently been a mistake, in which case the mistake shall be rectified, and the Moderator shall recommence taking the vote. If the house shall pass the motion to "vote on a given subject at a time named," speeches shall thereafter be

limited to ten minutes. When the time named shall arrive no further discussion shall be allowed either as explanation or argument, but the Moderator shall proceed to put to vote in their proper order all pending propositions, and also all those of which notice has been given during the discussion. Should the hour for adjournment or recess arrive during the voting, it shall be postponed to finish the vote, unless the majority shall vote to adjourn; in which case the voting shall on the reassembling of the house take precedence of all other business till it is finished. Under this rule "the yeas and nays" shall not be called except on the final motion to adopt as a whole. This motion to fix a time for voting shall be put without debate.

XXVII. The yeas and nays on any question shall not be recorded, unless required by one-third of the members present. If division is called for on any vote, it shall be by a rising vote without a count. If on such a rising vote the Moderator is unable to decide, or a quorum rise to second a call for "tellers," then the vote shall be taken by rising, and the count made by tellers, who shall pass through the aisles and report to the Moderator the number voting on each side.

XXVIII. No member, in the course of debate, shall be allowed to indulge in personal reflections.

XXIX. If more than one member rise to speak at the same time, the member who is most distant from the Moderator's chair shall speak first. In the discussion of all matters where the sentiment of the house is divided, it is proper that the floor should be occupied alternately by those representing the different sides of the question.

XXX. When more than three members of the judicatory shall be standing at the same time, the Moderator shall require all to take their seats, the person only excepted who may be speaking.

XXXI. Every member, when speaking, shall address himself to the Moderator, and shall treat his fellow-members, and especially the Moderator, with decorum and respect.

XXXII. No speaker shall be interrupted, unless he be out of order; or for the purpose of correcting mistakes, or misrepresentations.

XXXIII. Without express permission, no member of a judicatory, while business is going on, shall engage in private conversation; nor shall members address one another, nor any person present, but through the Moderator.

XXXIV. It is indispensable, that members of ecclesiastical judicatories maintain great gravity and dignity while judicially convened; that they attend closely in their speeches to the subject under consideration, and avoid prolix and desultory harangues; and, when they deviate from the subject, it is the privilege of any member, and the duty of the Moderator, to call them to order.

XXXV. If any member act, in any respect, in a disorderly manner, it shall be the privilege of any member, and the duty of the Moderator, to call him to order.

XXXVI. If any member consider himself aggrieved by a decision of the Moderator, it shall be his privilege to appeal to the judicatory, and the question on the appeal shall be taken without debate.

XXXVII. No member shall retire from any judicatory without the leave of the Moderator, nor withdraw from it to return home without the consent of the judicatory.

XXXVIII. All judicatories have a right to sit in private, on business, which in their judgment ought not to be matter of public speculation.

XXXIX. Besides the right to sit judicially in private, whenever they think proper to do so, all judicatories have a right to hold what are commonly called "interlocutory meetings," in which members may freely converse together, without the formalities which are usually necessary in judicial proceedings.

XL. Whenever a judicatory is about to sit in a judicial capacity, it shall be the duty of the Moderator solemnly to announce, from the chair, that the body is about to pass to the consideration of the business assigned for trial, and to enjoin on the members to recollect and regard their high character as judges of a court of Jesus Christ, and the solemn duty in which they are about to act.

XLI. In all cases before a judicatory, where there is an accuser or prosecutor, it is expedient that there be a committee of the judicatory appointed (provided the number of members be sufficient to admit it without inconvenience), who shall be called the "Judicial Committee," and whose duty it shall be to digest and arrange all the papers, and to prescribe, under the direction of the judicatory, the whole order of proceedings. The members of this committee shall be entitled, notwithstanding their performance of this duty, to sit and vote in the cause, as members of the judicatory.

XLII. But in cases of process on the ground of general rumor, where there is, of course, no particular accuser, there may be a committee appointed (if convenient), who shall be called the "Committee of Prosecution," and who shall conduct the whole cause on the part of the prosecution. The members of this committee shall not be permitted to sit in judgment in the case.

XLIII. The permanent officers of a judicatory shall have the rights of corresponding members in matters touching their several offices.

XLIV. The Moderator of every judicatory above the Church Session, in finally closing its sessions, in addition to prayer, may cause to be sung, an appropriate psalm or hymn, and shall pronounce the apostolical benediction.

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D.—Book of Discipline. R.—Rules for Judicatories.

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THE SHORTER CATECHISM.

Q. 1. *What is the chief end of man?*

A. Man's chief end is to glorify God, and to enjoy him for ever.

Q. 2. *What rule hath God given to direct us how we may glorify and enjoy him?*

A. The word of God, which is contained in the Scriptures of the Old and New Testaments, is the only rule to direct us how we may glorify and enjoy him.

Q. 3. *What do the Scriptures principally teach?*

A. The Scriptures principally teach what man is to believe concerning God, and what duty God requires of man.

Q. 4. *What is God?*

A. God is a Spirit, infinite, eternal, and unchangeable, in his being, wisdom, power, holiness, justice, goodness, and truth.

Q. 5. *Are there more Gods than one?*

A. There is but one only, the living and true God.

Q. 6. *How many persons are there in the Godhead?*

A. There are three persons in the Godhead; the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost; and these three are one God, the same in substance, equal in power and glory.

Q. 7. *What are the decrees of God?*

A. The decrees of God are, his eternal purpose, according to the counsel of his will, whereby, for his own glory, he hath fore-ordained whatsoever comes to pass.

Q. 8. *How doth God execute his decrees?*

A. God executeth his decrees in the works of creation and providence.

Q. 9. *What is the work of creation?*

A. The work of creation is, God's making all things of nothing, by the word of his power, in the space of six days, and all very good.

Q. 10. *How did God create man?*

A. God created man, male and female, after his own image, in knowledge, righteousness, and holiness, with dominion over the creatures.

Q. 11. *What are God's works of providence?*

A. God's works of providence are, his most holy, wise, and powerful preserving and governing all his creatures, and all their actions.

Q. 12. *What special act of providence did God exercise toward man, in the estate wherein he was created?*

A. When God had created man, he entered into a covenant of life with him, upon condition of perfect obedience; forbidding him to eat of the tree of the knowledge of good and evil, upon pain of death.

Q. 13. *Did our first parents continue in the estate wherein they were created?*

A. Our first parents, being left to the freedom of their own will, fell from the estate wherein they were created, by sinning against God.

Q. 14. *What is sin?*

A. Sin is any want of conformity unto, or transgression of, the law of God.

Q. 15. *What was the sin whereby our first parents fell from the estate wherein they were created?*

A. The sin, whereby our first parents fell from the estate wherein they were created, was their eating the forbidden fruit.

Q. 16. *Did all mankind fall in Adam's first transgression?*

A. The covenant being made with Adam, not only for himself, but for his posterity, all mankind, descending from him by ordinary generation, sinned in him, and fell with him in his first transgression.

Q. 17. *Into what estate did the fall bring mankind?*

A. The fall brought mankind into an estate of sin and misery.

Q. 18. *Wherein consists the sinfulness of that estate whereinto man fell?*

A. The sinfulness of that estate whereinto man fell, consists in, the guilt of Adam's first sin, the want of original righteousness, and the corruption of his whole nature, which is commonly called original sin; together with all actual transgressions which proceed from it.

Q. 19. *What is the misery of that estate whereinto man fell?*

A. All mankind, by their fall, lost communion with God, are under his wrath and curse, and so made liable to all miseries in this life, to death itself, and to the pains of hell for ever.

Q. 20. *Did God leave all mankind to perish in the estate of sin and misery?*

A. God, having, out of his mere good pleasure, from all eternity, elected some to everlasting life, did enter into a covenant of grace, to deliver them out of the estate of sin and misery, and to bring them into an estate of salvation, by a Redeemer.

Q. 21. *Who is the Redeemer of God's elect?*

A. The only Redeemer of God's elect is the Lord Jesus Christ, who, being the eternal Son of God, became man, and so was, and continueth to be, God and man, in two distinct natures, and one person, for ever.

Q. 22. *How did Christ, being the Son of God, become man?*

A. Christ, the Son of God, became man, by taking to himself a true body and a reasonable soul; being conceived by the power of the Holy Ghost, in the womb of the virgin Mary, and born of her, yet without sin.

Q. 23. *What offices doth Christ execute as our Redeemer?*

A. Christ, as our Redeemer, executeth the offices of a prophet, of a priest, and of a king, both in his estate of humiliation and exaltation.

Q. 24. *How doth Christ execute the office of a prophet?*

A. Christ executeth the office of a prophet, in revealing to us, by his word and Spirit, the will of God for our salvation.

Q. 25. *How doth Christ execute the office of a priest?*

A. Christ executeth the office of a priest, in his once offering up of himself a sacrifice to satisfy divine justice, and reconcile us to God, and in making continual intercession for us.

Q. 26. *How doth Christ execute the office of a king?*

A. Christ executeth the office of a king, in subduing us to himself, in ruling and defending us, and in restraining and conquering all his and our enemies.

Q. 27. *Wherein did Christ's humiliation consist?*

A. Christ's humiliation consisted in his being born, and that in a low condition, made under the law, undergoing the miseries of this life, the wrath of God, and the cursed death of the cross; in being buried, and continuing under the power of death for a time.

Q. 28. *Wherein consisteth Christ's exaltation?*

A. Christ's exaltation consisteth in his rising again from the dead on the third day, in ascending up into heaven, in sitting at the right hand of God the Father, and in coming to judge the world at the last day.

Q. 29. *How are we made partakers of the redemption purchased by Christ?*

A. We are made partakers of the redemption purchased by Christ, by the effectual application of it to us by his Holy Spirit.

Q. 30. *How doth the Spirit apply to us the redemption purchased by Christ?*

A. The Spirit applieth to us the redemption purchased by Christ, by working faith in us, and thereby uniting us to Christ in our effectual calling.

Q. 31. *What is effectual calling?*

A. Effectual calling is the work of God's Spirit, whereby, convincing us of our sin and misery, enlightening our minds in the knowledge of Christ, and renewing our wills, he doth persuade and enable us to embrace Jesus Christ, freely offered to us in the gospel.

Q. 32. *What benefits do they that are effectually called partake of in this life?*

A. They that are effectually called do in this life partake of justification, adoption, sanctification, and the several benefits which, in this life, do either accompany or flow from them.

Q. 33. *What is justification?*

A. Justification is an act of God's free grace, wherein he pardoneth all our sins, and accepteth us as righteous in his sight, only for the righteousness of Christ imputed to us, and received by faith alone.

Q. 34. *What is adoption?*

A. Adoption is an act of God's free grace, whereby we are received into the number, and have a right to all the privileges, of the sons of God.

Q. 35. *What is sanctification?*

A. Sanctification is the work of God's free grace, whereby we are renewed in the whole man after the image of God, and are enabled more and more to die unto sin, and live unto righteousness.

Q. 36. *What are the benefits which in this life do accompany or flow from justification, adoption, and sanctification?*

A. The benefits which in this life do accompany or flow from justification, adoption, and sanctification, are, assurance of God's love, peace of conscience, joy in the Holy Ghost, increase of grace, and perseverance therein to the end.

Q. 37. *What benefits do believers receive from Christ at death?*

A. The souls of believers are at their death made perfect in holiness, and do immediately pass into glory; and their bodies, being still united to Christ, do rest in their graves till the resurrection.

Q. 38. *What benefits do believers receive from Christ at the resurrection?*

A. At the resurrection, believers, being raised up in glory, shall be openly acknowledged and acquitted in the day of judgment, and made perfectly blessed in the full enjoying of God to all eternity.

Q. 39. *What is the duty which God requireth of man?*

A. The duty which God requireth of man is, obedience to his revealed will.

Q. 40. *What did God at first reveal to man for the rule of his obedience?*

A. The rule which God at first revealed to man for his obedience, was the moral law.

Q. 41. *Wherein is the moral law summarily comprehended?*

A. The moral law is summarily comprehended in the ten commandments.

Q. 42. *What is the sum of the ten commandments?*

A. The sum of the ten commandments is, to love the Lord our God, with all our heart, with all our soul, with all our strength, and with all our mind; and our neighbor as ourselves.

Q. 43. *What is the preface to the ten commandments?*

A. The preface to the ten commandments is in these words, *I am the Lord thy God, which have brought thee out of the land of Egypt, out of the house of bondage.*

Q. 44. *What doth the preface to the ten commandments teach us?*

A. The preface to the ten commandments teacheth us, that because God is the Lord, and our God, and Redeemer, therefore we are bound to keep all his commandments.

Q. 45. *Which is the first commandment?*

A. The first commandment is, *Thou shalt have no other gods before me.*

Q. 46. *What is required in the first commandment?*

A. The first commandment requireth us to know and acknowledge God to be the only true God, and our God; and to worship and glorify him accordingly.

Q. 47. *What is forbidden in the first commandment?*

A. The first commandment forbiddeth the denying, or not worshiping and glorifying, the true God as God, and our God, and the giving that worship and glory to any other, which is due to him alone.

Q. 48. *What are we especially taught by these words, "before me," in the first commandment?*

A. These words, "*before me,*" in the first commandment, teach us, that God, who seeth all things, taketh notice of, and is much displeased with, the sin of having any other god.

Q. 49. *Which is the second commandment?*

A. The second commandment is, *Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image, or any likeness of any thing that is in heaven above, or that is in the earth beneath, or that is in the water under the earth: thou shalt not bow down thyself to them, nor serve them; for I, the Lord thy God, am a jealous God, visiting the iniquity of the fathers upon the children unto the third and fourth generation of them that hate me: and showing mercy unto thousands of them that love me, and keep my commandments.*

Q. 50. *What is required in the second commandment?*

A. The second commandment requireth the receiving, observing, and keeping pure and entire, all such religious worship and ordinances as God hath appointed in his word.

Q. 51. *What is forbidden in the second commandment?*

A. The second commandment forbiddeth the worshiping of God by images, or any other way not appointed in his word.

Q. 52. *What are the reasons annexed to the second commandment?*

A. The reasons annexed to the second commandment are, God's sovereignty over us, his propriety in us, and the zeal he hath to his own worship.

Q. 53. *Which is the third commandment?*

A. The third commandment is, *Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain: for the Lord will not hold him guiltless that taketh his name in vain.*

Q. 54. *What is required in the third commandment?*

A. The third commandment requireth the holy and reverent use of God's names, titles, attributes, ordinances, word, and works.

Q. 55. *What is forbidden in the third commandment?*

A. The third commandment forbiddeth all profaning or abusing of anything whereby God maketh himself known.

Q. 56. *What is the reason annexed to the third commandment?*

A. The reason annexed to the third commandment is, that however the breakers of this commandment may escape punishment from men, yet the Lord our God will not suffer them to escape his righteous judgment.

Q. 57. *Which is the fourth commandment?*

A. The fourth commandment is, *Remember the Sabbath day, to keep it holy. Six days shalt thou labor, and do all thy work: but the seventh day is the Sabbath of the Lord thy God; in it thou shalt not do any work, thou, nor thy son, nor thy daughter, thy man-servant, nor thy maid-servant, nor thy cattle, nor thy stranger that is within thy gates: for in six days the Lord made heaven and earth, the sea, and all that in them is, and rested the seventh day: wherefore the Lord blessed the Sabbath day, and hallowed it.*

Q. 58. *What is required in the fourth commandment?*

A. The fourth commandment requireth the keeping holy to God such set times as he hath appointed in his word; expressly one whole day in seven, to be a holy Sabbath to himself.

Q. 59. *Which day of the seven hath God appointed to be the weekly Sabbath?*

A. From the beginning of the world to the resurrection of Christ, God appointed the seventh day of the week to be the weekly Sabbath; and the first day of the week, ever since, to continue to the end of the world, which is the Christian Sabbath.

Q. 60. *How is the Sabbath to be sanctified?*

A. The Sabbath is to be sanctified by a holy resting all that day, even from such worldly employments and recreations as are lawful on other days; and spending the whole time in the public and private exercises of God's worship, except so much as is to be taken up in the works of necessity and mercy.

Q. 61. *What is forbidden in the fourth commandment?*

A. The fourth commandment forbiddeth the omission or careless performance of the duties required, and the profaning the day by idleness, or doing that which is in itself sinful, or by unnecessary thoughts, words, or works, about our worldly employments or recreations.

Q. 62. *What are the reasons annexed to the fourth commandment?*

A. The reasons annexed to the fourth commandment are, God's allowing us six days of the week for our own employments, his challenging a special propriety in the seventh, his own example, and his blessing the Sabbath day.

Q. 63. *Which is the fifth commandment?*

A. The fifth commandment is, *Honor thy father and thy mother; that thy days may be long upon the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee.*

Q. 64. *What is required in the fifth commandment?*

A. The fifth commandment requireth the preserving the honor, and performing the duties, belonging to every one in their several places and relations, as superiors, inferiors, or equals.

Q. 65. *What is forbidden in the fifth commandment?*

A. The fifth commandment forbiddeth the neglecting of, or doing anything against, the honor and duty which belongeth to every one in their several places and relations.

Q. 66. *What is the reason annexed to the fifth commandment?*

A. The reason annexed to the fifth commandment is, a promise of long life and prosperity (as far as it shall serve for God's glory and their own good) to all such as keep this commandment.

Q. 67. *Which is the sixth commandment?*

A. The sixth commandment is, *Thou shalt not kill.*

Q. 68. *What is required in the sixth commandment?*

A. The sixth commandment requireth all lawful endeavors to preserve our own life, and the life of others.

Q. 69. *What is forbidden in the sixth commandment?*

A. The sixth commandment forbiddeth the taking away of our own life, or the life of our neighbor unjustly, or whatsoever tendeth thereunto.

Q. 70. *Which is the seventh commandment?*

A. The seventh commandment is, *Thou shalt not commit adultery.*

Q. 71. *What is required in the seventh commandment?*

A. The seventh commandment requireth the preservation of our own and our neighbor's chastity, in heart, speech, and behavior.

Q. 72. *What is forbidden in the seventh commandment?*

A. The seventh commandment forbiddeth all unchaste thoughts, words, and actions.

Q. 73. *Which is the eighth commandment?*

A. The eighth commandment is, *Thou shalt not steal.*

Q. 74. *What is required in the eighth commandment?*

A. The eighth commandment requireth the lawful procuring and furthering the wealth and outward estate of ourselves and others.

Q. 75. *What is forbidden in the eighth commandment?*

A. The eighth commandment forbiddeth whatsoever doth, or may, unjustly hinder our own, or our neighbor's, wealth or outward estate.

Q. 76. *Which is the ninth commandment?*

A. The ninth commandment is, *Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor.*

Q. 77. *What is required in the ninth commandment?*

A. The ninth commandment requireth the maintaining and promoting of truth between man and man, and of our own and our neighbor's good name, especially in witness-bearing.

Q. 78. *What is forbidden in the ninth commandment?*

A. The ninth commandment forbiddeth whatsoever is prejudicial to truth, or injurious to our own or our neighbor's good name.

Q. 79. *Which is the tenth commandment?*

A. The tenth commandment is, *Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's house, thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's wife, nor his man-servant, nor his maid-servant, nor his ox, nor his ass, nor any thing that is thy neighbor's.*

Q. 80. *What is required in the tenth commandment?*

A. The tenth commandment requireth full content-

ment with our own condition, with a right and charitable frame of spirit toward our neighbor, and all that is his.

Q. 81. *What is forbidden in the tenth commandment?*

A. The tenth commandment forbiddeth all discontentment with our own estate, envying or grieving at the good of our neighbor, and all inordinate motions and affections to any thing that is his.

Q. 82. *Is any man able perfectly to keep the commandments of God?*

A. No mere man, since the fall, is able, in this life, perfectly to keep the commandments of God; but doth daily break them in thought, word, and deed.

Q. 83. *Are all transgressions of the law equally heinous?*

A. Some sins in themselves, and by reason of several aggravations, are more heinous in the sight of God than others.

Q. 84. *What doth every sin deserve?*

A. Every sin deserveth God's wrath and curse, both in this life, and that which is to come.

Q. 85. *What doth God require of us, that we may escape his wrath and curse, due to us for sin?*

A. To escape the wrath and curse of God, due to us for sin, God requireth of us faith in Jesus Christ, repentance unto life, with the diligent use of all the outward means whereby Christ communicateth to us the benefits of redemption.

Q. 86. *What is faith in Jesus Christ?*

A. Faith in Jesus Christ is a saving grace, whereby we receive and rest upon him alone for salvation, as he is offered to us in the gospel.

Q. 87. *What is repentance unto life?*

A. Repentance unto life is a saving grace, whereby a sinner, out of a true sense of his sin, and apprehension of the mercy of God in Christ, doth with grief and hatred of his sin, turn from it unto God, with full purpose of, and endeavor after, new obedience.

Q. 88. *What are the outward and ordinary means whereby Christ communicateth to us the benefits of redemption?*

A. The outward and ordinary means whereby Christ communicateth to us the benefits of redemption are, his ordinances, especially the word, sacraments, and prayer; all which are made effectual to the elect for salvation.

Q. 89. *How is the word made effectual to salvation?*

A. The Spirit of God maketh the reading, but especially the preaching, of the word, an effectual means of convincing and converting sinners, and of building them up in holiness and comfort, through faith unto salvation.

Q. 90. *How is the word to be read and heard, that it may become effectual to salvation?*

A. That the word may become effectual to salvation, we must attend thereunto with diligence, preparation, and prayer; receive it with faith and love, lay it up in our hearts, and practice it in our lives.

Q. 91. *How do the sacraments become effectual means of salvation?*

A. The sacraments become effectual means of salvation, not from any virtue in them, or in him that doth administer them; but only by the blessing of Christ, and the working of his Spirit in them that by faith receive them.

Q. 92. *What is a sacrament?*

A. A sacrament is a holy ordinance instituted by Christ, wherein, by sensible signs, Christ and the benefits of the new covenant are represented, sealed, and applied to believers.

Q. 93. *Which are the sacraments of the New Testament?*

A. The sacraments of the New Testament are, Baptism, and the Lord's Supper.

Q. 94. *What is Baptism?*

A. Baptism is a sacrament, wherein the washing with water, in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost, doth signify and seal our ingrafting into Christ, and partaking of the benefits of the covenant of grace, and our engagement to be the Lord's.

Q. 95. *To whom is Baptism to be administered?*

A. Baptism is not to be administered to any that are out of the visible church, till they profess their faith in Christ, and obedience to him: but the infants of such as are members of the visible church, are to be baptized.

Q. 96. *What is the Lord's Supper?*

A. The Lord's Supper is a sacrament, wherein, by giving and receiving bread and wine, according to Christ's appointment, his death is shown forth; and the worthy receivers are, not after a corporal and carnal manner, but by faith, made partakers of his body and blood, with all his benefits, to their spiritual nourishment, and growth in grace.

Q. 97. *What is required to the worthy receiving of the Lord's Supper?*

A. It is required of them that would worthily partake of the Lord's Supper, that they examine themselves, of their knowledge to discern the Lord's body, of their faith to feed upon him, of their repentance, love, and new obedience; lest, coming unworthily, they eat and drink judgment to themselves.

Q. 98. *What is prayer?*

A. Prayer is an offering up of our desires unto God, for things agreeable to his will, in the name of Christ, with confession of our sins, and thankful acknowledgment of his mercies.

Q. 99. *What rule hath God given for our direction in prayer?*

A. The whole word of God is of use to direct us in prayer; but the special rule of direction is that form of prayer, which Christ taught his disciples, commonly called, *The Lord's Prayer.*

Q. 100. *What doth the preface of the Lord's prayer teach us?*

A. The preface of the Lord's prayer, which is, *Our Father which art in heaven,* teacheth us to draw near to God, with all holy reverence and confidence, as children to a father, able and ready to help us; and that we should pray with and for others.

Q. 101. *What do we pray for in the first petition?*

A. In the first petition, which is, *Hallowed be thy name,* we pray, that God would enable us, and others, to glorify him in all that whereby he maketh himself known, and that he would dispose all things to his own glory.

Q. 102. *What do we pray for in the second petition?*

A. In the second petition, which is, *Thy kingdom come,* we pray, that Satan's kingdom may be destroyed, and that the kingdom of grace may be advanced, ourselves and others brought into it, and kept in it, and that the kingdom of glory may be hastened.

Q. 103. *What do we pray for in the third petition?*

A. In the third petition, which is, *Thy will be done in earth, as it is in heaven,* we pray, that God, by his grace, would make us able and willing to know, obey, and submit to his will in all things, as the angels do in heaven.

Q. 104. *What do we pray for in the fourth petition?*

A. In the fourth petition, which is, *Give us this day our daily bread*, we pray, that of God's free gift, we may receive a competent portion of the good things of this life, and enjoy his blessing with them.

Q. 105. *What do we pray for in the fifth petition?*

A. In the fifth petition, which is, *And forgive us our debts, as we forgive our debtors*, we pray, that God, for Christ's sake, would freely pardon all our sins; which we are the rather encouraged to ask, because by his grace we are enabled from the heart to forgive others.

Q. 106. *What do we pray for in the sixth petition?*

A. In the sixth petition, which is, *And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil*, we pray, that God would either keep us from being tempted to sin, or support and deliver us when we are tempted.

Q. 107. *What doth the conclusion of the Lord's prayer teach us?*

A. The conclusion of the Lord's prayer, which is, *For thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for ever, Amen*, teacheth us to take our encouragement in prayer from God only, and in our prayers to praise him, ascribing kingdom, power, and glory to him: and in testimony of our desire and assurance to be heard, we say, *Amen*.

THE TEN COMMANDMENTS.

EXODUS XX.

God spake all these words, saying, I *am* the Lord thy God, which have brought thee out of the land of Egypt, out of the house of bondage.

I. Thou shalt have no other gods before me.

II. Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image, or any likeness *of any thing* that *is* in heaven above, or that *is* in the earth beneath, or that *is* in the water under the earth: thou shalt not bow down thyself to them, nor serve them: for I, the Lord thy God, *am* a jealous God, visiting the iniquity of the fathers upon the children unto the third and fourth *generation* of them that hate me: and showing mercy unto thousands of them that love me, and keep my commandments.

III. Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain: for the Lord will not hold him guiltless that taketh his name in vain.

IV Remember the Sabbath day, to keep it holy. Six days shalt thou labor, and do all thy work: but the seventh day *is* the Sabbath of the Lord thy God; *in it* thou shalt not do any work, thou, nor thy son, nor thy daughter, thy man-servant, nor thy maid-servant, nor thy cattle, nor thy stranger that *is* within thy gates: for *in* six days the Lord made heaven and earth, the sea, and all that in them *is*, and rested the seventh day; wherefore the Lord blessed the Sabbath day, and hallowed it.

V. Honor thy father and thy mother; that thy days may be long upon the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee.

VI. Thou shalt not kill.

VII. Thou shalt not commit adultery.

VIII. Thou shalt not steal.

IX. Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor.

X. Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's house, thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's wife, nor his man-servant, nor his maid-servant, nor his ox, nor his ass, nor any thing that *is* thy neighbor's.

THE LORD'S PRAYER.

MATTHEW VI.

Our Father which art in heaven, Hallowed be thy name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done in earth, as *it is* in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread. And forgive us our debts, as we forgive our debtors. And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil: For thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for ever. Amen.

THE CREED.

I believe in God the Father almighty, maker of heaven and earth; and in Jesus Christ his only Son, our Lord; which was conceived by the Holy Ghost, born of the Virgin Mary, suffered under Pontius Pilate, was crucified, dead, and buried; he descended into hell: * the third day he rose again from the dead; he ascended into heaven, and sitteth on the right hand of God the Father almighty; from thence he shall come to judge the quick and the dead. I believe in the Holy Ghost; the holy catholic church; the communion of saints; the forgiveness of sins; the resurrection of the body; and the life everlasting. Amen.

* That is, "Continued in the state of the dead, and under the power of death, until the third day."

The Presbyterian Hymnal